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THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY

AND AFTER

XIX- -XX

A MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY JAMES KNOWLES

VOL. LVII

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THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER

XIX XX

No. CCCXXXV—JANUARY 1905

THE ARMY—AS IT WAS AND AS IT IS

THE subject with which this article deals is one that I think should commend itself to the readers of this Review, for to my mind progress in the Army should claim the attention not only of soldiers but of all who love our country, and have her interests at heart, for those interests cannot be separated from our military efficiency.

I propose to compare briefly the state of the Army as it was when I entered it, more than fifty years ago, with what it is at the present time; to note the great changes which have taken place in the conditions under which war is carried on since those days; and to point out the alterations in the training of officers and men which these new conditions render imperatively necessary.

Half a century ago Great Britain had enjoyed nearly forty years of peace. There certainly had been campaigns of more or less importance beyond the seas, chiefly in India, but native troops were mainly employed and little or no strain had been put on the Home

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Army, which had consequently been allowed to deteriorate both in numbers and efficiency to a dangerous extent.[1]

In 1854, shortly before the Crimean War broke out, the strength of the British Army was as follows:

In the United Kingdom	71,000
In the Colonies	89,780
In India	29,200
Total	189,980

men, with 120 field guns.

There was no Reserve, the Volunteer Force did not exist, and there were only 82,852 Militia and 14,680 Yeomanry.

Up to that time the object of all training seems to have been to deprive the soldier of any individuality he might have possessed before joining the Army, and to turn him into a mere section of a big machine; and that the machine might work smoothly, the soldier was incessantly drilled, and subjected to the most rigid barrack-square discipline. Neither officers nor men were expected to think for themselves, or ever to act on their own responsibility. The only essential considered necessary for an officer was that he should possess even in a greater degree than his men those qualities supposed to ensure victory—namely, courage, determination, and stamina.

The military efficiency of a unit was judged by the precision of its movements, by the smartness of its turn-out, and by the physique of the private soldier. No thought seems to have been given to the necessity for scientific preparation to meet the stern test of war. The standard of education was very low; the majority of the officers in the Cavalry and Infantry obtained their commissions by purchase without having to undergo any examination, while the examination for the few who entered through Sandhurst was so slight that any

[1] 'In 1847 the number of regular troops in the United Kingdom was 74,244, with 70 guns, and in January of that year the Duke of Wellington stated that he had in vain endeavoured to awaken the attention of different Administrations to the alteration made in maritime warfare and operations by the application of steam power to ships; that with our naval arsenals and dockyards not half garrisoned, 5,000 men of all arms could not be put under arms if required for any service whatever. . . . He had earnestly entreated different Administrations to raise, embody, and discipline the Militia, which would give an organised force of about 150,000 men. This, with an augmentation of the Regular Army at a cost of under 400,000*l.* a year, would suffice. . . .

'The publication of the Duke of Wellington's views of the defenceless state of the country excited much interest, but, so far from having the result that might have been anticipated, the leaders of public opinion asserted that the addition of 25,000 or 30,000 men to the Army was absolutely impossible, as the country could not bear the cost. Mr. Cobden, speaking at Manchester, intimated that the Duke of Wellington was in his dotage, saying that his Grace had passed the extremest probable duration of human existence, and was tottering on the verge of the grave.'—*Lord Cardwell at the War Office.*

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boy nowadays educated at an ordinary Board school could pass it without difficulty.

Once an officer joined the Army his promotion was ensured—by purchase if he could afford the money, however incompetent he might be, or by seniority if he lived long enough, however senile he might have become. There was no age limit for retirement, and there were instances of officers having had to serve for forty years before succeeding to the command of a battalion.

More than a hundred years ago the fallacy of such a system of training was recognised by Sir John Moore, the great soldier who was mainly responsible for the training of that famous Light Division which did such admirable work under Wellington throughout the Peninsular War.[2]

As Sir Frederick Maurice has told us in his interesting book, *The Diary of Sir John Moore*, 'that officer's object was not so much to devise a new drill but a new discipline, a new spirit that should make the whole a living organism to replace a mechanical instrument.'

The inferior weapons with which soldiers were armed at the time I am writing of, necessitated to a great extent the system of training then in vogue. So unreliable were the old smooth-bore musket and carbine that the Infantry soldier was taught to depend chiefly upon the bayonet, and the Cavalry soldier on the sword or lance. It was impossible for either officers or men to take any interest in shooting efficiency; and that it was not looked upon by the authorities as an important part of the soldier's training is evident from the fact tha nothing was laid down as to the manner in which the annual course was to be carried out. Indeed, the necessity for musketry practice was so little understood that commanding officers were informed[3] that, if the requisition for ball ammunition was not submitted previously to the 1st of November, the allowance for the season would not be issued.

In 1854 the numbers of rounds allowed for the annual course were :

Infantry	30 and 4 flints.
Light Infantry . . .	50 and 5 flints.
Rifle Corps	90, with 50 caps to every 40 rounds.

In 1857, 90 rounds were allowed for all infantry soldiers.

[2] The principles insisted upon by Sir John Moore were: 'First, that it was necessary to have the officers efficient before the men, and to require of the officers real knowledge, good temper, and kind treatment of the men. Secondly, that power should be delegated to officers commanding companies, the men to be taught to look up to them in matters alike of drill, food, clothing, rewards, and most punishments. The whole system was one of developing, not repressing, intelligence, of making the development of the men contribute to the effective unity of the whole, of enlisting the zeal of the private as much as of the officer in perfecting the whole.'

[3] Circular Memorandum by the Adjutant-General, dated the 20th of November, 1857.

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Between 1857 and 1880 this number was increased to 100 rounds per man.

In 1882, 50 more rounds were added.

In 1885–1902, 200 rounds were allowed, increased in 1903 to 300 rounds per man.

As regards precision, the musket was sighted to hit point-blank at 150 yards, but so inaccurate was it that Colonel Charles Hay, who was appointed Commandant of Hythe when the School of Musketry was first established there in 1853, made the following remark in his report of the 17th of May, 1856, at the time that the musket was being replaced by a rifle :

> Should there exist any one who retains any lingering affection for the musket pattern 1842, the 'Brown Bess,' I would point to a trial where the best shot of this establishment, firing with that musket from a rest, could not at 800 yards hit an 18-feet square target once in twenty shots, taking aim at a mark in its centre, and that at 200 yards the shooting was hardly more effective.[4]

The change from the musket to the rifle came on very gradually. At an early date in the last century, the Rifle Brigade, and three years later the 1st Battalion 60th, were armed with the Brunswick rifle. It was practically a 12-bore, sighted by means of a folding sight to 300 yards, and was used by the rifle regiments employed in the Kaffir War of 1851–3.

In 1854, all rifle regiments were armed with the Minié rifle, and during the Crimean War the Enfield rifle was issued to certain other regiments.

In 1857, the long Enfield was issued to the Army generally, and ten years later it was converted into the Snider pattern breech-loader.

In 1873 the issue of the Martini-Henry commenced.

In 1889 the Lee-Metford was introduced, and at the present time a new pattern of that rifle is being issued, which experience has proved to be advisable. Except that it is 5 inches shorter and 1 lb. 4 oz. lighter (which makes it handier for the cavalry soldier), and has the clip loading attachment, it is the same as the original Lee-Metford rifle.

Up to the time that breech-loading weapons were introduced battles were fought as they had been fought from time immemorial,

[4] In a lecture delivered at the United Service Institution on the 10th of July, 1857, Colonel Wilford, then Commandant at Hythe, said : 'Before proceeding, I must pay a tribute to "Brown Bess," and willingly admit that it was a very formidable weapon at very short ranges. Its deadly fire in close combat in the Peninsula, at Waterloo, in India, and elsewhere, is patent to the world ; nevertheless, partiality must not be suffered to blind us to the defects of our old friend, for, with the bayonet fixed, it was the shortest gun carried by a European Army—the heaviest, fired the largest ball and charge of powder, had the greatest recoil, the shortest range, and, worst of all, the least accuracy.'

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at close quarters and in compact formation. These conditions had two distinct advantages:

First, the regimental officers had complete control over their men throughout an action, while the men themselves had mutual moral and physical support.

Secondly, the officer in supreme command was kept fully and quickly informed while an engagement was being fought of everything that was taking place from end to end of the field.

But the greater accuracy and increased range of breech-loaders necessitated a considerable change in tactics; these advantages disappeared, and it is difficult to over-estimate how greatly regimental officers are now handicapped by not having complete control over their men, and how great is the loss to the men in not being able to feel the support of their comrades alongside of them once the fire zone is entered. Only those who have been in command under the altered conditions of war can fully appreciate the intense anxiety caused by being in ignorance of, or only partially acquainted with, what is going on in the more distant parts of the field.

Notwithstanding, however, the near proximity of the opposing forces in old days, if advantage were taken of the nature of the ground, it was possible for the actual disposition of the troops to be more or less hidden before the battle commenced—an advantage of which Wellington rarely failed to avail himself. But as soon as fighting began, concealment was out of the question, and it was probably on this account that in time of war no change was considered necessary in the ordinary brilliant military uniform, which consisted of a close-fitting coatee, with epaulettes, and a tight stock. It is difficult to understand how such an unsuitable costume could have been tolerated, or how, handicapped as they were by it, our troops could have fought and marched as they did.

Nowadays we are more practical; our soldiers are clad for war in a workman-like uniform, which it is difficult to distinguish from the prevailing colour of their surroundings even at quite a short distance. All distinctive badges and everything likely to glisten and attract notice are removed or covered over, the sole exception to this rule being the steel scabbard of the Cavalry sword, and this is a great mistake, for it has three distinct disadvantages: it is conspicuous at a considerable distance, it is noisy, and it blunts the sword. The scabbard should be made of wood and covered with leather, a method which for many years past has been adopted by our Indian Cavalry.

As regards transport and the great question of supplies, we can also boast of a vast improvement in the last half-century. In India, owing to the almost inexhaustible resources of the country, difficulty in producing these two essentials has never been experienced to any serious extent. Even during the Mutiny it was found possible to

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meet the requirements of the several forces that had suddenly to be put into the field. But in Europe the transport and victualling of the Army in places where there were no railways have always been a work of the greatest difficulty.

Improvements in both these respects were gradually brought about by Wellington during the Peninsular War, but after peace was proclaimed in 1815 the lessons of that war were very soon forgotten, and the Supply and Transport Department was reduced to a minimum. Matters, indeed, were allowed to drift to such an extent that when the Crimean War broke out immense exertions had to be made to improvise a Commissariat Department.[5]

It was under conditions such as I have endeavoured to describe that the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny were carried on. They were essentially soldiers' campaigns, and that they were brought to successful conclusions we owe to the regimental officers possessing the qualities required in leaders of men, and the rank and file those of courage and endurance.

There are few finer records than the behaviour of all ranks at the battle of Inkerman, the Siege of Delhi, and the Defence, Relief, and Capture of Lucknow.

It was not to be expected that the country could be content with things as they were before the experience gained in these wars had proved the inefficiency of the various military departments. Many and serious defects were brought to light in the 'Report of the Select Committee on the Army before Sebastopol,' and in India it was necessary to form an altogether new Army to replace that which had mutinied and disappeared.

The Report showed clearly that when Great Britain, in concert with France, entered upon the war with Russia in 1854, neither the nation nor the responsible Ministers appreciated the magnitude of the step they were about to take. A forty years' peace had lulled the country into a feeling of security. The Army had been allowed to degenerate into a state of inefficiency which is almost inconceivable. It would appear as if the authorities had forgotten that war was a possible contingency, consequently none of the essentials necessary

[5] 'The Colonies were denuded of their commissariat, from the Mediterranean to the Pacific, from Canada to China; every available officer was hurriedly summoned to join the Army in the East. The half-pay list was ransacked for its least effete members, . . . but still the number of working hands fell far below the requirements of the occasion, and volunteers were sought in the public offices in London and in the Irish Constabulary force, while the subordinate staff—that essential element in Army administration which is to the Commissariat what non-commissioned officers are to the Army generally—were got together wherever they could be found—in the Police and the Custom House, in shops and warehouses—without time or means of testing their capacity or characters. . . . But blood and treasure failed to cement the hurried fabric, and once more sad experience proclaimed the impossibility of improvising at a moment's notice the complicated machinery of military administration.'—*Administration and Organisation of the British Army* (Fonblanque).

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to maintain an Army in the field, or to ensure success against a powerful enemy, were available when the time arrived for military operations in the Crimea.[6]

After the Indian Mutiny matters began to mend, and during the forty years that followed, up to the breaking out of war in South Africa, many and great changes were brought about both in the Home and Indian Armies.

As I have already stated, the old smooth-bore musket was superseded by the Lee-Metford rifle, and an equally great revolution was made in the pattern of guns. The important part taken in the battle of Inkerman by the two 18-pounders which Lieut.-Col. Dickson[7] managed by the greatest exertion to drag on to the field, attracted the attention of a clever engineer—Mr. Armstrong,[8] one of the early partners of the Elswick Company—and caused him to consider whether these old-fashioned heavy guns could not be replaced by some 'much lighter, but with equal or greater power, and equal or greater range.'

Mr. Armstrong did not meet with much encouragement at first, but early in 1858 the Superintendent of Experiments reported

> that the very extraordinary power of range and precision of fire exhibited at Shoeburyness from the breech-loading gun of Mr. Armstrong's invention appear to afford a reasonable expectation that artillery will not only regain that influence in the field of which, to a certain extent, it has been deprived by the recent introduction of rifled small arms, but that influence will be most materially increased.

The Armstrong gun was accordingly adopted, but it did not remain long in favour. The naval and military authorities of the day considered simplicity all-important, and were opposed to any, even the most simple, mechanical contrivance, with the result that in 1864—extraordinary as it may seem—it was decided to revert to muzzle-loading guns—a retrograde step which might have had serious consequences had we been dragged into any European complication during the fourteen years that followed. Fortunately this did not occur, and in 1878 the Elswick Company were able to convince the Government that it was necessary to return to the breech-loading system, as it was impossible to obtain the required initial velocity with muzzle-loading guns without adding largely to their length.

Our Horse and Field Artillery were, therefore, given the breech-

[6] The Report on the Army before Sebastopol showed that: 'The Administration which ordered that expedition had inadequate information as to the amount of force in the Crimea or Sebastopol. They were not acquainted with the strength of the fortresses to be attacked or with the resources of the country to be invaded. They hoped and expected that the expedition would be immediately successful, and, as they did not foresee the probability of a protracted struggle, they made no provision for a winter campaign. What was planned and undertaken without sufficient information was conducted without sufficient care or forethought.'

[7] The late General Sir Collingwood Dickson, V.C., G.C.B.

[8] Afterwards Lord Armstrong.

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loading guns now in use; but as these proved during the South African War to be deficient in range and power, it was determined in 1901 to replace them by more up-to-date weapons, which have now been approved, and the first issue of the new guns will shortly be made. They are quick-firing guns—12½ pounders for the Horse, and 18½ pounders for the Field Artillery—and it is believed that they will be found to be as good as, if not better than, any guns in use with foreign armies.

Another important result of the Crimean War was the establishment of the Staff College. The sufferings of the troops during their first winter in the Crimea, and the failure to take advantage of the opportunities which offered during the initial stages of the campaign, were, it was generally admitted, due almost altogether to want of scientific preparation. The Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny clearly brought forward the necessity for a training school where selected officers could be given opportunities for studying the art of war under practical conditions.

The senior division at Sandhurst, which had been in existence for nearly sixty years,[9] had signally failed to produce the stamp of officer required, and in 1858 it was superseded by the present Staff College. But even at this College the curriculum of work, as at first arranged, was far from satisfactory, having been drawn up apparently with a view more to a purely scientific than to a military education.

Men who excelled in the Higher Mathematics, Astronomy, Chemistry, and Geology, were given the first places, while the study of the campaigns of the great masters in the art of war, including Napoleon and Wellington, was entirely neglected. The capacity of students was judged more by the neatness and finish of the maps and sketches they produced, than by their ability to grasp quickly and depict intelligently the features of the country they prospected, or by their practical knowledge of strategy and of the duties of a staff officer.

As time went on, and the paramount importance of strategy—as exemplified by the wars of 1862–65, 1866, and 1870–71—came to be more fully recognised, some improvement took place, but it is only of late years that the study of this all-essential subject has been given the prominent place it should have in the Staff College course.

The late Lieut.-Colonel Henderson did more than anyone else to make the students appreciate the importance of military history. They read with the deepest interest his fascinating book, *The Life of Stonewall Jackson*, and his attractive manner of imparting knowledge made any subject he lectured upon clear and interesting to his audience.

At first the number of students at the College was limited to

[9] It was formed at High Wycombe in 1799, moved to Farnham in 1812, and to Sandhurst in 1820.

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thirty, and, as the course lasted two years, only fifteen officers passed out annually—a quite insufficient number to meet the demands of the Staff even in peace time. An increase was sanctioned in 1871, and was gradually continued until 1891, when the present number of sixty-four was reached. But this number is altogether inadequate for home and Indian requirements, and it is very desirable not only that a further increase should be allowed to Camberley, but that a similar Staff College, such as has been proposed by Lord Kitchener, should be established in India [10]

Another much-needed institution—the Ordnance College—has been established within the last forty years. It was practically started in 1864 as the Artillery Advanced Class to enable a certain number of officers to obtain 'the mathematical and mechanical science sufficient to grapple with questions of great interest and importance arising out of recent improvements in the science of Artillery.' This class was carried on at the Royal Artillery Institution until 1899, when its designation was changed to 'Ordnance College' and its functions considerably increased. Instead of an annual class consisting of eight officers, sixteen are now admitted. The course lasts for one year; at the end of that time half the number are selected to compete for a second year, and these eight on passing out are given a P.A.C.[11] certificate.

Other changes were made from time to time:

In 1854 the War Department was separated from the Colonial Office and placed under a newly constituted official styled the Secretary of State for War.

In the same year the administration of the Commissariat Department was transferred from the Treasury to the War Office.

In 1855 the general charge of the Militia and Yeomanry was put under the War Office. Up to that time the Home Office had been responsible not only for these two services, but also for all general military questions relating to Great Britain.

In 1859 the Volunteer Force in its present form came into existence, as the result of the patriotic sentiment aroused by the threat of a French invasion. It was established in accordance with a circular dated the 12th of May, addressed by the Queen in Council to the Lords-Lieutenant of counties.

No further changes of any moment as regards Army administra-

[10] It is essential, however, that the home authorities should have a voice in the supervision of the Indian Staff College in order that it may be worked on exactly the same lines as that of Camberley. The military curriculum should be the same, the examination standards the same, the professors interchangeable. The diploma of P.S.C. should bear throughout the Army the same significance, regardless of the college in which it had been gained. If this be not done, we shall have growing divergence between the two armies which would greatly militate against their military efficiency when acting together.

[11] Passed Artillery College.

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tion or organisation were made during the next eleven years. Meanwhile the war of 1864 in Schleswig-Holstein and the Austro-Prussian War of 1866 had brought three things prominently to notice:

(*a*) The necessity for modern Infantry being armed with breech-loaders.

(*b*) The pressing need for Great Britain to be put in a position to place a far larger number of men in the field than had been in contemplation for many years, if she meant to remain one of the Great Powers.

(*c*) The fact that the marvellous successes of the Prussians were largely due to the superior training and education of their officers.

Fortunately for the Army, Mr. Cardwell, in December 1868, became Secretary of State for War. He had previously turned his attention to the question of Army Administration and Organisation —the most perplexing of all subjects on account of the peculiar nature of our Constitution, and the various conditions under which our soldiers have to serve. Mr. Cardwell's object was to arrange for a proper division of duties at the War Office, and to establish some system by which the Regular and Auxiliary Forces would become more effective for national defence.

How matters at the War Office could best be remedied had been considered and reported on by more than one Committee, 'yet,' as Sir Robert Biddulph puts it in his instructive book—*Lord Cardwell at the War Office*—'the traditions still remained of a system of unnecessary check, double labour, and divided responsibility.'

Mr. Cardwell thought it necessary to convene another Committee; this was presided over by Lord Northbrook, who was then Under-Secretary of State for War. The Report was published in February 1870, and it pointed out, as the Reports of former Commissions had done, the great inconvenience of the War Office and the Horse Guards being under separate roofs.

The War Office Act of 1870, which was introduced in the House of Commons on the 15th of February of that year, was based on the recommendations of Lord Northbrook's Committee.

It divided the work at the War Office into three heads: Military (under the Officer Commanding-in-Chief); Supply (under a new official, styled Surveyor-General of the Ordnance); Finance (under the Financial Secretary).

These proposals became law during that Session, and at the same time the Army Enlistment Act was passed, by which the term of engagement was fixed at twelve years, six with the Colours and six with the Reserve.[12]

This reduction of Colour service was necessitated partly on

[12] Subsequently altered to seven years with the Colours, or eight when necessary, and five or four years with the Reserve.

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account of the difficulty of getting a sufficient number of recruits to enlist for the longer period, and partly in view of the formation of a larger Reserve, which, including the Militia Reserve, then amounted only to 23,000 men.[13]

The astonishing successes gained by Prussia in her war with France emphasised the importance of the three lessons learned from the wars of 1864 and 1866, more particularly as regarded the proper training of officers. Mr. Cardwell recognised the urgent necessity for improvement in this respect, but he felt that his hands were tied so long as the purchase system existed.

The evil results of that system, which had been in force from the earliest period of a standing Army (except for a few years during the reign of William the Third), had been repeatedly brought to notice. So long ago as 1794, Major-General Craig, the Adjutant-General under the Duke of York, writing from Nimeguen, in the Low Countries, alluded to the danger of having officers who owed their commissions merely to the fact that they had enough money for their purchase. He said: 'Out of the fifteen regiments of Cavalry and twenty-six of Infantry which we have here, twenty-one are literally commanded by boys or idiots. . . . We do not know how to post a picquet or instruct a sentinel in his duty, and, as to moving, God forbid we should attempt it within three miles of the enemy.'

General Craig's fears were soon realised, for within seven days of writing his letter Nimeguen was captured by the French, and the English had to leave Holland.[14]

Lord Grey, in a memorandum written in 1846, strongly advocated improvement in the education of officers. He pointed out that, under the purchase system, officers could rise to the highest regimental rank without any assurance that they were acquainted with their duties; and he urged that no man should be allowed to receive a first commission without proving by examination that he had received the education of a gentleman, or be given promotion until he had proved himself in all respects qualified for the same.

Ten years later another Royal Commission, under the presidentship of the Duke of Somerset, was appointed to inquire into the sale and purchase of commissions.

The Commission condemned the system in the most unmeasured terms, describing it as 'vicious in principle, repugnant to the public sentiment of the present day, equally inconsistent with the honour of the military profession and the policy of the British Empire, and irreconcilable with justice.'

[13] The Report of the Royal Commission on Recruiting, in 1857, laid stress on two points: '(1) That there was no Reserve for expanding the Army to a war establishment. (2) That service in the Army was unpopular because two-thirds of a soldier's time was spent on foreign service.'

[14] *Lord Cardwell at the War Office.*

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But, notwithstanding this wholesale condemnation, the only practical recommendation the Commission made was that the rank of lieutenant-colonel should be no longer purchasable. They may have thought that the total abolition of purchase, at a cost of some eight millions, was too big a measure for Parliament to swallow all at once; whatever may have been the reason, no steps were taken to carry out even this one recommendation, and nothing further was done in the matter until 1870, when another Royal Commission was appointed to inquire into the over-regulation payments.

This Commission reported that, although the practice of over-payment was strictly prohibited both by law and regulation, all attempts to prevent it being carried out had utterly failed.

Notwithstanding the difficulties before him, Mr. Cardwell, realising that no improvement could be effected in the training of officers until the whole system of purchase had been done away with, introduced in 1871 the Army Regulation Bill, the main objects of which were—the abolition of purchase, and the rendering of the Auxiliary Forces more efficient by withdrawing them from the control of the Lords-Lieutenant of counties and placing them under the Commander-in-Chief, except as regards their recommendations for first commissions.

The Bill was hotly opposed in Parliament. It was urged that the consequence of the abolition of purchase would be that officers would have to be taken from a different class of society; that promotion would be retarded; that the regimental system would be destroyed, while there would be no improvement in the professional efficiency of the officers.

After several long and somewhat acrimonious debates, the Bill, with slight modifications, passed through the House of Commons,[15] only to be wrecked a few days later [16] in the House of Lords by the carrying of an amendment [17] moved by the Duke of Richmond, notwithstanding that the Duke of Cambridge gave it as his opinion that the offer of the House of Commons was a most liberal one, adding: 'I do not see that by making the proposed change we shall be doing anything calculated to lower the tone of the British Army.'

As the Bill could not be brought forward again that Session, and as Mr. Cardwell felt that it was impossible to permit the continuance of a system so pernicious to the best interests of the Army, he determined to obtain the Queen's consent to cancel all regulations

[15] July 3, 1871. [16] July 13, 1871.

[17] 'That this House is unwilling to assent to a second reading of this Bill until it has had laid before it, either by her Majesty's Government or through the medium of an inquiry and report of a Royal Commission, a complete and comprehensive scheme for the first appointment, promotion, and retirement of officers; for the amalgamation of the Regular and Auxiliary Land Forces, and for securing the other changes necessary to place the military system of the country on a sound and efficient basis.'

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regarding the permission to purchase, and on the 20th of July, 1871, a Royal Warrant was issued absolutely abolishing purchase, either of first commissions or for promotion, from the 1st of November of that year.

It was hardly to be expected that a measure so drastic, affecting the interests of so many, and passed in such an unexpected manner, could become law without causing considerable dissatisfaction and excitement.[18] How such an iniquitous system could have been tolerated for so long, or could have found any one to defend it towards the close of the nineteenth century, is difficult to understand.

None of the evil consequences prophesied by the supporters of the purchase system followed from its abolition, and every one with any knowledge of the Army must agree that Mr. Cardwell's action has been amply justified by results.

Mr. Cardwell's next move was the organisation of the Infantry on a double-battalion system. From the earliest days great difficulty has been experienced in keeping our armies in the field up to full strength. So recently as the Crimean War we were obliged to have recourse to foreign legions; and even in time of peace the difficulty was felt to be almost as great, in consequence of more than half the Army being stationed abroad under active-service conditions.

In deciding on extending to the whole of the Infantry the double-battalion system, which already existed in twenty-seven regiments,[19] and to localise that arm as far as the peculiar conditions of our service would admit, Mr. Cardwell was guided, in a great measure, by certain memoranda[20] written by Lord Hardinge when, on

[18] Sir Robert Biddulph, in his *Lord Cardwell at the War Office*, states: 'The issue of the Royal Warrant evoked a chorus of disapproval from all quarters. The Opposition were wroth because the Government had turned their defeat into a victory by what was deemed an unfair procedure. The House of Lords considered that they were flouted by the action of the Government. The Radical supporters of the Government disapproved of a measure having been carried by the sole exercise of the Royal power.'

[19] The first twenty-five regiments of the Line, the 60th Rifles, and the Rifle Brigade.

[20] In 1864 Lord Hardinge wrote as follows: 'During the Peninsular War each battalion on service had its second battalion of 1,000 men and 49 officers at home, by which double set of officers and men the war battalion was generally kept very effective. In fact, to fight 1,000 men in the field, we had 2,000 trained officers and men to rely upon, but we rarely exceeded 800 in the ranks.' In the same paper he wrote: 'The Guards, though low in numbers, are the most effective Infantry force we have, because they have second battalions and, therefore, a better reserve than the Line for keeping the battalions abroad effective in officers and men.' At the end of the Crimean War Lord Hardinge again recorded his opinion that the experience of the previous two years afforded a practical proof of the inefficiency and danger of relying on small regimental depots as a reserve for the field battalions when the country may be suddenly involved in war. What Infantry battalions most require, Lord Hardinge said, 'is to have the reserve of *officers* and men increased.'—*Lord Cardwell at the War Office.*

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the death of the Duke of Wellington, he became Commander-in-Chief; and also by a memorandum of the Duke of Cambridge on 'The Organisation of the various Land Forces in the Country' and a 'Mode of bringing about a closer Connection between the Regular Army and the Reserve Forces with Militia and Volunteers.'

A Committee, under the presidentship of Major-General P. MacDougall, was assembled to work out all details. 'The essential idea was that of territorial districts, each of which would consist of two Line battalions, two Militia Infantry battalions, and a certain quota of Volunteers, formed into an administrative brigade, the whole to rest on the brigade depot or centre.'[21]

It was a most difficult problem, and, although it was admittedly solved 'with great care and judgment,' it took many years before the linked battalions looked upon themselves as belonging to one and the same regiment. Any want of regimental *camaraderie*, however, that may have existed was completely swept away by the late war. The battalions are now not only thoroughly welded together, but a strong and real attachment has sprung up between the regiments and the counties with which they are connected, an attachment which has been attended with the happiest results.

The Army is also indebted to Mr. Cardwell for establishing the system of competitive examination for entrance into the Army;[22] examination for promotion up to the rank of lieutenant-colonel; the Intelligence Department, the Army Service Corps, the Royal Army Medical Corps, and annual manœuvres.

Since Mr. Cardwell's day, regimental institutes and mobilisation schemes have been established.

Up to 1886 no mobilisation scheme existed. A so-called scheme was drawn up in 1875, and an outline of it appeared in the 'Army List' for many years. It was merely an outline, but it served to open the eyes of the country to our deficiencies with regard to organisation, and it induced the Government to take certain steps towards remedying them.

Little or nothing, however, was done until 1886, when Major-General Brackenbury,[23] the head of the Intelligence Department, drew attention to the disorganised condition of our Army. General Brackenbury made it clear that not even one Army Corps could be placed in the field, either at home or abroad, with a sufficient supply of Commissariat and Transport, Medical and Veterinary arrangements, and Ordnance Stores; while for a second Army Corps there was a large deficiency of Artillery and Cavalry, and actually no Supply departments. The number of horses also was totally inadequate.

[21] *Lord Cardwell at the War Office.*

[22] This had been introduced for the Royal Artillery and Royal Engineers in 1855 by Lord Panmure.

[23] Now General the Right Hon. Sir Henry Brackenbury, G.C.B.

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On receipt of this memorandum, the then Secretary of State, Mr. Stanhope, requested General Brackenbury to go further into the matter, and associated with him Sir Ralph Thompson, Permanent Under-Secretary at the War Office.

The examination made by these two officers brought to light many serious defects in our system. 'There was too much of one arm and too little of another.' The Army had, in fact, been added to piecemeal as the occasion required 'without any endeavour being made to introduce proportion between its various branches.[24] The successful carrying out of a campaign under such conditions was impossible, and Mr. Stanhope wisely placed the matter in the hands of 'The Mobilisation Sub-Committee,' with orders to arrange and direct the practical working of our organisation for war.

From that time the mobilisation scheme and the organisation of the Army for defence both at home and abroad have been steadily progressing. The main lines followed were the decentralisation of stores, the collection of transport, the selection of sites for store-houses and forts, plans of defence for districts, and the regulations for procedure on war breaking out; and last, but by no means least, the arrangements for registering and rendering available a large reserve of horses in time of war.

India has not been idle either during the last half-century. The pressing necessity for creating a new Army after the Mutiny soon forced itself on the attention of the Government, and even while military operations were still in progress, the Governor-General, Lord Canning, directed Colonel Durand,[25] of the Bengal Engineers, to inquire from a number of experienced officers their views on the reorganisation of the Army in India. Eventually Colonel Durand proceeded to England to lay the result of his inquiry before the Secretary of State.

In July of the following year a Royal Commission was assembled, presided over by General Peel, 'to inquire into the "Organisation of the Indian Army."'

Several questions were brought forward on which the opinion of the Commission was required, such as—

The terms on which the transfer of the Army of the East India Company to the Crown should be carried out.

The permanent force to be maintained in India.

The proportion of European to Native troops, &c.

But perhaps the most important question of all was to what extent the European portion of the Army should be composed of troops of the Line, or of troops raised for service in India only.

The majority of the Commission were in favour of the troops belonging to her Majesty's Regular regiments being the sole

[24] Memorandum by the Secretary of State relating to Army Estimates, 1887–8.

[25] Afterwards General Sir Henry Durand, G.C.S.I.

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European element in the Indian Army, while a somewhat large minority recommended the employment (in addition to those Regular regiments) of a considerable local European Army, enlisted solely for service in India.

The Commission sent in their report in March 1859, but apparently no action was taken on it at the time. Meanwhile, in August 1858, the government of India had been transferred from the East India Company to the Crown,[26] and a guarantee was given to ensure to all ranks of the Company's Army 'the like pay, pensions, allowances, and the like advantages as regards promotion and otherwise, as if they had continued in the service of the said Company.'

As soon as this Act was published in India, the soldiers of the Company's service expressed their dissatisfaction at being absorbed into the Queen's Army without their consent, and representations to that effect were sent in through their respective commanding officers.

The Commander-in-Chief (Lord Clyde) had just taken the field for the final pacification of Oudh, and, as it happened, none of the Company's troops were actually with him at the time. The 1st Madras Fusiliers, however, were at no great distance, and Lord Clyde rode to their camp and told them that, as their representations were respectfully worded, and as he considered they had a right to bring their views forward, he would submit them for the consideration of her Majesty's Government. The Commander-in-Chief then reminded the men that, as soldiers, they were bound to obey their officers, and he expressed a hope that, whatever the decision of the authorities might be, discipline would be preserved.

This speech speedily became known to the Army, and, the men being satisfied that their representation would be fairly considered, their excitement was allayed for the time being.

In his letter to the Government of India, Lord Clyde gave it as his opinion that it would be desirable to re-enlist the men of the late Company's service as soldiers of the Queen. He pointed out that the men, when attested, were asked whether they would serve the East India Company, and that, although they were sworn to be 'faithful' and bear 'true allegiance' to her Majesty, there was no further mention of the Crown in the attestation document. Lord Clyde laid special stress on the fact that, in the Queen's Army, no man could be transferred from one regiment to another without his free consent; and in conclusion he wrote:

> Whatever may be the exigencies of the State, the rule has always been followed in the Army that the free consent of the individual must be obtained before he can be transferred from one part of the service to another. Perhaps there is no rule which the soldiers more clearly understand, or to the principles of which they cling with greater tenacity.

[26] 21 & 22 Vict. cap. 106, August 2, 1858.

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On receipt of this communication, the Governor-General consulted the Advocate-General in Calcutta, who unfortunately gave it as his opinion that it was quite legal to transfer the men from one service to the other, upon which Lord Canning informed the Commander-in-Chief that his views were not concurred in, and that the matter had been referred for the decision of her Majesty's Government.

The law officers of the Crown, as was to be expected, agreed with the Advocate-General in India in his views as to the legality of the transaction, and the Secretary of State for India, without apparently considering the evils which might result from such a policy, communicated his concurrence in these views to the Governor-General. It was accordingly announced by the Government of India that the claim made to discharge, or to re-enlistment with bounty, was inadmissible.

Up to the moment that this decision was made known the demeanour of the men had been 'most respectful and soldier-like,' but on its being communicated to them they became greatly excited, and in a few corps something very like open mutiny occurred.

Courts of inquiry were held at the several stations, and as the men persisted[27] in their determination not to continue to serve unless they were re-enlisted, a General Order[28] was issued permitting all men who desired it to 'have their discharge.'

[27] The following is a good exemplification of some of the reasons given by the men for their believing that they were being unjustly treated:

Private John Jackson, of the 3rd Madras European Regiment, stated 'that he considered himself aggrieved at being transferred from the service of the Company to that of the Crown, and gave the following reason for claiming his discharge. On the 27th of October 1852 I was discharged from service (74th Highlanders) on payment by me of 20*l.*; and on the 23rd of November of the same year I enlisted in the service of the Honourable East India Company, with the view of bettering my condition, in the full belief that the service of the said Company and the service of the Crown were quite distinct, thus voluntarily forfeiting half the purchase money, viz. 10*l.*, of my discharge, and my service of eight months, to both of which I would be entitled by re-enlisting in her Majesty's service. I now find myself in the service of the Crown, to get out of which I paid, as already stated, 20*l.*'

[28] After explaining the reasons why the Government considered that the transfer of the men from the service of the Company to that of the Crown was legal, the Order (G.G.O. No. 883, dated the 20th of June 1859) ran as follows: 'The bulk of the English soldiers of her Majesty's Indian forces is composed of men who well represent those who, during the administration of the Company, shed their blood side by side with the Royal troops serving in India to establish the supremacy of the British power, and to sustain the glory of England; and many amongst them have, by their valour and discipline, during the last two eventful years, rendered invaluable service in the repression of mutiny and rebellion. The Viceroy and Governor-General in Council has placed reliance on the loyalty and good sense of the great body of these men; and he has looked confidently to their setting a good example to their younger comrades. He has not been disappointed. But a strong feeling prevails among some, chiefly the younger soldiers, that they have not been dealt with justly, and some have been guilty of acts of disobedience and misconduct.

'These were quickly put down. Afterwards, by order of the Right Honourable the

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Over 10,000 men availed themselves of this permission and were sent to England. Most of them speedily re-enlisted, received the bounty and free kit then given on enlistment, and returned to India triumphant, having got all that they had asked for, and a holiday besides, not to speak of the additional expense to the Government of the men's passages to England and back.[29]

The great question of the reorganisation of the Indian Army meanwhile hung fire, and it was not taken up again until the beginning of 1860, when Lieutenant-Colonel Norman,[30] the Deputy Adjutant-General of the Army in India, came to England with certain proposals.

Lieutenant-Colonel Norman's proposals were generally concurred in by Sir Charles Wood and Sidney Herbert (at that time Secretaries of State for India and War respectively), and H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief, and in July 1860 a committee was assembled under the presidentship of Lieutenant-General Lord Hotham, M.P., to inquire into them.

The recommendations of this committee were generally adopted. They were that the Indian Artillery and Engineers should be amalgamated with the old Royal Regiments, a certain number of the newly raised Cavalry and Infantry regiments should be reduced, and the remainder, as well as all the older Infantry regiments, should be transferred to the Queen's Army. Orders to carry out these changes were sent to India early in 1861.

The Native Army, which, as regards Bengal, had fallen into a state of chaos, was reformed on what was known as the Irregular

Commander-in-Chief, courts of inquiry were opened, before which the men were called upon to make their representations, and to state unreservedly the grounds of their claims. The proceedings of these Courts are now before the Government.

'The Government is satisfied that the objections of the men are founded, in the case of many of them, on an honest conviction that their rights have been overlooked. This conviction has been strengthened by the expression of opinions from high authority in England, which naturally have had a powerful effect on the minds of the men. It has been put forward by the men for the most part in a soldier-like and respectful manner, after the first excitement has passed away consequently upon the orders and warnings of the Commander-in-Chief.

'Such being the case, and it being the desire of the Government of India that there should not be even an appearance of injustice done to any soldier, his Excellency the Viceroy and the Governor-General of India in Council has determined, with the full concurrence of the Right Honourable the Commander-in-Chief, that every non-commissioned officer and soldier in the three Presidencies who enlisted for the East India Company's Forces should, if he desire it, be allowed to take his discharge.'

[29] I have dwelt upon this episode at greater length than I should have thought necessary, did I not feel that it conveys a lesson which it would be well for those in authority to remember when legislating for the Army, and that is, that it is not always wise to deal with soldiers from a purely legal standpoint. Had Lord Clyde's advice been listened to, an unfortunate situation would have been avoided and Government would have been saved a large sum of money.

[30] The late Field-Marshal Sir Henry Norman, G.C.B.

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system, but with an increased proportion of British officers. Provision was made for the utilisation of the officers of the Indian Army by the formation of the 'Staff Corps,' for which all officers then belonging to that Army would be eligible, and to which all officers subsequently appointed would be posted, while promotion in the Staff Corps was to be governed by length of service.

Various changes have since been made in the Indian Army, but the principles laid down in 1861 have, as a whole, been maintained.

Since then the three presidential armies have been abolished, and five commands substituted for them—viz., Bengal, Madras, Bombay, Punjab, and Burma—all under the direct control of the Commander-in-Chief in India.

Additions have been made from time to time to the number of British officers with Native regiments. In 1863, Cavalry and Infantry regiments had each but six British officers, now all regiments have twelve, and the Punjab regiments have thirteen.

In many other respects great advances have been made in India during the last fifty years, more especially in regard to arrangements for preserving the health of the troops and their training and general status. British soldiers in particular are more carefully looked after than they used to be. They are better lodged and fed, and a very large proportion of them are now stationed in the Hills during the hot months. An ample supply of pure water has been provided at all stations, and sanitation is carefully attended to, with the gratifying result that whereas at the time of, and for many years previous to, the Mutiny, the annual death-rate amongst European troops in India was sixty-nine in 1,000 (or, in other words, one man in ten died every eighteen months), for many years past it has not exceeded fifteen in 1,000. Regimental institutes have done a great deal for the comfort and rational amusement of the men in their leisure hours, consequently they are infinitely better behaved than formerly. Serious crime is practically unknown, and nearly one-third of the men are members of the Royal Army Temperance Association, though not necessarily total abstainers. Camps of exercise have been liberally encouraged, and every facility has been afforded for carrying on musketry in a practical manner.

The several changes which have, from time to time, been introduced into the Home Army in the matter of training, &c., have been closely followed both by British and Native regiments in India—such, for instance, as the squadron responsibility system. The Native Army has indeed gone a step further, inasmuch as it has adopted the double-company organisation in the Infantry; an example which might, I think, be followed with advantage in this country, provided it is done without any decrease in the number of company officers.

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Great trouble has been taken to render the Commissariat, Transport, and Ordnance Departments ready for war, and when the 'Scheme for the Reorganisation and Preparation of the Army in India,' as proposed by General Lord Kitchener, has been given effect to, there is every reason to believe that the Army in India will be fit in all respects to take the field.

Many of the changes which I have enumerated were objected to at the time they were instituted, and met with the inevitable opposition which all changes—whether good or bad—invariably encounter; but there can be no doubt that, as a whole, they materially increased the efficiency of the Army. Fifty years ago it would have been impossible to have brought to a successful conclusion a war such as that in which we have recently been engaged in South Africa, for in those days the number of trained soldiers was very limited, there being no reserve to call upon, and the several departments—Supply, Transport, Ordnance, and Medical—were very differently organised from what they are at present.

We must not, however, rest satisfied with what we have been able to do in the way of progress. The Report of the Royal Commission on the War in South Africa has thrown a lurid light on our imperfections, and has made it clear that much is still needed before we can have an Army fit in all respects for war under modern conditions.

Owing to the introduction of rifled arms and smokeless powder, war is daily becoming more and more scientific, and a far higher standard of individual intelligence is demanded from both officers and men. Not only is this the case as regards reconnaissance, scouting, and the various other preliminaries which precede a battle, but on the battlefield itself. One has only to compare the conditions under which the battle of Waterloo was fought with those of any recent battle to realise how great is the change.

At the battle of Waterloo the two armies, numbering about 140,000 men with 396 guns, fought from 11.30 A.M. to 8 P.M. over an area of about three miles in length to one-and-a-half miles in depth. The most severe fighting took place between Hougoumont and La Haye Sainte, a distance of about one mile. Except for a short time, when Napoleon went to supervise the fighting at Planchenoit, he and Wellington were never more than a mile apart. It was possible for both commanders to be kept fully informed throughout the battle of all that was going on, and from first to last they had complete control over the troops.

How different are the conditions in the modern battlefield! In South Africa, on more than one occasion, with considerably less than half the number of troops engaged at Waterloo, the front extended for more than twenty miles, and the combat lasted more than one day, from the impossibility of the Infantry being able to come rapidly to close quarters with the enemy, on account of the vast

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distance to be got over. Communication was kept up as well as circumstances would permit by means of field telegraph lines, flag and heliograph signalling, and mounted orderlies, but it often happened, before reports could be received from the more distant parts of the field, that considerable time had elapsed, during which period momentous changes in the tactical situation had occurred.

It appears to me that, among the lessons to be learned from these changed conditions of warfare, the following are of special importance:

1. That it is indispensable to have a far larger proportion of mounted troops than has hitherto been considered necessary not only for the rapid reinforcement of any part of the position that may be pressed, but also to seize quickly points of vantage.

In future warfare duties even more important than heretofore will devolve on the Cavalry of an army. It follows, therefore, that, like the Horse Artillery, it should be a carefully selected body, composed of officers and men well trained and of the highest intelligence. It will be fully employed in scouting, reconnaissance, screening the movements of the main body and threatening the enemy's flanks and rear, and nothing should be allowed to interfere with its mobility or freedom of action.[31]

The arming of the trooper with a rifle has given to the Cavalry an independence hitherto unknown; it is, therefore, no longer necessary for a Cavalry brigade to include Mounted Infantry; while, on the other hand, considering what an expensive article the Cavalry soldier is, and that he alone can properly fulfil the *rôle* for which he is specially trained, it is a wasteful expenditure to attach Cavalry to Infantry divisions. The Infantry must, of course, have some mounted men for the purpose of scouting in their immediate neighbourhood, reinforcing threatened points, and rapidly occupying tactical positions. But such duties can be adequately performed by Mounted Infantry. Unless, therefore, the country is prepared to add considerably to the numbers of the Cavalry, we must have, in addition to that highly trained body, a force of Mounted Infantry.

This force, in my opinion, should be of a strength not less than one-fourth of the Infantry establishment, for, although the countries in which we may have to operate may not be so peculiarly adapted to such troops as the veld in South Africa, the distances that will

[31] It is essential that the best men should be secured for the Cavalry, but to do this the pay of its officers must be increased to enable those possessed of more brains than money to make a career for themselves in this branch of the Service, which must always be the most expensive in the Army, whatever may be done to reduce unnecessary expenditure. Good horsemanship and an unerring eye for country can only be acquired by constant practice; it is for this reason that polo and hunting in moderation are very desirable pursuits for a Cavalry officer, and conducive to the perfecting of his education; but they cannot be indulged in without the expensive horseflesh which a poor man on small pay cannot afford.

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always have to be traversed under the altered conditions of war are so vast that a large proportion of mobile troops are absolutely necessary whatever the nature of the ground may be. It is essential that the Mounted Infantry force should be composed of Infantry soldiers pure and simple, and I believe that the best solution of the present undecided question as to its suitable organisation would be for each battalion to have two companies (or one double company) trained as Mounted Infantry.

These companies should be trained annually under their own officers at one of the Mounted Infantry Schools; a force far more efficient in time of war could thus be formed than if it were composed of scratch companies made up of sections trained at different times, at different schools, and under different officers. The Mounted Infantry companies would ordinarily form part of their Line battalions, but on mobilisation they would be formed into battalions under the command of officers who had served with Mounted Infantry companies, and made up to the required strength by Reservists who had been trained as Mounted Infantry.

This would, I believe, prove more satisfactory than the present arrangement, by which battalion commanders are kept in uncertainty as to what officers and men they would have to find for Mounted Infantry in time of war, or than the creation of permanent Mounted Infantry battalions, which would be expensive and would be very likely to degenerate into inferior Cavalry. The withdrawal of the two companies (or one double company) would of course reduce the battalion to six companies (or three double companies), but this would not be altogether disadvantageous in these days of extended formations and difficulty of supervision.

2. Once fighting begins, the immediate control of the troops actually engaged passes out of the hands, not only of the officer in supreme command and the divisional and brigade commanders, but even out of the hands of the battalion commanders; everything must then be left to the captains of companies and to section leaders, upon whom a far greater responsibility devolves than formerly. As a consequence, it is essential that their intelligence, self-reliance, and power of leading should be on a proportionately higher level than was necessary in the days of short ranges and close formations. The sooner this is realised to the fullest extent, the better for all ranks when the hour of trial comes.

3. It seems tolerably certain that battles will henceforth be generally decided by superiority of fire,[82] instead of by the bayonet

[82] After visiting many of the battlefields in South Africa, I am more than ever satisfied that the reverses we have met with from time to time in that country are, in a great measure, attributable to our men not being able to shoot, and therefore not having confidence in the weapon with which they are armed. Until our soldiers, Regulars, Militia, Yeomanry, and Volunteers, are expert in the use of their rifles, we

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as of yore, and, as volley firing has practically become impossible, owing to the extended formation in which troops must now attack, it is absolutely essential that special attention should be paid to individual care and control of ammunition; and as the expenditure during an action is likely to be very great, the best means of replenishing the supply to the men in the fighting line must be carefully thought out.

4. Another very important matter is the development of signalling for the commander of an army is mainly dependent upon signalling for receiving information from the more distant parts of the field. The need of signallers for the Artillery is now as great as it is for any other branch of the service, for, when it is considered that the necessity for guns being concealed as much as possible has become paramount, it will be readily understood that the commander of a brigade will seldom be able to keep his guns close enough together for their fire to be controlled by word of mouth. Under certain conditions, even the sections of a battery may be so widely separated as to necessitate the use of signallers by its commander.[33]

5. In many other ways the difficulties of war have increased by the introduction of rifled arms. Protection both on the march and in bivouac has become infinitely more troublesome, and it seems highly probable that, not only changes in the disposition of the troops on the field of battle, but also the final attack itself, will have to be carried out under cover of darkness, for, except under unusually favourable conditions of ground, troops told off to drive home an attack by daylight will suffer very heavily. For the same reason, the important work of obtaining information by the Cavalry is likely to be seriously impeded, and will to a great extent have to be performed under cover of darkness.

6. This points to the necessity for thoroughly developing the system of training which, as I have already shown, was so sensibly practised by Sir John Moore at the beginning of the last century. Discipline is as important now as it was at any time since armies were first formed, but the discipline of self-reliance is what is wanted, not the rigid discipline of the barrack square. Officers, non-commissioned officers, and men must be encouraged to think and act for themselves. This is especially necessary for officers who, until they are able to feel that they can trust themselves, will never accept responsibility.

7. It must not be overlooked that, while soldiers can be made

can never have an efficient Army, no matter under what form of organisation it may exist.

[33] The advantage of some means of rapid communication between widely dispersed batteries and scattered guns has been exemplified during the war in the Far East, where, it is stated, the Japanese have used, with considerable success, a portable telephone system, which has enabled the commander, centrically situated, to control and direct the fire of his large force of artillery.

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fit for active service with comparatively short training, officers cannot be improvised. We can never hope to be ready for war until we have a very large reserve of officers, both for our Home Army and for service abroad. They will be required for the completion of regimental establishments, for the many Staff duties that have to be performed, for signalling, for transport, for lines of communication, for the Medical and Remount Departments, and for filling the gaps as casualties occur. It must be obvious to all who have considered the question that, without an adequate supply of well-trained officers, our Army cannot be efficient. Time was, even within my own experience, when the natural courage and fighting instincts of our race reaped the reward of victory on many a hardly contested field, for the bayonets which scattered our foes were wielded by men who, however ignorant, were inferior to none in courage and endurance; while their officers were gallant gentlemen frequently possessed of the qualities required to make leaders of men and born to command, and there was then no need for their being versed in the higher branches of military science. But the days when these qualities were sufficient to ensure victory have passed. Dogged courage and fearless leadership are as essential to victory as of yore, but individual bravery must be coupled with individual intelligence in the soldier; while the officer must add to dash and the self-sacrificing courage and power of command inherent in him, the thoroughness of a well-trained professional in military science. A terrible lesson awaits the nation whose soldiers find themselves opposed to equally brave but better trained opponents on the field of battle. No amount of money, no national sacrifices will then avail, for modern warfare moves fast, and time lost in peace can never be made up again during the stress of a campaign. I hold this view very strongly, and would urge my fellow-countrymen with all the force at my command to look plain facts in the face.

We are now, as regards India, in the same position as a Continental nation, and may be called upon at any moment to put a very large army in the field. The northern boundaries of India are practically conterminous with those of Russia, for Afghanistan and the deserts beyond are no longer to India what the 'silver streak' is to England, and it is incumbent upon us to be prepared in every detail to meet any trouble that may arise in that direction.

Compulsory service is, I believe, as distasteful to the nation as it is incompatible with the conditions of an Army like ours, which, even in peace time, has always such a large proportion of its units on foreign service. I hold, moreover, that the man who voluntarily serves his country is more to be relied upon as a good fighting soldier than he who is compelled to bear arms.[34] But we must

[34] This opinion is borne out in a remarkable manner by the late Lieut.-Col. Henderson, in his Introduction to Count Sternberg's *My Experiences of the Boer War*; a book to which I would draw the attention of everyone interested in our Army.

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have a large reserve of force, and if the citizens of so great and prosperous a nation as ours are to remain exempt from compulsory service in time of peace, without the safety of the Empire being endangered, two things are essential: First, the right class of man must be attracted to the Regular Army as a profession by good conditions of pay and pension, and especially by a certainty of employment when he has served his time with the colours. This last-named condition is of supreme importance. Any youth of prudent character will naturally hesitate before embarking on a profession which entails during three or more years at a critical period of his life grave disabilities in the way of finding civil employment, and I would strongly appeal to all employers of labour to consider this point seriously, and to realise that the fact of their enjoying freedom from compulsion themselves renders it all the more incumbent on them as citizens to make their situations as open to Army Reservists as to any other class in the labour market, in spite of the pecuniary loss they may suffer in the event of these men being suddenly recalled to the colours—a contingency which, it must be remembered, will only occur in a time of national emergency. Secondly, men of all classes, who, for one reason or another, do not care to serve in time of peace, must be prepared to undergo such a modicum of training as will make them useful as soldiers when called upon by their country for personal service in time of need.

I maintain that it is the bounden duty of the State to see that every able-bodied man in this country, no matter to what grade of society he may belong, undergoes some kind of military training in his youth, sufficient to enable him to shoot straight and carry out simple orders if ever his services are required for the national defence. I believe such a training would be of the greatest benefit to the nation, inculcating as it would a spirit of sober self-reliance in the individual, and raising the standard of physical efficiency. Moreover, there does not seem any other way by which it would be possible to obtain the very large reserve of officers (amounting to some thousands) that is essential to our success in war, no matter under what system our Army may be organised.

The traditions of the British Army show what magnificent fighting material we have at our command. The record of gallant deeds and perilous undertakings performed by both officers and men in all parts of the world is one of which any nation may well be proud.

All that the men require is to be taught and led by good officers, and all that the officers require is to be properly and scientifically trained. But it must be remembered that, under the conditions that now prevail, and which I have endeavoured to describe, the school of arms is the most exacting of all professions, as well as the

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most glorious, and that, therefore, the mere fact of putting on a red, blue, or green coat and carrying a rifle or a sword will not make a man a successful fighting soldier nowadays. And for officers to be capable of instructing their men up to the standard of modern warfare, they must take their profession seriously, and endeavour to prepare themselves in all respects for the responsible duties they will inevitably be called upon to perform when next the country requires their services.

ROBERTS, F.-M.

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THE CONSTITUTIONAL AGITATION IN RUSSIA

THE greatest excitement has prevailed in Russia for the last few weeks since it became known that representatives of the Zemstvos of thirty-four provinces of the Empire were going to meet at St. Petersburg in order to discuss the necessary reforms in the general political organisation of the country. The very fact that such an authorisation had been granted was equivalent to an invitation to discuss a scheme of a Constitution; and so it was understood everywhere. When the Zemstvo delegates were leaving their respective provincial towns they were sent off by groups of enthusiastic friends, whose parting words were: 'Return with a Constitution!'

Their original intention was to make of their conference a solemn official gathering which would speak to the Government in its official capacity, but at the last moment the Minister of the Interior refused to grant the necessary authorisation; and as the Zemstvo delegates declared that they were decided to meet nevertheless, they were informed that they could do so only in private, and that their conference would be treated as a private gathering, but that their resolutions could be handed by a few delegates to the Minister of the Interior, and through his intermediacy to the Emperor. This is how this Conference, which surely will become an important historical date, took place on the 19th, 20th, and 21st of November at St. Petersburg.

The decisions of the Conference were expressed in eleven resolutions, which, as will be seen presently, are now becoming the programme of an agitation which is gradually spreading all over Russia. Moreover, in contrast with all the petitions addressed to the Tsar on previous occasions by certain Zemstvos, the present memorandum is couched in far more dignified language and in definite terms. It begins by mentioning 'the abnormal character of State government which has developed since the beginning of the eighties [1881], and consists in a complete estrangement of the Government from the people, and the absence of that mutual confidence which is necessary for the life

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of the State' (§ 1). 'The present relations between the Government and the people'—they say further on—'are based on a fear of the people's self-administration, and on the exclusion of the people from the management of State affairs' (§ 2). The result of it is that while the bureaucracy separates the Supreme Power [read *The Emperor*] from the nation, it thus creates the very conditions for an entire lawlessness in the administration, in which the personal will of every functionary takes the place of law (§ 3). This destroys confidence in the Government and hampers the development of the State (§§ 3 and 4). Consequently, the Zemstvos express the following desiderata, which deserve to be given in full, because in such history-making documents as this the wording is almost as important as the general idea:

(5) In order to put an end to this lawlessness of the Administration, the inviolability of the individual and the private dwelling must be proclaimed and thoroughly carried out in life. Nobody can have a punishment or any restriction of his rights inflicted upon him without a sentence having been pronounced to this effect by an independent magistrate. For this purpose it is moreover necessary to establish such a responsibility of the members of the Administration as would allow of their being legally prosecuted for each breach of the law, in order thus to secure legality in the actions of the functionaries.

(6) For the full development of the intellectual forces of the nation, as also the expression of the real wants of society and the free exercise of public opinion, freedom of conscience, religion, speech, and press, as also of meeting and association, must be guaranteed.

(7) The personal and political rights of all the citizens of the empire must be equal.

(8) Self-administration being the main condition for the development of the political and economical life of the country, and the main body of the population of Russia belonging to the class of the peasants, these last must be placed in the conditions that are necessary for the development of self-help and energy, and this can only be obtained by putting an end to the present subordinate and lawless position of the peasants. Therefore it is necessary: (*a*) to equalise the rights of the peasants with those of all other classes; (*b*) to free them from the rule of the Administration in all their personal and social affairs; and (*c*) to grant them a regular form of justice.

(9) The provincial and the municipal institutions which are the main organs of local life must be placed in such conditions as to render them capable of performing the functions of organs of self-administration, endowed with wide powers. It is necessary for this purpose: (*a*) that the representation in the Zemstvos should not be based on class principles, and that all forces of the population should be summoned, as far as possible, to take part in that administration; (*b*) that the Zemstvo institutions should be brought nearer to the people by instituting a smaller self-administrative unit;[1] (*c*) that the circle of

[1] The smallest self-administrating unit is now the district (*uyezd*), which embodies from 100,000 to 200,000 inhabitants. The next unit below it, the canton (*volost*), has also a self-administration, but only for the peasants. The Zemstvo resolution asks for *a self-governed canton*, composed of all the inhabitants, while the peasant self-government would be limited to the village community. It must be said that all the peasant self-government, introduced in 1861, had been entirely wrecked under Alexander III. by the introduction of special 'land-chiefs,' nominated by the Governor of the Province, and endowed with unlimited rights.

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activity of the Zemstvos and the municipal institutions should include all the local needs; and (*d*) that these institutions should acquire the necessary stability and independence, without which no regular development of their activity and their relations to the organs of the Government is possible. Local self-government must be extended to all the parts of the Empire.

(10) For creating and maintaining a close intercourse between the Government and the nation, on the basis of the just-mentioned principles, and for the regular development of the life of the State, it is absolutely necessary that representatives of the nation, constituting a specially elected body, should participate in the legislative power, the establishment of the State's budget, and the control of the Administration. [The minority of the conference, consisting of twenty-seven persons, accepted this paragraph only as far as the words 'should participate in the legislative power.']

(11) In view of the gravity and the difficulties of both the internal and external conditions which the nation is now living through, this private conference expresses the hope that the supreme power will call together the representatives of the nation, in order to lead our Fatherland, with their help, on to a new path of national development in the sense of establishing a closer union between the State's authority and the nation.

This memorandum, signed by 102 delegates out of 104—two abstaining—was handed to Prince Sviatopolk Mirsky, and through him to the Emperor. Four more resolutions were taken later on by the same Conference, and they offer a special interest, as they represent a first attempt at legislation upon a definite subject in the form, well known in olden times in this country, of a Royal petition. Three of these resolutions, which concern education, blame the Government for its negative attitude in this matter, and ask full freedom for the Zemstvos to deal with it; while the fourth demands the abrogation of the state-of-siege law and an amnesty in the following terms:

Considering that the Law of the 26th of August 1881, embodying the Measures for the Maintenance of Order in the State [state-of-siege law] is one of the chief causes which favour the development of lawlessness in the Administration and breed popular discontent, which both stand in the way of mutual confidence and unity between the Government and the population, the Conference finds that the repeal of this law is desirable. Besides, taking into consideration that the system of administratively inflicted penalties, which has been applied lately on a large scale in virtue of that law, has produced a great number of victims of the arbitrary actions of the Administration who are now suffering various penalties and limitations in their legal rights, the Conference considers it its duty to express itself in favour of a complete remission of all penalties inflicted by mere orders of the Administration. It expresses at the same time the hope that the Supreme Power will introduce pacification in the country by an act of amnesty for all persons undergoing penalties for political offences.

The Press was not permitted to mention the Zemstvo Conference, or to discuss its resolutions; but the latter were hectographed in thousands of copies at St. Petersburg, reprinted in a more or less clandestine way in many cities, and spread broadcast all over Russia. On the other side, as soon as Sviatopolk Mirsky had made his declarations about the need of 'confidence between the Government and the nation'—confirming his declarations by the release of

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a small number of 'administrative' exiles—the Press at once adopted quite a new tone. The need for a new departure, under which the nation would be called to participate in the government of the country, began to be expressed in a very outspoken way. All the main questions concerning the revision of taxation, the necessity of not merely returning to the original law of the Zemstvos (altered in 1890), but of revising it in the sense of an abolition of the present division into 'orders'; the necessity of re-establishing the elected Justices of the Peace, and of granting a thorough self-government to all the provinces of the Empire; the equality of political rights of all citizens, and so on—these and numbers of similar questions are discussed now with the greatest liberty in the daily Press, and nobody conceals any longer his disgust of the reactionary *régime* which has swayed Russia for the last thirty years.

Of course, censorship continues to make its victims. The review *Law* (*Pravo*) has already received two warnings, and of the two new dailies, one (*Son of the Fatherland*), which came out under a new 'populist' editorship, is already suppressed for three months; while the other (*Our Life*), which has Social Democratic tendencies, has its sale in the streets forbidden. With all that, the Press, with a striking unanimity, support the Zemstvo resolutions, without naming them. Even the *Novoye Vremya*, which has always vacillated between ultra-Conservative and Liberal opinions, according to the direction of the wind in the upper spheres, is now Constitutionalist. As to the ultra-reactionary Prince Meschersky, owner of the *Grazhdanin*, he has published some of the most outspoken articles against the old *régime*—only to turn next day *against* those who demand a Constitution. Since 1861, this gentleman's house has been the centre of a semi-Slavophile but chiefly landlord and bureaucracy opposition to the reforms of Alexander the Second. Hold was adroitly taken in this centre of the two successive heirs to the throne, Nikolai Alexandrovitch and his brother, who became later on Alexander the Third, in order to secure, through them, an overthrow of all the reforms made by their father.[2] Now, the *Grazhdanin* reflects the unsettled condition of mind in the Winter Palace spheres. The *Moscow Gazette* is thus the only consequent defender of the old *régime*. At the same time, the provincial Press acquires a new importance every day, especially in Southern, South-Western, and South-Eastern Russia. I have several of these papers before me, and cannot but admire the straightforward and well-informed way in which they discuss all political questions. They reveal quite a new provincial life.

It would be impossible to render in a few words the depth and breadth of the agitation provoked in Russia by the Zemstvo Conference. To begin with, 'the Resolutions' were signed at once by

[2] The *Memoirs* of Prince Meschersky contain extremely instructive data in this respect.

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numbers of persons of high standing in St. Petersburg society, who do not belong to the Zemstvos. The same is now done in the provinces, so that the memorandum of the Zemstvos becomes a sort of ultimatum—it cannot be called a petition—addressed by the educated portion of the nation to the Emperor. In most provincial cities the return of the Zemstvo delegates is being made the occasion of influential meetings, at which the members of the Provincial Assemblies (the District Assemblies will follow suit) send to St. Petersburg their approval of the resolutions; while numbers of landlords and other influential persons in the provinces seize this opportunity for adding their signatures to those of the Zemstvo delegates.

Wherever a few educated persons come together, nothing is spoken of but the coming Constitution. Even the appalling war has been relegated to the background, while the constitutional agitation takes every day some new form. In the universities, both professors and students join it. The former sign the resolutions, while the latter formulate similar resolutions, or organise street demonstrations to support them. Such demonstrations have taken place already at St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Kieff, and they surely will be joined by working men as soon as they spread southwards. And if they are dispersed by force they will result in bloodshed, of which none can foresee the end.

Another important current in the movement was created by the celebrations of the fortieth anniversary of the Judicial Law, which was promulgated on the 2nd of December 1864. Large meetings of lawyers (*avocats*), followed by banquets, at which all professions of 'intellectuals' were represented, including members of the magistracy and, occasionally, of the administration, have been held at St. Petersburg, Moscow, Saratoff, Minsk, Tomsk, and so on; and at all these meetings the programme of the Zemstvos, reinforced by strong resolutions requiring the repeal of the exceptional state-of-siege law and condemning the whole *régime* under which Russia is now, was voted and transmitted to the Minister of the Interior. At Moscow the resolutions passed at the meeting of the lawyers were worded very strongly, as may be seen from the following characteristic abstracts:

'(1) The fundamental principles of Right, expressed in the Judicial Law of the 2nd of December 1864, and which recognise only such a form of State life, in which all the actions of all are submitted to law, equal for all, and applied by the Courts with no regard to any outside influence, are incompatible with the principles of the bureaucratic lawlessness which endeavours to take hold of every manifestation of life and to submit it to its uncontrolled power.' . . .

'(4) The principle of religious tolerance, proclaimed in this law, was brought into non-existence by a series of by-laws and circulars, by means of which large portions of the population were placed into special categories, and deprived of important personal, family and property rights—and this, not for crimes of

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theirs, and not in virtue of legal sentences, but merely for the expression of the dictates of their conscience, and by mere orders of the Administration.' . . . '(7) The principle of an independent Justice, equal for all, has been reduced to nought by the abolition of all guarantees of independence'; and the declaration enumerates the main by-laws by means of which this purpose was achieved.

And, finally, their last resolution expresses what every educated Russian is thinking, while at the same time it contains a reply to the Tsar's manifesto of April 1903. It runs as follows:

It appears from all the life of Russia for the last forty years that it is absolutely hopeless to endeavour to introduce in our country the reign of Right, so long as the arbitrary rule of bureaucracy continues to exist, even though all sorts of rights may be inscribed in our code.

Nothing short of a thorough reform in the fundamental laws of the State can secure the ends of justice and law—such is the conclusion of the Moscow lawyers.

Striking facts were produced at these meetings. Thus, the following figures just published by *The Messenger of Law* will illustrate the lawlessness which prevails under Nicholas the Second in all matters concerning political offences. From 1894 till 1901, not one single political affair was brought before a court of justice or an examining magistrate. All inquests were dealt with by police officers or functionaries of the Ministry of the Interior. As to the numbers of such cases, they are simply extravagant. Thus in 1903 no fewer than 1988 political cases, concerning 5590 persons, were opened, in addition to all those which were pending. In the same year, 1522 inquests, involving 6450 persons, were terminated. Out of this number 1583 persons were liberated, 45 were sent before courts-martial, and *no fewer than* 4867 *persons were submitted to various penalties, including imprisonment, inflicted by the Administration, without the interference of any magistrate.* Out of these, *no fewer than* 1502 *were sent into exile,* for terms up to ten years, to various remote provinces of Russia and Siberia! Nothing on this scale was done even under Alexander the Third, the corresponding figure for the last year of his reign being only 55 (in 1894).

The Judicial Law of 1864 contained certain guarantees against the arbitrary action of the police. But, as has been indicated during the last few days, already in 1870 and 1875 the preliminary inquest was taken out of the hands of independent examining magistrates and was handed to the ordinary police and the State police officers. No fewer than *seven hundred by-laws* have been issued since 1864 for tearing the Judicial Law to pieces—limiting the rights of the courts, abolishing trial by jury in numerous cases, and so on; so that—to use the expression of the Saratoff lawyers' meeting—'*all* the principles of the law of Alexander the Second have been annihilated. This law exists only in name.'

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At the same time the exceptional laws promulgated during the last two reigns have given to every police officer, in every province of the Empire, the right to arrest every Russian subject without warrant, and to keep him imprisoned as a suspect for seven days—and much longer under various other pretexts—without incurring any responsibility. More than that. It was publicly vouched at one of the lawyers' meetings that when arrests are made *en masse*, simple policemen receive in advance printed and signed warrants of arrest and searching, on which they have only to inscribe the names of the persons whom they choose to arrest! Let me add that all these resolutions and comments have been printed in full, in both the provincial and the Moscow papers, and that the figures are those of official reports.

At St. Petersburg the fortieth anniversary of the Judicial Law was celebrated by nearly 700 persons—lawyers, literary people, and so on—and their resolutions were equally outspoken.

> The martyrology of the Judicial Law [they said] is a striking illustration of the fact that under the autocratic and bureaucratic *régime* which prevails in Russia the most elementary conditions of a regular civil life cannot be realised, and partial reforms of the present structure of the State would not attain their aim.

The Assembly confirmed therefore the resolutions of the Zemstvo representatives, only wording the chief ones still more definitely, in the following terms:

> 3. That all laws be made and taxes established only with the participation and the consent of representatives, freely elected by all the nation.
>
> 4. That the responsibility of the Ministers before the Assembly of Representatives of the nation should be introduced, in order to guarantee the legality of the actions and the orders of the Administration.

For this purpose, and in view of the extremely difficult conditions in which the country is now involved, the Assembly demanded the immediate convocation 'of a Constituent Assembly, freely elected by the people,' and 'a complete and unconditional amnesty for all political and religious offences,' as well as measures guaranteeing the freedom and the possibility of responsible elections, and also the inviolability of the representatives of the people. This declaration was signed by 673 persons, and sent to the Minister of the Interior.

The anniversary meetings of the Judicial Law being over, the agitation has already taken a new form. It is the municipalities, beginning with Moscow and St. Petersburg, which now pass the same resolutions. They ask for the abolition of the exceptional laws and for the convocation of a representative Assembly, and they insist upon holding a general Conference of representatives of all the Russian cities and towns, which would certainly express the same desires.

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It is evident that the reactionary party is also at work, and a meeting of reactionists took place at the house of Pobiedonostseff, in order to discuss how to put a stop to the constitutional movement. They will leave, of course, not a stone unturned to influence the Tsar in this direction, and, to begin with, they hit upon the idea of convoking meetings of the nobility in different provinces. They expected that such meetings would vote against a Constitution. But, beginning with Moscow, they met with a complete fiasco; the Moscow nobility adopted the same resolutions as the Zemstvos. More than that. A new movement was set on foot, in the old capital, in the same direction. A few days ago, at a meeting of the Moscow Agricultural Society, one of the members proposed a resolution demanding the abolition of the exceptional state-of-siege law promulgated in 1881. He met with some opposition, but after brilliant speeches had been pronounced in support of the resolution it was voted with only one dissentient.

One may expect now that many other societies, economic and scientific, will follow the example of the Moscow agriculturists. In the meantime the public libraries, both municipal and supported by private contributions, have inaugurated a movement for demanding a release from the rigours of censorship. There is in Russia a special censorship for the libraries, and even out of those books which have been published in Russia with the consent of the censorship many works, chiefly historical and political, are not permitted to be kept in the circulating libraries. The Smolensk public library has now petitioned the Minister of the Interior asking for the abolition of these restrictions, and this petition is sure to be followed by many others of a similar kind, the more so as simply prohibitive restrictions are imposed upon the village libraries, the public lectures, and, in fact, in the whole domain of popular education.[3]

It will be noticed that in all the above resolutions the form to be given to representative government has not yet been defined. Must Russia have two Houses or one? Will she have seven or nine Parliaments (like Canada) and a Federal Senate? What extension is to be given to the federative principle? And so on. All these matters

[3] Here is the resolution passed on the 9th of December by the Zadneprovsk public library at Smolensk, and published in the Russian papers:—'After having heard the statement of the committee concerning the difficulties standing in its way the meeting decided to ask from the Minister of Interior: (1) The abolition of the by-laws according to which the administration and the helpers of the library have to receive the investiture of the Government; (2) that all books allowed to circulate in Russia be allowed to be kept in the library; (3) the abolition of censorship; (4) to permit educational societies to be opened after a mere notification. At the same time the meeting has entrusted its committee to inform the Minister of the Interior of its deep conviction that the spreading of education in the country is quite impossible without the rights and the dignity of the individual, and the liberty of conscience, speech, the Press, the associations and meetings being guaranteed.'

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have not yet been discussed in detail. It is only known that some Zemstvo delegates, under the presidency of M. Shipoff, are discussing these vital questions. However, as the Zemstvos exist in thirty-four provinces only, out of fifty, of European Russia proper, and there are besides Finland, Poland, the Caucasus, Siberia, Turkestan, and the Steppe Region, no scheme of representative government can be worked out without the consent of these units. This is why the idea of a Constituent Assembly is gaining ground. All that can be said in the meantime is, that the Jacobinist ideas of the centralisers find but little sympathy in Russia, and that, on the contrary, the prevailing idea is that of a federation, with full home rule for its component parts, of which Finnish home rule may be taken as a practical illustration.

Such are, then, up to the 18th of December, the main facts of the constitutional agitation which is going on in Russia. And from all sides we hear the same questions: 'Is it really the end of autocracy that is coming? Is Russia going to pass from autocracy to representative government, without a revolution similar to that of 1789 to 1793 in France? Is the present movement deep enough to attain its goal? And, again, are the Tsar and his nearest advisers prepared to make the necessary concessions, without being compelled to do so by popular uprisings and internal commotions?

First of all, let it be well understood that there is nothing unforeseen in the demand of a Constitution, so unanimously expressed by the representatives of provincial self-government. Over and over again, for the last forty years, they have expressed the same desire, and it is for the third or fourth time that they now address similar demands to the Emperor. They did it in 1880–1881. They repeated it in 1894, as soon as Nicholas the Second came to the throne, and again in 1902 in connection with the Committees on the depression of agriculture. At the beginning of this year, when the war broke out and the Zemstvos decided to send their own field-hospitals to the seat of war (these hospitals, by the way, are described as the best in Manchuria), representatives of all the Zemstvos demanded the permission to meet together, to agree upon joint action in the organisation of relief for the wounded, as well as for the families of the Reservists. On both occasions the authorisation was refused and the meetings forbidden; but on both occasions the Zemstvo delegates held secret conferences at Moscow and discussed their affairs in spite of the menaces of Plehve (Shipoff went for that into exile). And in both cases they concluded that the convocation of a National Assembly had become an imperative necessity. The present move is thus a further development of several former ones. It is the expression of a long-felt need.

The necessity of a representative government for Russia was spoken of immediately after the death of Nicholas the First, and we

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are informed by Prince Tatischeff (*Alexander the Second and his Times*) that as early as in 1856 Alexander the Second had had a plan of a Constitution worked out. However, precedence had to be given then to the abolition of serfdom and the terrible corporal punishments then in use (which meant a judicial reform); besides, some sort of local self-government had first to be created. These reforms filled up the years 1859-1866. But in the meantime the Polish revolution broke out (in 1863), and it was then believed at the Russian Ministry of Foreign Affairs that the uprising was supported by promises of intervention given to its leaders by the Western Powers.

This revolution had the worst imaginable consequences for Russia. It closed the reform period. Reaction set in—the reaction which has lasted up to the present day, and which has cost Russia hecatombs of her best and most devoted men and women. All schemes of constitutional changes were abandoned, and we learn from the same author that the reason which Alexander the Second gave for this abandonment was his fear for the integrity of the Empire. He came to Moscow in 1865, and there, at his Iliynsky Palace, he received Golohvastoff—that same President of Nobility in one of the districts of the Moscow province who had forwarded to the Tsar an address, in the name of the nobility he represented, demanding a Constitution. The words which Alexander is reported to have said to Golohvastoff during the interview are most characteristic: 'I give you my word,' he said, 'that on this same table I would sign any Constitution you like if I were sure that this would be for the good of Russia. But I know that if I did it to-day, to-morrow Russia would go to pieces. And you do not desire such an issue. Last year you yourselves [the Moscow nobility] told me that, and you were the first to say so.'[4] There is no reason to doubt the authenticity of these words. They are just what Alexander the Second would have said, and while he was uttering them he was quite sincere. But, as I have explained in my *Memoirs*, his was a very complicated nature, and while the menace of the Western Powers, ready to favour the dismemberment of the Empire, must have strongly impressed him, the Autocrat also spoke in him, and still more so the man who demanded above all to be trusted implicitly. On this last point he was extremely sensitive.

Be that as it may, the idea of giving Russia a Constitution was temporarily abandoned; but it cropped up again ten years later. The great movement 'towards the people' was then in full swing. The prisons were overflowing with political prisoners, and a series of political trials, which had taken place with open doors, had produced a deep impression on the public. Thereupon Alexander the Second

[4] They had asked indeed that the integrity of the Empire should be maintained, and that Poland should not be separated from Russia.

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handed in a scheme of a Constitution, to be reported upon to the Professor of Civil Law and the author of a book much spoken of on this subject—K. P. Pobiedonostseff!

What the appreciations of Pobiedonostseff were, we do not know; but, as he has expressed his views on representative government in a number of works, we may be certain that his report was negative. His ideal is a Church, as strongly organised as the Catholic Church, permeating all the life of society and assuming, if need be, a fighting attitude against the rival Churches. Freedom and Parliamentary rule are the enemies of such a Church; consequently, he concludes, autocracy must be maintained; and Russia is predestined to realise the happiness of the people under the rod of the Church. The worst was that Pobiedonostseff succeeded for years in maintaining a reputation for honesty, and only lately has it become evident that, although he does not care for wealth, he cherishes power and is most unscrupulous as to the means by which he maintains his influence at Court.[5]

In 1876 Alexander the Second was thus besieged with doubts. But then came the uprising in Servia, the Turkish War, the Berlin Treaty, and once more the inner reforms were postponed. The Turkish War revealed, however, such depths of disorganisation in the State machine that, once it was over, the time had apparently come for making a serious move in the constitutional direction. Discontent was general, and when the trial of 'The Hundred and Ninety-three' began at the end of 1878, and full reports of it were given in the papers, the sympathies of the educated classes went all in favour of the accused, and all against their accusers. The moment was opportune; but one of those omnipotent functionaries who had been nurtured in the atmosphere of the Winter Palace, Trépoff, gave a different turn to affairs.

The history of the years 1878–1881 is so fresh in the memories of all that it need not be retold. How, immediately after the excitement produced at St. Petersburg by the above trial, Trépoff, the head of the St. Petersburg Police, ordered one of the 'politicals' to be flogged in prison; how thereupon Véra Zasulitch shot at Trépoff, and wounded him; how Alexander the Second, inspired by the Chief of the State Police, Mézentsoff, revised the relatively mild sentences pronounced by the Court in the trial of 'The Hundred and Ninety-three,' and rendered them very much heavier; how, in reply to this, Mézentsoff was killed in broad daylight; and how this

[5] See, for instance, his article in the *North American Review*, September 1901, in which he threw the responsibility for the law in virtue of which students, for university disturbances, were marched as private soldiers to Port Arthur—*a law of which, we now know, he himself was the promoter*, and which led to such serious disturbances—upon the Minister of Public Instruction, already killed by a student, and the Minister of the Interior, who was killed soon after that by Balmashoff.

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was the beginning of a fearful struggle between the Government and the revolutionists, which ended in a wholesale slaughter and transportation to Siberia of the best elements of a whole generation, including children sixteen years old, and in Alexander the Second losing his life—all this is well known. It is also known that he was killed the very day that he had made a timid and belated concession to public opinion by deciding to submit to the State Council a scheme for the convocation of an *Assemblée des Notables*.

This scheme is often described as a Constitution. But Alexander the Second himself never attributed to it this meaning. The proposal of Loris Melikoff, which received the approval of the Tsar on the 17th of February (March 1), 1881, consisted in this: the Ministries were to bring together by the next autumn all the materials which they possessed concerning the reorganisation of the Central Government. Then special Committees, composed of representatives of the different Ministries, as well as of persons invited by the Government for this purpose, would prepare schemes for reform of the Central Government 'within the limits which would be indicated by the Emperor.' These schemes, before submitting them to the State Council, would be discussed by a general Commission composed as follows: (*a*) Persons nominated by the Emperor out of members of the above Committees; (*b*) delegates from the provinces in which the Zemstvos have been introduced—two delegates per province, elected by the provincial Zemstvos—as also delegates from a few important cities; and (*c*) members nominated by the Government to represent the provinces which had no Zemstvo institutions. Only the members mentioned under (*a*) would have the right of voting; the others, (*b*) and (*c*), would only express their opinions, but not vote. The Commission itself would have no legislative power; its resolutions would be submitted to the State Council and the Emperor in the usual way.[6]

This measure had to be made public, and on the 1st (13th) of March Alexander the Second approved the draft of a manifesto which had to be issued to this effect. He only desired it to be read at a meeting of the Committee of the Ministers on the following Wednesday. He was killed, as is well known, a few hours later, and the next Committee of Ministers, which took place on the 8th (20th) of March, was presided over by his son, Alexander the Third. The meeting fully approved the manifesto, which had now only to be printed. But Alexander the Third hesitated. Old Wilhelm the First had advised him to yield; but the reactionary party, headed by Pobiedonostseff and Katkoff, was very active in the opposite direction. Katkoff was called from Moscow to exert a pressure on the Tsar by the side of Pobiedonostseff, and Alexander was easily persuaded by Count

[6] After the Council has voted, the Emperor decides himself whether he accepts the opinion of the majority or that of the minority. This opinion becomes the law.

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Ignatieff and such a specialist in police matters as the *Préfet* of Paris, M. Andrieux, that the revolutionary movement could easily be crushed. Whilst all this was going on the Liberal Ministers, who were in favour of constitutional reforms, undertook nothing decisive, and Alexander the Third, who had already written to his brother: 'I feel so happy: the weight is off my shoulders, I am granting a Constitution,' yielded the other way. On the 29th of April (11th of May) he issued his autocratic manifesto, written by Pobiedonostseff, in which he declared: 'Amidst our affliction, the voice of God orders us to vigorously take the ruling power in our own hands, with faith in Providence and trust in the truth and might of the Autocratic Power which we are called upon to reinforce and to protect against all attacks, for the welfare of the nation.'

One of the first acts of this personal power was the promulgation of that state-of-siege law which, as we saw, handed all classes of Russia to the now omnipotent police officials, and made of Russia one great State prison. Thus began those gloomy years 1881–1894, of which none of those who lived them through can think otherwise than as of a nightmare.

To tell the truth, Alexander the Third was not exactly a despot in his heart, although he acted like one. Under the influence of the Slavophile, Konstantin Aksakoff, he had come to believe that the mission of autocracy in Russia is to give a certain well-being to the peasants, which could never be attained under a representative government. Towards the end of his life he even used to say that there were only two thorough Socialists, Henry the Fourth and himself. What induced him to say so I do not know. At any rate, when he came to the throne he adopted a programme which was explained in a French review, in an article generally attributed to Turguéneff.[1] Its main points were: a considerable reduction of the redemption tax which the ex-serfs paid for their liberation; a radical change in the system of imperial taxation, including the abolition of the 'poll-tax,' and the excise on salt; measures facilitating both the temporary migrations of the peasants and emigration to the Urals and Siberia; rural banks, and so on. Most of these measures were carried through during his reign; but in return the peasants were deprived of some of the most elementary personal and civil rights which they had obtained under Alexander the Second. Suffice it to say that instead of the Justices of the Peace, formerly elected by all the population, special police officers, nominated by the Governors, were introduced, and they were endowed with the most unlimited rights over the village communities, and over every peasant individually. Flogging, as in the times of serfdom, was made once more an instrument of 'educating' the

[1] See Stepniak's *King Stork and King Log: a Study of Modern Russia*. 2 vols. London (Downey & Co.), 1896, pp. 22 *seq.*

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peasants. Every rural policeman became a governor of *his* village. The majority of the schools were handed over to Pobiedonostseff. As to the Zemstvos, not only were they gradually transformed more and more into mere boards of administration under the local Governor, but the peasants were deprived of the representation which they hitherto had in that institution. The police officers became even more omnipotent than ever. If a dozen schoolmasters came together they were treated as conspirators. The reforms of 1861–1866 were treated as the work of rank revolutionists, and the very name of Alexander the Second became suspect. Never can a foreigner realise the darkness of the cloud which hung over Russia during that unfortunate reign. It is only through the deep note of despair sounded in the novels and sketches of Tchékoff and several of his contemporaries—'the men of the eighties'—that one can get a faint idea of that gloom.

However, man always hopes, and as soon as Nicholas the Second came to the throne new hopes were awakened. I have spoken of these hopes in the pages of this Review, and shown how soon they faded away. Since then Nicholas the Second has not shown the slightest desire to repair any one of the grave faults of his father, but he has added very many new ones.

Everywhere he and his Ministers have bred discontent—in Finland, in Poland, in Armenia (by plundering the Armenian Church), in Georgia, in the Zemstvos, among all those who are interested in education, among the students—in fact, everywhere. But that is not all. There is one striking feature in this reign. All these last ten years there has been no lack of forces which endeavoured to induce the ruler of Russia to adopt a better policy; and all through these ten years *he himself*—so weak for good—found the force to *resist* them. At the decisive moment he always had enough energy to turn the scales in favour of reaction by throwing in the weight of his own personal will. Every time he interfered in public matters—be it in the student affairs, in Finland, or when he spoke so insolently to the Zemstvo delegates on his advent to the throne—every time his interference was for bad.

However, already during the great strikes of 1895, and still more so during the student disturbances of 1897, it had become apparent that the old *régime* could not last long. Notwithstanding all prosecutions, a quite new Russia had come into existence since 1881. In the seventies it was only the youth which revolted against the old *régime*. In our circles a man of thirty was an old man. In 1897 men of all ages, even men like Prince Viazemskiy, member of the Council of State, or the Union of Writers, and thousands of elderly men scattered all over the country, joined in a unanimous protest against the autocratic bureaucracy.

It was then that Witte began to prepare the gradual passage

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from autocracy to some sort of a constitutional *régime*. His Commissions on the Impoverishment of Agriculture in Central Russia were evidently meant to supply that intermediate step. In every district of the thirty-four provinces which have the Zemstvo institutions, Committees, composed of the Zemstvos and of local men invited *ad hoc*, were asked to discuss the causes of this impoverishment. Most remarkable things were said in these Committees, by noblemen and functionaries, and especially by simple peasants—all coming to one conclusion: Russia cannot continue to exist under the police rule which was inaugurated in 1881. Political liberties and representative government have become a most urgent necessity. '*We have* something to say about our needs, and we *will* say it'—this was what peasant and landlord alike said in these Commissions. The convocation of an Assembly of the representatives of all provinces of Russia had thus become unavoidable. But then Nicholas the Second, under the instigation and with the connivance of Plehve, made his little *coup d'état*. Witte was shelved in the Council of State, and Plehve became an omnipotent satrap. However, it is now known that in 1902 Plehve had handed to Nicholas the Second a memoir in which he accused Witte of preparing a revolutionary movement in Russia, and already then the Tsar had decided in his mind to get rid of Witte and his Commissions. This he did, handing Russia to that man whom the worst reactionists despised, even though they called upon him to be their saviour.

An orgy of insolent police omnipotence now began: the wholesale deportation of all discontents; massacres of the Jews, of which the instigators, such as the Moldavian Krushevan, editor of the *Bessarabets*, were under the personal protection of the Minister; an orgy of wholesale bribery, general corruption, and intimidation. And Nicholas the Second had not one word to say against that man! Only now, when Plehve's successors have brought to the Tsar the copies of all his Majesty's correspondence with the Grand Dukes, which Plehve opened and had carefully copied for some unknown purpose—only now they go about in the Winter Palace exclaiming: 'It is Plehve who is the cause of all that agitation! It is he who has brought upon us all this odium!' As if Plehve was not *their* last hope—the last card of autocracy! Truly has the lawyer Korobchevsky said before the Court, in defence of his client Sazonoff: 'The bomb which killed the late Minister of the Interior was filled, not with dynamite, but with the burning tears of the mothers, sisters wives, and daughters of the men whom he sent to the gallows or to die slowly in prison or in Siberia!'

But who are these new men of the Zemstvos—it will be asked—who come now so prominently to the front? Are they capable of playing the responsible part which history seems to bestow upon them?

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When provincial self-government was introduced forty years ago there certainly was among the promoters of this reform some sort of idea like this: 'Let the landlords, the merchants, the peasants, familiarise themselves, through the provincial and the district assemblies, with representative government and the management of public affairs.' This is also how the reform was understood on the spot, and this is why the Zemstvos attracted at the outset so many of the best provincial forces.

The mode of composition of these assemblies is original. Russia, as is known, is divided into provinces, and each province into ten to twelve districts. Leaving aside Poland (ten provinces), Finland (which has its own Parliament), Caucasia and Asiatic Russia (Siberia, Turkestan, the Steppe Region), European Russia is divided into fifty provinces, out of which thirty-four have now the institution of the Zemstvo. This means that in these provinces each district has an assembly, elected by all the inhabitants, for the management of quite a number of local matters. Each assembly nominates its own executive, and all the district assemblies nominate a Provincial Assembly, which also has its executive, and is presided over by the provincial President of the Nobility. The towns have their own municipal government. The district elections, however, are made separately by the three 'orders'—the nobility, the mixed land-owners (merchants and peasant proprietors), and the peasants belonging to the village communities. Besides, as the foundation of the electoral rights is the value of landed property owned by each person in the district, and the nobility are the chief landowners, the result is that in most assemblies the number of peasant representatives is inferior to those of the other two orders taken together. Only in certain north-eastern provinces such as Vyatka have the peasants a dominating voice. This is, at least, how the Zemstvos were constituted till 1890, when the would-be 'Peasant Tsar' further reduced the number of peasant delegates.

It would seem that under such an organisation the Zemstvos would soon become mere administrative boards, on which the country squires would find a number of well-paid positions. So it was indeed at the outset in some central provinces, where the landlords of the old school had the upper hand. But on the other hand there were also provinces, such as Tver (an old nest of 'Decembrists'), Voronezh, Poltava, partly Ryazán, &c., in which the nobility, owing to various circumstances, took the lead of the reform movement. In these provinces, as also in the north-eastern ones, in which the peasants dominate, the Zemstvos became an active force for introducing in the villages all sorts of useful institutions on a democratic basis. These two sorts of Zemstvos became the leaders of the others. This is why, notwithstanding all the obstacles opposed to them by the Central Government, the Zemstvos, as a rule, have accomplished something.

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They have laid the foundation of a rational system of popular education. They have placed sanitation in the villages on a sound basis, and worked out the system which answers best the purpose of free medical help for the peasants and the labouring classes. They elected Justices of Peace who were decidedly popular. And some of the Zemstvos are doing good work by spreading in the villages better methods of agriculture, by the supply of improved machinery at cost price, by spreading co-operative workshops and creameries, by mutual insurance, by introducing school gardens, and so on. All this, of course, within the narrow limits imposed by the present economical conditions, but capable, like similar beginnings in Western Europe, of a considerable extension.

Another important feature is that the Zemstvos draw into their service a considerable number of excellent men, truly devoted to the people, who in their turn exercise a decided influence upon the whole of the Zemstvo institution. Here is a country district in North-Western Russia. Its district assembly consists of twenty noblemen elected by the nobility, one deputy from the clergy (nominated by the Church), one functionary of the Crown (who sits by right), five deputies elected by the second 'order' of mixed land-owners (merchants, peasant proprietors, &c.), and nine peasants from the third 'order,' representing the village communities.[8] They decide, let us say, to open a number of village schools. But the salaries of the teachers are low, the schoolmasters' houses are poor log-huts, and the assembly people know that nobody but a 'populist,' who loves the people and looks upon his work as upon his mission, will come and stay. And so the 'populist' comes in as a teacher. But it is the same with the Zemstvo doctor, who is bound to attend to a number of villages. He has to perform an incredible amount of work, travelling all the year round, every day, from village to village, over impassable roads, amidst a poverty which continually brings him to despair—read only Tchékoff's novels! And, therefore, nobody but a 'populist' will stay. And it is the same with the mid-wife, the doctor's aid, the agricultural inspector, the co-operator, and so on. And when several Zemstvos undertook, with their limited budgets, to make house-to-house statistical inquests in the villages, whom could they find but devoted 'populists' to carry on the work and to build up that wonderful monument, the 450 volumes of the Zemstvo inquests? Read Œrtel's admirable novel, *Changing Guards*, and you will understand the force which these teachers, doctors, statisticians, &c., represent in a province.

The more the Zemstvos develop their activity, the more this

[8] Taking a district of North-Eastern Russia where, owing to the small number of nobles, the first two 'orders' vote together, we have three functionaries of the Crown sitting by right, twelve members elected by the first two orders (three nobles, the remainder are merchants, &c.), and seven peasants representing the village communities.

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'third element' grows; and now it is they—the men and women on the spot, who toil during the snowstorm and amidst a typhus-stricken population—who speak for the people and make the Zemstvo speak and act for it. A new Russia has grown in this way. And this Russia hates autocracy, and makes the Zemstvos hate it with a greater hatred than any which would have sprung from theories borrowed from the West. At every step every honest man of the Zemstvo finds the bureaucracy—dishonest, ignorant, and arrogant—standing in his way. And if these men shout, 'Down with autocracy!' it is because they know *by experience* that autocracy is incompatible with real progress.

These are, then, the various elements which are arraigned in Russia against the old institutions. Will autocracy yield, and make substantial concessions—*in time*, because time plays an immense part under such conditions? This we do not know. But that they never will be able any more to stop the movement, this is certain. It is said that they think at the Winter Palace to pass a few measures in favour of the peasants, but to avoid making any constitutional concessions. However, this will not help. Any improvement in the condition of the peasants will be welcome. But if they think that therefore they will be able to limit their concessions to the invitation of a few representatives of the provinces to the Council of State, where they may take part in its deliberations, this is a gross mistake. Such a measure might have pacified the minds in 1881, if Alexander the Third had honestly fulfilled the last will of his father. It might have had, perhaps, some slight effect ten years ago, if Nicholas the Second had listened then to the demand of the Zemstvos. But now this will do no longer. The energy of the forces set in motion is too great to be satisfied with such a trifling result. And if they do not make concessions very soon, the Court party may easily learn the lesson which Louis Philippe learned in the last days of February 1848. In those days the situation at Paris changed every twenty-four hours, and therefore the concessions made by the Ministry always came too late. Each time they answered no longer to the new requirements.

In all the recent discussions nothing has yet been said about the terrible *economical* conditions of the peasants and the working men in the factories. All the resolutions were limited to a demand of *political* rights, and thus they seem to imply that the leading idea of the agitation was to obtain, first, political rights, and to leave the discussion of the economical questions to the future representative Government. If this were so, I should see in such a one-sidedness the weak point of the agitation. However, we have already in the resolutions of the committees on the Impoverishment of Central Russia a wide programme of changes, required by the peasants themselves and

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it would be of the greatest importance to circulate this programme at once in the villages.

It is quite certain that every Russian—even the poorest of the peasants—is interested in the destruction of the secular political yoke to which all Russia is harnessed. But the destruction of that yoke, if it has to be done in reality, and not on paper only, is an immense work, which cannot be accomplished unless all classes of society, and especially the toiling classes, join in it. Autocracy has its outgrowths in every village. It is even probable that no progress in the overthrow of that institution will be made so long as the peasant masses do not bring their insurrections to bear upon the decisions of the present rulers. They must be told, therefore, frankly and openly by the educated classes, what the intentions of the latter are concerning the great problem which is now at this very moment facing millions of Russian peasants: 'How to live till the next crop?' Let us hope, therefore, that those who have started the present agitation with so much energy will also see that they must tell the ninety million Russian peasants the improvements in the economical conditions of the toiling masses which they can expect under the new *régime*, in addition to the acquisition of political rights.

P. KROPOTKIN.

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DEALING WITH THE UNEMPLOYED

A HINT FROM THE PAST

WHAT shall we do with the Unemployed? The question is no new one. So familiar was the spectacle of men standing idle in the market-place of Jerusalem 2000 years ago because no man had hired them that Jesus used it for one of his most striking illustrations. The prophetic books of the Old Testament teem with references to something suspiciously like an unemployed problem as having existed some thousands of years before the coming of Christ, and now, at the beginning of the twentieth century of the Christian era, it is still with us in all its pathetic fulness. Statesmen like the late Lord Salisbury and the Right Hon. John Morley have pictured in moving language the pathos of the lonely figure who, moving in the midst of wealth which his labour has assisted to create, begs in vain for some 'brother of the earth to give him leave to toil.' Strange as it may appear, these men ask nothing more than an opportunity to work for a living. They lack food and clothing and shelter for themselves and their children; they have the skill and the strength and the will to produce all these, but in all our wondrous civilisation no man has yet been found to tell us how capable honest men may be assured of a livelihood in return for their work. Statesmen and municipal councillors are faced from time to time with this strange problem, and many of them, like Mr. Morley, have given up in despair even the attempt to find any solution. They shelter themselves behind the comfortable thought that the matter is not one with which the State can, or should, interfere. Fortunately, this counsel of desolation is beginning to give way before the assaults of men who refuse to be bound by the traditions of a school of thought which served its day, but which is now hopelessly out of date.

During the reign of Henry the Eighth 72,000 sturdy beggars for whom no work could be found were, it is said, hanged, because no one could think of any other method of dealing with them. Deprived of the land upon which they had been accustomed to depend for their living, thieving and begging were the only methods left them of obtaining food, and as it was no one's affair to find them work the

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halter was the quickest way of getting rid of them. We have travelled a long way since then in the matter of civic responsibility, but many a sturdy knave would still find the halter or its modern equivalent his best friend.

The total number unemployed cannot be accurately given, but that it is very large the numerous agencies and activities now at work to cope with the distress bear only too convincing testimony. Ministers of the Crown do not readily commit themselves to an acknowledgment that something in the nature of a national crisis, due to bad trade, is upon us. This, however, is what Mr. Walter Long, as representing the Government, has done by his sympathetic action in calling into being new machinery for dealing with the distress, and Royalty itself has countenanced his efforts by subscribing to the London fund which Mr. Long has initiated. I estimate the minimum number of unemployed during this month to be 700,000. They are men and women of various trades and callings, but at least two-thirds of them are labourers, used to rough, heavy out-door work, which simplifies considerably the problem of finding them suitable employment. This figure is reached by deducting from the total number of wage-earners those trades not specially affected by the depression: to wit, agricultural labourers, textile workers, those engaged in the carrying and transit service, miners and domestics. Many of these, particularly colliers, shoemakers, and hatters, are working short time, but not being totally unemployed I leave them out of my calculation. The remainder number roughly ten millions, and of these I reckon an average of 7 per cent. as being out-of-work from causes for which they are not personally responsible. Allowing for women and children, this will represent over two million persons. The Labour Department of the Board of Trade reports that during November the unemployed in the unions which pay out-of-work benefit, and which represent mostly the higher-paid, skilled artisan class, averaged 7 per cent., and the proportion in the unskilled trades is always higher than in the skilled. Seven per cent. is thus a very moderate estimate. Some of these, such as painters, are season trades, and are always affected during the winter months; but nine-tenths of the total are idle because their trade is slack, and not from seasonal causes. It is a very remarkable fact, and one which has not been satisfactorily explained, that the over-sea trade, imports and exports alike, shows a healthy increase for the first eleven months of the year despite the prevailing gloom in the labour market. It has been stated publicly by a writer who poses as an authority on economics that the 7 per cent. reported as unemployed by the hundred biggest trade unions, as published in the *Labour Gazette*, comprise 'trade unionists incapacitated from all causes, including sickness, accidents, strikes, lock-outs, seasonal influences, drink, &c.' This statement, with the exception of the reference to

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seasonal causes, is wholly misleading. The 7 per cent. represent only those members of the trade unions who have been dismissed owing to bad trade. Those receiving strike or lock-out pay, or sick or accident benefit, are all classed under separate headings and are shown on the returns distinct and apart from the unemployed. The unemployed are those who, being fit for work, have been discharged for causes for which they were not personally responsible: that is to say, slackness of trade.

In addition to those totally unemployed, as stated above, there are the casually employed, such as dockers and others. Of the latter the over-supply is seldom less than one-third of the effective demand. At the London Docks there are during these winter months 20,000 workmen always available, whereas the number at work on any one day varies between ten and fifteen thousand. Some skilled trades are affected in much the same way, although in their case it happens that the factory or shop is put on short time; so that, although all the workers may be in employment, their earnings may be only one-half, or even less, their nominal wages. These, however, do not figure in the unemployed returns, although they are no whit better off than those unemployed members of a trade union who receive 12*s.* or 14*s.* per week as out-of-work pay. Dockers are a class for whom special provision should be made. A dozen years ago I was brought into close contact with their special difficulty owing to my connection with West Ham, the most distressed portion of the kingdom then, as now. My suggestion then was that the Directors of the Docks should acquire an estate of ten or twelve thousand acres in Essex, to be let out in allotments to the better class men, and worked on the co-operative principle. The casual labourers might by this means be kept fully employed when not required at the docks, but would be available when needed there. The effect upon the physique and morale of the men of some such method of organising their work would be very great, and hundreds who would otherwise sink to the irreclaimable level would be kept in the ranks of the self-supporting respectable working class. I still adhere to this suggestion as being workable and practicable.

To a better understanding of what follows one or two other facts require to be borne in mind. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman recently made himself responsible for giving currency to the statement that some twelve millions of people are always on the border-line which separates poverty from starvation. They are in this condition because the wages they receive when fully employed and during a period of prosperous trade will not maintain them in the same standard of physical efficiency as we provide for our paupers. It is this fact which makes it so difficult to tide the masses over a period of bad trade. These people, who form 28 per cent. of the working-class population, are always at close grips with poverty and

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have no resources upon which they can fall back when overtaken by sickness, accident, or unemployment. How can they when their wages, even when fully employed, leave no margin for saving, do not, in fact, provide them with a sufficiency of the things needful for a healthy existence? Comforts and luxuries are beyond their reach, or, if indulged in, are purchased at the expense of some of the necessaries of life. They constitute a great reservoir of poverty, which on the slightest pressure of bad times overflows into the bog of destitution. Their condition is largely the outcome of the perpetual congestion of the labour market in the lower-paid occupations, a condition which even the drain of 250,000 men for South Africa scarcely appreciably affected. No outline of the unemployed difficulty would be complete which did not take account of this hapless mass of almost unrelieved misery. With them also the question is how to find work which will yield them a decent living. Unless we can reduce the number of those who compete for jobs which will not bring them in even paupers' fare when obtained, there cannot be any hope of ever improving their lot. The inexorable laws of supply and demand operate in the lower strata of society with unbridled ferocity, and it is only by reducing the supply of workers for these lower-grade callings that we can ever hope to improve their condition, either physically or morally. Unless, therefore, we resort to the hanging expedient, we are under the necessity of enlarging the area of employment and absorbing the permanently surplus labour supply which alone is responsible for keeping one-third of the population on the borderland which separates poverty from starvation.

Before proceeding to a consideration of the powers possessed by various authorities for dealing with the unemployed and of amendments thereto, I propose briefly to outline the scope of the voluntary agencies for dealing with distress already at work. First in the order of importance come the Trade Unions. In nearly all the Unions of skilled artisans provision is made for out-of-work benefit being paid from the funds. The sum paid weekly to members out of work depends upon the amount of the contribution paid when in work, and varies from 5*s*. to 15*s*. per week. As a rule, out-of-work benefit is only paid for a limited number of weeks, ranging from twelve to twenty-six, and is intended to tide members over the period which must elapse between the loss of one job and the finding of another. In this connection it is of great value to the members, but falls woefully short of meeting the necessities of the case when a period of trade depression lasting two or three years throws thousands out of employment. So long as out-of-work benefit continues there is a certainty that money for the rent will be forthcoming and the home kept together, but sooner or later the benefit limit expires, and with it the last resource is gone.

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This side of the Trade Union movement is a form of insurance against bad trade. For 1903 the sum paid in respect of unemployment, as distinct from strike, lock-out and accident, and sick benefit, by the 100 principal Unions was 504,214*l.*, whilst the total so expended during the past twelve years aggregates 4,200,000*l.* For season trades affected by the weather this form of insurance is most valuable. In France, Belgium, and Switzerland, special grants from public funds are made to Unions of a sum almost equal to that raised by the members for out-of-work pay. One day this country may also show its appreciation of this form of thrift in like manner.

In this same connection membership in a co-operative society is helpful, as usually there is a small accumulation of capital at the credit of a member, which may be drawn upon during a time of stress. Soup-kitchens and so-called relief works have hitherto bulked largely in the methods of those who have sought to deal with the problem of poverty resulting from lack of employment, but the experience gained has not been favourable to their continuance, and they are now being generally discarded, particularly when dealing with the respectable poor. These resent bitterly being classed with loafers and wastrels, and frequently prefer starvation to relief offered at the cost of their manhood and self-respect. A much more hopeful movement in this direction is the provision of meals for school-children, particularly when the arrangements are made directly by the Education Authority, the necessary funds being provided by the charitable. Bradford Corporation carried a resolution to provide the money for the free meals for school children from the city funds, but rescinded it again at a subsequent meeting. In Bradford, Leeds, Manchester, Halifax, and other industrial centres, one or two meals each day are being provided for school-children by the Educational Authority, provision being made to supply children with free tickets where the circumstances warrant this being done. In this the school authorities are but following the example set by France and Italy, with this difference, that in those countries the money mostly comes from the corporation funds.

The Joint Committees which have been formed in London and elsewhere on the initiative of Mr. Walter Long, President of the Local Government Board, are a hopeful and helpful development of the machinery of relief. True, the opposition of the City and of some of the wealthier parts of the metropolis has prevented Mr. Long, for the present at least, from carrying out his original intention to confer upon the Committee power to levy a rate, and reduced it to dependence upon voluntary contributions for the carrying through of the schemes which it may undertake; but even with this handicap we may still hope for some good results from its workings. It will at least introduce system and order into the

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methods of giving relief, and by employing men upon the land for wages weed out the deserving from the loafers. It will also discourage the overlapping of relief agencies, which has been fruitful of so much mischief in the past. Such Committees will also, it is to be hoped, give permanency to the machinery for dealing with distress arising from lack of work.

The weak spot in all this relief work is that it is dealing with distress due to unemployment, and not with the central point in the problem, which is unemployment itself. It is obvious that the proper solution of the unemployed difficulty lies in keeping men constantly employed. To deal with the unemployed, and not with unemployment, is to deal with an effect and leave the cause untouched. It cannot be too often repeated that the unemployed question does not consist of giving relief to the destitute, but of finding work for the capable. Spasmodic attempts at relief when the crisis becomes acute, and when despair is beginning to make men desperate, are but a poor substitute for that systematic and carefully thought-out effort which all who have had dealings with the unemployed difficulty know to be necessary to any adequate solution.

In a very real sense, the unemployed problem is always with us, but it is only when it becomes dangerous to the safety of the lieges, or the peace of the realm, that we notice its existence.

To deal effectively with the unemployed two reforms are necessary:

1. The creation of such new machinery as will enable the responsible authorities to act promptly in offering work, not relief, to those thrown out of employment by depression in trade;

2. To open up some new source of permanent and remunerative employment for at least one million workers who are at present overcrowding the labour market.

The first of these objects could be secured by the creation of a Department of Labour under a responsible Minister of Industry, who would be charged, *inter alia*, with the duty of making adequate provision for tiding the workers over a period of bad trade. This would entail the preparation, during times of prosperity, of great public works of necessity or utility, such as reclamation of foreshores and waste lands, building harbours and breakwaters, protecting threatened coasts against the encroachments of the sea, and the like. For giving proper effect to this idea a system of Labour Bureaus or Registries would be indispensable. In Germany the bureau system has reached its greatest perfection. There the Labour Registry offices, partly, by the way, under the management of the working classes themselves, are so federated and linked up by means of clearing-houses that unemployed workmen, even in remote villages, are put in touch with employers in search of workmen, almost irrespective of distance.

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Lists showing the numbers of unemployed for each occupation are posted up side by side with lists of vacant situations, and the telephone is freely used for bringing together employers and workmen mutually in need of each other. The whole of Bavaria, which covers 29,000 square miles and has nearly 6,000,000 inhabitants, is grouped under one system, and in 1903 the Munich registry found situations with private employers for 51,664 applicants, being 65 per cent. of the names on the books. Those familiar with the peddling manner in which labour bureaus are worked in this country, where each one occupies a position of impotent isolation within its own borough or township, will see how much we have to learn from Germany in respect to their proper management. In the case of applicants unable to find employment, the bureau, if properly equipped, would investigate the case of each applicant for work, and when forwarding him to the nearest public undertaking in operation, would also state his qualifications, so that his services might be at once turned to profitable account.

Labour colonies, as a means of dealing with the genuine unemployed, are of very doubtful value. That they have their part to play, and a very useful part, I do not dispute; but their value lies chiefly in the fact that they deal with a class of the unemployed who require special treatment. For reclamation purposes, and also as a means of training people to work upon the land, they are in the latter case useful, in the former indispensable; but as a means of dealing with the genuinely unemployed they have not been a success. In a 'Report on Agencies and Methods for Dealing with the Unemployed in certain Foreign Countries' just issued by the Board of Trade, and which is in continuation of a similar report published in 1893, the compiler of the report states, as the result of the fresh investigations, that he confirms the conclusion arrived at in 1893 concerning labour colonies—viz., 'That whatever be the object of these colonies, the great bulk of material with which they deal consists not of efficient workmen out of work, but of tramps, ex-prisoners, and others whose distress is caused by personal defects. They are not colonies of unemployed so much as receptacles for social wreckage.' In Holland, it is reported, the tendency is for these colonies to breed a semi-pauper, dependent class, deficient in energy and lacking in initiative. Since there are such people in the world, it is doubtless necessary that provision should be made for them; but these do not constitute even an appreciable proportion of the unemployed, and no one wishes to multiply their numbers. In addition to the powers of preparing schemes of public works and organising an efficient system of labour bureaus, our Minister of Industry would be empowered to assist and co-operate with local authorities in carrying out local improvements at a time when they would be of most service. He might also have to deal

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drastically with overtime and long hours, which between them are a fruitful cause of irregularity of work. An eight-hour working day in the carrying and transport industries would create an immediate demand for an additional 300,000 men.

Before outlining my proposals for enlarging the area of permanent and profitable employment, it will be instructive to look at the methods adopted by some of the monarchs who followed Bluff King Hal when dealing with the unemployed. This is all the more necessary since what I propose is to revert to their principles, merely adapting them to meet the requirements of these our times. It is a popular and widespread fallacy that no one is responsible for finding work for the able-bodied unemployed. The State in the past not only decreed that work should be found for the willing, and provided the necessary administrative machinery for giving effect to its decree, but actually made failure on the part of the responsible authorities a penal offence, punishable by fine and imprisonment.

The first recorded effort which Parliament made to deal with the unemployed is contained in the Act of 43 Elizabeth, chap. 2, and dated 1601. It forms the foundation upon which the whole superstructure of the Poor Law has been subsequently erected, and leaves no doubt in the mind of the reader as to the intention of the statesmen responsible for its enactment. The helpless poor were to be relieved, and the able-bodied unemployed set to work. Clause I. set forth the manner in which this was to be accomplished. The clause is of sufficient interest at present to bear being quoted entire:—

Be it enacted by the authority of this present Parliament, that the Churchwardens of every parish, and four, three or two substantial householders there, as shall be thought meet, having respect to the proportion and greatness of the same parish and parishes, to be nominated yearly in Easter week, or within one month after Easter, under the hand and seal of two or more Justices of the Peace in the same county, whereof one to be of the quorum, dwelling in or near the same parish or division where the same parish doth lie, shall be called overseers of the poor of the same parish; and they, or the greater part of them, shall take order from time to time, by and with the consent of two or more such Justices of Peace as is aforesaid, for setting to work the children of all such whose parents shall not, by the said churchwardens and overseers, or the greater part of them, be thought able to keep and maintain their children; and also for *setting to work* all such persons, married or unmarried, having no means to maintain them, and use no ordinary and daily trade of life to get their living by; and also to raise weekly or otherwise (by taxation of every inhabitant, parson, vicar, and other, and of every occupier of lands, houses, tithes impropriate, propriations of tithes, coal mines, or saleable underwoods in the said parish, in such competent sum and sums of money as they shall think fit) a convenient stock of flax, hemp, wool, thread, iron, and other ware and stuff to *set the poor on work*; and also competent sums of money for and towards the *necessary relief* of the lame, impotent, old, blind, and such other among them being poor, and not able to work; and also for putting out of such children to

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be apprentices, to be gathered out of the same parish, and to do and execute all other things, as well for the disposing of the said stock, as otherwise concerning the premises, as to them shall seem convenient . . . upon pain that every one of them *absenting* themselves without lawful cause as aforesaid from such monthly meeting for the purpose aforesaid, or being *negligent* in their office or in the execution of the orders aforesaid, being made by and with the assent of the said Justices of Peace or any two of them before mentioned, *to forfeit for every such default or absence or negligence twenty shillings.*

The italics are not to be looked for in the original Act. It would appear that the Act was being but indifferently administered, as in 1694 'Salisbury, a Secretary of State,' and another, issued a reminder to the Overseers, wherein, after reciting their powers under the Act, he concluded, 'if you be found negligent, or shall fail to meet once a month to confer together for the purpose aforesaid, then you are to forfeit 20*s.* apiece for every month that you shall be found remiss or careless therein. And therefore see that you fail not in these premises at your peril.' Clause II. stipulates that if 'the inhabitants of any parish are not able to levy themselves sufficient sums of money for the purposes aforesaid' the said two Justices of the Peace 'shall and may tax, rate and assess' any parish within the same hundred; and if the hundred was not sufficient they might extend their taxable area, by a resolution passed at Quarter Sessions, to include an entire county. The idea of making the poor rate a national charge is thus no new thing. Mayors and bailiffs of cities and corporations and aldermen of the City of London were endowed with the same power and authority as justices of the peace for the purposes of the Act. I would not have dealt at such length with this old Statute but for the fact that it has never been repealed, is still in force, and presumably could be enforced by J.P.'s in counties and Mayors and Aldermen in cities and boroughs. The law of England makes it compulsory on the guardians and the other authorities named to provide work for the able-bodied unemployed. On that point there can be no dispute. Sir Henry Fowler, when President of the Local Government Board, replying to a question of mine in the House of Commons (September 12, 1893), said, 'Boards of Guardians have power to purchase or rent land not exceeding 50 acres for any parish, and to open workshops for setting destitute able-bodied poor to work, and to pay such persons reasonable wages for their labours.' I quote this lest anyone should say these powers have either been taken away or lost by disuse. They still exist, and can be made operative.

The next landmark on our voyage of inquiry is the Act 59 Geo. III. chap. 12 (March 31, 1819). After dealing with various matters affecting the administration of the Poor Law, Clause 12 recites the provisions of the Act of Elizabeth and proceeds:

And whereas by the laws now in force sufficient powers are not given to the Churchwardens and Overseers to keep such persons fully and constantly em-

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ployed, be it further enacted that it shall be lawful for the Churchwardens and Overseers of the poor of any parish, with the consent of the inhabitants thereof in vestry assembled, to take into their hands any land or ground which shall belong to such parish, or to the Churchwardens and Overseers of the poor of such parish, or to the poor thereof, or *to purchase or to hire and take on lease, for and on account of the parish, any suitable portion or portions of land within or near to such parish*, not exceeding twenty acres in the whole, and to employ and set to work in the cultivation of such land, on account of the parish, any such persons as by law they are directed to set to work, and to pay to such of the poor persons so employed *as shall not be supported by the parish* reasonable wages for their work; and the poor persons so employed shall have such and the like remedies for the recovery of their wages, and shall be subject to such and the like punishment for misbehaviour in their employment as other labourers in husbandry are by law entitled and subject to.

The reference to the 'poor persons so employed as *shall not be supported by the parish*' is significant as distinguishing them from paupers, a point to which I shall revert when I come to deal with the question of disfranchisement. Clause 13 of the same Act introduces a new power in dealing with the land. It reads:

Provided, and be it further enacted, that for the promotion of industry amongst the poor, it shall be lawful for the Churchwardens and Overseers of the poor of any parish, with the consent of the inhabitants in vestry assembled, to let any portion or portions of such parish land aforesaid, or of the land to be so purchased or taken on account of the parish, to any poor and industrious inhabitant of the parish, *to be by him or her occupied and cultivated on his or her own account, and for his or her own benefit*, at such reasonable rent and for such term as shall by the inhabitants in vestry be fixed and determined.

The special mention of women in the above clause is notable. Here also, as in Clause 12, it is clearly not pauper relief which is contemplated, but the provision by a public authority of land to be let on the usual terms of hiring to the able-bodied poor out of work.

In 1831 Parliament found time, despite the excitement and turmoil connected with the passing of the Reform Act, to carry still further the provision which had then already been made for providing work on the land for 'poor and industrious inhabitants.' The twenty acres which the parish might acquire for this purpose under the former Act was extended to fifty acres, and power was also given to enclose (apparently) another fifty acres of common land 'in order to extend the salutary and benevolent purposes' of the Act. Fifty acres of 'forest or waste lands belonging to the Crown' might also be taken for the same purpose. The year following (1832) the overseers of the poor were empowered to take fuel allotments belonging to the poor and let them to be cultivated in portions of 'not less than one fourth of a statute acre,' and not exceeding one acre to one individual, at a fair rent. These were to be allotted to 'such industrious cottagers of good character, being day labourers or journeymen,' as should apply for the same. The holders were

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'held bound to cultivate it in such a manner as shall preserve the land in a due state of fertility.' All the powers herein set forth are still possessed by Guardians or Parish Councils, although the Local Government Board claims the right to say how, when, and upon what conditions they may be exercised. How far the Department is justified in this attitude, particularly in those portions relating to setting the unemployed to work, is an open question, which has never been put to the test. Nor is there anything to show that the powers conferred upon Justices, Mayors, and others, for having these portions enforced have ever been either transferred or taken away. The one thing which can be said with certainty is that the unemployed are deprived by the Local Government Board of the very ample protection which the law throws around them.

Sir Henry Fowler, when replying as quoted above, added: 'The law officers further advised that wages so paid would be parochial relief, and would involve the same disfranchisement as other relief under the Poor Laws.' Mr. Walter Long has since, in substance at least, said the same thing. I do not attach much weight to these opinions. Twelve years ago the Local Government Board, backed by the 'law officers of the Crown,' denied that the guardians had any such powers as those quoted above. I admit that the question of disfranchisement in this connection is a moot point, which has never been tested at law. Clause 35 of the Reform Act of 1832 states that no person shall be entitled to be registered (as a voter) who shall have, 'within twelve calendar months, . . . received parochial relief.' The point of my contention is that work provided at reasonable wages, or allotments let at a fair rent, is not parochial relief. However, it is to be hoped that on an early day Parliament itself will settle the matter by drawing a clear distinction between the dissolute loafer and the willing worker, driven by a hard and cruel necessity to invoke the aid of the Poor Law.

I set out on this incursion to prove my contention that the law of England empowers, by implication at least, every citizen to claim work as a right, and imposes upon the Guardians of the Poor and the Justices of the Peace the responsibility, under a penalty for failure, of providing that work. For sixty years the Guardians, stimulated by the Local Government Board, have been administering the Poor Law in such a way as to lead to the conclusion that poverty is a crime, to be punished with great severity. Every humane tendency has had to be rigorously repressed, and they have been encouraged to transform the workhouse from a refuge into a penitentiary. So steeped have they and their officials become in this theory, so hardened are they from having to deal constantly with the clever impostors and shiftless wastrels of our social wreckage, that they are totally unfitted for dealing with the case of the decent man out of work. Some new authority is needed for this task, either specially elected Councils of

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Industry, or some combination of existing authorities fully equipped to deal with the organisation of labour and charged with the responsibility of bringing work free from all taint of pauperising within the reach of every applicant. Should this result in the Guardians being abolished and the relief of the destitute poor being transferred to some other authority, few will regret the change.

To afforest the waste, and plant a race of yeomen on the fertile land of Britain, would be a profitable task. Not only might our idle surplus population be thereby absorbed in the ranks of the army of industry, but our dependence upon oversea nations for supplies of food and timber very much reduced. And it is to the State we must look for the realisation of this ideal. It alone has the continuity of purpose and the financial resources necessary for such a vast undertaking. This remark applies in a special manner to afforestation, and the success which has been won in India should be an encouragement to even the timid to press forward. Germany, however, affords the best illustration of the value of afforestation. The forests of the German Empire, mostly under public control, cover 35,000,000 acres, maintain a population of 400,000, and yield a yearly revenue to the national Exchequer of about 18,000,000*l.* Experiments on a small scale made in this country show that wood-growing would be no less profitable if undertaken with intelligence and spirit. In 1885 a Royal Commission considered the question, and in 1902 a departmental committee of the Board of Agriculture was appointed by the House of Commons 'to inquire into and report as to the present position and future prospects of Forestry and the planting and management of Woodlands in Great Britain,' &c. This committee reported, *inter alia*, that 'it is shown on the highest authority that there is in these islands a very large area of waste, heather, and rough pasture or land out of cultivation, amounting in all to 21,000,000 acres, on a large proportion of which afforestation could be profitably undertaken.' Here we have a vast national asset lying unused, which might be turned to good account. The timber supply of the world is giving out, and already prices are rising in consequence. Last year we imported fir-wood valued in the Board of Trade returns at 23,000,000*l.* But for the almost criminal neglect of our opportunities, every stick of this might have been grown within our own shores, giving healthy occupation to thousands, and yielding ultimately a handsome addition to the nation's income.

Afforestation cannot be safely left to the caprice of individual landlords. Only the very wealthy, who could afford to wait twenty or thirty years for a return upon their investment, would care to put money in wood-growing; and even were the State to advance the money to landlords on easy terms, there would not be the same

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guarantee that the work would be properly done as would be the case if it were being done directly by the Government itself.

The same argument, though not perhaps to the same extent, justifies us in claiming that the creation of a peasant-yeoman class is a duty which should press heavily upon the collective conscience. From every point of view, moral, physical, industrial, and economic, the cultivation of the soil is desirable. Since 1850 the number of people directly employed upon the land has gone down by 1,250,000, whilst the area of land under cultivation grows yearly more circumscribed. To this fact is to be traced largely the increasing difficulty of the military authorities to find recruits of the necessary strength and stamina. It is a long time ago now since the present Viscount Wolseley pointed out the impossibility of recruiting an army from the slums, and since then our town population has kept growing, whilst the rural has been dwindling.

It is, however, the industrial aspect of the case which appeals to me most. The beginning of that organisation of industry, on the basis of each nation supplying its own people with at least the fundamental necessaries of life, which the rapid growth of machine production all over the world will make inevitable at no distant date, can best be made upon the land. Economically, the big farm has not been a success, whilst, *per contra*, peasant cultivation has been proved to be so by the most irrefutable evidence. Profitable employment for the best part of a million families could be found in providing Great Britain with the garden, dairy, and barnyard produce we now import from abroad to the value of over 50,000,000*l.* a year. The effect upon the labour market of adding one million to the number of workers in constant employment will be evident to even the most obtuse. By relieving the pressure of oversupply from the lower-grade callings, wages, and with them social conditions, would begin to move upwards. To aim at such a result is no chimera impossible of attainment. With proper facilities for teaching and training people of both sexes to work upon the land, and the provision of small holdings of, say, from three to twenty-five acres, with security of tenure and a reasonable rent, wonders would be accomplished in the lifetime of one generation. It is a serious question with thoughtful members of the working class to know what to do with their children when they are ready to begin work, and it would be a great relief if they knew that the land offered a safe and certain means of earning a livelihood, and that every facility would be given the youth for becoming a settler. And here let me say that I am more hopeful of something of this kind being attempted with success in industrial counties than I am of those wholly given over to agriculture. One, and not the least, of the difficulties of keeping young folks in the country is the unvarying monotony of village life. Were it possible, however, to have villages large enough to maintain their

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own library, theatre, and music-hall, and to have a responsible system of government, the difficulty would be largely got over. If, in addition, the villages were within easy reach by rail or tram of the big centres of population, so close in fact as to be in touch with them, the success of the effort I am suggesting would be doubly certain. Besides, the town would provide a market for the produce, a factor of no mean importance in estimating the chances of success.

Our new Councils of Industry then would be empowered to acquire land, compulsorily when necessary, and at its fair market price, to be used for any purpose necessary for setting the poor on work. Existing administrative authorities already have certain powers to acquire land for allotments, small holdings, cottages, which they may also build, and also powers to give technical instruction. Some of the formalities necessary to be gone through before these powers may be exercised are cumbrous and circumlocutory, and obviously intended to discourage any real attempt at putting them to use. It would be an easy matter for any Government to codify the existing Acts, conferring such powers upon local councils as those referred to above, strengthen these powers where necessary, simplify the procedure, and then call into being the new authority for dealing with the entire question of land and labour, and make it responsible, as the Overseers of the Poor were of yore, for providing employment for every poor applicant.

Whether the New Authority should be specially elected, or be simply a combination of existing authorities, is a minor point, upon which there is no need to enlarge at this stage. The point requiring to be emphasised is the need for the New Authority. Existing councils, urban and rural alike, take small cognisance of their powers under the Allotments and Small Holdings Acts. These are regarded as being very subsidiary to the main work for which the Councils were instituted, and except where a good deal of pressure is applied, they remain a dead letter. In the rural districts, where the bulk of the population is at the mercy of the farmer and the landlord—both hostile forces—it is difficult, if not impossible, to apply the necessary pressure, while in the populous places the difficulty is to find the land at a reasonable price. The administrative area of the new Councils should be extended enough to include both urban and rural areas, and thus secure upon them representatives of all interests and classes. The pressure of the town, with its teeming life, would thus be brought to bear upon the inertia of the country with its idle land. By linking up the new Councils with the Ministry of Industry, and through that department with the Board of Agriculture, the Board of Trade, and the Commissioners of Woods and Forests and Crown Lands, they would be able to co-operate with these various departments in carrying out their different powers in much the same way as the local educational authorities do in carrying on their work

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under the Education Department at Whitehall. The machinery for permanently enlarging the area of employment would thus be always at work, training and teaching young and old for work upon the land, and providing the land for them to settle upon when so trained and taught. The Congested Districts Boards for Ireland and the Highlands of Scotland are already doing for these districts what I propose to do for the country as a whole. Then also, instead of the sporadic and spasmodic attempts to deal with unemployment when it has brought about an acute crisis, the means of dealing with such a period would be always in existence, and its coming foreseen and prepared for. Endowed with the powers which I have endeavoured to outline above, and under obligation to find a place for every capable applicant for work, as the school authority is to find a seat for every child of school age, these new Councils by the exercise of ordinary powers of forethought and application would rid us of at least the worst of the horrors of a period of depressed trade, while again putting the land of Britain under tribute for the food supply of the British people.

I repeat that sooner or later the work of organising industry as a national concern will require to be faced. Free Trade has not solved the social problem; Protection would but add fresh terrors to it. But the doctrine of *laissez-faire* will no longer hold good in industry. Poverty is a disease for which a remedy must be found. It is like some cancerous growth eating its way into the vitals of the nation, and which, if not removed, will sooner or later prove fatal. Despite all that is said to the contrary, poverty is growing amongst the poor, just as lavish display is assuredly on the increase amongst the rich. The body politic is thus threatened from both sides. Poverty in our midst is chronic, and an unemployed crisis is but an acute stage of the disease. It is this fact which must be faced resolutely. No half-hearted, temporising, semi- or wholly charitable measures will suffice. The grim phantom of Want will not be exorcised by such means. Bold statesmanlike handling is called for, and fortunately, with the advent of a Labour party thirty or forty strong in the next Parliament, there are good grounds for hoping and believing that such statesmanlike handling will be forthcoming. Whether the suggestion here put forward be the one adopted or not, one thing at least is certain—that the crisis through which we are passing ensures that some serious effort to deal effectively with this growing evil cannot now be long delayed.

J. KEIR HARDIE.

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THE CHURCH CRISIS IN SCOTLAND

On the 1st of August in last year the House of Lords, sitting in its judicial capacity, found the United Free Church of Scotland to be in unlawful possession of the general property and revenues of the Free Church of Scotland, and ordained restitution of these to the rightful beneficiaries. These were held—in the light of the typical case, 'Bannatyne and Others *v.* Overtoun and Others—to be the disinherited remnant of the Free Church as it existed prior to 1900. The decision was at once assailed with a virulence that consorted ill with the dignity of the parties concerned. Some alleged misconception of the facts; others imputed unworthy motives to the devisers of the judgment; almost all deplored its consequences. The intolerance that is so pronounced a feature of religious disputes found vent in intemperate criticism, and all Presbyterian Scotland was in a ferment. To have an adequate conception of this extraordinary indignation we must first approach the case from its historical side.

The original Free Church of Scotland, whose patrimony formed the subject of litigation, was constituted on the separation from the Established Church of Scotland, in 1843, of a body of divines led by the broad-minded and sagacious Dr. Chalmers. This schism is known to history as the Disruption, and its immediate occasion was a disagreement as to the right of presentation to the livings of the Church, which right was then vested in the landowners on whose property the churches stood. There had been notorious abuses of the privilege, against which the 'Evangelicals'—the progressive party among the ministers—had protested vehemently. In 1842, being now in a majority, they repudiated entirely the claim of the State or its nominees to exercise patronage in the Church, and, failing to obtain redress, they seceded from the Church in the following year, to the number of 475 divines.

The schismatics thereupon proceeded to found a new Church, to be known as the Free Church of Scotland, which should permit no civil authority to dictate, or interfere in, its ecclesiastical polity, but should be in theory and in practice alike a free Church, subservient only to Christ as its Head. The new Church appealed powerfully to

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all that was liberal and progressive in the country. Her ministers, erudite and pious, were the flower of Scottish religion. Her people, zealous and lavish, made good by voluntary contributions the loss of the endowments that had been surrendered. Schools, churches, colleges rose into being, and the Church, supported by the marvellous generosity of her adherents, propagated far and near. Abroad, a similar activity characterised her missionaries, and a like success crowned their efforts, so that by 1899 she ranked with the greatest Churches of Christendom, and her wealth amounted to millions of pounds.

Physically regarded, Scotland presents a striking contrast. To the South and East communication is easy and intercourse uninterrupted: industry flourishes and the population is relatively numerous. But of the North and West the reverse holds true. Mountain ridges and inlets of the sea intersect the country and separate the people: communication is difficult and at times perilous: employment is uncertain and the inhabitants are isolated and poor. Not seldom their only intellectual enlightenment comes from the weekly news-sheet—imperfectly interpreted—and from the pulpit. They are worse informed and more conservative than their compatriots of the South, regarding the New with suspicion because they have proved the Old to be true and, moreover, absolutely sufficient. Hence it comes that in all history these two divisions of Scotland have progressed in civilisation at different rates.

We have seen that these Northerners are averse to innovation, and this is especially conspicuous in their religion. In every hamlet are to be found a few devout and often pragmatic persons, whom the rest regard with awe and allude to as the 'men.' The influence of these far exceeds that of the resident minister, on whom, indeed, they keep a watchful eye in all that pertains to doctrine. They are Calvinists to a man, and woe betide him if he attempt to introduce a milder creed, for they are hostile to all humanising elements in religion. At its inception the Free Church found no obstacle in the 'men,' for the reason that all her adherents then held the same beliefs; but we shall see anon how modifications arose.

The fundamental principles of the Free Church creed were those inculcated by the Westminster Confession of Faith, which was adopted as the doctrinal basis of the Church. To this Declaration her ministers were required to conform, and they subscribed it on being licensed to preach. The Church started on her mission with unique co-ordination, and her material prosperity was assured from the outset. But with the flight of time came dangers, and not from one side merely. Her clergy, we have said, embodied the best religious thought of Scotland, and the inspiring sense of freedom had given an impulse to their intellectual activity to which they were not slow to respond. The old beliefs were rigorously scrutinised, the old

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canons of doctrine sifted and restated in the light of experience. The critical methods which Sir George Lewis had applied to civil history were now, for the first time, applied to that of religion. Broader views and scientific methods were taught in the colleges of the Church, and the younger men often held opinions which to their elders savoured of heresy. The latter stood for the absolute infallibility of Scripture as the Divine Revelation: the former recognised and emphasised the fact that we come by that revelation through the fallible *media* of dead languages and post-temporary chronicles—with all their concomitant possibilities of error. The older men maintained that religious belief was for ever stereotyped by the Westminster Confession, and could make no allowance for enlightenment, against which they were bound, by the first letter of their creed, to stop their ears. And unequally yoked with these went the young, progressive minds, curious and inquisitive after truth, exulting in their mission.

But there was another danger, as yet latent. When the Church was now seen to be in a flourishing condition, with the prospect of greatly increased utility in the near future, proposals for union with other Churches began tentatively to be advanced. By the sixties these proposals had assumed the proportions of a movement in the Church, and caused not a little dissension. The anti-unionists found a strenuous leader in the eminent Dr. Begg, and so vigorous was his crusade that the attempted amalgamation with the United Presbyterians in 1874 proved abortive. However, the trend of the movement was no longer doubtful. Here again we observe that Time was the greatest innovator, for the younger men favoured a union, while the older and more rigid constitutionalists set their faces against it. Here once more was the losing battle of the Old against the New.

By 1892 all seemed propitious for the party of progress. The opposition to the Union was a spent force: the Highlands had been appreciably permeated and leavened with the newer doctrine: the authority of ministers in their congregations had notably increased, while that of the 'men' had waned in proportion. Doctrines not in strict accordance with the Confession were boldly advocated, and the minds of men were unsettled. A remedy was sought in the sanative Declaratory Act, which declared certain doctrines of the Confession (*e.g.*, Election and Predestination) to be no longer binding. A minority protested against any amendment of the standards of their creed, and a party—known to-day as the Free Presbyterians—seceded from the Church. The full significance of this Declaratory Act is seen when we mention that a similar Act was passed by the United Presbyterian Church: the evident aim was to bring the constitutions of the two Churches into closer conformity, and so pave the way for union. From this time onwards the Union was in the minds of all;

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it was preached for and prayed for, and at last, in 1900, it was consummated. The Assemblies of the two Churches declared for union —the United Presbyterians unanimously, the Free Church by a majority—and the amalgamated Churches took the name of the United Free Church.[1] The Majority took with them into the Union the whole patrimony of the Free Church, while the Minority who refused to enter the Union were declared *ipso facto* to be outside the Church, and therefore to have no title to its property. Litigation ensued, and, after twice failing in the Scottish courts, the Minority appealed to the House of Lords. The case was unusually protracted, and a rehearing was necessitated by the death of one of the judges. At length the Lords disposed of it by the much-abused pronouncement of the 1st of August. The grounds of their decision were three in number.

First. It was held that, for practical (and therefore for legal) purposes, the Free Church was simply a trust, subsidised for a certain end, to wit, the propagation of its creed. It has been declared that this view is erroneous, that it takes no account of the informing spirit of a Church. But it is easily vindicated. A Church may be regarded in two ways—from the side of its creed, as a body of believers professing a certain faith; and from the side of its property, as a body holding certain funds for the better extension of these beliefs. These funds, with their accretions, are held to be dedicated to a definite cause, and are inalienable. Should the believers be converted to another faith, they cannot in law also divert the funds to the diffusion of that new gospel. In a word, the property of a Church is wedded to its creed. Such a view is narrow, and, as indicated, incomplete, but not, so far, vicious.

Founding on this interpretation, the Lords derived two subsidiary conclusions.

Second. It was held that the Free Church, by her Declaratory Act, had departed from the Confession of Faith, her constituted creed, and consequently that she could no longer have the usufruct of moneys primarily intended for the advancement of that creed. The question here is, Had the Free Church a right to revise her creed? It is perfectly clear that her greatest divines—Chalmers, Candlish, Cunningham and others—did not consider themselves rigidly bound by the Confession of Faith. 'I look on Catechisms and Confessions,' said Chalmers, 'as mere landmarks against heresy.' Indeed, the authors of the Confession themselves did by no means intend it to be an immutable standard of doctrine. George Gillespie, one of the most prominent of them, makes that very clear:

> It is the duty, not only of particular Christians, but of reforming, yea, the

[1] As the existing nomenclature is confusing, we propose, for the sake of lucidity, to name those of the Free Church who entered the Union the 'Majority,' and their opponents the 'Minority.'

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best reformed Churches, whensoever any error in their doctrine . . . shall be demonstrated to them from the Word of God . . . to take in and not shut out further light, and to amend what is amiss.

In point of fact, all Presbyterian Churches have an implicit right to revise their creeds, else they will in time become merely so many systems of organised hypocrisy. But the salient fact for us is, that no explicit constitutional authority could be cited in proof of the right of revision. Hence, as the Free Church had amended their creed and could not satisfy the Lords that they had constitutional license to do so, their action was held to be tantamount to a breach of trust. A judgment characteristic enough, for Law is pre-eminently the conservator of established order against irregular encroachment.

Third. The Lords decided that the Establishment principle was an essential of the Free Church constitution, and as this principle was no longer adhered to when that Church entered the Union, that act was considered equivalent to a breach of constitution.

A speech of Chalmers, as Moderator of the first Free Assembly, was quoted, in which he declared his adherence to the principle of Establishment, and the Lords took the view that in saying so he spoke for the Church. Now what are the facts? Some of his followers took exception to those very views of Chalmers, and so, a few days later, we find him expressly warning his hearers against accepting as the views of the Church what were merely his personal convictions. And at Glasgow, in October of that same year, we find him speaking again on the same subject. He had received proposals for union from other Churches not holding the Establishment principle, and had replied, stating frankly his own adherence to the principle. Here are his words:

I have made them to understand in all my answers that they were only answers *pro tempore*—answers merely of the individual who happened to be elevated to the Chair of the Free Assembly . . . but I trust I have not committed the Assembly by any answer I made to these communications.

That leaves no room for doubt: the Lords had never heard of these speeches, and on this point their deliverance is at variance with actual fact. Yet I think they are not here culpable. The prime function of a judge is to decide on the facts presented to him; to bring his legal knowledge and acumen to bear in discriminating and balancing them, so that truth may prevail and justice be done. But to provide the facts is the province of others.

A more doubtful point is the question of 'donors' intentions.' It is notorious that much of the property assigned by the decision to the Minority was given when the Union was imminent; nay, some of it was given for the very purpose of advancing the unification of the Churches. The failure of the judges to recognise this factor of the case in my view vitiates the whole judgment.

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Is there, then, a case for revision? I think there is. The decision is based on error, and if, notwithstanding, it is correct, then a legal injustice has been committed. Nothing shows this so clearly as a review of the resulting situation. The immediate effect of the judgment, when and if implemented, is to allocate to thirty ministers the administration of property, comprising churches, schools and colleges, which engages the activity of over eleven hundred. The dilemma is this: the Majority cannot legally retain the property, and the Minority, on their own avowal, cannot administer it. Surely public expediency forbids that it should go derelict!

Again, be it remembered the moral claim of the Minority to hold it is of the slightest. What are we to say when we consider that those now adjudged to be the true Free Church remained in the Church after the breach of the Confession which they plead, drawing their salaries and preaching from the pulpits of a Church which they now aver to have been unfaithful to her creed? They might have seceded with the Free Presbyterians who left the Church in 1893, but they chose to remain. Their case is just this. Either they preached then doctrines they disbelieved, or they acted hypocritically towards the Church whose money they took.

On the other hand the Majority are responsible for the whole *débâcle* in that they took no effective steps to fortify themselves in law, in introducing innovations and amendments of their creed. And while on the subject I may remark that, had they acted with greater consideration towards the Minority in 1900, Scotland might have been spared this most sordid spectacle of all her religious history.

The situation is intolerable. Mutual accommodation is out of the question with disputants whose sole wish of their antagonists is '*Pereant omnes!*' The mischief is not confined to the Churches actually implicated, but spreads to other denominations of the community. Religious life is being struck at while the adversaries vilify each other. And the State, as guardian of the interests of the Established Church, has in the last resort a right to intervene. But this touches ground foreign to the scope of this article, and so we must here part from this unique case.

I have endeavoured to emphasise the facts that the dispute is not of recent origin, or transitory, but springs from causes deep-seated and inveterate; that it was due to peculiar environment, to the innovating forces of the times, and to the conflicting character of the people.

And the dispute itself has once again demonstrated that Churches, like all other bodies—corporations or individuals—must conform to the laws for the time being of the State in which they exist, and that freedom of action in any direction is impracticable without

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the sanction, tacit or explicit, of these all-comprehensive laws. A perfectly free Church inside a State is both anomalous and Utopian.

CHARLES MACPHERSON.

P.S.—While this article is passing through the Press, a Commission has been nominated by the Government to investigate the case in all its bearings, with a view to a more equitable partition of the property.—C. M.

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'ROME OR THE REFORMATION'

A REPLY TO LADY WIMBORNE

UNDER the above alliterative title Lady Wimborne essays to place before us the changes which the Church of England underwent at the time of the Reformation. To adequately deal with such a theme requires a theological equipment of no mean order, joined to an instinct for historical accuracy rarely to be met with in Protestant controversialists. Lady Wimborne, though claiming to interpret the mind and intentions of the Reformers, imputes to them teaching which they plainly denied, and repudiates on their behalf the doctrines and traditions which they, in common with the rest of Catholic Christendom, held most in reverence.

The Mass, she says, was abolished by them, and yet they called the office of Holy Communion in Edward's First Prayer-book by that very name. Confessing priests were banished, and yet the bishop in the Ordination Service is made to say, 'Whosesoever sins ye forgive, they are forgiven,' &c.

The breach with the Church of Rome was absolute and her doctrines repudiated, and yet the Reformers in the most solemn manner asserted that they did *not* forsake nor reject the Churches of Italy, Spain, &c. The appeal was to Scripture, and to Scripture alone, she tells us. Our choice lay between the authority of the Bible and that of the Church, and yet, in the words of the Reformers, 'the Church is the witness and keeper of Holy Writ.'

Having thus travestied the teaching of the leaders of the Reformation, she has no difficulty in proving that the 'Ritualistic clergy' of to-day are traitors to their Church, and are secretly working to bring her once more into subjection to the Church of Rome. This is no new discovery on the part of Lady Wimborne; exactly the same thing was said of the early Tractarians—'Malignants, Oxford heretics, Jesuits in disguise, tamperers with Popish idolatry, agents of Satan, walking about our beloved Church, polluting the sacred edifice, and leaving their slime about her altars, whose head may God crush!' These were the phrases which certain

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bishops of that time applied to Keble, Pusey, Isaac Williams, and others whose names are held in reverence by all parties in the Church to-day, and in her present attack upon the Catholic clergy Lady Wimborne is but repeating, in milder accents, the accusations of the past, and maintaining traditions sanctified by episcopal example.

It is interesting to observe that, while the weapons of attack are the same now as they were sixty years ago, a change has taken place in the form of the indictment. Lady Wimborne has not a word to say, for instance, about that erstwhile 'rag of popery,' the surplice.

In 1851 the whole bench of bishops, with one exception, condemned the wearing of the surplice in the pulpit in the strongest terms, and one, at least, refused to license a curate in his diocese unless he gave a written undertaking not to preach in a surplice.

At that period, we may fairly assume, Lady Wimborne would have zealously supported the bishops, and have joined them in denouncing the surplice-wearing clergy as 'Jesuits in disguise' and 'tamperers with Popish idolatry.'

What is it that has changed the surplice from a 'rag of popery' into a quite innocuous vestment? Can it be that in 1851 the bench of bishops was wrong and those wicked Ritualists right?

The universal practice of the Church to-day points to that conclusion, and time will certainly prove that the accusations which Lady Wimborne now brings against the 'Ritualistic clergy' are as baseless as were the episcopal fulminations of 1851.

We will now consider more in detail the main points of her article, and, first, as to our relations with the Church of Rome.

Rome and the Reformation, Lady Wimborne tells us, are incompatible. To Rome we owe nothing—save hatred! Yet do we not owe our Christianity to Rome? Was it not due to the missionary zeal of the great Gregory that this land was rescued from the heathenism into which it had sunk, and in which, but for God's providence and the Church of Rome, it might have remained for ages?

And not only is our Christianity derived from Rome, but those marked and indelible features which characterise the Western Church are stamped upon the Church of England. In union with Rome we proclaim and teach the double procession of the Holy Ghost from the Father and the Son, in opposition to the Eastern Church. The dates of our festivals, and the institution of many of them, are of Roman origin. The structure, and a great part of the substance, of our Liturgy are derived from Roman or from Gallican sources. Our ritual is Roman; it is certainly not Eastern. We are, in short, bound to Rome by an intimate and inviolable bond, which neither Pope nor Protestant can sever.

The Reformers did not dream of parting from Rome. In their

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justification for retaining the symbol of the Cross in Baptism they said: 'So far was it from the purpose of the Church of England to forsake or reject the Churches of Italy, Spain, Germany, or any such-like Churches, that in all things which they held and practised . . . it doth with reverence retain those ceremonies, which do neither endamage the Church of God nor offend the minds of sober men, and only departed from them in those particular points wherein they were fallen from themselves, in their ancient integrity, and from the Apostolical Churches, which were their first founders.'

With these solemn and weighty words we may leave the subject of our relations with the Church of Rome, merely remarking that, in speaking of the Church of Germany, the Reformers were certainly not referring to the Lutheran sect, but to the ancient Catholic Church of that country.

Secondly, we will consider Lady Wimborne's reiterated assertion that the Mass was abolished at the Reformation, and supplanted by an entirely different service—our present Office of the Holy Communion. She quotes no authorities for this remarkable statement, nor any scrap of evidence to justify it. It is certain she could not quote the Reformers themselves, 'the martyrs who compiled our Prayer-book.' *They* knew perfectly well that the Mass was retained, and enshrined in its integrity in the service of Holy Communion, and therefore they called it 'the Supper of the Lord and the Holy Communion, *commonly called the Mass*.'

Cranmer's definition is as follows: 'The Mass,' he says in 1548, 'by Christ's institution, consisteth in those things which he set forth in the Evangelists'; and yet Cranmer was the leader of those Reformers who, Lady Wimborne says, 'died at the stake to reject it (the Mass) and banish it for ever!'

I shall, of course, be reminded that in the Second Book of 1552 the word 'Mass' was omitted from the title of this service; but the Act of Uniformity authorising the Second Book refers to the First Book of 1549 (in which the office of Holy Communion is called 'the Mass') as 'a very godly order, agreeable to God's word and the primitive Church,' and explains that the need for revision was due more to 'the curiosity of the minister and mistakers than to any worthy cause.' It is clear, then, that the Mass itself was neither abolished nor condemned, though the use of the word was suspended in deference to the 'curiosity of mistakers,' just as many other things were omitted which have, happily, been restored in later editions of the Prayer-book.

The Holy Communion Service has been spoken of as 'the Mass' by a long array of Anglican authorities from that time to the present. The late Archbishop Benson constantly used the term, and, speaking once to a friend who was advocating the restoration of the

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First Prayer-book, he said, 'Depend upon it, we have a very good Mass.'

But the retention or otherwise of the name is of small moment in comparison with the doctrine which the name signifies—*i.e.* the doctrine of the Real Presence, as held by the Church universal through all the ages. If it can be shown that the Church of England, in her formularies, maintains and teaches that central doctrine of our faith, then indeed, as Lady Wimborne has well said, 'we may claim for the Reformed Church of England a lineal descent in an unbroken line from the English Church in the earliest ages,' and 'that the Reformation was in no sense a breach with the Catholic Church; rather was it a return from mediævalism to those primitive ages when alone the Church could claim to be truly catholic.'

That our Church *does* maintain and teach this doctrine in plain and unambiguous terms a study of the Prayer-book and of the writings of our greatest divines will amply testify. But while doing so she has wisely refrained from attempting to define—what no human language can ever define—the nature, or mode, of the Presence in the consecrated elements.

Transubstantiation, as the 28th Article truly says, 'overthroweth the nature of a Sacrament, and is repugnant to the plain words of Scripture.'

It was this carnal view of the Sacrament which caused the men of Capernaum to be 'offended,' and therefore our Church, true to primitive ages, teaches that the Presence of our Lord is a spiritual Presence, and, being so, is therefore the more real.

To take, first, the evidence of the Prayer-book, every child is taught in the Catechism that the 'Body and Blood of Christ are verily and indeed taken and received by the faithful.'

In the Exhortation in the Communion Service the priest, in warning his hearers of the danger of an unworthy reception, says, 'We are guilty of the Body and Blood of Christ. We eat and drink our own damnation, not considering the Lord's Body.' In the Prayer of Humble Access the priest prays that we may 'so eat the Flesh of Thy dear Son, Jesus Christ, and drink His Blood,' and, again, in the Prayer of Consecration he prays to the Father to grant that 'We, receiving these Thy creatures of bread and wine, ... may be partakers of His most blessed Body and Blood.' The words of administration begin, 'The Body of our Lord Jesus Christ,' and 'The Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ.' In the Prayer of Thanksgiving we heartily thank God for having fed us with 'the spiritual food of the most precious Body and Blood of Thy Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ.' This is the evidence of the Prayer-book to the Church's teaching on the doctrine of the Real Presence, and friend

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and foe alike have cited that evidence as proof that she holds the doctrine in its entirety.

Now to turn to the testimony of the greatest of our divines.

The whole argument between them and the Roman controversialists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was not concerning the *fact* of the Presence, but concerning the *mode*.

Bishop Andrewes says, 'All the controversy is about the mode.'

Bishop Cosin says, 'I cannot see where there is any real difference betwixt us about this Real Presence, if we would give over the study of contradictions and understand one another aright.'

And he goes on to say that the Lutherans and Calvinists, who affirm that the Presence of Christ is only in the use of the Sacrament and in the act of reception, 'seem to me to depart from all antiquity which places the Presence of Christ in the virtue of the words of consecration and benediction by the priest.' And referring to the daily Mass, he says, 'Better were it to endure the absence of the people than for the minister to neglect the usual and daily sacrifice of the Church, by which all people, whether they be there or no, reap so much benefit, and this was the opinion of my lord and master, Dr. Overall (author of the Sacramental part of the Catechism). Again, Bishop Bramhall, replying to a Roman controversialist, says, 'First, they (the Anglicans) acknowledge spiritual and Eucharistic sacrifices, as prayers, praises, a contrite heart, alms, and the like. Secondly, they acknowledge a commemorative or a representative sacrifice in the Holy Eucharist.'

I may here quote the opinion of Dr. Martineau, the Unitarian, as that of an intelligent outside observer. He says, 'Respecting this Real Presence with the elements there is no dispute between the Romish and the English Church; both unequivocally maintain it.'

And he quotes the article, which speaks of the Body and Blood as 'given,' making it the act of the officiating priest and implying the Real Presence before participation.

I will end by quoting Sir William Palmer, the most learned, as he was the most cautious and conservative, of the Tractarians.

In speaking of the Reformation settlement under Cranmer, at the time when the foreign Reformers wielded their greatest influence in England, he says: 'It is asserted that our Church, having steadfastly adhered to the whole Romish doctrine in the reign of Henry the Eighth, relinquished it immediately after the accession of Edward the Sixth, and became Zwinglian, rejecting especially the doctrine of the Eucharist'; and after conclusively proving that this was not the case, he sums up: 'Thus it appears that the authorised doctrine of the Church of England during the whole of Edward the Sixth's reign was that of the Real Presence in the strongest and most decided sense.'

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This, then, is the teaching of our Church on the one great service, appointed by our Lord and Master, which the Catholic party is striving to restore to its rightful place on the Lord's day, surrounded by every adjunct of stately and solemn ritual, and to teach the people that this, and this alone, is the great service of obligation, which every baptized Christian must attend in order to offer his sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving, as is his bounden duty and service. Morning and Evening Prayers, beautiful and edifying though they be, are but monastic offices, and nothing more. There is but one service to which the command 'This do' was given.

Unhappily, Lady Wimborne and her 'party of the Reformation,' in their zeal for these monkish services, would banish even the children from their Saviour's presence, forgetful that in doing so they are incurring His rebuke, and are even in danger of 'offending His little ones.' Who that has been present at a children's Eucharist, and has listened to a congregation of children singing the *Sanctus* and the *Agnus Dei*, can have failed to realise something of the meaning of those gracious words, 'Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven'?

Thirdly, we are assured by Lady Wimborne that at the Reformation 'confessing priests were abolished,' that henceforth 'no go-between or middleman was needed between the people and their God,' that 'in this world they could approach the Throne without them, and in the next attain to heavenly bliss without their prayers.'

Again we have an assertion of a fundamental change without a particle of evidence to sustain it, and in direct opposition to the Prayer-book and the continuous practice of the Church since the Reformation. Turn where we will in the pages of the Prayer-book we find an absolute contradiction of Lady Wimborne's views of the office and work of the priesthood.

The bishop, in the Ordination Service, gives to each priest his commission in these solemn words: 'Whose sins thou dost forgive, they are forgiven, and whose sins thou dost retain, they are retained.' Then follows the admonition to be a faithful dispenser of the Word and the Sacraments; but the bestowal of the 'Power of the Keys' comes first of all.

In the Holy Communion Service the priest is bidden to invite any who cannot quiet his own conscience to come to him and 'open his grief,' in order to receive the benefit of absolution.

Again, in the Office for the Visitation of the Sick, the priest is ordered to move the sick man to make a special confession of his sins, and when he has done so he absolves him in the following words: 'Our Lord Jesus Christ, *who hath left power to His Church* to absolve all sinners . . . . and by His authority committed to me I *absolve thee from all thy sins*.' . . . . As long as these words

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remain in the Prayer-book the priests of the Church of England are bound to be confessors.

So much for the teaching of the Prayer-book. Now as to the practice of the Reformers. Cranmer, in his Visitation Articles in the second year of Edward the Sixth, assumes that it is the regular practice of parishioners to make their confessions.

The 113th Canon of 1603 enjoins the priest not to reveal any crimes that may have been confided to him under the seal of confession.

The nineteenth Canon of the Irish Church orders the tolling of a bell to announce to parishioners that the priest is in church to hear their confessions. The writings and practice of such representative Anglicans as Ridley, Latimer, Andrewes, Cosin, Jeremy Taylor, and a host of others, can be adduced in evidence of the Church's teaching on confession; and not only so, but the Lutherans, Calvinists, and other bodies of foreign Protestants taught and upheld the system of confession. Take, for instance, Luther's *Shorter Catechism*, and in the chapter 'On Confession' we find 'Confession comprises two things—one, to confess sins, the other, to receive absolution from the confessor—or preacher of the Gospel—as if from God Himself.'

From the moment when our Lord breathed upon His Apostles in the upper chamber until now His duly appointed ministers have been confessors, and will be till the end of time. They are just as much 'go-betweens' and 'middlemen' when performing their sacred office in Holy Baptism, in Holy Matrimony, in the Burial of the Dead, in the celebration of the Holy Eucharist, as when they are hearing confessions and absolving sinners.

Lady Wimborne is well aware that the priest alone is permitted to pronounce the Prayer of Absolution in the Morning and Evening Prayers; has she ever stopped to consider why a deacon may not do so?

Fourthly, as to the appeal to Scripture, Lady Wimborne is of opinion that the Reformers appealed to Scripture as to 'an authority superior to the Church.' 'It must be either the Church or the Bible,' she says, 'which is the ultimate court of appeal,' and we must choose which we will believe. The appeal of the Reformers, we are to understand, was to the Bible, 'absolute, alone, and unfettered,' otherwise their action was 'absolutely unjustifiable,' and they were involving the Church in a 'meaningless schism.'

This is surely the wildest assertion of all.

The Bible is the child and offspring of the Church, written by the Church under the guidance of the Holy Spirit. How, then, can the mother and the creator be inferior to the thing created?

The Bible is the documentary evidence drawn up, compiled, and selected by the Church herself, as containing all that is necessary for us to know of the faith once delivered to the saints, and as such it

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was appealed to by the Reformers. But the Church existed before there was a Bible, and the faith had to be taught and handed on by word of mouth; as Timothy was instructed by St. Paul, 'the things that thou hast heard of me, among many witnesses, the same commit thou to faithful men, who shall be able to teach others also.'

In process of time—a century at the least, if not two—the Church selected certain writings out of a mass of other documents, and formed of them the canon of Holy Scripture, thus setting her seal of authenticity upon them. Therefore, to speak of the Bible as our final court of appeal, as opposed to and overriding the authority of the Church, is about as reasonable as to quote the opinions of the Reformers themselves in opposition to the first four Œcumenical Councils.

These are the main points in Lady Wimborne's attack upon the Ritualists, and I think I have succeeded in showing that it is she, and the party to which she belongs, whose views are out of harmony with the teaching of our Church as set forth in the Prayer-book and in the writings of the leading post-Reformation divines.

With that infinite capacity for self-deception which seems always to characterise the Protestant apologist, she appears unable to see that the Prayer-book, on which she relies, is, to quote the phrase of the late Dr. Parker, 'steeped in Popery' from beginning to end—that is, it bears witness to those distinctively Catholic doctrines which she fondly imagines were deleted at the Reformation.

That she has strangely misinterpreted the changes which were wrought at that period is evident. The Reformation left the Church 'purified, but weakened,' as one of our bishops has recently said. We gained much, but we also lost much.

Prayer for the faithful departed—that absolutely Scriptural and primitive custom of the Universal Church, to which every one of the Fathers bears witness—has become obscured, though not forbidden nor entirely lost. We still pray that God will not 'remember the offences of our forefathers,' and that 'we, *and all Thy whole Church*, may obtain remission of our sins,' also that 'we *and all those who are departed in the true faith* of Thy holy name may have our perfect consummation and bliss,' &c.; but the beautiful prayers for the soul of the departed, which were included in the Burial Office of the First Prayer-book, and which so exactly corresponded with the very earliest liturgies, were allowed to disappear, and have not yet been restored.

Again, the use of the Sacrament of Extreme Unction, which was also retained in the First Prayer-book, has been discontinued since.

Those who, like Lady Wimborne, base everything on the appeal to Scripture should be urgent in demanding the restoration of

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this Sacrament, which has the direct and explicit sanction of Holy Writ.

These are but a few of the losses we sustained during the period of reformation which must be regained ere we can claim our full inheritance.

The moral and material benefits which this country and people are supposed to have derived from the Reformation are dwelt upon by Lady Wimborne with considerable pride. In her opinion, the foundations of our world-wide Empire were laid by men nurtured on the Reformed faith. 'Our naval heroes went forth, with their Bible in one pocket, and a book of military tactics in the other, to inaugurate an era of conquest, beginning with the destruction of the Armada,' &c. The value of books on military tactics to these 'naval heroes' is as problematical as the capacity of their pockets to accommodate the Bibles of that period. For my part, I should prefer to think that the era of conquest and empire, for which our race was being prepared hundreds of years before the Reformation, was due to altogether different causes, and received special impetus at this period from the discovery of the New World and the spirit of adventure which that discovery engendered.

In conclusion, I make bold to traverse Lady Wimborne's claim that she and 'the party of the Reformation' are, in any degree whatever, the representatives and residuary legatees of the men who compiled our Book of Common Prayer.

It is the 'Ritualistic clergy' who are the true descendants of the Catholic Reformers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

They, and they alone, are carrying out the true spirit of the Prayer-book, in obedience to its rubrics and traditions. They alone obey its rules of fasting, daily services, and the due and solemn celebration of the Holy Eucharist with the ceremonial enjoined by the Ornaments Rubric.

It is to them we owe the marvellous change which has transformed the Church in the last half-century from a valley of dry bones into a living host. It is they who have banished for ever the mean and sordid interiors of our churches—the pews and plaster, the deserted and desecrated altars, the dust and bolted doors.

They, it is, who have restored the beautiful and stately ritual which the Reformers intended to preserve, but which the Puritans had robbed us of, so that we now are able to worship God in the beauty of holiness.

Their influence has penetrated into every nook and cranny of the Church, not in England only, but wherever the English Church has a foothold throughout the world.

Nor has it been confined to our communion alone. The Presbyterian Kirk of Scotland, and every Dissenting sect, borne on the tide of the Catholic revival, have been constrained to emulate

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the beauty of our sanctuaries, which once they defaced, and to model their services on our Liturgy, which their forefathers abhorred.

Great has been the reward of these men. Not in dignities and high places (the rich gifts of the Church have not been bestowed on the Puseys, the Mackonochies, the Lowders, or the Dollings), but in an abundant measure of that blessing which their Master promised to all such as were reviled and persecuted, and against whom all manner of evil should be falsely said, for His sake.

And in that promise they have rejoiced and been exceeding glad.

CONGREVE JACKSON.

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CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS AMUSEMENTS

THE large majority of English children of all classes and all ages are to my mind the most charming companions in the world. From no point of view can the little folk of any other country with which I am acquainted bear comparison with them. They are more picturesque and better dressed even than their French contemporaries, whose costumiers never, it appears to me, take the trouble to devise an individual dress for their young customers, but merely cut grown-up models in half. Their perceptions are quicker and their sympathies wider than those of German children, who are too much and at too early an age absorbed in the routine of school-work and examinations. Personally I like the children of Finland next to the little folk of our own country. The effect of the mixed boys' and girls' schools of Finland is an admirable one; the influence of that most charming story-teller, the late Herr Topelius, was as wide as it was excellent; and the mixture of Swedish, Finnish, and Scots blood has produced a delightful result. But such generalities are uninteresting. I merely wish to say that I sympathise warmly with people who plan entertainments for English nurseries, and that I criticise their proceedings rather unwillingly, feeling some considerable alarm lest nursery guardians should answer my future invitations by quotations from my own writings.

Yet after every Christmas holidays complaints grow more numerous and more bewildered, from parents who have been inundated with invitations for their children, and from schoolmasters and schoolmistresses whose stern task it is to tranquillise the wildly excited morsels of humanity who come back to them after a round of gaieties which would do credit to the popularity, and tax the nerves, of a new American duchess. These children—mites of six and seven, schoolboys of ten and eleven who are never well out of Westgate or Broadstairs, girls in their teens who are already being teased by a heritage of nerves—tell me proudly at the end of a month's Christmas holidays that they have been to ten or a dozen theatres, into the country occasionally for two days' shooting or hunting and a dance, to half a dozen fancy dress balls in London, and to as many more children's parties of various kinds in houses which have become for

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the evening a temporary combination of the Alhambra and the Carlton Restaurant. Some years ago the Children's Fancy Dress Ball at the Mansion House, with its first-class orchestra, its conjurer, Punch-and-Judy show, and costly supper, was unique in the world among child entertainments; to-day, if your nursery acquaintance is a moderately large one, you will probably be invited to half a dozen replicas of it, with cotillon presents or a Christmas-tree full of gifts thrown in. And, in confirming their children's stories, the parents will add nervously that they have mortally offended another half-score of acquaintances by refusing invitations with no better excuse than that the children must have a day's rest. The same excess can be seen to-day in the matter of presents. A friend of mine who was sending her children to tea with me asked that they might not have any presents, as the nursery was already so full of toys that, in spite of regular clearances for the benefit of the hospitals, there was hardly room to play with them. A five-year-old friend of mine had sixty-three presents one Christmas Day, and was with difficulty persuaded to finish unpacking them; and another young lady, showing me round her nursery, pointed to a cupboard ten feet high as the place where she kept certain favourites among her old toys. New toys and old, by the way, were alike unheeded while she might indulge in her own private amusement of turning on taps all over the house; and the only time I ever found her engaged with her cupboard was during a gloomy afternoon which followed the discovery of a new and fascinating-looking tap in the cellar, and the subsequent presentation of her small person in the drawing-room, dripping with beer, and murmuring anxiously: 'I do fink vere's a new tap downstairs what wants a jug under it.'

This excess in amusement pleases nobody. Host and hostess cannot give any pleasure to tired, fractious little guests at a party if they spend 1,000*l.* in trying. In truth the effort too often ends in the fashion of a little scene which was once enacted at a children's fête at the Botanical Gardens, when the hostess was trying to organise a game of 'Zoological Gardens':

'What animal will you be, Kitty?'

'The bear, please.'

'And you, Geoffrey?'

'I don't know.'

'O think! Will you be a snake and crawl?'

'No, thank you.'

'Would you like to be a tiger and roar?'

'N—n—no.'

'Well, what do you want to be?'

'I want to be sick.'

Parents and nurses pay a fearful price for this excess. The children themselves, however, are often inclined to be reasonable.

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During the Christmas holidays, and what was once described to me by a youthful correspondent as the 'hussell and bussell' of the London season, one party more or less does not seriously concern these little folk. The brother of this latter correspondent was, she told me, 'quite moderately vexed' because he was not going to a certain garden party one afternoon; he had been to an open-air play the previous evening and had eaten too much; he was going to another party the following afternoon, and would probably again have too many ices; his 'appetite and drinkatite,' the sister assured me gravely, would be better for a rest. The brother and sister had more than forty engagements for their London summer, and kept nearly all of them, as well as going to an occasional theatre matinée and afternoon at Hurlingham with their parents.

I am told by a great nursery medical authority—I think I may say, without exaggeration, the highest living in London—that the visible effect of this is not at present considerable. With their immense recuperative power, and easy adaptability to change of surroundings, children go back to their schools after the Christmas holidays, and to the seaside after the riot of a London season; and, except for 'tempers' and stomach-aches, show few signs of being any the worse for it all. But where is the sense of risking almost inevitable disaster in the end? Who benefits by it, in purse or health or pleasure? Is any one so foolish as to suppose that a boy or girl between eight and sixteen appreciates to its full value a costly entertainment, with half a dozen 'turns' like a music hall, and a supper which would look rather ostentatious at a grown-up ball honoured by the presence of two or three royalties? Exaggeration is the note of the age, but we cannot too vehemently resent its introduction into children's lives. We are so used to it in our own grown-up existence—so used to this catering for bored, satiated folk who are tired of novelties and want numbers—that we have not only forgotten the vulgarity of the business but cannot immediately remember the existence of a class of person who is not satiated and is very easily satisfied. It is impossible too often to repeat the unkind and ungracious remark that three-quarters of the givers of juvenile parties are persons like myself, who find our own chief amusement in entertaining these small guests. We like these wondering whispers from the dawn of life; we like to see the excited pleasure, to hear this pretty gratitude, so freely expressed, so cheaply bought, compared with the hardly-won thanks of experienced and critical elder guests. The ordinary parent owes us nothing for our invitations, and might with great advantage to our little guests be much more strict in laying down conditions under which they will be allowed to come to us.

There are three conditions which I should demand for children's parties if I owned a popular family—simplicity in winter, open air

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in summer, and the right to refuse an invitation, without giving any reason, at any moment between its receipt and the hour of the party. Life is not long enough, nor is the human brain always sufficiently alert, to devise pretty excuses for your children not going to eight parties a week, and then to remember which lie you have told to which person. Three small people go to A. on Tuesday, and for that reason, and that reason only, they are not going to B. and C. on Wednesday and Thursday. This is the simple truth, and as it does not look nice in black and white (especially when A. is a duchess and the other two are not—an accident which happens constantly, sometimes not without foresight, but mostly by sheer malignant bad luck), it is best to say nothing at all.

The rule of simplicity would be more easy to enforce than might at first sight seem possible. It is an obvious rule, carrying its own recommendation and explanation on the face of it, answering immediately its chief purpose of reducing the number of accepted invitations by half, and fairly precise in its terms, so that no one can be offended.

Dear Mrs. A—— [runs the letter of refusal],—It is most kind of you to ask the three chicks to your charming party, and they would, I am sure, love to come. Unfortunately Ella and Madge get so excited by such delightful evenings as yours that nurse and I can do nothing with them for days afterwards except keep them in bed, and I do not like to administer a rest-cure so early in life. It would produce tears to send Jim alone, so I fear I must refuse for them all.

I doubt whether a girl of eighteen, standing on the brink of an older society world, looking back on her childhood, judging its hopes and aims and fruition as such young folk will, would have anything but gratitude for a parent who had so guarded some of her freshness, who had held back something of novelty for the second act of her life's drama. This is often a stern and just young judge, whose love and gratitude will not be granted without cause. If her presentation at Court to-morrow is but one item in a long, gorgeous succession of parties, stretching back to her fourth year; if the future holds no possibility of new pleasure, no scrap of amusement which she has not long ago tried and liked, and tried again and liked less—will she say 'Thank you' now for the carnival time of those Christmas holidays and London summers? Satiety is a horrible sensation. To begin routine labour listlessly, wearily, hopelessly, with the brain-fag of yesterday's work, and last week's work, and last year's work, heavy on us, with the feeling that we have done too much of this task already, and must do much more—such a fate is almost intolerable. But what must be the depression of an educated, intelligent boy or girl when added to all this is the touch of self-contempt which affects the resolute pleasure-seeker? To stand in the white dawn of youth and feel satiated with

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jam-puffs! To be eighteen and feel so tired with theatrical mummery and fancy dress balls that we must abandon all hope of fame and go to bed! That is not a very glorious ending to the years of childhood, nor do we owe many thanks to the guardian who has compassed it for us.

A less easy and perhaps less rational suggestion, which has often been made to me, is that of a censorship over presents. The free acceptance of presents of any sort or value, from anybody who likes to send them, on any occasion, is not very wise; nor, in the case of a good many children, does it conduce to pretty manners. Men and women (who are not governed in all their thoughts and words by strict reason) occasionally ask a child what it would like for a birthday present, and then express the freest disgust on receiving a full and complete answer. But if the question has been put to some very popular little person, who throughout her short years has been loaded with useless gifts by all her acquaintances, is she likely, unless her mind is unusually adamant against such corruption, to refuse this chance of getting something which she really wants? The lists drawn up by children at Christmas (always excepting that famous one which began: 'A desert island, a baby of my own, a Shetland pony . . .') are abhorrent to my mind. The whole essential pleasure of a gift, alike to recipient and donor, is gone if it is taken for granted that the gift will come; it is no more a present than new boots are presents, or new summer vests, or the German story-books for which the governess has asked with strictly educational intent. When the whole affair has been a systematised business in your child's mind, he will not think very much of the gifts, nor be in any way chary of criticising them, nor—perhaps—be backward in asking for them.

The children's theatre parties which had a certain vogue during the Christmas holidays of 1902–3, and were the height of nursery fashion last Christmas, owed their popularity mainly to financial considerations. Doubtless in the first instance the children wished to emulate the mode prevailing among their elders; but one may easily guess at the welcome extended to this desire by the elders themselves, whose Stock Exchange transactions and unpaid rents would cause them to view the usual Christmas gaieties with much misgiving. A person who has never given a large children's party and then, pencil in hand, added up its cost, direct and indirect, would scarcely credit the amount of time and money necessary to insure success—which, in truth, never can be assured, for the entertainment of children is specialist work of the most precarious and doubtful nature. The mere reception of your guests requires an amount of tact and skill and nursery knowledge unattainable except by years of study. There arrives a ten-year-old lady, with a brother on the shady side of eight; they greet you effusively, and

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tell you that they have come in a motor-brougham which 'went all waggletey' in Piccadilly because of the mud; the young lady adds in a confidential under-tone, secure of sympathy, that she has just left off baby-stays and that the new ones hurt; then she detects that a shoe has come undone, and holds it up to be buttoned. During this interview fifteen or twenty other children are waiting to come and be greeted; but if you check the speaker abruptly, or show any lack of interest, she will be miserable for an hour and suspect your friendship for a week. Later on a quarrel must be made up between this person and another lady who has come in the same fancy dress and been unjustly accused of 'mocking'; then each must be given an amount and variety of food equally pleasing to herself at the moment and to her guardians afterwards; and when one of them assures you with a beaming face at the hour of departure: 'Oh, what a fiasco this party has been!' you must retain presence of mind to guess that 'fiasco' is a new, delightful-sounding word, applied just now to anything which has charmed your small guest to the very bottom of her soul. If five-sixths of the evening's guests require the same amount of attention, it is clear that this way stern work lies.

At a theatre party, on the other hand, not only is all the entertainment provided without any effort on the host's part—no very special recommendation, by the way, to some minds—but the cost is limited to the price of the theatre seats, a few cabs, and tea. Seeing that at most children's plays financial arrangements of a satisfactory character can be made for a large number of visitors, forty children can be royally entertained in this fashion for 25*l.*, including seats in the pit for the nurses, and unlimited crackers at tea afterwards; whereas very strict economy would be necessary in order to keep the cost of a home-party for this number down to 30*l.*, even in a country house where flowers and fruit come from the hot-houses, and the orchestra from the neighbouring town is delighted with 3*l.* 3*s.* In point of fact, a lady who gave a children's party in her country house last January, for which eight visitors stayed in the house for two days, and to which fifty-five children and thirty elder guests came, was kind enough to add up the exact cost, so far as possible, for my benefit. The house was decorated with her own flowers; very little fruit or vegetables were purchased beyond what the garden produced; and the cotillon presents were pretty but not at all extravagant. I give the account in full, including details of the two suppers, kindly added by the cook:

	£	*s.*	*d.*
Presents and ribbons for cotillon	32	10	0
Crackers and programmes	6	12	0
Band	4	4	0
Carried forward	43	6	0

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	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Brought forward				43	6	0
Floor men, extra cook and charwoman				4	8	0
Sweets				9	0	0
Children's tea and refreshments				7	7	0
Children's supper:						
Soles	2	10	0			
Côtelettes	1	0	0			
4 Dindons	5	0	0			
Jambon, langue, bœuf	2	1	6			
Mandarins glacés	0	10	0			
Gelée	0	5	0			
Choses diverses	0	9	0			
				11	15	6
'Grown-up' supper:						
Consommé et gelée de volaille	1	5	0			
Homards	1	10	0			
Côtelettes d'agneau	0	15	0			
Dindons	2	15	0			
Faisans	0	18	0			
Pâté de lièvre	0	10	0			
Jambon, langue, bœuf	2	10	0			
Salade	0	6	0			
Mandarins glacés, gelée	0	10	0			
Choses diverses	0	12	0			
				11	11	0
Wine				4	10	0
Supper for 25 coachmen				3	15	0
Total				95	12	6

In London during June a children's afternoon party given to seventy-two children, the entertainment consisting of tea, performing birds, story-telling, and dancing, cost 48*l*. This, however, included a considerable quantity of flowers and fruit, the cost of which is not included in the other account.

For reasons which I have suggested, the theatre party was so great a success in London last Christmas—(though one lady who insists on giving her children a carbolic bath every time they come back from a theatre was rather vexed by its prevalence)—that the fashion has probably come to stay for some years. Perhaps, therefore, it is worth while to consider the fare offered to these young eyes and ears by the caterers.

Viewed as ices and sugar biscuits, it is good fare; and there are a very large number of people, for whose opinion every sensible person must have the highest respect, who do not wish their children to be fed with any other theatrical food than fairy stories, golliwog dances, and pantomime jokes. It is a perfectly comprehensible feeling when one considers the enduring vitality of dramatic lessons, the keen sensitiveness of these young minds, and the inevitably risky nature of plays which, brilliantly clever and charming as they may be, are not written for nor intended to be studied by children. Yet after a

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careful study of this diet and its results, I venture to think that here also we have too much of a good thing. The sugar-biscuit play fairly raged round the London theatres last Christmas, and when the last school train had carried the latest of my small friends back to Winchester, Westgate, Eton, and Brighton, and I sat down to consider its after-taste, I did not like it.

The Drury Lane pantomime is a national institution, like Westminster Abbey or the Lord Mayor, and I would no more dare to criticise one than the other—even if I understood them, which with regard to the pantomime is very far from being the case. As a rule, I know more or less—it is a poor merit, but mine own—what a child likes and why the creature likes it. They laugh at my jokes and I laugh at theirs; we talk together happily and reasonably for unlimited hours; and they come with me to the spectacles of London, Paris, or the sea-side with kindly placid faith that if I have pronounced a certain fairy-play, fête, or nigger to be amusing, the odds are that they also will find it so. But inside the walls of Drury Lane Theatre I am utterly at sea. The little folk all—or nearly all—laugh delightedly, thrill with excitement, open wide eyes of wonder and admiration; I sit bewildered, uncomprehending, ready to die of boredom if it were not that the children were laughing so blissfully. What they see and hear I cannot conceive. What I see are monotonously gorgeous ballet girls dancing and grouping themselves endlessly; what I hear is a plotless farce, whose sole notion of humour is that all the principal men should be dressed as women, and the women as men, interspersed with scenes of irrelevant laborious joking which almost reduce me to tears. I give up the problem of the Drury Lane pantomime. I defer humbly to the popular verdict on it, and will take two more parties of children there this year.

The Garrick, Vaudeville, New Theatre, and Adelphi all produced Christmas plays last winter, designed to amuse children in their early teens; and the Court Theatre another fairy story appealing very successfully to the junior portion of the nursery. The management of the Garrick Theatre strive so resolutely, and as a rule with such complete success, to please their Christmas *clientèle* that one is reluctant to disparage any of their productions; but in truth the *Water Babies* was not a very brilliant work. There was no one alive in it; there was not a 'thrill' in the play except when the chimney-sweep, Tom, comes down the chimney; and its spasmodic efforts at humour were lamentable failures. Kingsley's book is unknown to modern youth, and the idea of dramatising it was absurd. However, a manager who has produced such gems of pathos and gaiety as *The Man who Stole the Castle* and *Shock-headed Peter* may make an occasional lapse into dulness without very severe criticism; and, judging by popular report, Mr. Bourchier has found in his present

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Christmas play, *Little Black Sambo and Little White Barbara*, another brilliant bit of work.

The touching faith of theatrical managers in Lewis Carroll as an unfailing delight to modern youth shows no sign of diminution, and year after year, with an occasional exception such as the present winter, sees a new elaborate production of one of those unspeakably dreary and out-of-date dramas, *Alice in Wonderland* or *Alice through the Looking Glass*. The English fashion of keeping certain ancient literary idols locked up in cupboards, never seeing, touching, or noticing them, but fiercely resenting any criticism of their now glaring demerits, is a very pretty one, but has been extremely costly to various publishers and theatrical managers in the past. Lewis Carroll, who was a highly sentimental lover of a very limited class of children—(he disliked all boys, for instance)—had none of the qualities or attributes of a successful playwright, unless some ill-natured critic may like to believe that his inordinate vanity was such an attribute. His books had a certain vogue in days when writers for the young might be counted on the fingers of one hand; though I am, and shall always remain, profoundly sceptical about the children having liked them. There rests always in my mind the answer of that little maid who was asked by the author which she liked best, *Alice in Wonderland* or *Alice thorugh the Looking Glass*, and who answered, after deep thought: 'I think *Alice through the Looking Glass* is stupider than *Alice in Wonderland*.' But to suppose that modern children, surrounded by the exquisite stories of Mrs. Ewing, the fairy books of Mr. Andrew Lang, and the splendid adventure tales of Mr. Henty, Mr. Rider Haggard, and Mr. Anthony Hope, ever bother their heads about 'Alice,' is equivalent to believing that modern women have the doings of 'Clarissa' at their fingers' ends. And when such songs as the *Walrus and the Carpenter* are sung on a stage, where their old-fashioned pointlessness is trebly apparent, nine children out of ten turn to you with sighs of boredom to ask what on earth it all means. Yet, considering how it was hampered by its title, and by the necessity for furnishing some excuse for this title, the entertainment provided by Mr. John Donald at the New Theatre last Christmas was one of the best in London. As befits Mr. Toole's old manager, Mr. Donald has a fine sense of humour. When he and Mr. Bourchier can free themselves from their superstitious reverence for those idols in the cupboard, they will capture this young world, body and soul.

But better work than the *Water Babies* or *Alice through the Looking Glass* is wanted to do this; better work, more carefully thought out, and much better acted. Your English child is not—yet—a born natural critic, like its French contemporary who knows at the age of ten that *Roxane* is a blot on Cyrano de Bergerac, and years earlier would laugh M. Mounet-Sully to scorn for a weak

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passage in *Hernani*; but it is capable to some extent of appreciating good work and is getting yearly less tolerant of bad. I have taken a good many juvenile visitors to a good many theatres in the course of the past few years, more especially, of course, at Christmas time, and the only generalisation which one can make about their tastes is, as I say, that they are delighted with good work and bored with bad. The young world is, of course, dominated by fashion to a large extent, and one comic little result of this is that every big school has a certain theatre or actor which is a popular idol. Eton, for instance, seems to be at present unanimous in its admiration of His Majesty's; for a year past every Eton boy in town for a holiday has asked to be taken to Mr. Tree's latest production; while another school of my acquaintance votes solidly for the Vaudeville. Latterly popular favour in many schools has settled upon *Beauty and the Barge*, which promises to come only second in their affections to the greatest triumph ever witnessed in this school world, Mr. Gillette's performance of *Sherlock Holmes*; and *The Taming of the Shrew* at the Adelphi is also having a great vogue in the school world. Its sound, high-spirited fun 'catches on' most successfully; one sees children in the theatre literally shouting with laughter; and the play meets many conditions for an excellent youthful Christmas amusement.

The two plays which won by far the warmest approval in my portion of the audience last Christmas were *Monsieur Beaucaire* and *The Cherry Girl*. Every small person to whom I offered the choice of a visit to a new play or a second visit to one of these, chose the second visit unhesitatingly, and their delight while at the theatre was unbounded. It may be said with some reason that nobody is going to produce a costly, gorgeously-dressed drama, with a first-class cast, for the benefit of holiday children; but the answer to this is obvious. First-class work is a world-wide delight. Men, women, and children all cheer together when Monsieur Beaucaire brings the Countess of Greenbury down to supper; they laugh together joyfully when Miss Ellaline Terriss dresses up in the Cherry Girl's clothes. Here, in fact, were two great human comedies, written and presented by masters of their craft, with all the aid that money and skilled management could give; and there was not a child of my acquaintance in London who was not in love with them, nor a man or woman who was not more than willing to bring children to see either play two or three times. Surely from a business point of view this merits consideration.

The question confronting the Christmas playwright who wants to put good work before his audience, and yet please their eyes with the grace and colour of fairy drama, is solved by a costume play of any picturesque period. Certain difficulties of explanation which might arise if a complicated plot had to be presented to a young audience are easily overcome by taking a familiar historical story for the plot.

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The idea of disguise, or of two people changing *rôles* on the stage—a dressing-up within a dressing-up—which is seen in *The Cherry Girl* and *Monsieur Beaucaire*, as well as in other highly-popular plays such as *If I were King*, has a very special fascination for young folk.

Here is the mouth of a gold-mine indicated without charge. I trust that the successful explorer will allow me to give at least six children's parties at his theatre next year at his expense.

EDWARD H. COOPER.

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THE POSITION OF THE AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES IN THE SCALE OF HUMAN INTELLIGENCE

It is generally accepted that the aborigines of Australia are a race very low in the intellectual scale of humanity. This belief has remained uncontradicted for a century; but I submit that such an estimate is erroneous, and that it first arose from the fact that the early inhabitants of the colony were themselves not of a high order of intellect, and being unable to understand the language of the natives, whose mode of life was so different from that of Europeans and, when estimated by such a standard, so deficient in comfort, they judged accordingly.

With few exceptions the mental calibre of the officials of the early settlement was not very high; in fact, it is hardly questionable that in mere intellectual force many of the convict prisoners were superior to their guardians.

The blacks, moreover, naturally associated most intimately with the lowest whites, readily learning their vices and language simultaneously.

Words so learnt were, consequently, their only means of communicating their thoughts to even the most cultivated of the officers, who formed an estimate of their intelligence on the evidence thus available.

Is it a wonder that under such circumstances the natives were believed to be but little above the brute creation?

From time to time individual Australian blacks have been brought up and educated on similar lines to white children, when they have been able to fully hold their own with their schoolfellows.

The inquiries of various observers go to bear out the opinions of the authorities who have highly estimated the mental capacity of the race, notably Dr. Walter Roth, now the official Protector of the aborigines of North Queensland, and Messrs. Baldwin, Spencer, and Gillen, whose researches as to the beliefs and customs of those of Central Australia have already given rise to much thought, and whose account of their recent further ethnological expedition, shortly to be published, is awaited with great interest.

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The following instances are, however, I think, sufficient to amply support the assertion that though unquestionably low in civilisation, the blacks of the great island continent are high in intelligence.

A pure-blooded aboriginal youth was brought to New South Wales from Northern Queensland when a young boy, and was employed about a homestead in the country, going messages, making purchases at the stores in the neighbouring town, in the care of the horses, milking cows, &c., and from time to time in assisting his master, who was a very good amateur blacksmith, at the forge. His employer assured me that he was in all mechanical work a most efficient assistant, showing much more thought and brightness than the average white boy, often making useful practical suggestions as to the best way of completing the task in hand.

Another instance is that of a young man exhibiting all the appearance of a pure aboriginal, but having, it is true, some admixture of white blood, who was born and, in his early years, reared in a native camp. At about twelve years old he was made mail-boy for a station, his duty being to ride to the nearest town, some thirty miles away, to post and fetch letters, &c., and to perform the usual errands. At this time he secured the sympathy of a lady at the homestead, who at odd times taught him to read and write. These accomplishments he quickly and easily acquired. As he grew up he saved his wages, took up Government land, purchased sheep and other stock to put on it, and is now a man of some means, probably to the extent of 10,000*l*. He is employed by large firms to purchase fat stock on commission, it is said to the extent of more than 200,000*l*. annually. Wishing to interest him in the ethnological study of his race, I took him to the Australian Museum in Sydney, and together we examined and discussed the various exhibits. Amongst others, I showed him specimens of the prehistoric stone implements of Europe, and we compared them with those still made and used in remote parts of Australia. After thoughtfully contemplating both types for a little time, he turned to me and remarked, 'After that one cannot avoid accepting evolution, can he?' When we left the institution he said, 'Well, the whites need not be so conceited, for their ancestors were pretty much like *my people*, were they not?'

He is a very quiet, self-contained man, well versed in most subjects coming within his sphere, and a more than usually cautious politician.

Another remarkable instance is that of a youth who, when an infant of a few days, was rescued by Mr. Grant, a Scotch gentleman, a naturalist, from impending death, consequent on the killing of his mother in tribal hostilities in the Bellender Ker Ranges, on the north-east coast of Australia. He is now eighteen years old, having been brought up as their own child by his adopted parents in the neighbourhood of Sydney, New South Wales. He speaks at will in pure

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grammatical English or in the broadest Doric Scotch, generally, however, only using the latter when exercising his very keen sense of humour in astonishing the Scotch officers and engineers of ships with whom he is brought into contact by his employment. He was near, if not *at* the head of the highest class in a large public school of some two hundred and fifty boys, on leaving which he has been employed in very large shipbuilding and engineering works in the draughting-room. He sketches with considerable taste and skill, and makes tracings of machinery, &c. He is learning 'the pipes' on a chanter, and, as far as I am capable of judging, plays Scotch music with considerable skill and much taste, beating time with his foot in true Highland style. He thoroughly enjoys the fun when puzzled Scots quietly ask his senior officers, 'Where did ye get the black Scotchman?'

The chief draughtsman, under whom he is employed, tells me he fully holds his own with white boys of his age who have had the same opportunities.

In Central New South Wales an aboriginal has by chance been more than usually intimately associated with a mining community, and as a consequence has had the opportunity of acquiring very considerable knowledge in this direction, the result being that he converses in the most intelligent manner on all points relating to that calling, has a fair knowledge of geology and mineralogy, and is a prospector of more than average ability. He is patient and persistent in research, and by systematic prospecting has discovered a fairly rich goldfield, and what may probably prove the richest copper mine in Australia. Both discoveries were made in previously unsuspected localities.

Another instance of intelligence, though the individual is not, perhaps, of a highly moral type, is a pure-blooded Australian black who, having been taken to Europe, has now returned, and can fully hold his own in the discussion of European news as it arrives. He has no hesitation in publicly addressing a large crowd of whites, one rather amusing subject of an address by him being the alleged culpable extravagance of the various State Governments during and on account of the visit of the then Duke of York.

Aboriginal girls make admirable house servants, acquiring the necessary knowledge and deftness very quickly. This is so markedly the case that ladies so far out as to have attainable a good supply of black servants are often much better served than those nearer civilisation, who have to depend on the daughters of their poorer white neighbours.

I have had related to me the most interesting accounts of the 'black maids' on outlying stations, who do all the household work, serve meals, or make and bring in 'afternoon tea,' on their own initiative.

One instance within my personal knowledge is that of an aboriginal housemaid in Sydney who is employed at a private hospital. She

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does all her work thoroughly, can always be trusted to perform each duty on its allotted day, not missing corners or scamping in any way. She gets ready the patients' meal-trays in a tasteful manner without special supervision, and on occasion can properly cook a plain dinner of joint and vegetables, with a simple pudding, as directed. She is a great mimic, and has a keen sense of fun, but is exceedingly sensitive to any rudeness or slight, especially one relating to her race or colour, which is very black. She has been many years with the family in which she is employed, and attends Church and Sunday-school with enthusiastic regularity.

I have also had an additional instance brought to my knowledge in which another aboriginal girl, also living in the New South Wales capital, has become an admirable domestic servant under like circumstances. Both are scrupulously cleanly in their person and habits.

Mrs. Cuper, a half-caste lady, has held a postmaster's position in Western Australia. This appointment necessitated a thorough knowledge of Morse's system of telegraphy. She was a most efficient official. Half-caste boys have also in that colony filled subordinate positions in the same branch of the public service.

It will be said that these are exceptional instances, which is no doubt true; but how much more rare proportionately are the chances which are afforded to Australian aboriginals of obtaining any intellectual development at all?

The only just basis for comparison between their mental capacity and that of other races must be between such instances as I have quoted and the total number of aboriginals who have had not only the opportunity of education, but of constant and intimate association with decent people, who habitually treated them as social equals, and did not discourage their self-respect by even unconscious indications of racial superiority.

At the present day, one of the most generally accepted proofs of race eminence, even if not of mental dominance, is skill in athletic games and exercises. On this basis the Australian black must take a high grade. Many are first-class cricketers, others are good at football; some of the best runners have been found among them, and their skill in riding buck-jumping horses is proverbial.

A very general belief exists that the race is unable to count beyond the first few numerals, and this was possibly correct when they were untaught by association with a superior race. I submit, however, that it is only true so far as it relates to power of expression; they in their wild state, having no need of exact higher numbers, had no words to indicate them, but now that the want is supplied by English numerals they are as well able to enumerate as the whites.

It is no unusual thing for an aboriginal to count sheep running through a gateway with the strictest accuracy. This is no slight test, as will be acknowledged when it is pointed out that in Australia it

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is a very small flock which contains less than a thousand, and that ten thousand is not unusual.

The correct English spoken by the blacks when living under good white associations is remarkable. They rarely, if ever, mispronounce words, and often, when addressed in 'pidgin English,' protest against its use by their interrogators. In this they present a marked difference from the Chinese or from the African negro, even when acclimatised for generations, in America.

No doubt, in rebuttal of what I have advanced, the cases of relapse of aboriginals, who have been adopted and educated by benevolent persons, to their original surroundings will be quoted.

But I submit that these are no proof of want of intelligence, but rather an evidence of the potency of the sexual factor in rendering difficult the permanent advancement of a coloured race in a white community.

Until puberty, and for a few years past it, this does not exist, but after this point is reached it becomes of most potent influence. The individual so isolated is condemned to a celibacy which even Europeans, influenced by the highest religious principles, find it very difficult to maintain. What more natural than, failing miscegenation, desire should become all powerful and a return to their own people the result. Poetic licence permits it to be said that 'It is love which makes the world go round,' but it is much more true that it is 'love' which makes the world stand still, so far as the advancement of the black races among white people is concerned. Of this no more forcible example exists than the problem of the negro's position in the United States.

What does all this go to show? I think only that, however interesting such instances of high intelligence in a despised race are, it is not a kindness, but really a cruelty, to cultivate it, and that true philanthropy will best be exhibited by, as Dr. Walter Roth advocates, providing at isolated stations everything needful for the support and safety of the Australian aborigines still remaining, preventing as much as possible all intercourse with whites, except with those officially entrusted with their protection, even education in English being avoided when it is found practicable to impart necessary knowledge by written or oral instruction in their own language, as is now being done in Northern Queensland.

When exploring the North of Australia, west of the Gulf of Carpentaria, before even the present scanty settlement, I was one of the first party of white men seen by several tribes of blacks. With the exception of those on the coast, who were acquainted with Malays making annual visits in proahs for the purpose of collecting trepang, they were literally paralysed by fear on our appearance. I remember occasions when, coming suddenly upon them in soft ground, which emitted no sound of the footsteps of the horses, I observed that on

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discovering us they appeared unable from sheer terror to move for two or three minutes.

Our party (generally myself and another, when away from the main body), on being seen by the natives, invariably stood still and allowed them to gaze at us undisturbed. We sometimes got very near to them, remaining undiscovered as a consequence of their close attention to their occupation of digging food—bulbs and roots. On recovering from their terror at the weird apparitions of white men on horseback they dropped everything and bolted. We always carefully avoided giving any cause of hostility, and in a few days—when we remained so long in their neighbourhood, which was not infrequent, as we were searching for good country—they gained confidence and became friendly. I have thus been able to form opinions as to aboriginals in their pristine state, and thought then, as I more confidently do now, that, as a race, they are not deficient in intelligence. When they realised our friendliness it was their custom to conceal their weapons, so as to appear unarmed in their camp, though no doubt the spears and clubs were easily accessible. The proportion of blind amongst them, principally arising from opacity of the cornea, was very large, but they were always cared for by the rest, and were well fed, frequently being the best nourished in the tribe. When shifting camp or journeying for any other reason the sightless ones take hold of a long stick carried horizontally, by which they are led, several at a time, by a woman or child. Though always completely nude, they had every other instinct of modesty, and an indecent or suggestive gesture was never made use of by any of them. In fact, I never saw modest shame more manifest than on an occasion when one of the party decorated a rather pretty girl with a small mosquito net apron. She at once became so self-conscious and ashamed that in ordinary good feeling it was at once removed by the one who put it on her. These, with other traits which I observed in the uncontaminated black natives who came under observation, justify me in believing that as a people they are not without considerable mental power. One evidence of capacity is manifested by the adaptation, when it became available, of a novel material, in a handicraft which they had carried on for ages, having previously employed a substance markedly different in hardness, density, fracture, &c., from that substituted for it. I refer to the adoption of glass in place of quartz or rock for spear-heads, &c. They were not gradually led up to the adoption of glass by experience with obsidian or vitreous flint, as neither are known in the part of Australia from which the glass chipped weapons have been so plentifully obtained. The raw material is derived from bottles which have been either thrown away by white men in the immediate neighbourhood, or by barter, through intervening tribes, from natives located near frontier settlements, or frequenting sea beaches, to which bottles have drifted when thrown from passing ships.

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I submit that considerable mental capacity has been exhibited by a primitive race which, on discovering the utility of so novel a substance, could adopt it in place of a material they had previously exclusively used. I think also that no little independence of thought is exercised by the individual who can so modify the force, direction, and methods of his blows as to adapt them to the successful production of the desired implements under such changed conditions. The work is, I submit, superior to that shown in the chipped flints of our prehistoric ancestors in Europe, which were made from a much less delicate and intractable material. It is questionable whether any white man could do it, even if he had had as lengthened experience as 'Flint Jack' in the art of chipping flint.

If imagination is indicative of mental power, the 'folklore' of the aborigines collected and published by Mrs. Langloh Parker, or the legends recorded by Messrs. Baldwin, Spencer, and Gillen, show that it is possessed by them in an eminent degree, both fully equal to those of any of the other primitive races hitherto rated as of higher intellectual capacity. The Honourable Edward Lamb, a former Minister for Lands in Queensland, tells me that he on more than one occasion owed his safety to the bright intelligence of his black companions when exploring. He says that boys of fourteen or fifteen, when riding with him, would converse on subjects of common interest, pointing out animals, birds, stones, trees, plants, &c., giving the native name, and explaining the uses and properties of each as realised by their people. When in camp at night they would point out the stars, giving a name to each, and often recounting the native belief relating to them.

Dr. Walter Roth, in the preface to his *Ethnological Studies of the North-Western Queensland Aborigines*, says:

> I would also draw the attention of the reader to the chapter on the sign language, which I first accidentally hit upon at Roxburgh Downs, on the Upper Georgina. I was out on horseback with some blacks, when one of the boys riding by my side suddenly asked me to halt, as a mate of his in front was after some emus, consisting of a hen bird and her young progeny. As there had been, apparently to me, no communication whatsoever between the boy in front and the one close to me, separated as they were by a distance of quite 150 yards, I naturally concluded that my informant was uttering a falsehood, and told him so in pretty plain terms, with the result that after certain mutual recriminations he explained on his hands how he had received the information, the statement to be shortly afterwards confirmed by the arrival of the lad himself with the dead bird and some of the young in question. The possibility of such signs being ideagrams, the actual expression of ideas, led me on step by step to making a study of what I subsequently discovered to be an actual, well-defined sign language, extending through the entire North-Western districts of Queensland. It may be interesting to note that I have during the past few months discovered traces of a gesture language, with some of the ideagrams expressed by identical signs, in the coastal district around Rockhampton.

This was written in September 1897. How close is here the resem-

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blance to the gesture language of Southern Europe, especially of Italy, where civilisation has existed for upwards of two thousand years!

I do not claim any originality in my assertion that the Australian aboriginal is possessed of a high order of intelligence, for the same statement has been made by many others before; but the fact has been so little accepted that its reiteration, with the additional evidence which has come under my own observation, is fully justified.

The mental degradation of the autochthones of Australia has been so generally and unhesitatingly asserted that with the average writer on ethnology it has become an accepted phrase. In addition to others that I have not time to look up, two instances have recently come under my notice which show how carelessly assertions to this effect are made.

One occurs at page 110 in *The American Negro*, by William Hannibal Thomas, who says: 'The Australian Negro, the zero, so to speak, of all anthropological analysis, who is of such low development as to be incapable of dealing with other than units of ideas, as well as of numbers.' The other is in *Asia and Europe*, by Meredith Townsend, which speaks of the Australian blacks as being 'the lowest of savages.' Both books were published in 1901.

To show how little foundation there justly is for such perfunctory statements I will support my own experiences as before related with quotations from good authorities, the first being from the *Aborigines of Australia*, by Bishop Hale, of Perth, W.A., and subsequently of Brisbane, Queensland, who says: 'A shepherd, Adams, has taken to wife a native woman, who had been brought up at some settler's station and was partially educated. Adams could not read, and the black wife taught the white husband to read.'

Again, Mr. James Dawson, in *Australian Aborigines*, published in Melbourne in 1881, records the following very remarkable evidence:

> The inspection of the aboriginal school at Ramahyuck, in Gippsland, during the last eleven years gives a percentage of results higher than the other State schools in Victoria; and while no doubt this excellence is largely due to the regularity with which the children attend school and to the skill and zeal of the gentlemen who taught them, it fairly shows that aboriginal children are at least equal to others in power of learning those branches of education which are taught in the State schools of Victoria. On several occasions of examination by a Government inspector the percentage of the Ramahyuck School was a hundred, a result unparalleled by any other school in the colony.

Other instances of the mental capacity of the Australian aborigines might be collected, but I submit that they would add but little to the evidence which I have endeavoured to set forth in this paper.

Should enough interest be aroused in any reader to make the effort appear worth while, I would suggest that he should inspect the implements and weapons of this race in some large museum. Careful examination will show them to possess a design and finish indicative of great ability in the makers.

J. Mildred Creed.

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FANTIN AND BOUDIN

I

THE two most considerable painters of whom, within the last few years, Death has deprived France have been—if we put aside for the moment Puvis de Chavannes, with his noble and tranquil vision of the elder world—Eugène Boudin and Henri Fantin-Latour. Practically they were contemporaries. Boudin was born in 1824; Fantin in 1837. Boudin died in 1898; Fantin in 1904. And each, although, or perhaps because, their themes and their achievements were so different, esteemed the other and the other's work. '*Tous mes compliments. Enfin!*' wrote Fantin to Boudin, when, in 1883, the 'painter of the Channel' was at length 'medalled.' And, last Spring, in Paris, when, in an hour's talk, that I hoped then might often be repeated, Fantin spoke to me of Boudin, it was of his modesty, as well, of course, as of his merit. There is nothing inappropriate in studying for a while these two artists together. They were both striking and potent individualities.

II

One side of Fantin's art—his exquisite Flower Painting—we, in England, were the first to appreciate. Let us boast where we may. The best of the Criticism of thirty years ago discerned and did justice to the charm of those astonishing, so brilliant, and yet so placid canvases, on which, in very truth, the rose blossoms and the zinnia has lasting life. Most of the finest Flower-pieces Fantin was ever to paint had already then been painted. From 1865 to 1875—or the end of the Seventies it may be—is the great time for his Flowers. It was the best of them that English Criticism had then the chance, and did not then neglect the chance, of appreciating. But in England Fantin's reputation was helped not only by Criticism. The interesting etcher, Edwin Edwards, and his wife—greatly *répandus* in the artistic world of that time—alert, enthusiastic, as well as influential—were, one or other of them, during long years—first one and then the other, to be absolutely accurate—of infinite service to his name. One or

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two of the dealers, too, 'pushed him' with intelligence; and in England, as a Flower painter, Fantin's place has long been secure.

But there are other sides of his art which the Public here has not had equal opportunities of understanding. Not that opportunities have been wanting altogether. Comparatively lately, Mr. R. Gutekunst and Mr. van Wisselingh have made brave shows of Fantin's Lithographs; and in his Lithographs only once has Fantin treated a Flower subject. It is a rare piece, and an interesting piece, but not a wholly satisfactory one—a large lithograph of Roses. I take it Fantin promptly recognised that Lithography was not the medium for Flowers, and that on that account the experiment—quite as successful as it could hope to be—was never repeated. Fantin's other lithographs, the mass of his lithographs—most of them admirable altogether—deal exclusively with the Figure. The figure draped, or the figure nude; the figure of the little *bourgeoise*, the figure of Eve, the figure as it was suggested to Fantin by the musical romances of Wagner or Berlioz; but in any case the Figure. These things, then, have been seen lately—I may say more of them by-and-bye—but, speaking broadly, looking back over what is now a generation, allowing for certain exceptions, opportunities have been wanting, here in England, of seeing anything but the Flower pictures. Sometimes, indeed—but it has been very seldom, and chiefly in quite minor examples—we have seen in England the Portraiture; and the Portraiture, like the Ideal Subjects in Painting and in Lithography, is a side of Fantin's art that it behoves us to know.

But before we glance at that, and at his treatment of the Figure, whether in Painting or Lithography, and before we try to assign to him his place in the Art by which this country best knows him, let us think of the man himself—a man of the South, who had little of Southern temperament; a man typically French, withal; yet the exponent of that side of French character which finds itself content—in a life *recueilli*, in a life *enfermé* almost, and at the most uneventful—with a more than English domesticity. Give him his brushes at least—give him his wife, his sister; Music; Books that he may be read to—and a very passion of domesticity was Fantin's. '*Je vais nul part*,' he said to me, last April, excusing himself *à propos* of what I learnt had been Whistler's mild reproaches to him, in that he had failed to pay a visit to that illustrious settler. In the Rue des Saints Pères once, and then again in the Rue du Bac, lived some time the genius of Etching. Fantin lived in a quarter that at least abutted upon that one—he lived in the Rue des Beaux Arts. But the distance was great for a visit. Fantin, I believe, had made a *bonne promenade* if he had taken the air a little on that light Bridge that spans the Seine hard by—the windy Pont des Arts. I said to M. Durand Ruel, quite lately—to the hale veteran who must have known him from youth—that Fantin had not looked his age, and had not in any

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way seemed it. '*Il sortait peu*,' said M. Durand Ruel, significantly, in full explanation of a death every lover of Fine Art must be sorry for; and I recalled a greyness in the visage not quite in accord with the vivacity of the clear and light-blue eye. '*Il sortait peu*'—and everything had been said. It reminded me of another and more active vice of Age, that the excellent Henry Vaughan—himself then all but a nonagenarian—signalled to me as in his opinion the most certain precursor of Death. 'He has taken to driving in a brougham,' Henry Vaughan remarked, of a common acquaintance. 'He has taken to driving in a brougham.' The end was near.

But it is of Fantin's life, and his work in it—not of his death, nor of the likelihood of its approach—that I am writing; and—a last word upon the gloomier matter—Death was at least averted for awhile, there is no doubt, by the delightful painter's long Summer sojourning at Buré in the Eure. There, in his own corner of pastoral France—his corner by adoption, I mean—in the direction of La Beauce, which is France's granary, Fantin had the air about him, the quiet air of the *belle saison*, and, within his sight, roses and dahlias—zinnias, too, in the September days.

Fantin's birthplace was Stendhal's birthplace—Grenoble. His father was a painter, and gave the boy his first lessons. But when to Paris came Fantin, in what was only just young manhood, it was in the studio of Lecoq de Boisbaudran that he received what people speak of as 'training.' Training, of course, has never made a Master. It has opened, however, some possibilities of mastery; and that Paris studio, in 1857, brought the painter into connection not only with men whose names are to-day forgotten, but with people of genius, who have survived. Of these, the two most conspicuous are Whistler, named already, and Alphonse Legros—in other words, the sybarite of Art and Art's most typical ascetic. And with both, because of real intellectual range, Fantin had sympathy. All three are, in one's sentiment and thought, curiously bound together, not only by a possession of qualities sterling, austere, and delicate (and austerity in Art could be Whistler's as much as it could be any other's), but likewise because one feels of them, especially, that fashionable or unfashionable, liked or not liked, it is in the very air, somehow, that they outlast our day. Fantin outlasts our day, not less than either of his comrades. In 1859 he was refused in Paris, as Whistler very soon was refused, or ignored, in London.

The austerity of Fantin was shown in nothing more than in his Portraiture. He painted intellect and he painted temperament; he painted Age and Youth; but the Age must have taken on nothing of artificial—the Youth must have nothing of self-assertiveness; not much even of expansiveness, nothing of smartness—it is the youth of the refined *Bourgeoisie*, restricted and content, that knows not the manners of the Parc Monceau, nor the manners of the Faubourg.

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So it is that his men of brains—and the men he paints are men of talent, with hardly an exception—are painted, not showing themselves to the world, but at ease with comrades, or, in their pursuits, quietly busy. So it is that his young women—his *Brodeuses* and *Liseuses*—have nothing of Sargent or Helleu. Their nerves possess stability; and they do not represent in the least the elegance of the Capital, or the mode of the moment. In painting them, if Fantin thought of the traditions of any predecessor, it must have been of the best traditions of Metsu and Terburg, and the best traditions of Chardin.

To turn again to Fantin's pictures of men, two of the most famous of his portrait groups are 'Un Atelier aux Batignolles' and 'Hommage à Delacroix.' In the first, Fantin recorded, with the quiet harmony that is usual to him—for he is colourist essentially, as well as harmonist, only, I think, in his Flower-pieces—the men (half of them destined to be famous before his life closed) with whom his life almost began. There, in the 'Atelier of the Batignolles,' were Zola and Edouard Manet. Other people—some of them perhaps famous already—were, later, dragged into the 'Hommage à Delacroix.' Why do I write 'dragged'? Because I recollect that on my saying to Fantin there seemed no special reason why these should all do homage at that particular shrine, he smilingly allowed that half of them were there not at all because they wished to be. Be it his to assume their acquiescence, and to lead their worship in the direction in which just then he thought it fitting that it should go.

It is in the Allegorical figures, the draped figures of Romantic Music, in the Classical nudities, above all—amongst which I count perforce the firm and silvery figure of 'Eve' in the lithograph—that the correctness—the warm correctness—of Fantin's draughtsmanship, still more, the suavity and splendour of his design—becomes most of all apparent. I have used the word 'austere' of him; but there is no austerity whatever about his representation—his habitual representation—of the female figure. Here, with Legros, he has scarcely anything in common. In his drawing of the female Nude, he is of the tradition of Venice—with a little leaning here and there to the simpler grace of the tradition of Prud'hon. As far as Painting is concerned, I like these subjects best in the earlier years of his treatment of them. It is then that their colour is finest—nothing blurred, nothing modified unduly—and the very touch of the brush is then more interesting. As far as the Lithographs are concerned, Time changed him hardly at all—if it did change him at all, it was for the better. *Pace* the French feeling of the moment, which inclines, even more strongly, to other things, Fantin's greatest achievement was his painting of Flowers. He is, *par excellence*, the Flower-painter in Oils, as Francis James is the Flower-painter in Water Colour. But next, I suppose, comes the perfection of draughtsmanship, design, and craftsman's technical skill, in the

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production of the Lithographs. Whistler's, Legros's, Charles Shannon's Lithographs are the only ones that can endure at all to be set by Fantin's. That one fact let us note—it must by no means escape us—ere we say one word more of the thing that, above all others, was final, consummate—the Flower Painting.

Rightly, of late years, Fantin hardly touched Flower Painting. He had done, in his great period—in the Seventies, chiefly, but not exclusively, as has been said already—those things in Flower Painting by which he is most certain to live. In a sense, his Flower Painting is itself Portraiture—that is, the individuality of the particular bloom is in no way passed over. Fantin—like Francis James—arrests for us its soul, where Van Huysum and Van Aelst—great in verisimilitude and great in symmetry—arrested for us mainly its magnificence and its material life. With Fantin, there is the sentiment as well as the fact—the intimate pleasure not only in the thing's splendour but in the thing's existence. Van Huysum's flowers were for the taste, ordered and artificial, of the Eighteenth Century—its earlier half. Fantin's were for the taste of the poet of the 'Lesser Celandine,' and of the 'primrose by the river's brim.' A background wholly lacking in incident or line—without even variety of light and shade, for the most part—but a background always carefully and subtly in harmony with the flowers themselves, is his flowers' only *décor*. So much have they that accuracy of draughtsmanship which is *la probité de l'art*, that less of subtlety in the background—less of subtlety, too, sheer subtlety, in the rendering of the main theme—and the things might be botanical studies. Yet they are that, in fact, not more at all than the splendid impromptus of Diaz or the revelries of Vollon. No, no, it is not a mere Realist; it is an Idealist who has painted them. They have been not only a conscientious student's adequate material. Dahlias and roses; zinnias; roses; then roses and white heather; stocks, and roses—it is their lover who has painted them. Fantin has understood and valued the fragile life that only his love could prolong.

III

Really, Eugène Boudin must have had a wonderful constitution. Nothing jerry-built about him. Like 'Sarah'—once supposed to have no staying power—he was made, truly, of steel. The penury of his earlier years—of manhood, I mean—the immense struggle of all his middle life—neither the one nor the other shortened visibly his days. He survived those evil times. He died at seventy-four.

All that accounts for his large and various productiveness; it accounts for the fact that some of his work, and some that is not the least excellent, must be referred to a period only old men can remember—the period of the early Sixties—and for the fact, too, that some

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of his work belongs to a time which even young men allow to be recent. Boudin painted at Antibes and at Beaulieu in the Winter of 1896. Nor did he fail to change in accordance with the years: the impulse, a natural one, coming from within and never from without. So it was, and under those conditions only, that he was '*dans le mouvement*' entirely—even '*du dernier bâteau*,' one would say. And Boudin is now on his way to be a Classic; and there are about twenty people in England to whom his name is familiar.

Since, from seeing one striking oil sketch of his, in M. Jacobi's window, then over against the portico of Notre Dame de Lorette—since, from seeing that sketch of towering sails, golden and grey, in a placid harbour, I began to take serious interest in Eugène Boudin, I have often asked myself why we have known him so little. Certainly an English dealer here and there has had his work, and has presumably sold it; but with us it has never been concentrated, never seen *en masse*, never made a theme of Criticism; and in most recent days it has seemed, amongst us, neither quite entertainingly new nor quite respectably old. It is of the generation that followed that of the Romantics; and the Romantics, the 'men of 1830'—Corot and Rousseau, Diaz and Dupré—held the field, and Boudin, whom the last of the Romantics admired, has stood alone.

Again, though Boudin's work has great and various virtues, though it is sterling entirely, and though one never wearies of it, it has no peculiarity. Boudin does not break suddenly and visibly away, as Corot did, at a particular moment, from the recognised road—painting never the forms of things, but only their suggestiveness; painting a few things; painting these with reiteration—the dreamy, undulating land, the silver of the morning, the mist of twilight. That was Corot's way. And one of the reasons why he has impressed—though he was late in impressing—the big Public, is that pertinaciously, and not as I suppose with any inward satiety, he went on doing practically one thing—I mean that it is one order of sentiment that dominates in Corot, that makes itself felt, that by mere repetition gets itself accepted. Such work, by its mass and similarity, maintaining all the time a high though very far from an unbroken level, ends by imposing on the Public no obligation of alertness, no exertion, no meeting of the painter half way. You know a Corot, or an imitation of Corot, as you know the palm of your hand; and the Public loves that facility; and Boudin, with his variety, with the endlessness of the impressions he records, offers it no pleasure so idle and convenient. More or less you must know his work—more or less, too, you must have studied his themes—to understand his individuality. He is a *virtuoso*, but much more than a *virtuoso*—he appeals to the most tasteful of experts. Baudelaire—sanest of critics, if least wholesome of poets—forty years ago, jumps to the recognition of him. Corot acclaims him '*le roi des*

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ciels.' Courbet declares '*Il n'y a que vous qui connaissez le ciel.*' And much of the best modern Criticism of France echoes in effect that eulogy.

A word about his circumstances and his life, before I try to analyse with some degree of detail his achievement, and speak of the mediums as well as of the themes in which his art is expressed.

Boudin was the son of a sailor: the sea was in his blood. Born at Honfleur, the quaint and interesting, but now, I suppose, somewhat decaying port, on the western side of the estuary of the Seine—the port whose ancient picturesqueness Isabey romantically chronicled, in a picture whose effect is preserved for us through the impressive mezzotint of Lucas—he was himself, like more than one of the sea novelists, his true brethren, a while 'before the mast.' His father was at that time pilot on board the humble packet that daily crossed, in serene Summer and stormy Autumn, the breadth of Channel water that divides Honfleur from Le Hâvre. Eugène, in his boyhood, had wider experiences. Once, at least, his ship dropped anchor in an English port; and M. Gustave Cahen's authoritative Life of him records that he was once at the Antilles. These early voyages gave him impressions, gave him actual knowledge, gave him insight. I do not minimise their importance. All his youthful ways did something to equip him for the business of his life. But the vitality of his work, during long years, is due, of course, not only and not mainly, to those first experiences with which so many painters are wont to be content—its sustained excellence is due to Boudin's habit of daily and of hourly contact with the scenes that gave him occasion for those subjects on which his choice instinctively fell.

Before old age came on him, Boudin's father retired from the sea. He settled then at Le Hâvre—established himself there as a small stationer and frame-maker—kept Eugène Boudin with him as an assistant, and the instinct for drawing showed itself in Eugène as a youth. 'Chance,' says M. Cahen—to whose book I am indebted for details of Boudin's early days—'chance brought into the shop the painter Troyon, who gave him some pastels to be stretched and framed.' The sight of them was a stimulus. Young Boudin did a landscape which came under the notice of Millet—Millet, poor but a Master. His heart was set already upon being an artist: nothing else. Millet reasoned with him to no purpose—reasoned from his own bitter experience—but helped him, gave him his first lesson, as well. The shop, thenceforth, was as a closed book to him. Troyon, Isabey, and Coûture, recognising the young man's talent, busied themselves with getting the town of his adoption to grant him for a few years an allowance. The object was, that he should have leisure to study. And, towards 1850, a three years' pension from the municipality of Le Hâvre was forthcoming; and to Paris, to study, and observe, went Eugène Boudin. Not, however, as it seemed

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at first, and seemed even for some time afterwards, very usefully. He was confused in his course. Rousseau 'solicited' him this way—the word is Boudin's own—Corot 'solicited' him in that. And, at a bad moment for Portraiture to succeed—for, amongst people who could afford but little, the daguerreotype was then found fascinating and absorbing—he made the mistake of taking to Portraiture. Nobody wanted his portraits. The time for the pension expired. 'The town of Hâvre owed me nothing,' says Boudin; and, 'It had been deceived.'

Then began the really difficult days that must have seemed to be endless ones. In spite of occasional recognition of a success that was personal, they lasted more or less till the beginning of his old age—till within ten years of his death. Then only was his income a good one; in the years of what is now accounted his best labour, his earnings, not always actually insignificant—and his ways were humble ways—were at least strangely uncertain. In several years that followed pretty closely upon those in which Le Hâvre had pensioned him, Boudin must have starved if he had not been useful to Troyon. Many a Troyon background—the sky, or more than the sky—owes something of its life to Boudin. Troyon had a name and was busy, and Boudin helped him effectively, where he needed help the most. But, by that time, Boudin's work, wrought on his own panels, was his own entirely, in character. He had learnt his lessons. He had taken his road. But the Public would not receive him. '*La Peinture grise n'était guère goutée à ce moment-là*,' he says: '*surtout pour la marine*.' And it was the grey of the Channel waters, and the grey of the Channel skies, that Boudin had found, by this time, it was his business to set down. How wide, really, was his range, how unremitting his originality and freshness, in that which, looked at superficially, may seem to be limited, I shall insist on—I shall try to show—a little later, when I have done counting the milestones: done with the brief story of Boudin's outward life.

In one of the years that followed not long after the ending of the pension, Boudin went to Brittany. He returned there later; but it must have been in the first of his long sojourns in a land that lies beyond the boundaries of the veritable France, that he met the Breton girl whom, in 1858, he married—using her that very year as his principal model for what seemed then an 'important' but must be looked at now as on the whole an unsatisfactory picture, the 'Pardon de Sainte Anne la Palud, Finisterre.' The town of Hâvre, not even then quite weary of well-doing as far as he was concerned, bought the canvas. It hangs in the Museum. In after years Boudin was ashamed of it—wished it had never been painted; wished it had been destroyed—in its hard and laboured finish it misrepresented the artist he had become. But, at the time, no doubt the purchase pleased him. Like his wife's modest dowry—destined certainly to be spent—it helped

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to keep the couple going. It was in somewhat later days than these, and when he was himself more truly, that his straits were the greatest. The development of his genius came then apace, and on the part of the Public there was no response. Yet at this time, more distinctly than in the beginning, artistic folk believed in him.

Frequent then was his practice of Pastel; and it was when he was settled in humble fashion at Honfleur, or on the hillside above it, in 1859—when the character of the Pastel work, done for his own sake entirely, was in advance of that of the Painting, done in part for the rare buyer—that Baudelaire was smitten with the charm of these impromptus, with their suggestiveness, so free and so potent that for the seeing eye it is a realisation, absolutely. And why may I not quote here, instead of later, those phrases of Baudelaire's which have almost the colour, almost the vivacity, almost the depth, of the intense and personal visions—those pastels they describe? He is speaking of skies. '*Ténèbres chaotiques, immensités vertes et roses . . . ces fournaises béantes, ces firmaments de satin noir ou violet . . . ces horizons en deuil, ou ruisselant de métal fondu; toutes ces profondeurs, toutes ces splendeurs, me montèrent au cerveau.*'

Two painters with whom, in years still relatively early, Boudin became associated, must be named here. To mention them—Jongkind and Claude Monet—is to show in part Boudin's derivation, and to show in part his influence. Jongkind—a Dutchman, chiefly of French practice—was Isabey's pupil; but his originality was such that he departed wholly and at once from Isabey's often theatrical manner. The marines of Isabey—save at his very best—have something that is artificial, too obviously. The marines of Jongkind are scenes observed with closeness, and suggested with power. Whether in Painting or in Etching, Jongkind's touch has knowledge, economy, and strength. Boudin, up to a certain point, was influenced by him; though he had qualities—the quality of colourist was one of them—Jongkind never possessed. He became a little hopeful as to his own Future—as to the eventual acceptance of his work—when, as he says, he saw the Public disposed at last to swallow 'that fruit of Jongkind's, of which the rind was certainly hard.' Jongkind, by learned vividness, by learned omission—an art of omission sometimes even overdone—set the way to Impressionism. And Boudin, looked at in one light at least, appears a link between the orthodox of the earlier half of the Nineteenth Century and the Impressionist of the latter half—he was the master of Claude Monet—and it is the Impressionists and those who understand Impressionists—it is, at all events, the Moderns—who comprehend best, and value most, the work of Boudin. For Monet, Boudin was a fascination from the first; and M. Hugues le Roux prettily chronicles the meeting of the man and the boy. '*Aimes-tu la peinture? Regarde,*' says Boudin. And the chronicler explains: 'They were in a light key'—for the

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period, revolutionary—all those landscapes of the port and of the Lower Seine. '*C'est très beau.*' And they were friends immediately. And master and pupil marched off together—'*s'asseoir dans le grand vent des plateaux.*'

A few years later, Claude Monet—already in Paris or its neighbourhood—laboriously urged Boudin to establish himself in the capital. But means were lacking, and perhaps the desire. Afterwards Boudin wrote, not altogether regretfully—not with much self-reproach; for he knew that in Art, at least, his ways had been justified—'*Je suis un isolé, un rêvasseur, qui s'est trop complu à rester dans son coin et à regarder le ciel.*' But he had his Exhibitions; humble at first; then more visibly important—Durand Ruel, a picture lover *d'avant garde*, if there is one, and some of the younger of the dealers, too, were believing in him. Alexandre Dumas—the second of the name, of course—bought two of his things, and wrote to him, at a later time, imploring him for a third. What he asked for was 'a great sky, a line of sea, and on that sea one boat.' Yet when Boudin found purchasers his terms were low; the period of the War and of the Commune (1870–71) saw him in dire straits; and he who had been at Trouville, painting in poverty, Summer after Summer, not only the landscape but the people of the *Plage* (they are amongst the most vivacious of his sketches), passed over to Belgium, and so to Dordrecht, and set down with a power not less than Jacob Maris's the towns and towers and long canals of the Low Countries.

Returning to France, in the very fullest possession of his means—living still from hand to mouth, and sustained only by the strength of his delight in Nature and in the ever-opening vistas of his art—Boudin was in the North mainly, where was that '*paysage de mer*' (Courbet's phrase) of which the ships he knew so well, and drew so skilfully, were but the incidents and, so to say, the figures. But once, at least, in the middle of the Seventies—in the middle of his greatest years, that is, for his greatest years were not those of his largest canvases—Boudin was at Bordeaux. And the 'Port de Bordeaux,' which represents him at the Luxembourg—and which is large by exception—is in every way one of the most considerable of the pictures devoted to the aspects of ports. It is a comprehensive and elaborate record of the town and its pursuits: it is a vision and a history. But it has not, and it cannot have, the charm of impressions less complex, more vivid, and more personal—those smaller pieces in which it is now the outer port of Le Hâvre, or now the harbour front of Dieppe, or now the quay of Fécamp, that is brought actually before us, with its characteristic shipping, and its tidal waters, and its background of Channel skies. These smaller pictures, when they went to the Salons, were almost lost there; yet in '87 'Etaples; marée basse,' of modest proportions, perfectly composed, and with such spirited figures (but his groups, whether of

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figures or of cattle, were good always), is recognised as a '*morceau de choix, morceau accompli, symphonie des gris des plus délicats*.' The succeeding year the painter had an Exhibition on the Boulevard de la Madeleine, followed by a sale at the Hôtel des Ventes. Sixty Pictures, thirty Pastels, ten Water-colours. The result, scarcely 400*l*. One year later the painter lost his wife. He was childless, I believe. But companions he had, of either sex. In the Winter, Paris was now his home. And—as to his affairs—by an irony of circumstance, the tide turned. But time began to tell on him. In his latest years, he went to Venice, and health compelled him, and money then allowed him, to winter in the South. He painted Venice ably—but it was not his field. He had true visions of the French Riviera—of the 'Côte d'Azur'—but he did not exhaust its charm, and did not, perhaps, seize the most characteristic of its features.

Already an incidental reference has implied or mentioned the mediums in which Boudin worked; but Boudin used these mediums with such unfailing appropriateness, and he transferred himself from one to another with such freedom, that these mediums and the themes he treated in them must be discussed a little less superficially. As regards scale, he had the sense to confine Pastel and Water-colour—and, one need hardly add, Pencil-work, to the size that exhibits best, and justifies most, the means he was at the moment employing. In these mediums he did nothing large in size: the largeness was in his style, rather. In Oil, the best work of his middle period—the work by which for the most part he lives—is, with but very few exceptions, of more or less modest scale. The masterpieces that show best the finely conceived breadth of his noblest time—that are veritable lyrics of weather—measure sometimes twelve inches by nine; sometimes twenty inches by fifteen, or thereabouts. When he goes much beyond this, he is apt to be a little empty, or, less frequently, a little laboured—anyhow a little less personal. His treatment of his themes, with the art at his command, with all his learning and dexterity, has no need for wandering into vastness. The precision of his earlier work—I am not speaking of his earliest—has its own charm: it is a precision not devoid of breadth. But I prefer to that, and I prefer to the looser largeness of his latest time, the strangely expressive breadth of his middle period—from 1865 to 1886 marks that period's limits—when, with delicate, decisive hand, he was pouring out accumulated stores. Then it was that his realism was most fearless: then it was that it was most essentially poetic.

Water-colour, Boudin used generally for more or less brief notes: sometimes extraordinarily pregnant; but rarely exhausting—never *pretending* to exhaust—the possibilities of his theme. His Trouville crowds, or Trouville groups, of the later Sixties—before the reign of crinoline was quite passed—have, as far as our eyes are concerned (and our prejudices into the bargain), some obvious difficulties to

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contend with. They surmount them—they win us to their side. Admirably these notes record the aspect of the beach on a September morning: the cool, clear light, an hour before breakfast-time: the attitudes, the very gossip, of Parisians *en villégiature*. But when Boudin wills that the people shall become of secondary importance—when the pageant of sunset is his motive instead, or, seen from the Jetty perhaps, the ominous marshalling of cloud behind cloud—he turns to Pastel, and by that medium, sumptuous and summary, the effect is rendered—the end before him attained. Again, no one has understood better than Boudin—not even Prout of old, or Fulleylove in our own day—no one has understood better than Boudin the extraordinary expressiveness of the Lead Pencil. He has employed it chiefly for notes—sometimes for complete little drawings—of Shipping. A fishing boat, it may be, in the quiet corner and refuge of the port; or with its sails catching the sunlight, as in brisk and pleasant weather it makes for the sea. Or, perhaps, in a larger harbour, and alongside of some spacious quay, two or three *trois-mâts*—their rigging against clear sky—are moored in stately line. The earlier pencil drawings, with a *dessin menu et précis*, are pencil alone. In the later ones—in which the record of effects is compassed quite as much as the record of form—it has occurred to Boudin that four learned dabs of Indian ink will help the chiaro 'scuro—will give emphasis and strength to what, for all its economy of means and all its speed, is really a little picture.

'Where, apart from the galleries of such Parisian dealers as Durand Ruel, Georges Bernheim, Gérard, and others, and such private houses as that of M. Gustave Cahen, and that of M. Van de Velde, may Boudins be seen in any number?' The question is a fair one. The Luxembourg has put away, for the moment, all but the 'Port of Bordeaux.' Well—apart from these places—the most interesting spots in which to see them are Le Hâvre and Honfleur. Le Hâvre especially; for there, within sight of the Museum windows, lies so much that Boudin painted—within sight of the Museum windows, ride the boats, and roll the waters, and forms and re-forms itself the changeful sky which were the very theme and inspiration of Boudin's art. The large picture, the 'Pardon de Sainte Anne la Palud'—I have mentioned it already—is sufficiently pale and inexpressive in colour: sufficiently tame in touch. But that is a piece of 1858—only it is worth noting that, early though it is, Boudin had given before it much promise, not in it fulfilled. He had given it in considerably earlier pieces: quiet little bits as they are; one, a Fort apparently, and the *terrain vague* that lies near it; another of the same fort, it would seem, seen differently—with a glimpse of water beyond. And they are dated '1852'—the year after the town of Hâvre pensioned Boudin. A picture of the Giudecca, with the Ducal Palace, comes near the end of his career, and represents that work

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at Venice, which for the artist was neither a great failure nor a brilliant success. It is nearly three feet long; and by it, and of much the same dimensions, are two highly interesting visions of the Channel; one, indeed, very slight and sketchy—a record of tossed seas and breezy sky—the other the *jetée du Hâvre*, swept over by tempestuous waters; the lighthouse at the jetty's end standing out, white and steadfast, against a sky that is one vast sheet of greyish lead. And not to speak of innumerable Sky studies, now turquoise and now leaden, now orange, rose, or saffron, and studies of Hâvre fishing-boats and rich-hued cattle in fat meadows by the Toucques, there is particularly to be noticed, in that Museum of Le Hâvre, a splendid vision of an illuminated shore and hillside beyond a dark foreground and a shadowed river; and again, a study of a row of seated people with bathing huts to right and a sky of grey, with rose in it: an *ébauche* if you will, but full of tone, and from the very first a picture. These Studies and their like —two hundred in number—form the generous, lavish gift of M. Louis Boudin to the town that helped his brother's first steps.

In the Museum at Honfleur—looking out almost on Boudin's Bust, by the shore—are a few vivid oil sketches, good and interesting enough in themselves; but they at all events do not quite equal the best of the many at Le Hâvre. They were obtained for Honfleur through the instrumentality of M. Louveau, I believe. And it is sketches—but sketches in all mediums: Oil and Pastel and Pencil and Water-colour (though chiefly of a period before 1870)—that are possessed, in a quaint, delightful house, of the Rue Eugène Boudin, by M. Louveau himself—Boudin's friend: the friend who closed Boudin's eyes; who keeps religiously, in a chamber shown to few, Boudin's palettes, his easel, and, on the easel, the last sketch he made. He left that sketch unfinished. It is a sea sunset: orange, shot with red. And in its glory, as in Boudin's own glory when he did it, there is no hint of melancholy, but that which belongs to the end of a day—and to the end of the day of a man.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

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THE REVIVAL OF THE SMALL-SWORD

THE international tournament for *épée* and foil, held at the Crystal Palace last June, marked the successful issue of a real revolution in English fencing. This meeting of many nations with mimic arms, arranged by a quite representative committee, under the rules of the Amateur Fencing Association, implied the tacit but none the less official recognition of the small-sword, or *épée de combat*, as entitled to at least an equal place in classic fencing, with the foil. To many fencers of the older school this bare statement of fact will be a surprise, but the real wonder is that the revival of the small-sword has been delayed so long.

It should be explained, for the imperfectly initiated, that the *épée de combat*—which is the modern French duelling-sword, having a point but no cutting edge—is, so far as the blade is concerned, identical with the small-sword of our ancestors, which still remains a part of English court dress. The *épée* has undergone much alteration in the guard and hilt, but the blade is the blade of old. Note also that, although the two are often confounded together, the *épée*, a purely French invention, is not at all the same thing as the long Italian *rapier*, which it superseded about two centuries ago.

Most people are familiar with the appearance of the foil, or *fleuret*; but a good many experienced fencers have scarcely realised that the foil is not in itself an arm, but only the simulacrum of a weapon used for practice in the fencing-room. Although the sharpened foil has on occasion been used in duels with dangerous effect, yet it is far too weak and flexible to be relied on for a man's life. It is, besides, so light in hand that many movements can be made with it which would be either impossible or extremely unsafe in the duel with real swords. And yet, so strong is the force of habit, that the French, whose duels (still pretty frequent) are almost invariably fought with the *épée*, were for nearly a hundred years accustomed to do all their practice with the foil. One might as well try to learn rifle-shooting with a shot-gun.

The causes which led to this curious result are simple enough when one looks into fencing history. In the latter half of the eighteenth century, while the *épée* still hung at every gentleman's side, the handling

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of it in the fencing school was brought to great technical perfection, within certain conventional limits. This is notably proved by the famous treatise on fencing by Angelo, published in London in 1763, and again by the still more important and complete work of Danet, which appeared in Paris a few years later. These books relate to the small-sword exclusively, and have nothing whatever to do with the modern foil. Although the word *fleuret* was familiar in the French language at that time, it certainly did not possess its exact present meaning. The blades known to Angelo and Danet, and the eighteenth-century writers who followed them, were either *vidées* or *plates*; that is, three-edged in cross-section, or flat. The former were *épée* blades pure and simple; the latter, being the more flexible, were chiefly used for training boys and beginners, but were ill-balanced and heavy at the point.

All this time fencing was carried on without masks, and many conventions were patiently borne with in order to diminish the ever-present risk of losing an eye. The plates in the old books show the fencers elevating their sword-hands so that the point might always be lowered towards the adversary's breast, while the sword-arm shielded the face. So very old is the convention that hits on the breast alone should count, that the eighteenth-century treatises barely allude to it, and it certainly was not instituted, as many fencers have surmised, in order to add to the difficulty and neatness of foil-play, but solely for the protection of the face during practice.

About 1780 wire masks were invented by a celebrated fencing-master, the elder La Boëssière;[1] but they were slow to come into general use, in spite of their obvious advantages. And it never seems to have occurred to the fencers of this period that as soon as masks were adopted all the conventions might be safely dispensed with at once, and a rational and practical method of sword-play might be resorted to which would have the incidental recommendation of affording a real course of instruction for the duel. Naturally, fencing-masters, whose means of livelihood is the teaching of a special art, laboriously learned by them, have a tendency to stick in a groove, and are very slow to accept innovations. Still, if the custom of

[1] This is on the authority of his son, who probably refers to masks of modern pattern; for Nicholas Demense, in his *Nouveau Traité des Armes*, published at Liége in 1778, already mentions a sort of mask which used to be tied on at the back of the head. But he remarks, that although of inestimable advantage, masks were not only neglected but unknown in many fencing academies of his day. He writes also of the *fleuret*, that it has four sides. This points to an evolution from the *lame plate* in the direction of the genuine foil. And, indeed, Demense's excellent treatise has throughout far closer relationship to modern foil-play than those of his predecessors, Angelo and Danet. It is probable that he used masks of some kind for several years before his book appeared. Without masks anything like modern foil-play is impossibly dangerous, and the genesis of the foil evidently follows that of the mask. The mezzotint portrait of the Chevalier de St. George, by Ward, after Brown, dated, 1788, represents this famous fencer holding a foil of comparatively modern type.

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wearing swords had survived the Revolution, and if the French aristocracy had not been scattered to the ends of the earth, it seems probable that some fundamental changes in fencing practice would have been evolved. But, as it was, when fencing was again actively taken up in Paris in the early years of the nineteenth century, it was less as a preparation for the duel than as a means of exercise.

Now came the need of a cheap substitute for the expensive *épée* blade, and it was found in the modern foil, which had probably been first invented some years earlier. La Boëssière the younger, in his admirable treatise published in 1818, says 'nowadays the learner must have the *lame carrée*,' that is, the blade of quadrangular cross-section, such as the foil has. He goes on to deplore the obsolescence of the *épée* properly so called, and the absurd manner in which the *épées* of his day were mounted and balanced. It is thus evident that somewhere about the beginning of the nineteenth century the *épée*, as a fencing-room weapon, was giving place to the foil, though this latter was far from being the light and well-equilibrated article which we now know as a 'fleuret No. 4.' Indeed, the specimens of early foils that remain are very heavy in the *faible*, and their grip is usually of an awkward shape.

However, in the course of the century just elapsed, a brilliant succession of French fencing-masters developed modern foil-play to its highest expression. Little concerned with practical swordsmanship, they made the perfected foil the instrument of a most graceful exercise, always provided that the adversaries loyally play the conventional game. And it would be indeed a pity if this charming invention, elaborated and specialised during a hundred years, were now to be assimilated to the sterner practice of the *épée*, as some have mistakenly advocated.

But delightful as good foil-play is, both to performers and lookers-on, it is neither the real sword-fight nor even a reasonably complete preparation for it. This began to be generally perceived by French fencers only within the last ten or fifteen years.[2] One or two intelligent professors, struck by the inadequacy of foil practice as an introduction to the duel, began to study the true principles of the unconventional sword-fight, in which every hit counts, on whatever part of the body it is fixed. Jacob first, and then Baudry, formed schools for the *épée*, and by and by, in face of a storm of ridicule, it was revealed (not least in certain duels) that their best pupils, even when comparatively new to arms, were more than a match in the duel for some of the most distinguished amateurs of the foil. These early pioneers

[2] But about the middle of the last century, the Baron de Bazancourt had written *Les Secrets de l'Epée*, a fascinating and prophetic book for the fencer, which has been recently translated by Mr. C. Felix Clay, and illustrated by Mr. F. H. Townsend. Some few of the most noted duellists have always given more attention to the *épée* than to the foil.

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were soon followed by others, and professors like the elder Ayat and Spinnewyn established themselves in flourishing schools, where a foil is hardly ever to be seen. The movement continued to gather force, until now it is a moot question whether the *épée* is not in more general use than the foil in the fencing-rooms of Paris.

Of course the original amateurs of the *épée*, with few professors to guide them, and those few learners themselves, could not all at once discover a complete and unassailable system. A new method had to be cautiously elaborated. The old books did not help them much, being written for conventional sword-play without the use of masks. Some who had had little or no preliminary training with the foil were uncouth in position and cramped and monotonous in style at the *épée*. But time and practice cured these defects, and it has long been possible for the neatest exponents of the *épée*, such for instance as Albert Ayat among professors, and MM. Joseph Renaud, Edmond Wallace, and Holzchuch, to mention only a few examples, among the amateurs, to make an *épée* assault with a degree of classical correctness that is painfully lacking in the scratchy efforts of even accomplished foil-players who have not found out for themselves the essential differences between the two methods. Indeed, in the assault-at-arms a good *épée* fight is now fully as attractive and interesting as a bout with the foils, and those who think the opposite usually form their opinion from watching fencers who are only indifferent performers.

In some ways, the *poule à l'épée*, which has been Englished into our word 'pool,' so familiar at billiards, has even greater interest than the assault, whether public or in the comparative privacy of the fencing-room. The *épée* pool is a gathering usually of from five to eleven competitors, in the open air if possible. Each fencer engaged has as many 'lives' as there are other competitors. He fights with each in turn, for one hit only, and the one who is least often hit, or not at all, in these successive duels, becomes the winner of the pool. A 'tournament' is usually composed of a number of pools of six or eight, from each of which the best three or four fencers are taken to form a second series of pools, out of which again the winners are combined into a final pool of manageable proportions. The first in the final is the winner of the tournament.

It is these pleasant open-air meetings which have greatly decided the rapid popularity of the *épée*. Foil-practice is essentially and most usefully an indoor exercise, while the *épée* fight, which is the image of the duel, is primarily an outdoor one. And the *épée* lends itself to the spirit of competition so much better than the foil. When once the idea of a judged contest is admitted, with the counting of hits, the best foil amateurs, and professionals too, for the matter of that, have the greatest difficulty in maintaining the pretty and correct form without which foil-play is nothing worth, except as a violent and hygienic exercise. At the *épée*, on the contrary, though over-

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caution or inexperience may sometimes make the play seem either too tame or too boisterous, there is not the same temptation for good performers to wander outside the bounds of correct form. The few who occasionally succeed in important tournaments by sheer force or activity, with no style to speak of, are those who have never been able to attain to fine form; it is not competition which deprives them of it.

The gradual recognition of these facts has, I think, assured the new position of the *épée* in England. For though our good amateur fencers have always been a very small and select band, ever since the duel finally died out on this side of the Channel, yet at no time has the art of fencing been completely lost. Though generally born fighters, our best swordsmen have always been sticklers for good form, and if it had not been proved to them by brilliant foreign examples, that the more masculine *épée* can be handled with the same mastery of style which is typical of the right foil-play, there would be little justification for the claim that the *épée* has come, seen, and conquered us.

Nor could it have become popular without the recent and conspicuous extension of fencing in England, which had been quietly prepared for years, first and foremost by Captain Hutton, and then by such sterling swordsmen of a newer generation as Mr. Egerton Castle and Mr. C. Felix Clay—all three as active with the pen as with the blade. It was, I think, the wonderfully successful gathering of leading foreign professors of the foil, organised by Mr. Sieveking at the Portman Rooms in 1899, which first attracted to fencing the attention of a considerable new section of the public. Lord Methuen presided, and hundreds paid a guinea apiece to see Camille Prévost, Kirchoffer, Georges Rouleau, Lucien Merignac, and Conte represent the most brilliant fencing skill of France and Italy, while Selderslagh stood for Belgium, and the young British professor Macpherson also wielded the foil in their company, and in that of several excellent French professors domiciled in London—Vital Lebailly, Volland, Fontaine, Bourgeois, and Danguy.

About this same time the *épée* had suddenly come into great prominence in Paris, while still all but unknown here. It is true a stray pair of rusty weapons of indifferent make could be found in several of our fencing-rooms. But except a very small number of such amateurs as Sir Charles Dilke, Sir Cosmo Duff-Gordon, Mr. Staveley, Mr. Theodore Cook, and a few others, who had seen something of the *épée* abroad, scarcely any one here knew it, even by name. When used it was generally treated as a kind of heavy and clumsy foil. However, in the spring of 1899 that accomplished swordsman, Mr. H. T. Law, who with the late Mr. Colmore Dunn used to keep up a tradition of good foil-fencing at Lincoln's Inn, brought the practice of the *épée* from Brussels, where it had already

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gained a secure footing. He persuaded me to venture a bout with him at the annual public assault of the Inns of Court School of Arms, the fencing club of the 'Devil's Own' and of the Bar. The interest of the new game, almost entirely free from convention, was such as to induce me to go to Paris on purpose to study it in the school of Professor Spinnewyn. It did not take long to realise, in part at least, the profound difference between the play of the *épée* and that of the foil, and to become convinced that the former is really the better suited to the English temperament. The following year it was easy to get together a committee of well-known fencers to organise a public assault-at-arms at the Steinway Hall, which for the first time in England was to demonstrate a true method of the *épée*, in contrast with examples of both *fleuret* and *sabre*. This was on the 4th of May, 1900. Sir George White, fresh from the gallant defence of Ladysmith, was kind enough to preside. The principal foil assault was between Professors Danguy and Bourgeois, and Magrini showed the vivid Italian sabre-play with the veteran English professor, Blackburn. More interesting, because more novel to the spectators, was the 'lesson' of the *épée* given by Spinnewyn to his cleverest pupil, M. Willy Sulzbacher, which they followed up with an assault. There was also a little *épée* match between English and French amateurs, three on each side, which, needless to say, was won by the latter. Next day came off the first open *épée* tournament ever held in England. The venue was now again at Lincoln's Inn, in the large building which the liberality of the Masters of the Bench has lately improved into the best appointed of the London fencing-rooms. Although the notice was short, and the entries not numerous, they included four French amateurs and several of our best swordsmen, two of whom were champions of the foil. M. Willy Sulzbacher, in splendid form, won very easily, a success which he repeated the year after. I had the good luck to come second and win the medal presented by the Académie d'Epée de Paris to the first-placed Englishman. M. Paul Ettlinger, a French amateur residing in London, who was then just beginning to show his remarkable aptitude for the *épée* pool, was third, and Mr. Hugh Pollock fourth; so that the French visitors did not have it entirely their own way.

At the fencers' dinner which followed, the interest excited by the new style of sword-play was such that those present resolved themselves there and then into the Epée Club of London. This club, of which Mr. C. Felix Clay has been the devoted honorary secretary from its start, now has a membership of about fifty active fencers, and seems destined to enjoy a long and vigorous existence. In the first year after its formation the club began to hold annual open *épée* tournaments, in which, it is true, the pick of the French visitors usually take the front places. Such well-known foreign swordsmen as Captain Count de la Falaise, M. G. H. Berger, M. Jean Stern, the Marquis de

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Chasseloup-Laubat, M. Rom, M. G. Breittmeyer, and M. Joseph-Renaud are among the principal winners. But in 1902 it was won by a North Briton—Mr. R. Montgomerie. Sir Edward Jenkinson (the father of our present amateur foil champion), who distinguished himself as a practical swordsman, with 'sharps,' in the Indian Mutiny, was early elected President of the Epée Club, and under his leadership the club has held many pools for the small-sword. The grand old elms of Gray's Inn Gardens have shaded the clashing steel of a championship meeting, the Inner Temple has more than once granted the use of its well-kept gravel paths, and many a private lawn has been trampled by shoes which were not those of tennis or croquet players. Even the sacred turf of the Fellows' Garden at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and the velvet lawns of Wadham, Oxford, have been invaded successively by the Oxford and Cambridge veterans in their now annual *épée* match.

All this is not particularly important history, yet from a fencer's point of view it is worth putting on safe record, because of the moulding influence exerted by the introduction of the *épée* and the activity of the Epée Club, on English fencing in general.

As an instance of the influence I allude to, one of the pleasantest features of the frequent gatherings of fencers at *épée* pools has been the meeting of many who without such opportunities would have seldom or never crossed blades. But a few years ago the members of London fencing-rooms rarely visited one another. Now the Carte and Tierce Club, composed of thirty of our more advanced fencers, meets weekly at Morel's Salle, and to some extent effects for all arms what the *épée* pool has done for one only.

The introduction of the pool system has also given a lead to the organisers of foil and sabre competitions, and determined an alteration of the old system of 'heats,' under which, though the best man usually won, he might be eliminated by a single weak assault, and the placing of the others was often very erratic.

But the *épée* has effected more than the bringing together of English fencers, it has introduced them to their foreign brethren to an extent undreamt of two or three years ago. It used to be the rarest possible occurrence for French amateurs to cross the Channel for fencing. Now, not only do they do so, but Englishmen who can hardly speak a word of any tongue but their own, find themselves perfectly understood by their visitors, French, Italian, or Belgian, in the crisp and pointed language of the *épée*.

Our men have not yet responded as they might and ought to do, by joining in the principal continental open *épée* tournaments. Before long, it is to be hoped, we shall be sending over English fencers with a fair chance of reaching the final pools, places in which have to be disputed sometimes with 150 competitors. From my own experience, with varying fortune, in six or seven of these tournaments—

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in which I was usually the only Englishman engaged—I feel quite sure that not a few of our younger fencers, if they devote themselves to the *épée*, could eventually gain prizes in the best foreign company. It is necessary to realise, however, that fencing in ordinary shoes on loose gravel in the open air, for the first and only hit in each of a series of assaults, is a very different thing from the *assaut de salle*, indoors, in fencing shoes, on leather or linoleum. In fact, the quicker, more daring, and more effective is the fencer under the latter conditions, the less likely he is in some important respects to succeed against well-taught épéists in the open air. A special training is required for this.

But after very numerous encounters in the fencing-room with many of the leading amateurs and professionals in Paris, supplemented by several public assaults there, I can venture to assert that all that our best men require to meet the French on terms of equality is more method and keener training. Energy, endurance, caution, and quickness some of our men have got in full measure. The one thing lacking is special training by professors of the first flight.

We have for many years past been fortunate in London in possessing several thoroughly correct and painstaking professors of the foil to whom we owe a great debt of gratitude. But as regards the *épée* there is hardly yet a professor among us who can give a complete lesson. We want one or two *jeunes premiers* in each method to give us just the tuition which is needed to lift our amateur fencing into the highest rank.

When the entire lack of *épée* lessons is considered it is surprising how well our men have done in competitions with foreigners. When Mr. Theodore Cook, in 1903, venturously undertook to escort to Paris the first English team for the International Epée Cup, and when in May last I had the honour to be captain of another, we certainly did not expect victory. Yet Mr. Cook's team had the good fortune to inflict a handsome defeat on the Belgians, quite against the French critics' expectation. And on each occasion the fencing of those members of the English teams who happened to be in their best form was really closer to equality with that of their brilliant antagonists than the score-sheets indicated. Subsequently at the Crystal Palace Tournament, looking on as a disinterested spectator, one was able to form the opinion that with more open-air training and a fair share of luck in the judging, the English *épée* team, though distinctly behind the French, could have made at least an equal match with the Belgians, and ought to have defeated the Dutch, instead of losing all three matches, as they actually did.[3]

The committee which organised this tournament (Captain Hutton, Lord Howard de Walden, Mr. W. H. Grenfell, M.P., Don M. de Beistegni, M. Paul Ettlinger, and Mr. Theodore Cook) is particularly

[3] At Ostend last August an English team beat the Dutch very easily.

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to be congratulated on its genuinely international character. Besides the representatives of four nations in the team contests, the foil and *épée* competitions for individual professors and amateurs were disputed by several Italians, the best fencers in the world after the French; while amateurs from America, Cuba, and other countries were among the entries, if they did not actually compete. That this was possible is in large measure due to the adoption of the *épée* by our English fencers, and the *entente cordiale* which has ensued.

Perhaps, while wisely giving due prominence to the international aspect of *épée* play, we have not paid quite enough attention to the insular side of the question. Our men would do better in the open championship if it were not held quite so early in the season as May or June, when the French have already had much out-of-door training, while we have not, for reasons of climate. And why should there not be a purely British *épée* championship, when for years we have had one for foils and another for the sabre, restricted to subjects of the King? Such a championship would be an encouragement to our younger fencers to work for success at the *épée*, and we want fresh blood to keep up the life of English fencing. For it must be confessed that too large a proportion of our most accomplished fencers are no longer in their first youth. It requires a rare union of skill and headwork with fine physical qualifications to obtain a prominent position in competitive fencing of all kinds. We need a greater number of young fencers to select from if we are ever to hold our own with the best foreign *épée* teams.

It is eminently desirable that the public schools should give more attention to fencing than they do. Many boys who are not quite adapted for successful rowing or cricket or football have yet exactly the qualities which lead to fencing prowess. And there is one special reason why it is good to teach boys at least the rudiments of the art. It is that when they become men, and are perhaps so closely tied to work in large cities as to have no time for much out-of-door exercise, they will be prepared to take up fencing again and find in it all they require to keep them in health, besides an amusement the interest of which will last them till the end of their lives. It is needless to insist on the improved carriage which fencing gives, and the way in which it opens the chest and stimulates the action of heart and lungs.

The discovery of these advantages has already led to a considerable increase in the number of good fencing-rooms which now exist in London, where, besides the two principal clubs, the London Fencing Club and the Inns of Court School of Arms, there are at least a dozen places open to the public, in which excellent instruction is to be had. The universities and several of the public schools have fencing tuition; Oxford has a club of its own, and at Leeds and some other large provincial towns fencing-rooms are actively supported. Women, to whom Miss Lowther brilliantly showed the way, have taken to fencing with

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much enthusiasm. The Ladies' London Fencing Club includes many members with whom it is a pleasure to cross the foil. There are also several qualified lady professors who seem to obtain a good number of eager pupils.

There is no doubt that foil-fencing is a most valuable exercise and a charming accomplishment for the rising generation of women, if they will only lay even more stress than men do on the graceful and correct, rather than the forcible management of their weapon. With them the idea of the fight and of competition should entirely give place to that of a joint performance, beautiful and rhythmic as dancing, but marked with more inventiveness and regulated activity.

Boys also should only be taught the foil; partly that their exuberant energy may be brought under control, partly to improve their carriage (and manners), and partly that they may not have the opportunities for involuntarily hurting one another which the stiff *épée* blade gives occasion to in the hands of novices. They can take to the *épée* and *sabre* after leaving school, when their foil-practice will be of great help to them, although they will have much to unlearn, and still more to discover, before real weapons can be used by them with any degree of success.

For it should never be forgotten that foil-play, though entitled for its own sake to a separate and long-continued existence, is less an end in itself than a means towards the acquisition of that fuller swordsmanship which includes in its scope more especially the *épée* and the *sabre*. The first of these is pre-eminently the arm for the duel on foot, the second is more fitted for the cavalryman. But whoever is proficient with either is proof against any other 'white weapon' which is not backed up with armour. He will also possess the less glittering, but occasionally useful, accomplishment of knowing how to defend himself most effectually with a stick.

CHARLES NEWTON-ROBINSON.

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HIGHER EDUCATION IN INDIA

FOREMOST among the many reforms inaugurated by the English Government in India stands the reform of education.

The despatch of 1854, which announced the decision of the Court of Directors that the Government should actively assist in the promotion of English instruction and the diffusion of Western knowledge, forms the Magna Charta of modern education in India, and since that time the reports of the Indian Education Commission of 1882, and of the Indian Universities Commission of 1902, together with the resolution issued by the Governor-General in Council in March 1904 on Indian educational policy, testify to the thought and labour expended during the last fifty years on the many complex problems which Indian education presents. It would, indeed, be an injustice to the peoples of India to assume that education had been neglected prior to 1854; and the report of 1882 is careful to do full justice to the indigenous systems of education before the establishment of British rule. It points out that 'since their first appearance in authentic history, the Indians have always enjoyed the reputation of being a learned people,' and that Megasthenes, the Greek ambassador to the Court of Chandra Gupta about 300 B.C., found a grave and polished society in which philosophy and science were successfully cultivated and held in honour. Since that time (as the Report goes on to say) the history of education in India has been largely influenced by the political and religious changes which have passed over the country.

The Brahmans confined their teaching of the Dharma-Shastras (sacred writings) to their own and the other two 'twice-born' castes, and made it penal to communicate any but elementary knowledge to the servile and mixed multitudes. The Buddhist reformation placed religion and education on a more popular basis. The Chinese travellers and the Pali texts alike bear witness to this fact; and in the seventh century A.D, the vast monastery of Nalanda formed a seat of learning which recalls, by the number and zeal of its students, the later universities of mediæval Europe. After the Musalman conquest, the mosque became in India, as in other countries of Islam, a centre of instruction and of literary activity. Education alike among the Muhammadans and the Hindus is based upon religion, and was supported by endowments and bequests *in pios usus*. The East India Company found the four ancient methods of education still at work: in the instruction given by the Brahmans

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to their disciples; in the *Tôls*, or seats of Sanscrit learning; and in the maktabs and madrasas, or schools and colleges of the Muhammadans; and in the large number of humbler village schools which also existed. These village schools gave an elementary education to the trading classes and to the children of the petty landholders and well-to-do families among the cultivators.[1]

The special contribution of the British Government has been the introduction of Western science and literature, and the creation of the modern universities. A demand for English instruction arose in the Presidency towns as soon as a knowledge of English acquired a money value, and apart from any philanthropic motives, the practical need for a body of English-speaking natives in Government service supplied a sufficient reason for the promotion of English education. For many years a vigorous controversy was waged between the Anglicists and the Orientalists as to the medium and nature of the education to be given in Government schools and colleges, until at last the balance was turned in favour of the Anglicists by the famous minute of Lord Macaulay in 1835. And since that time Western knowledge has poured over India like a flood, and produced a silent revolution, not merely in the subjects and methods of education, but also in the thoughts and ideals of educated men. The Brahman student, who in former times studied for some ten or fifteen years at a Sanscrit *Tôl*, and devoted his whole energies to the barren subtleties of Hindu grammar, logic, and philosophy, was intellectually a different being to the student of a modern Indian university who has acquired a certain knowledge of Western science and history, and has been largely influenced by such writers as Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Burke, Martineau, and Herbert Spencer. A few years ago a friend of mine visited a famous Sanscrit *Tôl* in Bengal. In course of conversation with the pundits he mentioned the fact that the earth revolved round the sun. The pundits did not deign to argue the point. They merely corrected his error and smiled at his ignorance. It is needless to dwell upon the fact that the mental outlook and furniture of men trained in such a school as that are essentially different from those of a modern B.A. or M.A. And no unprejudiced person can doubt that on the whole the change is vastly for the better. The Government of India are fully justified in saying that

It is almost universally admitted that substantial benefits have been conferred upon the people themselves by the advance which has been made in Indian education within the last fifty years; that knowledge has been spread abroad to an extent formerly undreamed of; that new avenues of employment have been opened in many directions; and that there has been a marked improvement in the character of the public servants now chosen from the ranks of educated natives, as compared with those of the days before schools and universities had commenced to exercise their elevating influence.[2]

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[1] *Report of the Indian Education Commission*, 1882, ch. ii. § 19.

[2] Resolution of the Government of India on Indian educational policy, 1904.

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At the same time the modern system of education in India is still in its infancy, and what it will grow to remains to be seen. The present is a time of intellectual revolution and change, when new ideas are coming into collision with the habits and traditions of centuries, and the new wine is bursting the old bottles. In such an age of transition, when Englishmen, who do not understand the genius of the East, are attempting to create a system of education for Indians, who do not understand the genius of the West, it would be unreasonable to expect ideal perfection, and we ought not to be disappointed if we find that the results, whether intellectual or moral, are not wholly satisfactory.

(1) The first and most obvious defect in the modern system of higher education in India is the divorce of education from religion. This is an entirely new departure. In the extract from the Report of the Commission of 1882, quoted above, it is stated that 'Education, alike among the Muhammadans and the Hindus, is based upon religion.' And this was especially the case with the higher education of the Brahmans and other 'twice-born' castes. 'Under the early Brahman civilisation, the instruction of the youth of the higher castes formed a religious duty, and in the case of the Brahmans themselves, the years devoted to learning were recognised as one of the four periods in the scheme of each man's life.' [3]

The connection between education and religion, therefore, meant a good deal more in ancient India than it does in England at the present day. A religious education in England means an education of which religious education forms a part. The education given in an elementary school, for instance, is regarded as a religious education because an hour a day is assigned in the time table to the teaching of the Bible. But in ancient India religion supplied the whole motive of the higher education of the Brahmans and dominated the whole system. The motive of the teacher was purely a religious one. In the old Sanscrit *Tôls*, instead of the student paying the pundit fees for his instruction, the pundit supported and fed his pupils as a father his children. To give instruction for the sake of gaining a livelihood would have been regarded as a degradation. The pundit taught because it was a religious duty to do so, and in consequence was regarded with profound veneration and respect. In the Laws of Manu the student is enjoined never to pronounce the name of his teacher or mimic his walk, speech, or manner, and in his presence always to eat less and wear a coarser garment. At the beginning and end of each lecture he is directed to clasp both the feet of his preceptor, and dreadful penalties are threatened in future lives for the crime of criticism or disrespect. 'By censuring his preceptor,' says Manu, 'though justly, he will become an ass; by falsely defaming him, a dog; by using his goods without leave, a small worm; by envying his merit, a larger insect or reptile.'

Similarly the motive of the student was entirely religious. There

[3] *Report of the Commission of* 1882, ch. ii. § 31.

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was no idea of getting on in the world, gaining a livelihood, or acquiring wealth as the end of education. The supreme object of acquiring knowledge was to obtain 'Mukti' or salvation. The full period assigned for the discipline of a student in the Laws of Manu is thirty-six years. That alone is sufficient to show that the end of education was not utilitarian. Doubtless only a few completed the full course. But in all cases the period of study was part of the whole duty of man as a religious being, and its object was the attainment of purity of life and of that knowledge of the sacred scriptures which it was believed would make men wise unto salvation. The student was therefore expected not only to study the Vedas as the 'means of attaining beatitude,' but also to practise a certain amount of asceticism. In the Laws of Manu he is not only commanded to abstain from the grosser acts of sensual indulgence, but also from everything in the shape of luxury. He is forbidden to eat honey or flesh meat. He is not to use perfumes or wreaths of flowers, not to anoint his limbs, not to put black powder round his eyes, nor to wear sandals nor carry an umbrella.

There is much that is very fine and noble about this ancient ideal of education. The particular rules by which it was sought to carry it into effect may often provoke a smile, and the course of study was no doubt narrow and unedifying, but the ideal itself has much in common with St. Paul's ideal of sacred learning and its supreme worth, contained in his advice to Timothy,

'Abide thou in the things which thou hast learnt and hast been assured of, knowing of whom thou hast learnt them; and that from a babe thou hast known the sacred writings which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus.'[4]

In the modern reform of education this ideal has been swept away. It was inevitable that it should be so. A Christian Government could not establish a system of education for Hindus and Muhammadans based on religion. The only religion it could take as the basis of education would be Christianity, and a Christian education corresponding to the ancient ideal could only be given to Christians. So there was no help for it. As soon as the British Government decided that it was their duty to undertake the education of the people the old ideal was doomed. The only education that the British Government could possibly give to Hindus and Muhammadans must be severely secular. It has been suggested, indeed, that a flavour of religion should be given to education in India by the reading of the Bible regularly in all Government schools and colleges. But you do not make an education religious by trying to teach boys in school hours a religion they do not believe. This would be simply proselytism. And even if it were desirable, which it is obviously not, that

[4] 2 Tim. iii. 14, 15.

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the British Government in India should embark on a vast scheme of proselytism by teaching in all their schools and colleges the Christian scriptures, still this would be something quite distinct from a religious education.

But, inevitable as the change is, it is impossible to view without regret the passing away of a great ideal. The modern system, no doubt, is a vast improvement on the ancient one. It is like stepping out of a darkened room with its closed windows, dim candlelight and stuffy atmosphere into the fresh air and bright sunshine of the open day. At the best the student in the Sanscrit *Tôls* had given to him the intellectual treasure of a single race. The modern university student has given to him the key to the intellectual treasures of both East and West. And the result is that there is now rising up in India a class of men who, by reason of this wide culture, not only possess a more extensive knowledge than their forefathers, but look at the world and their fellow-men in a truer light. On the whole the gain is great. But still it is not all gain. The whole ideal of education in India suffered an irreparable loss when it became necessary to effect the divorce between knowledge and religion. The loss is partly intellectual. In the evidence given before the Indian Universities Commission of 1902, witness after witness from every part of India deplored the 'utilitarian spirit' that prevails among the students, and the fact that students will not attend to anything that does not pay for the examinations. With a few notable exceptions it may be said that the love of learning is almost non-existent in our modern universities. Here are two typical statements by able and experienced European professors in Calcutta:

'Students have no idea of higher education. They seem to think that professors should practically study the subjects for them. Professors summarise the subjects for students and students memorise them in order to pass the examinations.'

'The utilitarian view that is taken of education is a great evil, and it exists among parents and guardians as well as amongst students.'

And this utilitarian spirit among the general body of the students of necessity fatally checks the whole intellectual development of university education. Students will go to those colleges which will best cram them for the examinations, not to those which will give the best and soundest intellectual training. A college in India devoted to the interests of true education and learning would soon become a 'voice crying in the wilderness.' It would be an immense gain to the intellect of India if modern students could look upon education more in the spirit of their forefathers as a religious duty, and learn to value culture and knowledge as a means towards the attainment of the true end of man. And if the loss is great intellectually, it is still greater from a moral point of view. No doubt it is true that all sound know-

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ledge and truth of all kinds are bound to have a beneficial influence upon character. And the mere discipline of school and college has a distinct moral value. But what India needs is a powerful moral force to elevate and purify the character of three hundred million people. The key to every problem in India, social, political, and intellectual, lies in the character of the people themselves. No great advance or improvement is possible in any direction till that is changed. I remember some years ago, when I was in Calcutta, a leading member of the educational department saying to me as we walked away from a meeting of the University Senate, 'After all what we want in India is, not so much more M.A.s and B.A.s, as more men who can be trusted with small sums of money.' The remark was cynical no doubt, and, like most cynical remarks, an exaggeration; but it contained a substratum of truth which no Indian reformer or administrator can afford to neglect. After all, the main problem in India for the statesman and educationist as well as for the religious teacher resolves itself into the question how to change and elevate the character of the mass of the people. If that cannot be done, nothing else will be of any permanent value. But when it parted from religion Indian education lost the one power that is adequate to this gigantic task. It may well be doubted whether among any people secular knowledge alone is ever a very powerful moral force. The case of Japan may possibly be cited as an instance where it has proved to be so; but in Japan the moral stimulus has been supplied by the spirit of patriotism, not by Western education. Western knowledge has simply been the instrument which has made the spirit of patriotism effective and powerful. In India, however, there is no such thing as the spirit of patriotism among the masses. It is hopeless to look to any outburst of patriotism for the regeneration of Indian character. On the other hand, from the earliest dawn of history, India has been extraordinarily susceptible to the influence of religion. For more than three thousand years not merely education, but the whole life of the people in India, has been based upon religion. The history of India has been mainly the history of religious thought and religious movements. And though prophecy may be 'the most gratuitous form of folly,' it is not rash to prophesy that the one hope of a great moral change in the peoples of India lies in the sphere of religion. The future of India depends not so much upon the statesman or educationist as upon the missionary.

(2) Another serious defect in the university education of India is the fact that, owing to the necessities of the case, all instruction has to be given through the medium of English. A very large number of the most experienced witnesses who gave evidence before the Universities Commission of 1902 spoke of the imperfect knowledge of English possessed by the students who came up to the universities, and the difficulty they experienced at first in understanding the

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lectures. It is true that this difficulty is soon overcome, but the main disadvantage involved in making English the medium of instruction consists not so much in the difficulty experienced in understanding lectures or text-books, as in the difficulty the students have in thinking and expressing themselves in a foreign language. The natural defect of the Indian student always has been his excessive reliance on his powers of memory. A special term—'to by-heart'—is current among the students in Calcutta to express the normal process of studying a subject. The usual method of getting up a text-book, whether on philosophy, logic, or English literature, is to 'by-heart' either the text-book itself or the lecturer's notes upon it.

And this defect of Indian thought is greatly aggravated by the necessity of learning in English. The power of independent thought and judgment, weak to begin with, is crushed under the oppressive weight of a foreign language. No doubt the best men in the university rise above the disability, and think, speak, and write in English extraordinarily well; but to the majority the double effect of acquiring new knowledge and expressing ideas in a new language is quite overwhelming. The result is that the general body of the students tend to acquire a mass of undigested information, which they never really assimilate or make their own. A few years ago I visited a mission college in South India. In honour of my visit, and to display their powers of original thought, the senior students got up a debate, at which I was asked to preside. The subject chosen was 'The advantages and disadvantages of celibacy.' The senior student of the B.A. class, who happened to be reading philosophy, opened the attack on celibacy by the startling statement, 'Celibacy is contrary to the categorical imperative of Kant.' That is typical of a defect which is found in every department of practical life and work. The university student, as a rule, excels in the acquisition of knowledge, but fails in its application. His main need is originality, but it is hopeless to expect him to acquire it until he is allowed to think in his own vernacular. English undergraduates would exhibit a similar lack of originality if they were obliged to do all their thinking in Latin or German. And as it is impossible for practical reasons to give university education through the vernaculars of the country, we must acquiesce in the conclusion that the Indian universities are not likely to remedy, among the mass of the students, the characteristic defect of the Indian mind. It is instructive in this connection to notice the very different effect produced by Western education in Japan from that produced in India. The standard of education, judged by the prescribed course of study, does not seem to be nearly as high in Japan as it is in India; but what the Japanese have learned they have really assimilated and made their own. The knowledge brought from the West has not been allowed to float vaguely on the surface of their minds; it has entered into the soul of the nation, and is rapidly bringing forth

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fruit in the national life and character. We see nothing of this kind in India. There are no doubt many reasons to account for the difference. But certainly one reason is that the Japanese, almost from the first introduction of Western education, determined that the medium of instruction should be their own vernacular. And the result is that they have been able to grasp and understand the new ideas of Western literature and science far more readily than the people of India.

(3) A third difficulty arises from the rapid growth of the Indian universities during the last fifty years. Compared, indeed, with the size of the population, the actual number of the students is not large. There are five universities in India, at Calcutta, Madras, Bombay, Allahabad and Lahore. In 1901, according to the report of the commission of 1902, only 7,953 students passed the Matriculation examinations in all these five universities, and of these a considerable proportion would not appear at any subsequent university examination. One of the Calcutta witnesses before the Commission stated that he had calculated roughly from the University Calendar that, out of 3,000 students who passed the entrance examination, about 1,000 did not proceed further, and that 'the B.A. figures are even more startling.' So that it is safe to say that not more than 4,000 of those who matriculate every year at the five universities are *bona-fide* university students, intending to study for a degree. This is not a large number out of a population of 300,000,000. But it is too large for real efficiency. It is no exaggeration, I think, to say that at least half, if not two-thirds, of the students at the various colleges ought not to be studying at a university at all. My own experience would be that, out of every 100 students who are reading either English Literature or Philosophy at the universities, about sixty are quite unfitted to study these subjects as they ought to be studied at a university. Neither their abilities nor their previous teaching in any way fit them for a university education. Nor do their subsequent careers demand it. Large numbers become clerks in Government or mercantile offices; comparatively few enter what would be called 'learned professions.' The result of flooding the universities with this mass of ill-prepared students may easily be imagined. The teaching and lecturing are naturally adapted to the majority, who are not really fit to study the subjects at all. And then, as is the lecturing and teaching, so must be the examining. It is useless to have an examination which stands out of all relation to the teaching which is to be given in the colleges. The first step, therefore, towards any real improvement in university education is either to reduce the number of students or to separate the best students from the ruck. The simplest way of effecting this reform would be the establishment of a separate Honours course in each group of subjects. Why the Universities Commission of 1902 rejected this proposal it is difficult

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to understand. The reason given in their Report was that the plan had been tried in Calcutta and had resulted in lowering the standard of the ordinary Pass degree. The obvious answer is that, in the first place, the lowering of the standard of the Pass course is not necessarily an evil, since the existing courses of study are modelled on a standard that is far too ambitious for the majority of the students who go to the university; and, in the second place, that the standard of a degree rests with the examiners. However, now that the Commission has given its opinion against any attempt to separate the cream from the milk, it is not likely that any change will be made in this direction, and the universities must continue the attempt to combine two wholly distinct functions, the provision of a commercial education for men who are destined to become office clerks, and the due cultivation of the really fine intellect which India possesses, and which, with proper training, might bring a valuable contribution to the philosophic thought and speculation of the world.

HENRY MADRAS.

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AT THE 'ROSE IN JUNE'

At every journey's end stands a hostelry.

To-day this comforting reflection may be somewhat disturbed by a doubt respecting the quality of the hospitality awaiting the wanderer into remote places at the end of a day's tramp. Yet some place to lay his head there must be—some nook where at least he may dream of the delightful old-world idler and his 'honest ale-house, where he shall find a cleanly room, lavender in the windows, and twenty ballads stuck about the wall.' What a picture of simple luxury did the quaint old angler leave us in these few lines! And when he goes on, 'There my hostess, which I may tell you is both cleanly, and handsome, and civil'—one sighs for the days before steam.

It is not possible to suspect him of idealising. All his mind is on the angling, and the country inn only fills out the time not spent by the river-side. Since the linen looks white and smells of lavender, one may be indulgent to the *naïve* admission upon another page:

> My brother Peter, a good angler and a cheerful companion, had sent word he would lodge there to-night and bring a friend with him. My hostess has two beds, and I know you and I may have the best; we'll rejoice with my brother Peter and his friend, tell tales, or sing ballads, or make a catch, or find some harmless sport to content us, and pass away a little time without offence to God or man.

So said Izaak Walton to the stranger he had overtaken upon the road, and Goldsmith has left us a picture quite as sweet.

But times are changed. Where may such simple entertainment be found to-day? The village inn neither expects wayfarers nor provides for them. The motor rushes by and is hidden at once in its cloud of dust. The cyclist stops to quench his thirst and is gone. In the universal haste an aimless pedestrian like myself awakens a mild curiosity in each hamlet as he passes. The good folk 'pop out to door' to gaze at the dusty stranger, and ask each other in a loud whisper, 'Who's that?' They wonder what he can have to sell from the wallet at his back. What is he looking for, bo-peeping about in Hazelgrove-Plucknut, where there is nothing to see?

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This Hazelgrove-Plucknut is one of the sweetest villages that ever nestled in a Somerset coombe. Not one in ten thousand has ever heard the name. A matter of a couple of miles from any high-road, it lies on a by-way half concealed amidst stately elms. Once there, you can see the whole street at a glance. The old church with its grey square tower, the dark yew-tree that bends over the raised causeway along the churchyard wall, the forge, the homestead with its yellow mows, and low thatched cottages with flower-knots in front and ice-plants and geraniums behind the window panes.

The inn stands back from the road, thus forming a sort of bay into which an old upping-stock juts out like a little quay. Here the dismounting traveller may safely moor his steed, secure from the rising tide of traffic that was never known to flow, whilst he drinks refreshment under the pleasant sign of the 'Rose in June.'

The old inn has never changed—never opened into the full-blown vulgarity of a modern bar. As it was in the days when women ascended the steps to ride a pillion, so it is to-day. A weather-beaten sign-board still proclaims that Martin Chedsey is licensed to sell both tobacco and snuff.

It hath an air of old-world respectability, this house with dormer windows, breaking the line of the eaves with quaint gables of brown thatch. But then, it is a homestead as well as an inn. No mere innkeeper could nowadays make a living in this secluded spot, where inhabitants are not only few but noted for sobriety. So a little farm goes with the house, and mine host is a farmer by day to become a publican at dusk.

Before the door is an arched porch of stone, and within it a seat on either side. The windows have small leaded panes of glass, ancient and green in hue, through which even a teetotaler might see double and look out upon a world askew. Close by is a cow-barton, enclosed against the road with large flat slabs of blue lime-stone. They are old, weather-beaten, and frost-crumbled now. Some of them lean so much that they are like to fall. Yet there is a straightness about them too, as in a file of soldiers standing at ease. Or they might be a procession of mouldering gravestones, taking their way home to the churchyard at the end of the village street, after deep potations at the 'Rose in June.'

By the other end of the house lies an orchard. There the missel thrush makes wild music in the winter and builds before the spring has come. The chaffinch weaves its lichen-covered nest upon a mossy branch and unheeded rears its brood. Starlings, tits, creepers, and redstarts—the boys call them firetails in Somerset—find homes in the hollow trunks. In summer scarcely a hole remains untenanted.

The 'Rose in June' has a fragrance of its own to mingle with

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the scent of the old-fashioned cabbage roses that climb around its porch and find their way up to the low overhanging eaves of thatch. The breath of kine laden with a recollection of sweet hay creeps in from the barton. The smell of fresh milk and the wholesome cleanliness of curds and whey comes from the dairy-house by the backlet. The whole atmosphere is of the old world—that quaint old world, still lurking in quiet nooks and remote fastnesses in defiance of advancing change.

But why should a 'foreigner' stand gazing as if he had it in mind to buy a place that is not for sale? I am a 'foreigner' in Hazelgrove-Plucknut, though it be but a morning's tramp from my own roof-tree. To be sure, no stranger with twopence in his pocket need wait outside and stare at the 'Rose in June.' He cannot find it amiss to go within.

Its floors are of stone, and after a dusty summer road its kitchen is as cool as a grot. Its fires are of wood, and when shining water lies in every February rut there is comfort in a roaring pile of blazing logs. And now when the yellow leaf is dropping and the wind is chill, there is rest on the high-backed settle that hides the door and shelters from the draught.

The furniture and ornaments were not made yesterday and will not be worn out to-morrow. A plain oaken bench runs from the settle almost to the window seat, and exactly half a dozen old-fashioned rush-bottomed arm-chairs are ranged against the walls. It was early afternoon when first I went there and the room was empty, but there seemed to be a deep significance about those chairs. They wore an air of expectation, as if waiting for the wit and wisdom of Hazelgrove-Plucknut. The heap of embers, too, between the dogs upon the open hearth, wanted but a handful of sticks to leap into a blaze.

'An' what do you please to call for?'

At my elbow stood Mrs. Martin Chedsey. Middle-aged and comely, she could be none other, as I knew after reading the sign. Hearing a step, she had run in from the dairy; for her sleeves were turned up, and she stood wiping her hands in her white apron.

'An' what do you please to call for?'

I drew a chair towards the window and called for the nectar of this land of orchards. Her journey to the cider-cellar gave me time to look around again, to take note of the high, narrow shelf that juts out from an oak clavy-board above the open chimney. Upon it stands a pair of old brass candlesticks, two dumpling ladles also of brass, one spur, and two shoulder-pieces from an ancient cavalry uniform. Mrs. Chedsey came again with a brimming two-handled cup, which she carefully set down upon the bench.

'You are very quiet here,' said I.

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'By day we be. But the neighbours do drop in most nights for an hour after dark.'

'You have had a soldier in the family?' And I pointed at the pair of epaulets.

'They be wold anshunt things,' she smiled. 'But there, we do keep 'em all the zame. Maïster 'ud be mortal zorry to part wi' they. 'Twas one Martin Chedsey, his own name, you zee, listed for a hoss-sodger years agone an' fought at Waterloo.'

'I suppose the Chedseys have been some time in Hazelgrove-Plucknut?'

'Years out o' mind. Why Martin Chedsey is the very first name on the parish books.' And proud of this antiquity of race she went back to the dairy.

I sat looking out of the little leaded panes. Children, both little and big, came running by from school. Some of them stopped beside the churchyard wall and took to playing singing games. 'London Bridge is broken down—my fair lady.' Nothing was to be heard but their voices, innocently repeating again the meaningless verses that once meant so much.

Then came the slow creaking of a waggon. The carter cried 'Whoa!' A great yellow load came to a standstill before the 'Rose in June.' They were no sheaves, but bundles of smooth glistening reed, that he was hauling; for there is thatching still to be done in Hazelgrove-Plucknut.

The carter did not enter, but stood at the porch, tapped with his brass-ringed whip and then with a hobnailed heel upon the smooth worn flagstones, and shouted:

'Missus. A quart!'

The voice was lusty and rang in the archway. The last word rhymed with heart.

The cider came in a cup bearing a picture of a stitch of sheaves in blue, with the legend 'God speed the plough' upon the top, and verses on each side. Seen in the open air 'My hostess' has a fresh complexion and hair sprinkled with grey.

''Tes a nice day,' she said.

Subsequent observation has proved that it is always a nice day with Mrs. Martin Chedsey, for when it rains it is a nice rain, and if it freezes, 'Well! 'Tes what we do want, vor vrostes do do a wonderful sight o' good. Lauk-a-massy! If twerden vor the vrostes we should really be eat up wi' worms an' maggots, zo we should.' And should November fog make the flagstones heave, and drip in beads of moisture from the orchard trees and every leafless twig upon the elms across the way, then, ''Tes seasonable weather, an' what we must expec'—the time o' year.'

Whether to definite statement or philosophy, the carter had but one reply.

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'So 'tes.'

He took the cup and held it from him almost at arm's length. Then, with a slight quiver of the wrist, he spilt it may have been a tea-spoonful upon the ground.

'Here's luck!' cried he.

'Zame to you,' replied Mrs. Chedsey.

His red weather-beaten face was a picture, as the blue cup slowly lifted whilst he drank.

''Tes a tidy cider. That 'tes, missus,' said he with decision when all was gone.

''Tes a pirty cider,' assented Mrs. Chedsey cheerfully. But then, to save herself from boasting, gravely added, 'or zo volk do tell I.'

So the ceremony ended. The carter with a 'Good-day' cracked his whip as he trudged back to his team. The children were still singing at the game which represents the ancient foundation sacrifice of primitive days. And why was that libation cast upon the ground? It was the usual custom not long ago, though now fast falling into disuse, to spill these drops; and I fancy the men who hold to it would be found to work for the most part at those old-world occupations that have little change. Woodmen, fellers of timber and strippers of bark, men who work away from the village and always in the open air, still waste from habit what their far-away forefathers offered as a pious rite.

'Well! Here's luck.'

But surely here, if anywhere, the sheets will smell of lavender.

I called to Mrs. Chedsey as she passed indoors.

'Can I have a bed here?'

She looked at me in surprise. No such request for half a century had been made of the 'Rose in June.'

'We don't never get nobody to ask,' pondered she with the old redundancy that gives so much force to the negative it defeats. 'But there—to be sure—I do suppose you mid.'

She showed me the room—the spare room of the farm and not the guest-chamber of the inn. I laid my wallet on a patchwork counterpane, and told her I would walk round the village and come back at dark.

Lamps were lighted when I returned, and blinds were drawn—blinds of a deep red colour, that cast a ruddy glow across the village street and begat the pleasant fancy that they were petals of the 'Rose in June.'

The roaring crackle of a great wood fire, the unceasing hum of voices and a sudden outburst of laughter could be heard even in the porch. The neighbours had already dropped in.

Every chair was occupied, and I took an unobtrusive seat in one corner of the settle.

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Before the fire, surrounded by half a dozen village worthies, stood Mr. Martin Chedsey in yellow cord breeches and leathern gaiters. He had stopped in the act of hanging a kettle upon the chimney crook, and his bent knees gave him the appearance of being bow-legged. The firelight lit up his florid shaven face and hair already silvery-white at middle age, and danced upon the merry wrinkles at the corner of his eyes. He was explaining the delicacy of his position as host.

'No, no, Miller Toop. Now don't ee put zo many questions,' he expostulated with a dusty-coated individual in the chimney corner. 'For the chief wisdom of a landlord is to zee all and know nothen.'

Then he put the water to boil and stood upright.

'Why, that's what you told the sergeant thirty years agone, when Corporal Edwards took the Queen's shillen,' laughed the miller, and the whole company chuckled.

On the flagstones at the doorway came the tapping of a pair of crutches, and a tall, fine man, but for his lameness, came limping into the kitchen. Martin Chedsey lifted the bench aside to let him pass in, and replaced it when the Corporal was comfortably seated. Then he laid the crutches out of the way on the top of the settle, as he had done for many a year. 'And your name was but this moment on the miller's lips,' said he.

So here was a veteran who might show 'how fields were won.'

'Where did you see service?' I ventured presently to ask.

The miller overheard.

'Come now, Martin Chedsey, tell about you and the sergeant the night George Edwards 'listed.'

'Come then, neighbour Chedsey,' cried all the others.

I could, as I thought, already distinguish amongst them the smith, the wheelwright, and the parish clerk.

The landlord hesitated. All his stories belonged to the dim past, and surely this was out of date.

''Tes thirty years agone, come St. Margaret's Day,' he began with slow deliberation.

'One-an'-thirty,' put in the Corporal promptly.

'Corporal is right—thirty last Hazelgrove revel, an' that's the twentieth o' July. Ah! There were vine doings them days, wi' the ringers to work zo zoon as twur light, an' the stannens wi' nuts an' gingerbreads all up an' down street, as if twur a fair. I tell ee, 'tis but dead-alive in parish now. For all the young that be a bit sprack do make off, zo quick as they can run alone like. Why there's none left, miller, merry an' lively, but you an' I.'

But the miller only puffed tobacco smoke and told him to go on with his tale.

'Wull, the volk did come vrom vur an' wide. An' there wur a

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crowder out in front, an' they did dance vower-han' reels by the hour. An' then at the height o' it, the sergeant comed a-zwanken down street in his red cwoat wi' a little cane a-tucked under the arm, an' the red, white, an' blue a-streamen vrom the hat o' un as he did walk. I tell ee there wur no man present could shake a toe like he. An' maidens do run zo mad as cattle at sight of a red cwoat. An' as he did dancey the bwoys did eye un zo envious like. An' as I wur a-stood out to door young George Edwards pushed by, an' he comed in an' zot down jus' where he did zit to-night, jus' the very zame.

'Now I thought he didden look best-pleased. But I didden zay a single word, vor twur my maxim then as now to zee all an' know nothen.

'An' at last the sergeant he walked in wi' a crowd at the tail o' his little short jacket, like. He had no time to zit down. But he stood where I do stan' now, an' how the little red rag o' un did wag to be sure. How there wur no man 'pon earth zo well off as a sodger, wi' little to do but look smart, an' butcher's meat every day of his life.

'But the lads did no more than stand agape to hearken to un. An' then he turned round an' zaid to Corporal—though to be zure he werden corporal then, "Here's a likely young chap, now. Why, if he's a scholar he can be a corporal in no time, an' a sergeant like myself one o' these days. What do ee say? Will ee take the Queen's shilling?"

'Then George Edwards he put on a thoughtful look, in a manner o' speaken, an' he up an' zed, all quiet like, "I shouldn' zo very much mind—if I wur sure all you do zay is true." "'Tis gospel," zaid he. "That I shall be a sergeant like you?" "Ay, my lad. Keep away vrom the drink an' 'tes sure as the light." An' then the sergeant, he talked to un like a vather 'bout a temperate life, an' called for half a gallon for the company to drink. "Take the Queen's shillen, my lad. A fine young man, as you be, can never regret it." Wi' the zame, he held out a shillen, an' Corporal here—I shall never forget it—he just took the shillen, spit on un vor luck, an' chucked un a-spinnen down 'pon the bench. "Spent like a man," cried the sergeant, an' vlung down another. An' quick as vire the word ran round till the whole parish comed a-runnen to make sure George Edwards had listed.

'Wull! They zot vor a hour till the drink wur gone. "Let's put the colours in your hat," whispered the sergeant. Zo there wur the long streamers a-pinned in the Corporal's billy-cock. "An' now, my brave lad, we'll walk out and show ourzelves," cried he aloud. "An' the parish shall zee a gay recruit, ready to shed the last drop of his blood vor his Queen an' country."

'But George, now twur done, he did look a little loth to move like.

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'"Come, come," cried the sergeant, a trifle impatient an' sharp like. "March!"

'"Then jus' hand me down my crutches. Will ee?" drawled the gay recruit, in a voice zo zoft an' pleasant as new milk.

'At that the sergeant bended down an' peeped under the bench till his face wur like a peony. "Why the man's pumble-vooted," he called out. "Landlord, I zay the man is pumble-vooted."

'"Pumble-vooted vrom birth, as is clear to zee," zaid I.

'Zo there wur a rumpus an' no mistake. "If the man could stan' up, I'd break his head," cried the sergeant. "But you zaw what took place, landlord, an' knew the man's defec'," zaid he.

'"I do zee all but know nothen, an' I heard no question put," was my reply.

'Massy 'pon us! How the man's face did vall! Vor he wur too eager like to slip a shillen into a waveren palm to stop to ax the man if he wur vree, able, and willen to sar Her Majesty the Queen. Zo there wur an' end. But George Edwards have a-bin Corporal vrom thik day to theäs.'

Roars of laughter greeted the ofttold ale-house story, and the miller alone looked thoughtful.

'There's a form, you zee, in all things,' he pondered, holding forward his pipe to claim serious attention. 'Take a oath, now. If a man do repeat the words but not kiss the book, 'tes no oath. An' if he do kiss the book an' no words—why 'tes nothen at all. Zo thik shillen wur no more, do ee zee? than a gallon o' drink. But if Corporal here had a-gied consent to the words an' then tookt the shillen I really can't think what crime it mid ha' bin.'

So here are to be found meat and drink, history and philosophy. I will stay awhile at the 'Rose in June.'

WALTER RAYMOND.

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THE CAUSE AND PREVENTION OF APPENDICITIS FROM A PHYSICIAN'S POINT OF VIEW

'F.R.C.S.,' in the *National Review* for November, having described the subject of appendicitis from the surgeon's standpoint, I desire to give an opinion as to its cause and prevention from a physician's point of view.

With a large experience (upwards of half a century) of London practice, I can testify that this disease was very infrequent until about twenty years ago.[1] There were many cases of peritonitis (which would now be called appendicitis), most of which recovered under careful treatment: a hot bath, a warm bed, hot fomentations, a dose or two of castor oil, copious injections of hot water, no solid food for four or five days, but abundance of fluid nourishment such as arrowroot, barley-water, milk.

Whence, then, has come this prevalence of appendicitis?

In our search we must weigh the evidence for each of the apparent causes of it.

(1) Chill is very often the immediate cause, yet chills were frequent in the years before the advent of appendicitis. More care has been taken with warm clothing for many years past, woollen underclothing taking the place of cotton; hot water drinking rather than cold. Getting the feet wet from various games on the grass may partly account for its prevalence, also for its greater frequency in males than in females, and in young persons between the ages of ten and twenty than at other ages. Young people are often thoughtless in changing wet clothes when tired or overheated from exertion. When standing about after the games are finished, risk of chill is much more than during the actual games; chill passing away in most cases without any injury except when the colon has become blocked either by neglect or *mismanagement*. Then comes the risk of appendicitis; 'sometimes arising with startling abruptness, sometimes approaching insidiously' (Sir William Macewen).

[1] The late Dr. S. Fenwick stated that during a period of forty years only nineteen cases of 'diseased appendix' were recorded in the *post-mortem* registers of the London Hospital.—*Lancet*, 1884, vol. ii.

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(2) Without doubt, hurried eating and imperfect mastication are very potent causes of appendicitis; yet eating hurriedly was prevalent in England and America long before appendicitis became so frequent. Mrs. Trollope's book on America, published upwards of forty years ago, gave the most vivid description of the hurried eating in America in her day. In my experience for many years past much more care is taken in that respect than formerly. The dentistry of the present age is infinitely more perfect than it was forty years ago, when it began to flourish after Abernethy's 'blue pill' (mercury) had ruined the teeth of his generation. Sir Frederick Treves once said at a meeting of surgeons, 'Many an operation for appendicitis has been prevented by a new set of teeth.'

Fifty years ago England was awakening from the 'blue pill' and 'black draught' of Abernethy, and people were beginning to discontinue the use of purgatives. Priessnitz had taught what a tumbler of simple cold water in the early morning could do to throw aside the 'blue pill' and 'black draught' régime. But this happy era of health management was burst in upon about twenty-five years ago by the introduction of Hungarian waters, aperient salts, and liver pills; thousands began to dose themselves, and, sad to say, continue to do so to this day.

It is natural to ask, what have aperient waters and salts to do with appendicitis? To that, a very true answer is that the action of saline purgatives is to cause a flow of water through the intestinal canal. This passes off quickly, but alas! it leaves the solid portions to accumulate in the cæcum at the right side, near the appendix, where the small intestine ends and the large one commences. The solid portions left in the colon become more and more putrid, cause obstruction, and infect the appendix. Peritonitis follows, with extreme danger to life.

In health, when nature is not hindered from doing her ordinary work, the food, after mastication, has to pass out of the stomach through the first door (the pylorus[2]), which stays its progress for some hours. Nature is not impatient: that is, she waits and works slowly, and rebels if ill-masticated fragments try to get through. In the first portion of the intestine (the duodenum) the bile and pancreatic secretion work on the food to soften it yet more. All through the 20 feet of the small intestine the food is still further softened, till it slowly reaches the colon on the right side (the cæcum), which arrests it for a time. Here nature pours out abundant 'succus entericus' to finish the digestion, and thick glairy mucus to help it slowly onwards through the 54 inches of the colon. Now comes in the danger of aperient salts and waters—to hurry on the watery portion and leave

[2] 'According to Pawlow, there is an acid reflex in the pylorus preventing the acid contents of the stomach from issuing in too great a quantity in a given time.' (Sir William Macewen.)

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the undigested *débris* to accumulate and putrefy in the cæcum, and become the prey of bacterial infection, causing peritonitis and appendicitis.

To prevent appendicitis: (1) Do not neglect chills when heated by exercise, especially after games on grass, or when much fatigued in mind or body. The actual exciting cause in most cases is chill. The bacterial forces are very quiescent till the colon is blocked by undigested food; then a chill develops the peritonitis, to which the inflamed appendix adds greater intensity and danger to life.

(2) Masticate well, eat slowly, do not swallow any food that is not perfectly softened by the teeth. Even salads, fruit, nuts, almonds and raisins, may be taken freely if really well masticated. In the haste and bustle of City life it is better to take half a meal well masticated than to bolt the whole in a hurry.

(3) Avoid aperient salts, waters, or pills. Far better to let nature do her own work, undisturbed by purgatives of any sort. The doctor may find it necessary to order an aperient for a sick person, but the use of the aperient ought gradually to cease and not become a habit. With patience and diet management, nature may be allowed unhindered to resume her ordinary habit of health, a slow gradual process. Patience is the opposite of that impatience which *cannot wait*. Alas! it is the rarest thing in the present day to find anyone waiting for the healthy slow working of nature, all impatient for quick results, in haste to disturb the healthy progress (slow and sure) of normal digestion.

The surgical operation is a very serious one, not to be lightly entered upon; yet delay is often dangerous. A distinguished surgeon has lately written: 'In one month I have seen six fatal cases of appendicitis'—a terrible record.

The physician is the first to advise operation when peritonitis threatens. 'The importance of inflammation of the appendix depends chiefly on the close connection of the organ with the peritoneum.'

Among its many triumphs, modern surgery has worked a marvellous success in the operation for appendicitis. When it is inevitable the patient and friends may trust the surgeon with absolute confidence.

JOSEPH KIDD, M.D.

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SOME NAVAL QUESTIONS

I. German Naval Policy

I HAVE had some difficulty in apprehending the exact purpose and scope of the article on the German Navy League contributed by Dr. Elkind to the December number of this Review. In part it is a history of the origin and progress of the League; in part it appears to be intended as an explanation and defence of the policy of a great German Navy. The League, we are told, was formed in April 1898, in order to further the naval programme of the Emperor. It had to struggle at first against popular misapprehension of its true character, but it set itself right with the public by obtaining a judicial decree declaring that 'the German Navy League is not a political association, but one which aims at influencing public opinion in certain patriotic matters.' The distinction is not quite clear to a British mind, but we are given to understand that the League is now supported by persons of all shades of political opinion. It has members resident in Great Britain, the United States, and, we presume, other foreign countries. It carries on its propaganda by the free distribution of literature, by limelighted and cinematographic lectures, and by 'excursions to the sea at absurdly low rates for the purpose of enabling its members to view warships and witness manœuvres.' In the main, therefore, it would appear to be a copy of the Navy League established in this country. Dr. Elkind does not tell us whether the idea of the German Navy League was suggested by the British body, but I have some recollection of the British Navy League or one of its orators claiming credit for the paternity. There may be enthusiasts who consider the mere multiplication of battleships to be a good thing in itself, and they would doubtless like to see Navy Leagues established in every country in the world. But there are many persons in this country who will sympathise with the 'theoretical' opinion imputed by Dr. Elkind to many Germans that 'the existence of the Navy League is no longer necessary.' The main object of such bodies, whether in Germany or elsewhere, appears to be to promote public agitation for the *increase* of naval armaments—a thing in itself admitted to be an evil, even by those who are

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satisfied of its necessity. The expansion of navies stands in little need of this kind of popular impulse. The naval burdens of the world have increased from less than fifty millions sterling in 1894 to more than one hundred millions in the present year. What they will amount to in ten years' time who shall say?

Dr. Elkind's explanation of the naval policy of Germany does not seem to add very much to our knowledge. What is to be made of the statement that the scheme favoured by the German Government and the German Navy League is necessary 'in the first instance for the protection of the German coast, say, in time of war; secondly, for the protection of German commerce in general; and, thirdly, for the protection of Germans who live beyond the seas'? Elsewhere we are invited to infer that the business of the German Navy is not only to protect but to promote commerce. I shall return to this question of the protection of commerce, and will only note a further point in Dr. Elkind's *apologia* that the German Navy is purely defensive in its character, and that it has no relation whatever with recent British policy. The writer indeed propounds a theory, which will be new to most of us, that our recent increases have been caused by the revelation of inefficiency due to the naval manœuvres of 1901. These, it seems, produced an 'enormous reaction' in this country, the result of which is seen in the increase of our Naval Estimates. How inefficiency is to be cured by the mere multiplication of battleships we are not informed.

If the naval policy of Germany needs a defence it is certainly not one of this character. If I were a German taxpayer I should want something more substantial.

Now, what are the facts as to the expansion of the German Navy? Ten years ago the total provision made in the naval estimates was a little over four millions sterling as against rather more than seventeen millions, the net estimated expenditure of Great Britain. In 1898–9 the total German estimate fell just below six millions; our own had risen to nearly twenty-four millions net, leaving out of account the borrowings for naval works. For 1904 the German provision is over eleven millions; our own amounts to thirty-seven millions (net estimate), together with five millions to be raised by loan for naval works. In volume of expenditure, therefore, the two countries now stand in much the same relative position as ten years ago. A more useful comparison may perhaps be based on the naval construction of recent years, for which we have the authority of our own Admiralty. In nine years Great Britain added by new construction 933,147 tons to her fleet, and expended thereon 70,000,000*l*. In the same period Germany added 239,927 tons and expended 22,150,000*l*. If the advocates of increased expenditure in Germany desire a new argument for their plea, they may find one in the fact revealed by these figures that naval construction costs a good deal more in Germany than

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in Great Britain. The sum of seven pounds with us goes as far as nine pounds with them. This disadvantage they owe to their Protectionist policy, and they share it with other Protectionist countries. If we were to equalise the situation by adopting the fiscal system of those countries, we should have to add ten or twelve millions to our estimates to obtain the same results that we obtain now.

The German Imperial estimates for the financial year 1905, which have now been before the Reichstag for some weeks, deserve a rather more detailed statement, so far at least as they concern the German Navy. I take the figures from the Berlin correspondent of the *Times*.[1] According to that trustworthy authority the naval expenditure of the coming year will, as I understand the figures, be on the following scale:

	£
Ordinary estimates, recurring expenditure . .	5,268,687
Ordinary estimates, non-recurring expenditure .	4,904,422
Extraordinary estimates	2,505,850
Total . .	12,678,909

The extraordinary estimates are met by loan—'as a matter of course,' said the Secretary of the Imperial Treasury. The whole of the 'extraordinary' expenditure of the year, thus provided for by borrowing, is stated to be 14,000,000*l.*; and a further sum of 2,500,000*l.* will be raised by loan to meet the deficit on the 'ordinary' estimates.[2] It would appear that Germany is being asked to spend more than twelve millions on her navy at a time when the total income falls short of the total expenditure by sixteen millions. A considerable portion of this enormous shortage is no doubt due to the expenditure in South-West Africa, but the increasing resort to credit for the normal work of government is a common, and from a purely naval point of view, a serious element in the situation.

The German naval policy thus exhibited in its financial aspect concerns primarily the German people, and only in a secondary degree concerns ourselves or others. The Secretary frankly says that the prospect is a dismal one. The loan requirements will doubtless be considerably diminished when the insurrection in South-West Africa has been quelled, but this will not represent any improvement in the ordinary estimates, which will be permanently and heavily burdened by an increase in the interest on the loans contracted for these colonial purposes. 'I have no hesitation,' said the Secretary, 'in declaring quite frankly that it is impossible to go on in the way we are doing.' These words have been interpreted as foreshadowing increased duties on beer and tobacco, which will of course fall with great severity on the working classes, in spite of the original assurance that the expansion of the navy would involve no

[1] See *Times*, November 28, 1904.

[2] In his speech of the 4th of December, however, the Secretary states the total amount of loan as 14,650,000*l.*

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sacrifices from them. What else can be expected when the 'one thing certain' is that the deficit with which Germany has had to contend will be increased in the next few years?

If I were a German taxpayer of that class, or indeed of any class, I should find in the speeches of Chancellors and Secretaries, or in articles like Dr. Elkind's, small consolation for such a state of things. One is forced to the conviction that the opponents of the Government have much the better case—that there is force in Herr Bebel's suggestion that the naval programme should be postponed 'in view of the worst estimates that had ever been submitted to the Reichstag.' One may say this without questioning the sincerity of the official declaration that naval expansion in Germany implies no design against Great Britain, although fear of the British Navy was among the feelings appealed to when the programme was first propounded. The necessities of the 'Weltpolitik,' the purely defensive spirit of the policy, the protection of commerce, the guardianship of the home coasts, the safeguarding of the citizens abroad—these are the commonplaces of naval expansion everywhere, and are as likely to be sincere in the case of Germany as of any other nation. Whether the German people can afford the expense is another question.

So far, at all events, the matter does not appear to concern us very much. Our naval policy appears to me to have been governed for a long time by three main principles, which may be thus formulated. In the first place we recognise that the prime business of the British Navy is to destroy the fleets of the enemy. All other things are secondary to that. In the second place our standard of strength is a purely relative one. We have long since passed the point at which war ships had to be built without regard to the ships in course of construction by other Powers. We have often said that if they go on building we shall go on building, but if they stop, we shall stop. In the third place we have said that the standard at which we aim is that of equality with the next two Powers. In the April number of this Review I gave some reasons for thinking that the two-Power standard has no longer any real meaning. When the formula was devised, or grew up, everybody knew that it meant two specific Powers, and had reference to the general state of the international relations between one and the other, and between ourselves and both. But there have been vast changes since those days. If we had to formulate a standard *de novo*, I doubt if anybody would think of the two-Power criterion, or would regard France and Russia as especially the enemy. But the underlying principle remains, that strength is relative, and the growth of foreign navies is the governing fact in determining the increase of our own. If that principle is good for us, it must be conceded to other Powers at the same time. I cannot remember having seen this straightforward plea advanced

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in so many words by German expansionists, and it may be true that they refuse to admit any relation between their naval strength and our own. It would probably be difficult for them to find an arithmetical formula so simple as our own, but we could not blame them if they said that the tremendous strength of the British Navy counted for something in their policy. We undoubtedly should hesitate little in moving if we thought the German movement seriously affected our own position. I cannot myself see that it has any such consequences. In the fourth year after the German Navy Bill their total annual expenditure of less than thirteen millions is surely counterbalanced by our own corresponding expenditure of considerably over forty millions.[3] If the Germans say that their relative standard is one-third of the naval power of Great Britain we are not concerned to say them nay. I am not sure that we can even afford to criticise very severely the financial weakness of their programme. I have read articles on this subject—one even in the *Spectator*—which appeared to me to show a singular oblivion of our own financial shortcomings. We too have 'ordinary' and 'extraordinary' estimates, and the latter, like the German extraordinary estimates, are 'as a matter of course,' provided for by loan. And Great Britain this year is doing what Germany has apparently been doing for a long time—borrowing money to meet the excess of ordinary expenditure over ordinary income. This is not the place for a discourse on the finances of the year. If it were I should have little difficulty in showing that last year, taking everything into account—the old debt paid off, the new debt incurred and the realisation of capital assets in order to make both ends meet—we were a good many millions to the bad. Britain and Germany may commiserate each other on the undoubted fact that in a time of profound peace they have been obliged to incur warlike expenditure to an amount which has driven each of them to the money-lender. Mutual condolences of this kind will at any rate do less harm than the mutual recriminations which Count von Bülow so justly reprehended. Finally, I may recall the words of Mr. Goschen, when First Lord of the Admiralty, in introducing the Navy Estimates of 1900:

> Germany's programme reaches the appalling figure of 70,000,000*l.* Germany's first year's expenditure amounts to 4,380,000*l.* I compare our annual expenditure of 8,000,000*l.* with the annual expenditure which is contemplated under these great proposals. If we were to act on the German principle and have a programme extending over sixteen years, at our present rate the expenditure would be 128,000,000*l.* instead of the 70,000,000*l.* of Germany.

Mr. Goschen was, of course, referring to the provision for 'new construction,' which in the 1900 estimates amounted to rather less than eight millions and a half. The provision in this year's estimates amounts to more than eleven millions and a half, and Mr. Goschen's

[3] Including the sums to be borrowed for naval works in the course of the year.

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calculation should be corrected accordingly. Instead of 128,000,000*l.* we must read something like 170,000,000*l.*, against the 'appalling' German figure of 70,000,000*l.*

II. The Question of Disarmament

The burden of naval expenditure does not fall upon us alone, and if our own theories are correct, it only falls upon us as a consequence of the burdens assumed by other nations. How great the aggregate load has now become is not perhaps sufficiently present to our minds. The tables in Brassey's *Naval Annual* for 1904 yield the following results in round numbers:

	£
British naval estimates (net, and exclusive of borrowed money)	87,000,000
French	12,500,000
German (for 1905)	12,700,000
Russian	11,800,000
Italian	5,000,000
United States	21,000,000
Austrian	1,500,000
	£101,500,000

If we turn to the *Annual* for 1894, we find that the corresponding estimates yield a total of about 48½ millions. The naval burden of Europe and America in time of peace has doubled in ten years. I take the year 1894 as a starting point because from that year may be said to date the great general expansion that has since taken place. The date 1899 has a significance of its own. In that year, as the figures in the *Naval Annual* show, the naval expenditure of the nations had gone up to 68½ millions. In that year, as we all remember, the Czar issued his famous invitation to the Powers. The growing burden of armaments was the subject of the message, and the Czar proposed that the Powers should send delegates to a Conference, to consider the best way of dealing with so grave an evil. There never was the slightest doubt about the meaning of the proposal. The scheme was intended to bring about an international agreement for the reduction of armaments by land and sea. That and nothing else was the head and front of the Imperial message. Other things were included in its scope, but the main result of the Conference was to be: first, to stop the growth of military budgets, and secondly to bring about their reduction. 'The constant danger of the accumulation of war material,' said the Czar, in words echoed by Lord Salisbury, 'under the armed peace of to-day is a crushing burden more and more difficult for the nations to bear. It is the supreme duty of all States to put some limits to their unceasing armaments.' The Conference was held on this basis —we know with what result. So far as its main purpose was concerned it was a failure. The delegates did some most useful

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work, but they remitted back the question of disarmament to their principals, on the ground that they had not sufficient time to deal with it themselves, recording their opinion 'that a further examination of the question by the Powers would prove a great benefit to humanity.' I recall these facts, not in order to disparage the work of the Hague Conference or to question the sincerity of the Ministers of the day in various countries who accepted in principle the Czar's proposals, but in order to draw attention to what has happened since in relation to naval armaments, in which we are mainly interested. If the evil had become grievous in 1899 it is vastly greater now. The present Government in this country has again and again been invited to take the initiative in resuming the unfinished work of the Hague Conference. The answers given by Ministers have always confessed their readiness to join other Governments in a new Conference, but only if some other Government would take the initiative. The opportunity seemed to have come at last when President Roosevelt announced his intention to invite the Powers once more to take up the work left unfinished in 1900. But the detailed letter of the President, though it specified many important questions as ripe for international treatment, made no mention of disarmament. And the omission appears to have been deliberately intended. America is building up a new navy with considerable energy, and it is quite clear from the President's recent message that he at least is in no mood to consider any proposals tending to limitation. On the contrary the armaments which to the Czar and the Powers appeared in 1899 to be a gigantic evil, 'striking at the root of public prosperity,' are regarded by the President as the necessary machinery of a 'Peace of justice.' Disarmament is even denounced as a wicked thing in the present state of the world. And so we are back to the old doctrine, that great navies, and I suppose great armies, are the best securities for the peace of mankind.

The cause of disarmament is apparently therefore hopeless—at least for the present. I have never contended that we are under a greater obligation than other nations to lead the way in reduction of forces. But I still think that our supreme position on the sea would have made it easier for us than for some other Powers to propose once more to take up the Russian project seriously at some suitable time. In the meantime Europe is faced with the prospect of the continued increase of the evil which all Europe agreed in denouncing only six years ago. There seems to be no reason why the estimates which have doubled in the last ten years should not double again in the next—none except the financial exhaustion of some of the competitors. At present neither ourselves nor other nations have any fixed principles to guide us. What are now the two Powers whose strength should be the measure of our own minimum? Is Russia to count as one? Is America to count as another?

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III. The Colonial Contribution to the Navy

Such being the international position, it is not surprising that questions which many of us have been unwilling even to consider, should be forcing themselves on the attention of the country. One such is the question of the Colonial contribution. I have felt it to be my duty for many years past to try at least to bring some comprehension of the facts to Parliament and the country. The few who from time to time discussed the question in the course of the sessional debates on the Navy generally found an appreciative listener in the Chancellor of the Exchequer of the day. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach used to say, like the German Finance Minister the other day, that 'we could not go on as we are doing.' The British Navy provides for the naval defence of the whole Empire. It protects Canada and Australia as it protects England or Scotland or Wales or Ireland. The cost is yearly increasing in the most alarming manner. Is it fair that the whole burden should be borne by the United Kingdom alone? Is it not right at all events that the people of this country should know what they are bearing?

Our chance appeared to have come when the so-called Colonial Conference assembled in 1902. It was a gathering of Colonial Premiers, not authorised by their Governments to do anything beyond friendly consultation with Ministers in this country. The case of the Navy was admirably presented in a memorandum from the Admiralty. But it was prejudiced, I venture to think, by its association with a military case neither so well founded nor so well presented. We have never been permitted to know anything about the discussions which took place at this conclave, and its utility in making known to us the views of the Colonies was practically *nil*. Nor was its practical result of any great importance. The Australasian Colonies had contributed before 1900 a small sum annually to meet the cost of a special squadron tied down rather rigorously to duty in Australian waters. The arrangement might be more correctly described as one by which Great Britain contributed the greater part of the cost of an Australian Squadron. As the result of the Conference the agreement was recast, the contribution was raised to 240,000*l*. per annum, 'for the maintenance of an Australasian Squadron and the establishment of a branch of the Royal Naval Reserve.' The local restrictions were at the same time relaxed. The Cape Colony and Natal also increased their contributions, with this general result that the whole British Empire now contributes to the cost of the Navy, which saves every member of it just one per cent. of the present year's expenditure. The contribution from India and the Colonies amounts now to 431,000*l*. This year's naval expenditure, all told, is not less than 43,000,000*l*. Canada

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contributed nothing before the Conference and contributes nothing now.

It is evident that if the old arrangement was less than fair to the United Kingdom, the injustice was hardly mitigated by the new, and it remained no less necessary than before to keep the public informed of the exact nature of the burden it was called upon to bear. When in the course of the last two years a deliberate attempt was made in another sphere of policy to persuade our people that they were doing less than justice to the Colonies, it became doubly necessary to make the naval position clear. Those who made the attempt in the House of Commons were rebuked by spokesmen of the Government in language which reads rather strangely to-day. We were told that 'these calculations were irritating to the Colonies,' that 'those who paid the piper called the tune,' and that 'this was not the time after the exertion made in the war for us to call the Colonies to account.' Such words were amazing enough at the time they were uttered, coming from men who had just failed in an attempt to do the very thing they now pretended to denounce, and failed, I suspect, by reason of their own maladroitness. What can we think of the tact which, after the exertions made in the war, reminded Canada that if Great Britain had exerted herself on the same scale as the Dominion did, the war would have cost us a few millions instead of more than two hundred? Those who remember all this must have rubbed their eyes when they read the report of the proceedings at the Foreign Office the other day. A deputation from the Imperial Federation (Defence) Committee waited upon the Prime Minister to urge the desirability of inviting the Colonies to take a larger share in the defence of the Empire. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, who introduced the deputation, and Sir John Colomb, who stated its object, are quite consistent, but with these two exceptions I cannot find in the deputation the name of one political person who had previously countenanced the proposal. The position of the Prime Minister is remarkable. Down to the last days of last session he had steadily refused to entertain the idea of calling another Colonial Conference to consider fiscal questions. In the middle of the recess he suddenly announced a change of mind, and a Colonial Conference on fiscal questions became the cornerstone of his fiscal policy. And now comes Sir John Colomb with his deputation, pressing the Prime Minister to bring before the same Conference the necessity of further co-operation in the naval defence of the Empire. The whole argument turned on the Navy and the inadequacy of the Colonial contributions, and the suggestion made was that this subject not only should be laid before the proposed Conference, but should secure 'primary consideration.' And the Prime Minister, whose representative had been allowed a few weeks before to denounce the revival of the question as inopportune and

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irritating, assented. It is true that in his nebulous utterances there is no sign of familiarity with the history, any more than with the *rationale*, of the question. A statesman who bases a serious argument on the metaphor that the Colonies are our children can hardly have realised the moral anomaly of a system which compels a working man or woman at home to provide for the free naval defence of a Colonial millionaire, possibly himself of foreign descent.

I am afraid the deputation will take little by its action. The proposed Colonial Conference is known by everybody to be the move of an embarrassed Premier in a desperate party struggle. The Imperial Federation (Defence) Committee is not a body of political partisans, and, as one who has hitherto regarded much of its work with sympathy, I regret that it should have taken a hand in the game. After all there is a Colonial side to the question, and some of its points have been well put by the Agent-General for West Australia in a public and, I suppose, semi-official letter to the press. The new system of contribution, the result of the last Conference, is only now coming into force. Why reopen the question before the year is much more than half out? Why badger Australia to give more until you have induced Canada to give something? To these may be added another pertinent query—What is the use of another Conference when we know nothing whatever of the views of the Colonial delegates to the last Conference? The only answer to these or similar questions is the Prime Minister's—that the Conference must be left free to discuss any subjects it pleases, including this. Whether the idea of including this question in the programme will not wreck the Conference, whether it is not encouraged because it will have that effect, are not questions for me in this paper. But I think I have said enough to show that no relief from our burdens is likely to be found in this direction.

IV. Navies and the Protection of Commerce

Is there hope in any other quarter?

One universal element in all arguments about all navies is the necessity of protecting commerce at sea. This is the argument on which the Admiralty Memorandum of 1902 rested its appeal to the Colonies for increased contributions. It is the main argument of the Imperial Federation (Defence) Committee. It figures largely in the article of Dr. Elkind and in the speeches of Count von Bülow and other statesmen who have to defend large naval estimates. It is an argument of great dynamic power. Everybody can not only understand but feel its force. And yet there are some considerations relevant to it which are usually ignored.

In the first place there is, I think, some misconception of the kind of defence extended to commerce by the Navy. Many people seem

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to imagine that it will be the duty of the fleet to safeguard closely the coming and going of national ships at sea. I do not know whether the belief in convoys still prevails among business men, but I imagine they do expect that the principal trade routes will be specially policed in war time by men-of-war. Or without formulating any particular kind of action I rather suppose them to expect some form of defence other than that implied in the defeat and destruction of the enemy's sea forces.

I do not think that such views are entertained by naval men. The first business of a fleet is to put an end to the opposing fleet, and any power diverted from this main purpose imports weakness. In the beginning of a war at all events commerce on both sides would probably be left to shift for itself, that is, on the whole it would be left alone. What might happen when one of the two contending Powers has put the other out of action is another question. If we are to accept Captain Mahan as an authority, the policy of commerce-destroying is a delusion, especially when the object of it is a commerce so vast as that of Great Britain. Its very size constitutes its own protection, as the power needed for a deadly blow to it might, according to the principles just enumerated, be more advantageously employed otherwise. If commerce-destroying goes, there disappears along with it the notion of special protection to commerce. If I understand the true principle aright, neither of the contending fleets will have much strength to spare from the supreme task of destroying the other. Any attack on commerce will, on the theory of Captain Mahan, be a secondary and not a primary operation of the war. The true defence of commerce would therefore appear to lie in the possession of a navy strong enough to bear down any navy which, if successful in the main business of war, might resort to commerce destruction as a secondary operation.

The fear of immediate or ultimate danger to commerce will, however, continue to dominate the minds of men, and in our time and country will be aggravated by what is known or believed as to our dependence on food supplies imported from lands beyond the sea. And this brings me to the second question which I wish to suggest for consideration, which is this:—Is there any reason why commerce—*i.e.* private property—should continue to be endangered by warlike operations as it is now?

According to the prevailing practice of civilised nations, known as International Law, a ship of war in war time will not interfere with a private ship, the property of a private person, subject of a neutral Power, or with any of her cargo, no matter who may be the owner, unless such cargo be contraband of war. The definition of contraband is not so well settled as it ought to be, and its uncertainty with respect to food, for example, is an undoubted source of possible danger to commerce in time of war. But the settlement of such

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doubt as remains on this head should be a work of no great difficulty.

A far larger question remains to which I can only devote a few sentences. Many writers and many statesmen have been in favour of exempting private property at sea from attack or capture altogether, whether it be the property of a belligerent or of a neutral. On grounds of mere humanity there can, I conceive, be no answer to this claim except from those who would make war more terrible in the hope of making it less frequent. There is no doubt about the lawfulness of capture. 'Legally or morally,' says one of our own most authoritative writers, 'only one conclusion is possible, that any State which chooses to adhere to the capture of private property at sea has every right to do so.' But he adds that opinion in favour of the contrary practice is sensibly growing, and that the majority of well-known international lawyers, other than English, undoubtedly hold that the principle of immunity ought to be adopted into International Law. Great Britain in the past has been the main upholder of the existing practice. The writer just cited, while maintaining its lawfulness, strongly challenges the wisdom of our attitude. I refer to the question only as one of naval policy. From that point of view I suggest that the time has come for the abandonment of our traditional attitude. The attack on commerce has been relegated by the authorities to a secondary place in the armoury of a great naval Power. Our social condition, especially with respect to the importation of food and the raw materials of our industries, makes us more vulnerable than we were in former days. If we adhere to the old rule we may be driven to new protective remedies. Naval policy seems no longer to require us to take this course. And if immunity were established as a principle of International Law the world would be relieved, if not from a portion at least of the burden of naval armaments, at all events from some of the haunting fears which have hitherto forced mankind to accept the burden.

Now this is no longer a merely speculative question. It has been brought suddenly within the region of practical politics by President Roosevelt's invitation to the Powers, already mentioned. If the omission of the capital question of disarmament has caused some disappointment, there is no room for complaint that this other topic has been neglected. Among the three subjects selected by the President as especially worthy of examination at the new Hague Conference, one is the inviolability of private property in naval warfare. Mr. Hay's letter conveying the President's invitation sets forth the memorable Resolution of Congress, dated the 28th of April, 1904, that 'it is desirable in the interest of uniformity of action by the maritime States of the world that the President endeavour to bring about an understanding among the principal maritime Powers with a view of incorporating into the permanent law of civilised

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nations the principle of the exemption of *all* private property at sea, not contraband of war, from capture or destruction by belligerents.' President Roosevelt's invitation has, we all know, been accepted in general terms by His Majesty's present Government. There is every reason to hope and believe that other Powers will adhere to this principle, and that the assent of Great Britain will be sufficient to carry it into International Law. In our own interests that assent ought no longer to be withheld.

V. The Distribution of the Fleet

It is a relief to turn from these debatable points to one on which I have always thought the decision of the Admiralty must be conclusive. Some of my readers may remember the 'Mediterranean scare' of the summer of 1901. This agitation, promoted by the Navy League, against the scheme of distribution then in force, more particularly in the Mediterranean, did not survive a single day's debate in the House of Commons, but it had one good effect in establishing the sound doctrine that the Admiralty alone has at its command the knowledge necessary to a decision of such questions. In the other House the present First Lord stated the doctrine in unexceptionable terms.

> The Admiralty [he said] and the Admiralty alone know at a given moment not only what are the numbers but the exact state and condition of the ships of foreign Powers. The Admiralty alone has the whole information of the Foreign Office at its disposal; the Admiralty alone knows what the general calls of the Empire are on the Navy for its service. If either Parliament or the press of this country is going to undertake the distribution of the ships of the Navy, I for one decline to be responsible. In war the distribution of the fleet is necessarily governed by considerations of strategy alone. In peace also strategy is the main factor, but that main factor has constantly to be disturbed by other considerations connected with the general duties and responsibilities of empire.

Within the last few days the Admiralty has made public a new scheme of distribution. We are given to understand that this scheme is the natural outcome of the evolution of the fleet which has been proceeding steadily through so many years. The change from wind power to steam power and the growth and position of foreign navies are stated to be the main factors governing the decision of the Admiralty. As in times past, the proper distribution of the fleet in time of peace is held to be that which would be its best strategical position in case of war. The cruiser squadrons, we are told, 'will be employed to show the flag in imposing force wherever it may be deemed to be politically or strategically advisable.' Most of us would have been quite ready to accept the new scheme of distribution without all this explanation in the full assurance that it represented the best judgment of the accomplished naval officers now

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at the Admiralty. The explanation does not really add much to our knowledge, and its vague and general terms may possibly lead to misapprehension, especially when they are read in connection with the Prime Minister's speech at the Foreign Office. Mr. Balfour says that 'the unhappy change which has taken place in the distribution of armaments throughout the world shows no signs of being of a less menacing character to the safety of the Empire in the future.' He refers to dangers menacing 'the unity and even the independence of portions of the Empire.' The cry of alarm has already been raised in Germany and France, and even in America. The German expansionist sees in the Admiralty memorandum 'the assertion of a claim to the command of all the seas,' and in the scheme of distribution a fresh factor which was not and could not have been taken into account in the present naval programme of Germany. In France M. de Lanessan declares that the British scheme is based on a transposition of the two-power into a three-power standard. The three Powers, it seems, are France, the United States, and Germany. We shall have more, no doubt, of this sort of speculation, the practical outcome of which will be a demand for further expansion in foreign navies.

The scheme of redistribution has been placed before the public so recently that its points need not be recapitulated here. A rather ominous admission is made that 'the increase in the number, size, and horse-power of the ships in commission has more than swallowed up the increase in the personnel.' Manning lags behind construction, as it usually does in times of rapid expansion. It is part of the new scheme that vessels of inferior fighting efficiency, however useful in time of peace, are to be withdrawn as far as possible from peace commission. The period of all commissions is to be reduced to two years. The repairs of the newly named Atlantic Fleet are to be executed at Gibraltar, of the Mediterranean Fleet at Malta. The scheme as a whole will, in the opinion of the Admiralty, greatly increase the fighting efficiency of the fleet, and will also 'result in a very considerable economy on the Navy Estimates.' The first proposition may well be accepted without demur, but for the second the evidence is not very obvious. Perhaps we may take it for an assurance, too long delayed, that the Navy Estimates now in course of preparation will show a substantial reduction on the whole.

EDMUND ROBERTSON.

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RESERVES OF WELSH SMOKELESS STEAM COAL FOR THE BRITISH NAVY

THE outbreak of war in the Far East has again brought into prominence the immense value of our incomparable Welsh smokeless steam coal, and the feverish anxiety of both combatants to augment their stocks of this indispensable combustible once more raises the question whether, as a nation, we are justified in parting, in ever-increasing quantities, with a commodity which, under existing conditions, must prove of incalculable value and strength to our first line of defence in the event of our being engaged in a struggle with one or more of the first-class naval powers.

Russia, recognising the importance of checking the supplies of Welsh coal to her powerful naval antagonist, immediately issued a proclamation declaring coal 'contraband of war,' this policy conclusively proving, if further proof be necessary, the present value of smokeless steam coal to a country engaged in naval hostilities.

It must not be forgotten that Japan possesses very extensive coalfields of her own, not only capable of supplying the requirements of that country, but providing a surplus which enables her to engage in a large and increasing trade in exported coal; but unfortunately for Japan, her coal does not possess the important qualification known as 'smokeless,' and so long as the Russian fleet is an active force, we may expect Japan to purchase from South Wales large quantities of smokeless coal.

Bearing these facts in mind, no surprise can be felt at the agitation which is now so active in favour of the Government taking energetic action to limit the exports of Welsh smokeless steam coal with the object of conserving for future naval requirements so valuable an adjunct to naval warfare, of which this country presently possesses an undoubted monopoly.

Professor W. Boyd Dawkins and Sir Lees Knowles, M.P., who are the most energetic advocates of restriction, have certainly very strong material upon which to base their arguments, and moreover, being actuated by patriotic motives, they have already secured a considerable amount of public sympathy and support. It will there-

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fore be of great interest to consider seriously some of the main points bearing upon this most important question, with a view of deciding whether or not the conclusions arrived at and the policy advocated are justified.

Up to the present there has been a disposition among those engaged in the South Wales coal trade to treat this question as one deserving of little more than passing notice, but the time has now arrived when the fullest publicity and investigation are necessary, so that a movement fraught with the greatest danger to the premier branch of our coal industry may be more fully appreciated.

The various schemes that have been propounded to curtail effectually the export of our smokeless steam coal may be summarised under three heads:—

(1) The purchase of smokeless steam coal collieries by the nation.

(2) The imposition of a heavy duty upon exported smokeless coal.

(3) The acquisition of the remaining unworked areas containing smokeless steam coal with a view of reserving same for future naval requirements.

That the policies outlined under heads 1 and 2 would seriously affect the export is self-evident. Both are drastic measures which no Government would sanction or even entertain unless under the most extreme conditions and supported by convincing evidence.

The precautionary policy under the third proposal would probably ensure an adequate reserve of smokeless coal for the period when the best of the steam coal now being won becomes exhausted, and this is the proposal most likely to gain the requisite amount of support to lift it into the range of serious discussion.

The development of South Wales has been phenomenal, and its prosperity depends almost entirely upon the export coal trade, so that any serious diminution in the shipments would be immediately reflected upon the whole of that district.

The total output of the Welsh collieries during the year 1903 reached 42,153,287 tons, and of this quantity there were exported to foreign countries 19,881,173 tons of coal, besides 102,324 tons of coke, 943,041 tons of patent fuel, and in addition 3,842,073 tons of coal shipped as bunkers in foreign-going vessels, making a grand total of 24,768,611 tons.

This enormous trade has not been developed without the investment of a vast amount of capital in collieries, railways, docks, &c. It is difficult to arrive at a correct estimate of the amount actually sunk in these great undertakings, but it cannot be less than 60,000,000*l*. Therefore those who are studying this question will do well to remember that they are dealing not with some insignificant branch of commerce, but with an industry of supreme importance, and one that gives employment to a vast number of people; for out of a total

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of 2,015,012, which constitutes the population of Wales and Monmouthshire, no less a number than 1,132,248 are living in the coal-producing counties of Glamorgan and Monmouth, the greatest proportion of which are directly concerned in the staple industry of the district.

It is thus apparent that if a policy of curtailment received the sanction of Parliament, the effect upon the whole community of South Wales would be far-reaching. The interest upon the millions of money invested in collieries and the great undertakings necessary for the handling and shipment of the output of those collieries would be seriously jeopardised.

From the evidence given by Mr. Gordon William Miller, C.B., before the Royal Commission on Coal Supplies, we learn that the amount of coal drawn annually from South Wales for the requirements of the British Admiralty has now reached a quantity slightly over one million tons, and that this quantity is taken from the twenty-four collieries that turn out coal up to the standard required by the Admiralty. The total amount of coal raised annually by these twenty-four collieries is about thirteen million tons, so that the Admiralty requirements absorb about one-thirteenth of their whole production. These collieries are the most important in South Wales, employing the greatest number of men, and in which immense sums of capital have been invested.

It may be argued that if a heavy export duty was levied upon smokeless steam coal, the effect would only be felt by the twenty-four collieries from which the Admiralty draws its supplies; but this is not so, as it is impossible to draw a hard and fast line as to what coal is really smokeless; to check the export effectually, it might be necessary to deal with practically the whole of the coal raised in South Wales.

That the Admiralty is anxious to extend its area of supply is proved by the fact that in reply to a question bearing upon this point, put by the Chairman of the Royal Commission on Coal Supplies, Mr. Gordon William Miller replied:

> That object is kept constantly in view. We have six descriptions of Welsh coal under trial at the present time—under various stages of trial—and we are trying mixtures of the drier and bituminous coals which are found in the Welsh district. They are obtained from outside the area of the Welsh coalfield that we are now drawing from. We think, possibly, that if a satisfactory mixture of drier coals and bituminous coals could be brought about, it might possess the properties we require.

Doubtless Professor Boyd Dawkins, and those who are not closely in touch with the coal trade, imagine that the bulk of the coal exported from South Wales is for the consumption of British and foreign ships of war, but from the fact that a little over one million tons of coal supply the yearly requirement of the British Navy, and

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that our fleet bears so great a proportion to the combined fleets of the whole world, it is clear that but a small proportion of the coal exported is actually required for consumption upon foreign ships of war—in fact, as Mr. Joseph Shaw has recently stated in his excellent letters to the *Times*, 700,000 tons cover the annual requirements of foreign governments for use upon their ships of war, and the number of foreign nations drawing their supplies of coal for naval purposes from South Wales is limited.

For instance, our great naval rival, France, does not consume Welsh coal, probably from the fact that in time of war, and especially if engaged in hostilities with Great Britain, supplies of this class of fuel would be extremely problematical; or perhaps, on patriotic grounds, they prefer using the coal raised in their own country, and thus consume in time of peace the same coal upon which France would have to rely in times of war.

For what purposes is Welsh coal required? Although, under normal conditions, it is an easy matter to trace the destination of every cargo shipped, it is quite impossible to do more than surmise the actual object for which the coal is used on reaching its ultimate destination. However, we know that at least one third and probably one half of the total shipments from South Wales ports is destined for the great coaling stations abroad, to enable British and foreign merchant steamers to replenish their supplies of bunker coals, and in view of the fact that the British flag covers half the world's merchant steam tonnage, it is apparent to what an extent our smokeless coal is actually consumed by our own merchant steamers.

It must also not be forgotten that as the greater portion of the English-owned cargo steamers are engaged in the long-distance trades, the largest proportion of bunkers taken at the foreign coaling depôts would be burnt in English ships.

To deprive our passenger and merchant steamers of this high-class coal would act greatly to their detriment, *inter alia*, owing to the increased quantities of inferior bunker coals our steamers would have to carry, and the consequent shutting out of cargo, to say nothing of extending the period of time necessary to complete a voyage owing to the necessity of making frequent calls at the coaling stations to replenish supplies and the increased expenses entailed.

Supposing that the existing 1*s.* per ton tax upon exported coal was increased, and the export checked, what would be the effect? In the first place, it would encourage the strenuous efforts of our foreign rivals to secure a firmer footing in those markets and depôts once exclusively supplied by our Welsh collieries, and it is well to remember that this competition is already assuming practical shape, for the Germans have recently established coaling depôts at Algiers, Port Said, and Madeira, and the total amount of coal raised in the

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German mines during 1903 reached 116,638,000 tons, of which quantity 20,808,000 tons found a market outside that country.

The increase in the tax on exported smokeless steam coal which has been advocated as an alternative policy would certainly lower the prices of all descriptions of coal, owing to the fact that, with the foreign markets closed to them, the high-class Welsh-coal collieries would have to seek an outlet for their outputs in the home market, and as the consumption of the home market is limited, the effect would certainly be a fall in the prices of all classes of coal. Again, independently of the great fall in wages which would necessarily follow a fall in price, large numbers of colliers, and all those depending upon the export coal trade for their livelihood, such as dock workmen, trimmers, &c. &c., would be at once thrown out of employment.

Any loss of trade to our Welsh collieries would also mean the loss to our shipping of the outward carriage of the coal now exported from Wales, and the effect of this would be far-reaching. One example will suffice to establish the importance of Great Britain retaining her hold upon her foreign coal trade. A glance at the shipments of Welsh coal to the South American markets will show that to the River Plate ports alone 1,407,493 tons of Welsh coal were shipped during 1903, and it will be at once recognised how vital the outward carriage of this large quantity of cargo must be to our merchant shipping engaged in transporting the supplies of grain and other produce which we now import so largely from Argentina.

All classes of our cargo tonnage look to exported coal to furnish the outward cargoes which enable our ships to reach the foreign countries from which, on the homeward voyage, they bring the produce which forms the basis of our food supply, and it is undoubtedly owing to the fact that vessels employed in the carriage of food stuffs to this country have been able to secure a suitable outward cargo, that we are able to obtain our supplies with regularity and cheapness, and it is evident that any interference with these outward cargoes would at once be followed by a serious rise in the price of foodstuffs from abroad, owing to the greatly increased homeward rates of freight necessary to compensate our shipowners for the loss of regular outward employment.

In dealing with this question, it cannot be too strongly emphasised that there is the estimated amount of 120,000,000*l.* invested in British cargo steamers alone, to say nothing of the large sums sunk in general liners and sailing vessels; therefore it is clear that any restrictive policy which would tend to hamper the free development of our coal trade would immediately react with most serious results upon our great shipping interests.

It may, however, be argued that if American and German exports of coal were augmented to any considerable extent, our

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shipowners would be in a position to monopolise the whole of the increased carrying trade from those countries owing to the preponderance of British tonnage; but, in view of what we have seen during the last few years, we cannot doubt but that the Germans and Americans will build themselves the necessary ships to cope with their increased exports, and preference is invariably given to their own vessels. Foreign shipowners receive every encouragement from their respective Governments to foster the growth of a new trade. We know to what an extent foreign merchants, shipowners, and shipbuilders are assisted by means of bounties, subsidies, aid from State railways, &c. In fact, no sacrifice is apparently too heavy on the part of our commercial rivals to encourage and develop a new commercial enterprise, and especially would this be the case in one offering such exceptional possibilities as the coal trade. Foreign nations have always dealt with their great commercial operations from a national aspect, in contradistinction to our own country, where our commercial policy is more individual.

We must also remember that it is greatly to the benefit of this country that our ships take cargoes from the home ports rather than from foreign ports, thus giving employment to our docks, and to the different enterprises which are maintained solely to cope with the requirements of our shipping; in fact every ship that commences her voyage from a United Kingdom port disburses a large amount of money in dock and harbour dues, stores, wages, and in various other directions.

Thus we see that any interference with the export of coal would affect the prosperity of the tramp shipping industry with its 120,000,000*l.* of invested capital, the estimated amount of 60,000,000*l.* sunk in collieries, docks, railways, &c. in South Wales, and the vast number of people who now depend upon this particular branch of industry for their livelihood.

An important point to be kept in view is that in winning the coal, labour receives the fullest possible benefit: to illustrate the importance of coal as a wage-earning medium, it may be mentioned that the intrinsic value of the coal in the ground is merely nominal. The labour required to bring it to the surface gives it its commercial value. The average price of best Welsh coal at port of shipment during 1903 was 14*s.* per ton, and of this amount about 10*s.* per ton would have been spent on labour, the difference providing for stores, carriage, dock charges, royalties, profit, &c.

Now let me briefly refer to the question of the purchase of collieries. To those who are not acquainted with the difficulties to be surmounted in the winning of coal, this policy especially appeals. It may be accepted that if the Government did purchase some of the best Welsh collieries, only sufficient coal would be raised to

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cover the actual requirements of the Admiralty, and whereas the colliery owner now strives for a maximum output to enable him to reduce his cost per ton of coal worked, the Government objective would be a minimum, in order to reserve as much coal as possible underground for future contingencies. Of all the collieries in the United Kingdom, those in the South Wales coalfields are the most difficult and costly to work owing to their greater physical difficulties, and once a colliery commences to raise coal, it is essential to keep continually at work, otherwise the cost of winning the coal is increased beyond its marketable value. Furthermore, on the assumption that the Government would only raise sufficient coal to meet its own requirements, a large and unremunerative expenditure would be entailed in freeing the workings from water, and in keeping miles of underground roads in a state of efficiency—these roads require constant and unremitting attention, as, if they are neglected, they quickly become choked by dislocations and falls, and the cost of reopening is enormous.

As an example of the cost of maintenance, during the five months' coal strike of 1898 the expense of keeping in proper working order the Welsh collieries on the Admiralty list averaged 1*s.* 6*d.* per ton, based upon the quantity that could have been raised had the collieries been in operation.

Doubtless, if it were possible for the Admiralty to take their requirements of fuel with regularity at certain equal periods, the difficulties of working one or more collieries would be obviated, or at least considerably simplified, but as the Admiralty requirements depend entirely upon the movements of the British fleets, the calls made upon the Welsh coalowners are not made at regular intervals; large quantities of coal are very often required at short notice to meet special requirements, and it is obvious that no one colliery would be capable of supplying more than a small proportion of these sudden demands.

For example, at the time of the autumnal manœuvres, or when the Channel Fleet makes an extended cruise, or on the occasion of any special mobilisation, the heavy demands for coal to be delivered immediately are met by a number of the twenty-four collieries now capable of turning out coal up to the Admiralty standard. What would be the position in a case of emergency, and were the whole of our naval resources put into commission? The demand would be such that it would be absolutely impossible for a limited number of collieries under Government control to deal with it.

If our better-class collieries have to face a reduced export on account of an increased export tax, the result would doubtless be the closing of many, and the falling out of repair of others, so that it would be impossible, under these circumstances, to look to those collieries to supply any heavy Government demand which might

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suddenly arise, until the time when such collieries were again placed in efficient repair to enable them to regain their normal output, and it can easily be imagined the difficulties a Government might experience in securing sufficient supplies of smokeless steam coal to meet its requirements.

Let us now turn to the proposal to purchase an unlet area of Welsh smokeless steam coal.

This proposition has been already under consideration by the Admiralty, and the matter has come under discussion during the sittings of the Royal Commission on Coal Supplies; but as this is not specially within the terms of reference of the Commission, it may be concluded that the Government had not contemplated adopting such a policy when the Commission was appointed.

That the available coal area is becoming very limited is generally admitted, and what is left is being gradually acquired by existing colliery companies for the further development of their properties.

No surprise need be felt at the Government's hesitation to recommend the locking up of capital in a venture of this description, as although a sufficiently large area may possibly be obtained, there can be no guarantee, when the time arrives for opening up these reserves, that the coal will be of a nature suitable for the needs of the Navy, and the purchase is bound to be of a somewhat speculative and doubtful character. The history of the coal trade is full of examples of capital lost in the sinking for coal which was never found, or, if found, was of a much inferior quality to what had been expected.

Then it must not be forgotten that an area cannot be developed in a short period of time, so that, in a case of emergency, an area which required opening out would be useless.

Owing to the nature of Welsh coal, it cannot be brought to the surface and stored for any lengthy period, as, unless under favourable climatic conditions, its calorific power deteriorates by exposure to the atmosphere; and it is owing to this fact that the Admiralty now ship considerable quantities of patent fuel for reserve stocks in hot climates, as this class of fuel can be better stored without the risk of deterioration.

The arguments used in favour of conserving our fuel supply for future generations lose much of their force when we consider the researches and developments of modern science.

We are told that Lord Nelson in his day advocated the reservation of British oak trees for the exclusive use of the Government in building ships of war. This year is the centenary of the battle of Trafalgar, and the death of England's greatest naval hero. What a revolution has been witnessed in naval architecture since that stirring episode in our national history! Is it not a reasonable inference to draw that the coal which we now possess stored in the

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earth will in the near future be superseded by some vastly improved method of generating force? To think otherwise is a slur upon the inventive genius of our age. May we not look with confidence to the future, relying upon the infinite possibilities of electricity, gas, water, &c., as motive powers, any of which may replace coal as force-producing agents, or at any rate, considerably reduce its consumption?

If we reserve large coal areas for the hypothetical requirements of future generations, it is quite probable that, long before our present collieries are exhausted, posterity may have on its hands large quantities of a combustible of little or no practical value, but which at the present time forms the basis of our national commercial supremacy.

Alarmists urge us to restrict the export of our smokeless steam coal. Why do they stop there? Why not arrest the sale to foreign nations of British-built ships of war, guns, ammunition, and the thousand and one articles manufactured in this country for export abroad, which might possibly be used against us in times of national peril? If it be considered a national danger to part with the output of our Welsh collieries, surely it is a much more suicidal policy to allow the 20,000 men now employed in the great Elswick Arsenal to devote their brains and energies to turning out guns for foreign men-of-war, guns which may be turned against us with the most disastrous effects should we become engaged in a great struggle with some powerful rival.

There is no foundation for the contention that our ships of war would be at any loss for smokeless coal should we again find ourselves at war. It is idle to suppose that, should this country be engaged in active hostilities, any smokeless coal which could possibly fall into the hands of our enemies would be allowed to leave our shores; moreover, during such a crisis, the export trade of this country would be severely restricted, if not entirely suspended, and the export coal trade would naturally be the first to suffer.

The result would be that the bulk of the coal raised in the Welsh collieries would be immediately at the disposal of our Government. In a case of emergency the State would not hesitate to adopt temporary legislative measures to absolutely reserve all available smokeless coal for its own use. The idea that foreign governments have accumulated vast stores of Welsh coal is absurd. The very nature of the coal precludes any such idea. Welsh coal must be burnt within a limited period after being raised to secure the full advantage of its calorific powers. We may rest assured that in case of any complications, our Navy would have no difficulty in securing unlimited supplies of smokeless steam coal, and its position with regard to this class of fuel would be supreme.

It may be consoling to those pessimists who are alarmed at the

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increase in our coal exports to learn that we no longer enjoy the distinction of being the largest coal-producing country in the world. The world's output of coal has now reached a total of 790 millions of tons: the output in the United States of America has risen to 320,983,000 tons in 1903 as compared with 230,334,000 in the United Kingdom during the same year.

The time cannot be far distant when the competition of foreign countries will be far more seriously felt by our coal exporters. The increase in our exports of coal in the future will bear no comparison with that of previous years.

According to the opinions of experts, the resources of the Welsh coalfields will not be exhausted for at least another hundred years, and in view of this fact, and with the knowledge that the full naval requirements of Welsh coal, except during the period of a strike, have always been readily forthcoming, it may safely be concluded that the British Admiralty is content to rely upon present sources of supply, feeling no serious anxiety as to the future of that supply.

In conclusion, it is essential to keep before us the fact that any restrictions upon the free export of Welsh coal will be followed by economic disturbances of national importance; we cannot jeopardise the earning power of the many millions of money sunk in the development of the South Wales coalfield, and the great attendant enterprises requisite for the carriage and shipment of the coal, endanger the employment of the great mining population, to say nothing of the injury to our immense shipping industry, unless it is proved beyond any possibility of doubt that our very existence as a nation is at stake.

W. H. RENWICK.

Cardiff: December 1904.

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LAST MONTH

I.

NOTHING has caused greater anxiety to thoughtful men of late than the relations between England and Germany. The statement by Count von Bülow printed in this Review last month was a welcome and by no means unneeded contribution to our knowledge of German feeling towards this country. One could wish that it was all that was required to reassure us as to the relations of the two peoples, but this is decidedly not the case. For some years past there has been a growing estrangement between the two nations, and something more than the *obiter dicta* even of Count von Bülow is required to set matters right. From the English point of view, of course, it is Germany which is chiefly to blame for the present state of things. The German press has been ostentatiously unfriendly to this country ever since our troubles began with the Boers in South Africa. During the Boer war, as Count von Bülow himself admitted in a speech last month in the German Parliament, the comic journals of Berlin went beyond all bounds in their violent and frequently indecent attacks upon England, its royal family, and its public men. But comic journals, more particularly those of the Berlin type, are regarded by sensible Englishmen as too contemptible to be worthy of serious notice. They have their importance, of course, as straws that show how the wind is blowing, but otherwise they cannot affect our English nerves. The misfortune in this case was that these comic papers indicated only too accurately the temper of the German people towards us, and that temper has certainly not improved of late. Two small experiences of my own show something of what appears to be the prevailing temper of large classes in Germany towards this country. For more than thirty years I have been a steady customer of a large wine-grower on the Rhine. Our relations have always been most amicable, and I think I may say that a sincere friendship has grown up between us. Towards the close of the war this gentleman paid me one of his periodical visits, and in conversation with him I referred to the constant attacks and lampoons upon England in the German press. To my surprise, this friend of mine, whom I had always regarded

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as a reasonable and fair-minded man, and whose business depended largely upon his English customers, instead of seeking to mitigate or apologise for the line taken by the press of his country, defended it strongly, and made it evident that he was in full sympathy with the journalists. I admired him for his candour and his courage, but I confess that the incident made a deep impression upon me. It showed that the anti-English sentiment in the Fatherland went further than I had imagined. More recently, within the last week or two, in fact, another incident, equally significant, has come under my notice. A certain German publisher, a man of great intelligence and high responsibility, had entered into a contract with an English publishing house to reproduce in Germany a work entirely non-political in character—in fact, a work upon art—at an early date. He wrote at the beginning of last month to express his regret that he must ask his English clients to defer the execution of the contract until the present feeling in Germany about all matters English had subsided. In this case the German did not hesitate to lay the blame for the deplorable state of things which he described upon his fellow-countrymen, or, rather, upon the national press, which was for the moment, he declared, incapable of criticising fairly any work that had an English origin. These are, of course, but straws, and yet they are straws of grave significance.

Unfortunately, there is another side to the question. As long as my memory carries me back, that is for a full half-century, I have never known a time when there was not a certain amount of ill-will towards England among the German people. But Englishmen, who have a habit, not altogether unwholesome, of attributing the unfriendliness of foreigners towards this country to a feeling of envy, have been accustomed for many years to treat these ebullitions with serene indifference. They have believed, and I think, on the whole, rightly, that the more intelligent classes in Germany did not share in the bitterness shown by the multitude, and they have trusted to the mollifying influence of time to improve the relations of two great nations which have so much in common between them. Unhappily, in recent years we seem to have changed our tactics, and certain newspapers in London have lost no opportunity of repaying the Germans in kind. An offensive article in a journal in Berlin is almost invariably followed nowadays by a not less offensive rejoinder from London, and we have seen the press of the two countries pelting each other with verbal missiles like rival parties of school-boys in a playground. As mere sport, the pastime may seem to some persons to be amusing, but, as things now are in the political world, it is both deplorable and dangerous. It is all the more so because it is so difficult to discover any adequate reason for that bitter spirit of antagonism which unquestionably characterises the present relations of England and Germany. Commercial rivalry is often spoken of as the cause, but

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England has been strong enough to prosper in spite of the rivalry not only of Germany, but of the rest of the world. We have a more formidable competitor at this moment than the Germans have ever been, or are ever likely to be, in the shape of the United States; but there is no ill-will between us and the American people. The Emperor's too-famous telegram of January 1896 is spoken of as the starting-point of the new state of things. But that telegram was practically withdrawn under the influence of the explosion of English indignation, and it is difficult to believe that it is now a serious factor in politics. The Berlin Foreign Office has, it is true, not always shown itself friendly to this country, and it is not without reason that from time to time we have suspected its motives; but that our suspicions, more particularly of late, have gone beyond the bounds of reason or justice, seems clear, unless indeed we are to believe that the German Emperor is a hypocrite who, under the mask of friendship, is secretly plotting our ruin, and that the Berlin Foreign Office is a paradise of liars. I am holding no brief for Germany, and I do not deny that there have been, and perhaps are, good reasons for our distrust of some aspects of her foreign policy. But we have wandered far from the sane days of old if, instead of dealing with eventualities as they arise, we must take fright at every shadow, and see in every step taken by the Emperor or his ministers a new and terrifying spectre of the Brocken. The Emperor, like other rulers, has his own troubles. He does not always put that restraint upon his utterances which is imposed upon the sovereign in more strictly constitutional countries. But if we were to search the archives of our own Foreign Office, or of the Chancellerie at Berlin, I doubt if we should find the flimsiest shadow of proof to show that he is what our journalists of a certain type continually represent him as being, the determined and irreconcilable enemy of this country. We have been frightening ourselves during the last few weeks over newspaper rumours which represent Germany as the secret ally of Russia, and which even go so far as to charge her with being anxious to drag England into war with that country. Surely it will be time enough to get into this state of passion and unreason when we have some tangible proof of the truth of these assertions. That there is real ill-will on the part of large classes in Germany towards us it is, unhappily, impossible to deny, any more than we can deny that there is a certain reflection of that ill-will among ourselves. The German feeling is without reason, absolutely; and the corresponding English feeling is only not as absolutely unfounded because we can say with truth that it was Germany that began the game. But it is, at best, a stupid game. It is one which pays neither us nor them. It is one which, if persisted in, may yet endanger the peace of the world. The part of wise men, in these circumstances, is to put an end to it as soon as possible. If only

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those who profess to speak for both countries, in Berlin and London alike, would recognise this fact and act upon it, they would render an infinitely greater service to humanity than by spreading idle tales and fanning evil passions.

Our relations with Russia are of course on a different footing from those with Germany. Even if the present condition of Russia were not an abnormal one, involving us in serious risk, there are at all times many elements of danger in the conflicting policies of the two countries. There is no reason why they should be enemies, and it is manifestly to their interest that they should be friends. Strangely enough, this truth is much more generally recognised by Englishmen than is the same proposition when applied to Germany. It is true that our Indian frontier experts, and a certain limited class of politicians at home, always begin to 'see red' when they talk of Russia; but, so far as the overwhelming majority of the nation is concerned, there is nothing like the feeling of latent antagonism towards Russia that unfortunately exists with regard to Germany, and it is mainly the fault of St. Petersburg that there is any antagonism at all. If the Czar's advisers and ministers could be induced to alter their diplomatic methods, and to recognise the fact that honesty and truthfulness are better than the most highly-varnished finesse in the intercourse of nations, there is no reason to doubt that the relations of the two countries might, even now whilst the war is raging, be placed on an entirely satisfactory footing. Unluckily, however, if Englishmen have, as a rule, no ill-feeling towards Russia, it cannot be said that this is the case with regard to Russian feeling towards England. Those Russians who take any interest in the foreign policy of their country are almost to a man convinced that England is their enemy, and that her supreme object is to thwart their national aspirations. We see the consequences of this state of feeling in the constant raising by the Russian press of the various questions of difference between us, and in the extreme bitterness with which these questions are discussed. One day it is our failure to maintain a strict neutrality towards the belligerents in the Far East; another it is the Treaty of Paris and the Dardanelles, or the *status quo* in the Persian Gulf, or the policy of Afghanistan. Anything, in fact, that will serve as a rod for our backs is eagerly seized by Russian publicists and turned to account against us. And, unfortunately, owing to the unexampled condition of nervousness to which our own press and public—including our governing classes—seem to have been reduced in recent years, we display a sensitiveness to these attacks that is not only novel but dangerous. We are no longer amused by the ludicrous ignorance which most Russian newspapers show when discussing questions of high policy. We are vastly alarmed by utterances that once we should have treated with contempt. A few weeks ago we had proof of the risks in which this

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new condition of things involves us when we were brought to the verge of war owing to the panic-inspired blundering of Admiral Rozhdestvensky's ships in the North Sea. We know now the criminal lunacy with which both countries would have been chargeable if they had gone to war over an incident of this kind. Those who thought they saw in it a deliberate attempt on the part of Russia to force us into a great conflict which might have led to a world-wide war, have now learned on the authority of the Admiral himself that his ships and crews were the victims of a humiliating panic, under the influence of which they turned their guns not merely upon the innocent Hull fishermen but upon one another. We have every reason to complain that we did not receive this information at an earlier date; the delay was, however, in strict accordance with the traditions of Russian diplomacy. No greater humiliation could well have been inflicted upon the unhappy Admiral of the Baltic fleet than to have to make this open confession of the nervous incompetence of the men he commanded, and he was no doubt anxious to put off the evil day as long as possible. Now that the truth is known, we can all judge for ourselves how far a squalid and discreditable blunder of this kind was from affording us anything in the nature of a *casus belli*.

Last month furnished us with more than one proof of the delicate situation in which we are placed in our relations with Russia. Complaints of our failure to preserve a strict neutrality in the war need not, indeed, trouble us much. To the mere outsider the grievances of Japan on this score seem to be at least as great as those of Russia. But there has also been the question of the Dardanelles, regarding which a fierce disputation has been commenced in the Russian press during the month. It is upon this question that the elements of controversy seem for the moment to converge. The newspapers are full of rumours as to the benevolent attitude of France and Germany towards any attempt that Russia may make to free herself from the restrictions imposed upon her by united Europe in 1856. It is impossible to deny that her wish, under existing circumstances, is very natural. She has ships of war in the Black Sea—how many or how efficient is hardly known—where they are not wanted, and she desires to send them to the Far East, where they would be invaluable. But the consent of Great Britain to the violation of the Treaty of Paris that would be involved in the despatch of the Black Sea fleet to the Far East cannot be given, for two reasons. The first and most pressing is that such consent would necessarily be resented by Japan, not so much as a grave violation of our duty as neutrals, but as a breach of the understanding upon which the Anglo-Japanese alliance is founded. The second is that neither at the present moment nor at any future time could our consent be given to the opening of the Dardanelles to Russian war vessels unless the straits were to be opened to the fleets

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of all countries. The advantage which Russia derived from the Treaty of Paris was that the Black Sea became under it, and upon stringent conditions, a closed sea to all other Powers. If the condition upon which she secured this advantage is to be abrogated, then the attendant result must also go. It does not appear that the Russian newspapers have grasped this fact. Ministers at St. Petersburg must know it, however, and it hardly seems likely that they will be anxious to add to their present difficulties by raising this thorny question. It has, however, been raised in the Russian press, and it constitutes another of the many difficulties which the English Government have to face in their relations with St. Petersburg.

Behind these questions, and more important than any of them, come the problems of Afghanistan and our Indian frontier. These are not matters to be attacked lightly or by mere amateurs. But during last month some of our ministers, perhaps unadvisedly, were not afraid to speak of them, and it is therefore necessary to refer to them here. It is indisputable that the only enemy we have to fear is Russia; it is indeed her alleged hostility to us in that quarter that is the active cause of that Russophobia from which certain of our officials and professional politicians avowedly suffer. Perhaps one may be allowed a frivolous digression at this point. I am not at all sure that much of the jealousy and suspicion with which Englishmen now view the policy of Russia in the border-lands beyond the Indian frontier is not to be attributed to our writers of fiction. There are not many subjects for romance in the politics of to-day; but the wardership of the marches on the north-west frontier of our Eastern empire is certainly one of them; and it has been made much of by those writers who delight to weave romantic fiction based upon the realities of our own time. Be this as it may, it cannot be denied that there is a growing tendency among the public at home to regard all that is passing in those dreary mountain regions, where our lonely wardens keep their watch, as part of a great game of intrigue, destined to end, sooner or later, in the greater game of war. And now comes the news, officially communicated to us, that Lord Kitchener—in whom the world sees, it is to be hoped correctly, the Secretary for War in the next Liberal Ministry—has completed that reorganisation of the Indian army which is avowedly meant to make the Indian empire secure from invasion—from the one invasion which lies within the region of practical politics. It was, of course, the duty of Lord Kitchener to guard the empire from this possible source of danger, and we can only be grateful to him for having accomplished his great task. But the announcement, not only that he has done it, but of the reason why, illustrates the complicated difficulties of the present situation. These difficulties are certainly not lessened by the rumours, entirely unconfirmed, of the massing of Russian troops

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upon the Afghan frontier, whilst the despatch of a special British envoy from Calcutta to Kabul is not calculated to dispel the impression that dangers are accumulating in that quarter.

For the present, however, the attention of Russia is absorbed by much more pressing matters than her policy in Afghanistan or on the Indian frontier. The war has dragged its slow length along during the month with results invariably unfavourable to the armies of the Czar. On the Sha-ho, it is true, there has been a singular absence of movements of importance. Both Russians and Japanese seem to have been engaged in entrenching themselves in winter quarters, and nothing but affairs of outposts of no great importance have been reported. But the case is different at Port Arthur, where a decisive change in the situation has taken place. In two engagements, in which the loss of life, though not recorded, was exceptionally heavy, the Japanese succeeded in storming and capturing two positions of the first importance—the forts of San-shu-shan and 203 Metre Hill. The latter gave them the command of that part of the harbour in which the Russian fleet was lying, and this they immediately turned to account by bombarding the vessels. The result was that in a few days they had entirely disabled every battleship and cruiser with the exception of the *Sevastopol*, which apparently succeeded in escaping to the outer harbour, where it has since been accounted for. So complete was the work of destruction wrought by the Japanese batteries that it was officially announced from Japan that there was no longer any need to fire at the ships. They had effectually been put *hors de combat*. The bombardment was then directed to the positions on land still held by the beleaguered forces. Up to the moment at which I write, these remain in the possession of General Stoessel and his heroic troops. But even in St. Petersburg it is admitted that the end so long deferred is at hand. The destruction of the Russian ships must go far to neutralise any advantage that Russia can hope to derive from the arrival in Eastern waters of the Baltic squadrons. They are creeping slowly on their way towards their destination, which is now said to be Vladivostok; but before they can reach it they will have to run the gauntlet of the Japanese fleet, and there is still room for another great maritime catastrophe for Russia.

Nearer home, however, than Manchuria or the Sea of Japan is another peril with which the Czar and his advisers are confronted. People have become so accustomed to rumours of unrest and disaffection in Russia itself that many have learned to treat them as the villagers in the fable treated the cry of 'Wolf.' But it is impossible even for the most optimistic to disregard the events of last month in St. Petersburg and other places in the Czar's dominion. No man can say that the end is at hand; but the signs of trouble are more numerous and more serious than they have ever been before,

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and, humanly speaking, they seem to portend a catastrophe. The meeting of the representatives of the Zemstvos in the capital which was permitted by the new Minister of the Interior, Prince Sviatopolk-Mirski, resulted in the presentation to the Czar of certain resolutions which demanded nothing less than a revolutionary change in the internal constitution of the empire. The Czar, though he refused to accede to the graver demands of the Zemstvos, undertook to consider those which had reference to the freedom of the press and the right of public meeting. At once there arose in the innermost circle of the governing ring at St. Petersburg a furious disputation, in which men who have hitherto been among the ruling spirits in the empire violently assailed the policy of the new Minister of the Interior. No man can speak with confidence of what has happened or is happening in the innermost circles; but if newspaper reports, repeated without contradiction, are to be trusted, the Grand Duke Serge, Governor of Moscow, and one of the most powerful personages in the empire, has resigned his office, and his example has been followed by M. de Mouravieff, the Minister of Justice. The Czar, after wavering for some time, seems finally to have thrown in his lot with the reactionary party, and for the moment the hopes of the Russian people have been disappointed. The Russian Government is clearly in the midst of an internal crisis of exceptional severity.

Whilst Russian ministers and administrators are thus divided, the condition of things in the country generally grows steadily worse. The bad news from Port Arthur, concealed as long as possible from the public, has depressed everybody, and the anti-war party is no longer compelled to skulk in corners, or to content itself with whispering its opinions. Early in the month there was something uncommonly like a mutiny at Sevastopol among the crews of the Black Sea fleet, whilst a week later a riotous disturbance, very audacious in its character, took place in St. Petersburg itself. It would be easy, of course, to exaggerate the importance of disturbances among the sailors of an unemployed fleet, and of students' demonstrations in the capital. But what is distinctly ominous is the fact that even writers friendly to the Czar and his Administration admit that the whole country is seething with discontent, and that in a thousand different ways proofs are given of the unpopularity of the war. The strange case of Captain Klado furnishes one of these proofs. Captain Klado was one of the men who sailed on the first Baltic fleet, and he was one of the officers summoned to St. Petersburg to give evidence as to the North Sea affair. When he reached the capital he wrote certain newspaper articles in which the naval administration of Russia was criticised with a freedom very uncommon in that country. These articles made a profound impression upon the public. On a frivolous pretext Klado was imprisoned—in his own house. He became at once the popular idol among all classes

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and all over the country. A strong movement in favour of his release was started. The Grand Duke Alexis, to whose influence his arrest was attributed, was made the subject of unfriendly demonstrations whenever he appeared in public. In the end Klado was released, to find himself a great popular favourite; and a heavy blow was thus struck at the ruling official ring in St. Petersburg. The municipal councils of Moscow and St. Petersburg have both declared their adhesion to the all but revolutionary demands of the Zemstvos, though in the latter case the Minister of the Interior has refused to allow a resolution on the subject to be put to the vote. More than this cannot at present be said; but even taking the available information at its lightest, it is impossible to doubt that the internal situation in Russia is very serious; and therein undoubtedly lies one of the dangers to the peace of the world.

There has been a revival of interest at home in the question of tariff reform, due in part to the numerous speeches by leading men on both sides, and in part to the great rise in the price of sugar, which is regarded by political economists of the orthodox school as an object-lesson in the working of what Mr. Chamberlain describes as a scientific tariff. The Opposition has been busy all through the month in discussing the political situation and the conspiracy against Free Trade. Lord Rosebery, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Mr. Asquith, Sir Henry Fowler, and Sir Edward Grey have denounced on many platforms, and with unsparing vigour, the attempt to put a tax upon bread in the supposed interests of the community at large. They have gone further than this, however, and have illustrated their argument against the Birmingham propaganda by references to the indirect results which a system of Protection would inevitably bring in its train. The creation of protected industries and of great trusts relying more upon the favours of the Legislature than upon their own deserts are among the chief of these results, and Lord Rosebery, in particular, when speaking at Glasgow, dwelt emphatically upon them. Nor were he and his colleagues of the Opposition less emphatic in pointing to the wholly illusory character of the theory which would elevate mere tariffs—which must always, of necessity, be the fruit of keen and acrimonious bargaining between the parties to them—into the chief bonds of union between the different members of an empire like ours. But, powerful as was the speaking on the side of freedom of commerce and the old economic faith, it must be conceded that the speech which was anticipated by the public with the greatest eagerness was that of Mr. Chamberlain in the East-end. Mr. Chamberlain has for some months been almost silent on the subject of his great propaganda. He has been taking holiday—small blame to him!—and the 'raging and tearing agitation' has been allowed to go on without his assistance and in a very languid fashion. It can

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hardly be said to have made much progress during his absence from the country. The interest in it during that period has chiefly centred upon the relationships between Mr. Chamberlain himself and the Prime Minister—a subject on which the *quidnuncs* are never tired of speculating. So far as the great outside public is concerned, tariff reform was in a state of almost absolute quiescence during the autumn months; but great things were expected from Mr. Chamberlain on his return, and his speech at Limehouse was awaited with not a little interest. It cannot be said to have justified the hopes of his admirers. They were full of confidence in his ability to tackle the burning question of sugar, and put to flight those of his detractors who pointed to the present state of the sugar-market as a proof of the results likely to follow the adoption of his scheme of scientific tariffs. I hardly suppose that anybody, even among his admirers, thought that he would venture upon the even more thorny topic of the Board of Trade returns which afforded such remarkable proofs of our national prosperity down to the end of October.

Mr. Chamberlain's speech was long and discursive, but curiously enough it contained not a word from beginning to end upon the question of sugar, nor did it attempt to discuss the unmistakable meaning of the Board of Trade returns. It even failed to add anything to his previous expositions of the doctrine of fiscal reform. What it did was to show that he still clings, apparently with unabated credulity, to the stale fallacy that the way to increase employment and better the condition of the working man is to tax his food. It showed further that Mr. Chamberlain still maintains, in spite of the opinion of most statesmen, and the testimony from many of our colonies, that the introduction of an intricate series of tariffs between Great Britain and her dependencies will be the best means of binding the empire together. He had much to say upon the alien question, but the story he told regarding it was neither complete nor accurate. He neither explained why he and his former colleagues, during their ten years of uncontrolled authority, had not dealt with this subject, nor did he attempt to tell us why the crowds of starving foreigners who have invaded our shores have come exclusively from protected countries, where, according to his own theory, the lot of the working man is one of such exceptional happiness and prosperity. Perhaps the newest feature in his speech was, however, the extraordinary bitterness with which he assailed such critics of his as Lord Rosebery and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. To most persons this bitterness seems to prove that he has felt keenly the force of destructive arguments which he is apparently unable to meet on the platform of reason. The cause of tariff reform, or in other words of the bread-tax, is hardly likely to be advanced by a speech of this description.

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Of other political events of the month, the inauguration of the Unionists' Free Trade Club, and the publication of a singular correspondence between Mr. Ernest Hatch, M.P., and Lords Lansdowne and Selborne, must be cited as furnishing fresh proofs of the depth of the divisions which Mr. Chamberlain's agitation has caused in the Unionist party. Into the mystery, already mentioned, of the personal relations between the Prime Minister and his eminent ex-colleague it is impossible for an outsider to attempt to penetrate. Rumour tells many tales on the subject, the latest being that after a season of almost open hostility to each other Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour have patched up an agreement based upon the imposition of a five per cent. duty upon all imports. Possibly this story may have no better foundation than those which preceded it. It would involve on both sides concessions which it is difficult to see how either of the high contracting parties could make without an abandonment of pledges and professions which seem to be binding upon them as men of honour. Mr. Balfour remains, however, a nebulous figure in the world of politics, a kind of veiled prophet of whose course of action neither his friends nor his foes can predict anything with confidence. It is a singular and unexampled position for an English Prime Minister; but we have become accustomed in these days to many things singular and unprecedented. One curious feature of the month is the bitterness with which ministers have been attacked by some of their own organs in the press for their failure to provide the guns which are absolutely needed to bring our artillery up to a position of even ordinary efficiency. Another, and more satisfactory, is the great scheme of naval organisation which has quickly followed the instalment of Sir John Fisher as First Naval Lord. Last of all, we have had an important statement by the Prime Minister on the subject of colonial contributions for the support of the Navy, a question upon which Mr. Edmund Robertson and Sir John Colomb have been so long as voices crying in the wilderness. It is satisfactory to find that at last they have succeeded in making themselves heard.

WEMYSS REID.

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LAST MONTH

II.

THIS autumn has seen the usual large output of books. Most of us complain of the numbers that are published every year, but there would be no cause of complaint if all, or even most, of them were readable. Rather they would be a source of national pride. If we ask ourselves, however, the blunt question 'How many of these books are worth buying?' we shall find that the vast pile of paper and printer's ink melts away with astonishing rapidity.

In the province of travel three large books of more or less 'imperial' interest attract attention, the first of which is Lord Ronaldshay's *On the Outskirts of Empire*. The author is twenty-eight years of age. He may therefore well be pardoned for writing: 'Constantinople! What a whirl of thought the word awakens!' As more important reflections occur to him these well-worn exclamations give way to simple narrative and sensible comment. It is not all agreeable reading. There is no use in running away from unpleasant facts; and the miserable fact is that England behaved very badly to Japan, and very foolishly as regards her own interests, when the British fleet was ordered out of Port Arthur. It is not possible that Japan can either love or respect a country that poses as a great Power, and yet, in point of fact, behaves like a little Power. That is what we have fallen into the habit of doing; and, if we make a point of behaving like a little Power, we shall end by becoming one. If it is better for England to remain a great Power, those who are of that mind will do well to read Lord Ronaldshay's book; some of the facts are familiar enough, but many are new, and all are well set forth.

Dar ul Islam is that rare thing, a book with an idea. But, alas! it is one thing to have an idea and quite another to give it expression. The author started, diffidently enough, to study Islam 'at home'—apparently with the idea of discovering what forces yet moved in Islam, and why most of them were failing. Seeing that the Emperor of India rules about sixty millions of the sons of Islam, this would have provided invaluable reading—if only the author's diffidence had not been justified. The book is remarkable for a preface by

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Professor Browne, a distinguished Orientalist, and a light in that dim firmament, Cambridge. He asserts that the Civil Service of India is maltreated: it probably is. Formerly the custom of England was to take the pick of the brains of the country, and then to worry those brains by pointless cramming, by endless examinations, and by pedantic regulations until all the life and spring was taken out of them. Something like that still goes on, if Professor Browne speaks truly; with the additional ingenuity that the study of the great languages of India is now almost entirely neglected. Why should not Mr. Brodrick send for Professor Browne, and discover, in conversation, whether a jaded and ignorant civil service is really the best support that England can give to an army without guns? We know what Clive would have said; has the situation changed materially since the days of Clive? As Professor Browne teaches languages, the cynic will say, 'Nothing like leather'; and for once the cynic will be right; for the making of boots there *is* nothing like leather; brown paper is worse than useless.

'Journalese' is a term of abuse applied by academic people to the style of those who have been more industrious and successful than themselves. Mr. Douglas Sladen's writing is often described as journalese—by the envious. *More Queer Things about Japan* is a charming book, defaced by a foolish title. It is conspicuous even among the many books about our brilliant allies that have lately appeared.

If we turn to the Universities—by which, even now, we still mean Oxford and Cambridge—and consider their recent published work, we conclude, with Alfieri: 'Mi cadevano dalle mani per la languidezza, trivialità e prolissità dei modi e del verso senza parlare poi della snervatezza dei pensieri'; only that our latter-day academicians have not even the merit of being 'trivial'; they must all be serious.

To take, haphazard, one example out of many—worth choosing because it breathes the aspirations of both of the older Universities:—In *England under the Stuarts* we have Oxford and Cambridge collaborating. Mr. Oman (All Souls) edits what Mr. Trevelyan (Trinity) writes: thus we have Cambridge earnestness and Oxford urbanity; the fire of youth and the judgment of middle age. The result is a nightmare of high seriousness. We attack the work with every desire to be improved and informed; we read a page; two pages even; check and begin again. We 'skip'—that invaluable test of an author's message—and lo! it is as if we had not skipped. It matters not where we begin or stop: on either side, before and behind, range, elegantly, hills and wastes of verbiage, deserts illimitable. This is what comes of being a serious person. It is not, however, necessary to be dull in order to prove that one is serious. The late Sir Henry Maine, for example, wrote of abstruse things, and

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often of things not only abstruse but tedious to the limits of human endurance. Yet he commanded our attention for his message by the majesty of his style.

Well, Oxford and Cambridge are not likely to change at this time of day, until their custom falls off—to put it vulgarly. From the vulgar point of view, however, it is significant that from far-away Australia come two works of great excellence: *The Native Tribes of South-East Australia* and *The Northern Tribes of Central Australia*. Works dealing with the habits of repulsive savages are not promising subjects. Nevertheless, the authors have made good books out of things no more attractive than Australian tribes.

To return to the metropolis. Animated by the single desire of communicating information to those less well-informed than himself, Mr. Edward Dillon has produced, in his *Porcelain*, a book on Art which is itself a work of art. Mr. Dillon is master of his subject; the true secret of self-possession in style as in everything else. In this work one is charmed with the perfect proportion preserved throughout. In the immense historic range of his subject from early Chinese dynasties down to the work of the present day he has never allowed detail to obscure the outline. Ruthless must have been the suppression of attractive matter that the author practised in order to secure this result.

Seeing what text books are, it would be almost defamatory to say that Mr. Robert Witt's *How to look at Pictures* is a text book; but it would be fair to say that all text books ought to be like Mr. Robert Witt's. That infuriating expression 'I know what I like' ought to be abolished by this book. The expression is generally a mere excuse for indolence, and implies a fundamental contempt for Art. But many people use it who really have some feeling for Art, and would be glad of guidance; it will be many years before they find a better guide than Mr. Witt.

To be 'At Home' in the *World* and to have one's portrait in *Vanity Fair* are, perhaps, legitimate ambitions, and certainly ought to satisfy most men's vanity. But to have one's own biography published in one's own lifetime is—well, what is it? Surely Mr. Watts Dunton's innumerable friends must feel that he would have done well to say to his admirer, 'Thank you very much, but please wait till I am dead.'

Mr. Heinemann has published an edition of Shakespeare so good that if it were not for the prefaces we should ask no better monument to Shakespeare.

> What needs my Shakespeare for his honoured bones
> The labours of an age in pilèd stones?

What indeed? and a specimen of British statuary would be still more inadequate. The only possible monument to Shakespeare is

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Shakespeare himself. So we welcome this handy and pleasant edition, only asking Mr. Heinemann why he invited Mr. Brandes to lecture us on Shakespeare. Englishmen know quite as much about Shakespeare as Mr. Brandes. Does it really help us to be told that *Romeo and Juliet* is 'the drama of youthful and impulsive love at first sight'? Of Beatrice we read: 'Her diction is marvellous and glittering with unrestrained fantasy.' What a very unpleasant girl!

To whose address is the *Governance of England* written? That it is a good book goes without saying, for it is over Mr. Sidney Low's signature. But can the electorate understand it? We live to-day under the government of an aristocracy closer and stricter than the much-abused oligarchy of the eighteenth century. Nobody objects; and, in fact, there is not much use in objecting, because it is the will of the people, exclusive of part of the middle classes—that part which has no wish to toady its betters. Now that part is, to-day, wholly without power; but it may yet regain some, and may almost certainly acquire influence, direct or indirect, if it comes to understand the circumstances in which its forlorn lot is cast. The *Governance of England* will help them to that end. It is to be hoped that they will prove to be numerous enough to make a public for Mr. Low.

Miss Montresor has written another novel. One wishes that she had called it anything but *The Celestial Surgeon*, from which title one naturally anticipates, at this epoch, something stirring about China. It is also to be wished that she had pulled it together and considerably reduced its bulk; but it can be read, even as it is.

Mr. Hichens has produced *The Garden of Allah*. He must allow an admirer of his works to hold the opinion that *The Londoners* was brilliant, and the *Prophet of Berkeley Square* not less brilliant. In *Flames* and *The Woman with a Fan* he showed a decided downward tendency towards improving literature, and in *The Garden of Allah* he has tumbled sheer over the precipice into the abyss of seriousness, there to keep company with

Gorgons and Hydras and Professors dire.

As he is far too good a man to lose we must needs ask him: Why take all this trouble? Why is he not content to be brilliant and amusing? So many writers try to do what Sir Walter Scott called the 'big bow-wow,' even if they have hardly lungs enough for a feeble yelp. Then again, the picture of a lady watching a filthy savage munching live scorpions gives one a new shudder; but it is not a nice shudder; and for sheer loathsomeness of detail Mr. Hichens will never approach *Le Jardin des Supplices*—a book which could not be printed in England.

Undoubtedly the best book of the season is the Countess of

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Strafford's *Henry Greville*. Intensely amusing, as well as highly instructive (if Lady Strafford will pardon that terrible word), the memoirs of Henry Greville take at once their place in history, and their place in the world of *belles-lettres*. The present volume is occupied with the year preceding the death of the Prince Consort.

It must be left to musical experts to decide whether Mr. Hadow's *Vienna Period* in the 'Oxford History of Music' is authoritative or not. To the amateur it is a pure delight; and another proof that, with intelligence, it is possible to write beautifully even about the technicalities of Art.

No apology is needed for calling attention, once more, to Mrs. Creighton's admirable *Life and Letters of Mandell Creighton*. By way of contrast (if for no other reason) the *Life and Letters of Henry Parry Liddon* is valuable. Liddon was a priest—first and last a priest. Creighton was many things. Though a 'fanatical Anglican' (as he described himself), he was also a teacher, and a politician in the grand sense. He would have made a statesman, if the days of Churchmen-statesmen were not over, and was an excellent administrator. Liddon fought shy of administrative work, even to the point of refusing to accept the See of St. Albans. He was almost wholly absorbed in the spiritual life of the Church. But here is one curious valuable passage full of suggestion at the present moment: 'Yes! my sympathies *are* certainly with France. Bismarck is a much nearer reproduction of the *bad side* of Napoleon the First than Napoleon the Third is . . . probably . . . Napoleon's hands are not perfectly clean, though they are certainly not as dirty as Count Bismarck's.'

One is often, too often, asked to recommend books. It would be as easy to recommend food or amusement, so much depends on the reader and the circumstances. The following list may serve as a guide to those with no great leisure for selection:

Mrs. Creighton's *Life and Letters of Mandell Creighton*.
Countess of Strafford's *Memoirs of Henry Greville*.
Lord Ronaldshay's *On the Outskirts of Empire*.
R. C. Witt's *How to Look at Pictures*.
Douglas Sladen's *More Queer Things about Japan*.
Sidney Low's *Governance of England*.
Edward Dillon's *Porcelain*.
Johnston's *Life and Letters of Henry Parry Liddon*.
Hadow's *Vienna Period in the Oxford History of Music*.
Spencer and Gillen's *Northern Tribes of Central Australia*.
Howitt's *Native Tribes of South-East Australia*.

The autumn output naturally includes books of all sorts. There is, for example, that very large class of books of which it is impossible

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to prophesy whether they will live for a season, a year, or a generation. Of books like these—the books of which everyone talks—the following is a selection:

Sir Roger's Heir, Whosoever shall Offend, John Chilcote, The Arm of the Leopard, The Garden of Allah, Sooner or Later, In Double Harness, The Shadow on the Wall, The Celestial Surgeon, Lindley Kays.

WALTER FREWEN LORD.

The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY *cannot undertake to return unaccepted MSS.*

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THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER

XIX XX

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RUSSIA'S VIEW OF HER MISSION

The Russo-Japanese war has diverted the attention of all Europe to Russia. Newspapers, books, and articles have discussed her and her people from every point of view, but these criticisms have all been from an outsider's or onlooker's point of view. There have been few or no attempts to let Russia herself explain her aims and policy. Of course there have been numberless papers and articles written taking her side, but an advocate does not always see things exactly in the same way as his client does. An article which contains no criticism either for or against Russia, but simply gives a *résumé* of what the Russians themselves have written and thought about their policy in the East and what is happening there, may be interesting.

To find out what is the aim of the Russian governing classes one has to read the political pamphlets issued from the Russian press, and to remember that these pamphlets do not represent every class of opinion, for pamphlets with views opposed to those of the bureaucracy could not be published. No proof sheets are allowed to pass without being seen by the censor. For this reason there are no 'stop the war' pamphlets nor any deprecating the Russian advance

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to the East. They are of two classes—pamphlets intended for the upper and middle classes, and those intended for the reading of the peasant.

Pamphlets have a very much larger circulation, and are in some ways more important, than newspapers. Newspapers, although they exist in the large towns, are not much read by the masses and hardly penetrate into the rural districts. In fact, the tract may be said to constitute the principal means of political education. Russia has, of course, not got political leaders to make speeches, nor are there public bodies in which political discussion is allowed. The best means, therefore, apart from private discussion with individuals, of finding out what are the views of the governing class is afforded by the perusal of these political tracts. The importance of pamphlets has been semi-officially recognised, and there is a Permanent Commission for popular reading, enjoying Imperial patronage, which publishes them for the million. The pamphlets more or less represent the official view, and when read with this caution are instructive. Besides these political pamphlets there are a large number of novelettes, if a story of twenty pages can be dignified by such a name, which are sold at a penny or a halfpenny. Since the outbreak of the war the scene of many stories has been put in Manchuria and Siberia, and they deal with incidents during the campaign.

It is proposed in this article to give first a *résumé* of a pamphlet addressed to the higher classes, and then of one produced for the consumption of the peasantry. They both clearly show the official view of Russia's destiny and policy. Criticism is not within the scope of this article, as it is only intended to let the Russian official state his own view. We afterwards give the reader one or two of the short stories dealing with the war.

There is an advantage in letting these pamphlets tell their story in their own way. If any European country but Russia is criticised, the reader has almost invariably got first-hand knowledge by which he can test the value of the criticism. But this is not the case when he is dealing with criticism of Russia and her people. There is little or no first-hand knowledge of Russia and the Russian people in England, although it is not forty-eight hours away. No one learns Russian except for some very definite purpose, and the result is we in England understand the nations of India better than a people at our doors. Such first-hand knowledge of the Russians as is possessed is almost entirely based on meeting the cosmopolitan Russian, whose nationality is rather European than Russian. The secondhand information derived from histories and novels conveys, somehow, as little true an impression as a photograph does of an individual. When you know the person the photograph means one thing; when you do not, it represents something quite different.

We may take as typical of the views of the upper and bureau-

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cratic classes a pamphlet—not, however, of much merit—by Prince Ouchtomsky, the traveller. In this section of society a pamphlet occupies much the same position as it does in England, and has about the same kind of circulation. The prince opens with a chapter on what he calls Pan-Mongolism, or the question of the Yellow Peril, the fear of which he waives aside without much discussion. It is his opinion that no such invasion is possible, or even can be possible. But he blames Russia, nevertheless, for having neglected her opportunities. Years ago she should have made friends with Japan and treated her as a younger brother and as 'the natural ally of Russia against the West,' which is now feasting on the lazy, sleeping East.

But while the nations of Europe were trimming their lamps the great Russian nation was slumbering, and the youth of the East, instead of coming to their nearest neighbour, Russia, for instruction, as one would naturally have expected, went farther West. Russia showed no sympathy with the Land of the Rising Sun; and so, when the troubles with China began and the Manchurian dynasty was tottering under the shock of the Russian power, the 'demoniacal nature of the Japanese, together with their anxiety to be objects of general attention and to be in the forefront of the nations, burst forth.' Fate, however, has clearly shown that it is not Japan's lot to interfere in the life and normal development of Asia.

But what has taken Russia eastwards? asks Prince Ouchtomsky. She has a mission to perform, says our author, in civilisation—a great and glorious mission, which Nature has given her. The idea of going to the East has been rooted in the race for ages, and is a purely European impulse and of ancient origin. The spirit of the Vikings is in the Russian people. 'We have become Europeans in the measure that we have drunk in the "impetus" of the Vikings.' The western part of Europe has exhibited a strange want of comprehension by encouraging and backing up the Japanese, who aspire to play the *rôle* of twentieth-century Huns. 'It is our task to be the pioneers of civilisation in the East.'

Great stress is laid on the necessity of Russians using every moral instrument in their power to gain the friendship and respect of the Asiatics. China knows very well that Japan is aiming at her subjugation, while the Tsar comes with a mission of peace and goodwill. The prince urges that the time has come for drawing all the Mongol tribes along the border into alliance and friendship. Even Thibet, since the English expedition, has cast her eyes to Russia for protection and sympathy.

Japan, he says, has no real desire to take up this work. She is only bent on conquest, and is still a country of savages, with here and there just a touch of civilisation. At bottom she is barbarous, and the spirit of the people is clouded over by centuries of wild tradition and mysterious custom. Her ideals lack greatness, as is even shown

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in her art; and her treatment of women alone is sufficient proof of her backward condition. The whole country may, indeed, be said to be an 'anachronism.' Whatever civilisation Japan has acquired came over from Korea a couple of centuries ago. The Japanese were attracted by the richness and progress of that country; they not only invited the Koreans to settle on their islands and introduce the nobler arts among them, but they themselves crossed the narrow seas to the continent and overran all those districts. Korea was conquered and so mercilessly reduced that poverty and misery were rampant. This was practically the return which the Japanese made to the Koreans for their introduction to culture. In their hearts the Japanese despise the foreigner and western civilisation, but the development of trade and the immense relations which have been created with France, Germany, America, and England have compelled the islander to *faire bonne mine à mauvais jeu.*

'Russia, which has opened new ways to the Pacific Ocean, is, however, far too strong, and has also such an unshaken faith in her future that she could never allow a comparatively young kingdom to stand in her way—a kingdom, too, bound down to the present day by all the elements of a worn-out and prehistoric culture.'

The present crisis is mainly due to the western countries of the world, and especially to the greed of England; but punishment, he warns us, is sure to overtake us. Had it not been for the English Press and its cunning flattery, things might have taken a different turn. The song of Japanese greatness and genius which it sang was too much for this vain little nation of warriors. And the pamphlet closes by reminding his readers that he prophesied thirteen years ago that a cruel fate awaits the Kingdom of the Rising Sun—revolutions within and attacks from without, and the best of her sons lost to her in the desire for empty glory.

Next we come to a pamphlet issued by the Permanent Commission for popular reading, which is entitled the 'Movement of Russia in the Far East.' The importance of this pamphlet is not the novelty of the facts contained in it, but that it contains the ideas which the Russian bureaucracy wish to instil into the people, and that they are semi-officially promulgated.

The Permanent Commission for popular reading was founded by permission of the Tsar in 1872 to give lectures to the people of St. Petersburg and its neighbourhood. Although it is under the control of the Minister of Education and receives Imperial patronage, it is strictly a local commission. Its publications, however, circulate throughout the empire. It owes its origin to lectures instituted by the War Office for teaching the soldiers. These lectures attracted the attention of the head of the Petersburg police, Trepov, who was so pleased with them and the effect they had on the soldiers that he thought his labours would be lightened and the people benefited if

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they were extended to the people and continued permanently. With this view he wrote a memorandum explaining his ideas to Emperor Alexander the Second, and pointing out that police measures were really useless in the struggle against popular ignorance. Alexander yielded to his pressure somewhat reluctantly, for he wrote: 'Such readings may, indeed, have a useful influence on popular manners, but very great care must be exercised in the conduct of them.'

Gradually the lectures began to be reproduced in the form of pamphlets, and out of this custom the Commission has developed a considerable publishing business. It has been so successful that the Government recognised its utility by allotting a sum of money in the Budget (1886) for carrying on the work. Other cities also sought to imitate the idea, but difficulties arose, and what was considered good for St. Petersburg was thought bad elsewhere. One of the places which took up the idea zealously was Moscow. So much official opposition was, however, thrown in the way that it took over two years before Moscow was even allowed (1874) to take a step towards the formation of a private society for popular reading, and it has not even now obtained Imperial patronage or grant. It relies for its support on the subscriptions of members and the various merchant and industrial guilds.

An idea of the work of the Permanent Commission may be gathered from the following titles of the pamphlets published: 'The Life of the Virgin Mary,' 'The Crusades,' 'The Beginning of Christianity in Russia,' 'The Successors of Peter the Great,' 'On the Theatre,' 'On India and the Hindoos,' 'On London and the English,' 'How Paper is Made and how Books are Printed,' 'On Coal.'

The 'Movement of Russia in the Far East' traces the Eastern movement from the end of the fifteenth century downwards. It begins with the expeditions made in 1480 by adventurous captains of the princes of Moscow to reduce the wild tribes on the Asiatic side of the Ural Mountains to vassalage. The pamphlet says the Russians were always distinguished from the Western Europeans by their love of wide expanses and large distances, and describes the Russian people as being a nation of agriculturists who are only happy when they can spend a free life in the wide steppes with open country or forests. At the end of the sixteenth century Russia's only outlet was towards the East. On the North she was closed by the Arctic seas and icebound for two-thirds of the year, on the West by the more highly organised central States, and on the South by the wild Mongol tribes, who barred progress towards the Black and Caspian Seas. Russia had just begun to feel itself a nation in the time of John the Terrible, when the princes of Moscow broke down the power of the Khans of Kazan, and it was in his time that the mutual jealousies of the Siberian chiefs gave him an opportunity of expanding towards the East. This led to the foundation of Tobolsk, the first actual

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Russian settlement in Siberia. In that same monarch's reign (1579) the celebrated popular hero, Ermak, the Russian Strongbow, summoned by some Russian traders, set out with his free companies of 5000 men to conquer the Empire of Siberia, which he successfully accomplished within a year, and did homage for it to the Tsar. The conquest of Kazan opened out the route by the Volga to the Caspian and the conquest of Siberia to the Far East, and ultimately to the Pacific, and thereby decided Russia's course.

A contrast is then drawn between the conduct of the English and the other nations of Western Europe in their colonial enterprises and that of the Russians.

As Western Europe went West to search out new lands, so Eastern Europe went East, and the conquest of the East and the West has been going on simultaneously. The Westerns found among the nations of America and India buyers for their produce, and made of the inhabitants not only vassals but slaves. Slaves were necessary to the higher European classes because their former villeins had begun to free themselves from serfage. The Spaniard, the Portuguese, and the English did not hesitate to annihilate thousands of weak races in order to settle their superfluous populations; and so into the countries now little inhabited or almost deserted the Western Europeans gladly emigrated from an overpopulated Europe. These emigrants in turn have increased so in numbers and strength that they have been able to cast off the yoke of their mother countries, who had hoped to profit by their labour and industry.

The Russian emigrants into Siberia acted quite differently. They were not naturally cruel to the conquered races, as other Europeans; they only showed harshness when they met with a stubborn resistance to their advance. The conquerors established fortified posts and founded towns, in which they settled. They preserved the country for their fatherland. They lived and intermarried with the aborigines instead of annihilating them, like the English settlers and the other Europeans the natives of America. During the succeeding century the chief towns in Siberia were founded, and the conquests of Russia extended to Lake Baikal and right up to the banks of the Amoor (1644). It was then that really the first discovery of the way from the Arctic Ocean through Behring Straits was made by the Cossack traveller Dejnev. He started from Yakutsk, went up to the Arctic Ocean, and, skirting its shores, came down by the Straits which are now known as the Behring Straits—a route which Behring eighty years later got the credit of having discovered for the first time.

During the whole seventeenth century the Russians were occupied in driving back the Mongol races; and, as Russia's boundaries on the Amoor were coterminous with those of the Chinese empire, she sent her ambassadors to Peking as early as 1567. Every Russian

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made his conquests not for his own advantage, but in the name of the great Tsar of all the Russias. The bond with the distant capital was always maintained, and the people conquered along the way gladly paid tribute to the Tsar, of whom so many wonderful stories were told. The Russian Government in 1600 began artificially to increase the emigration in Siberia by sending political misdemeanants, much as the English sent convicts to Australia. One of the first of these is said to have been the bellringer who rang the joy bells announcing the death of the Tsarevitch Dimitri. Many other conspirators and sectarians followed him into involuntary exile, and introduced Russian customs and manners.

The writer of the pamphlet is constantly at pains to show how Siberia had been won by peaceable means, and that the wide tracts of that country, with its vast possibilities for agriculture and its even climate, contained all the essentials which the Russian requires and to which he is accustomed, and which were necessary for his expansion. He admits that collisions were inevitable between two peoples like the Russians and the Chinese—living so close and with little knowledge of each other—and that they were not long in coming. Throughout he takes great credit to Russia for having delivered Europe from Tartar and Mongol invasion, and describes how the Russian drove back these races from the plains of South-Eastern Russia, where these hordes were a danger to all Europe, and points out how, to this day, she continues her self-imposed task.

The Amoor was the scene of the first struggle between Russia and China. On the banks of this river some settlers had founded the town of Albasin (1640) on the site of the Manchurian hamlet of Aksa. Most of its trade was done here by way of barter under the protection of the Russians. The Manchurians, however, jealous of the intrusion of the strangers and well aware of the great natural resources of the country, made friends with the Chinese, and set to work to drive out the 'Northern Devils,' as they called the Russians.

The struggles that took place during the whole course of the seventeenth century between the semi-independent Russian adventurers and the Chinese empire along the banks of the Amoor are described, but it is not to our purpose to enter into them in detail. These adventurers, although they paid tribute to the Tsar, seem not to have been under the direct Government of Russia. The struggle centred round Albasin, which was on several occasions rased to the ground by the Chinese. In one of the fights that took place twenty-five Russian settlers with their families were carried off to Pekin and enrolled in the Chinese Emperor's bodyguard. They were allowed to keep their religion, and the priest who accompanied them built the first Russian church which existed in Pekin. They took their families with them, and so formed a Russian colony so far back as 1685. The conflict along the Amoor for a long time was

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waged with varying success, and the Russians were obliged eventually to conclude a treaty (1689) by which they gave up all right of settlement along the Amoor. The chief blame for this disastrous result is set down to two Jesuits who purported to come as ambassadors from Pekin. (The writer explains in a note that the Jesuits are a Catholic brotherhood who are well known for the principle 'Do evil that good may come.') The Jesuits, he says, deceived the simple (*sic*) leader into a peace which surrendered Albasin and its surrounding country to the Chinese, in whose hands it remained until 1854. The Jesuits were amply rewarded for the part they played in making the treaty. In the years of famine which followed they bought young children for bread, making them Christians. They then used the children and forced them to work in mines for them.

We have now come to the reign of Peter the Great, in which Behring circumnavigated the northern seas and sailed through the Straits known by his name. The history of the Russian possessions in Northern Asia at this time is a continuous effort to introduce Russian civilisation and consolidate the vast districts which she had acquired. Roads were built, schools founded, and a university opened. The Russians introduced all the arts of peace, and intermarried with the inhabitants. Tobolsk was made the capital of Siberia, and under Peter's successor, Catherine, the governorships of Irkutsk and Tomsk were established. In the reign of the latter princess the first census was taken, and troops were recruited from Siberia for her European army. Trade began to flourish and factories were opened, and the mineral wealth of Siberia exploited. Large sums of money which were derived from Siberia went to assist in the founding of St. Petersburg. The Russian Church at the same time introduced parochial organisation. This peaceful settlement continued till the beginning of the last century, when isolated frontier disturbances arose between Manchurians and the Russian settlers on their border. The Government, however, did not interfere in their favour, as the geography of those remote regions was then entirely unknown, and it was thought that the Amoor ended, like other Asiatic rivers, in impassable and unnavigable swamp, and the Russian Government had decided not to make any further advance eastward.

The Tsar Nicholas inaugurated anew a policy of conquest. He sent out an energetic Governor, who undertook new geographical discoveries. The most important of these was the course of the river Amoor. The Governor employed for this purpose a certain Captain Nevelsky, who thought that the Amoor flowed out to the Pacific and would give the Russians an outlet into that ocean. Muravieff, the Governor, gave Captain Nevelsky some ships to test his theories. This expedition was nearly stopped by the nervousness of the Russian Minister, Nesselrode, who was afraid of arousing the hostility of England.

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However, the ship *Baikal*, which was on its way to Kamchatka with supplies, was utilised for this purpose, being allowed to return by way of the Amoor to find out whether its mouth was navigable or impenetrable owing to supposed dangerous shallows and sandbanks. Nevelsky accordingly crossed over from Kamchatka to the mouth of the Amoor, and discovered that the river and its mouth were navigable. No immediate action, however, was taken for three years, when, in 1851, Nevelsky sailed down the Amoor and planted the Russian flag at its mouth, and took possession of the surrounding country in the name of the Russian Government. He issued the following notice:

> It is hereby proclaimed to all foreign ships which may sail into Tartarsky Bay that the whole country of the Amoor has been annexed by Russia, and that no insults to the inhabitants of these places will be permitted and no independent actions tolerated. In future Russian military posts will be established, and in case of trouble or of hostile demonstrations by the natives application should be made to the undersigned Governor Nevelsky.

At the same time he founded the town of Nikolaevsky. This strong step made a considerable impression on China, and was one of the causes which led up to the Crimean War. The enemies of Nevelsky tried hard to persuade the Tsar Nicholas to disown Nevelsky's acts, but in answer to their protestations Nicholas said: 'Where once the Russian flag has been unfurled it is never taken down.' After the annexation Nevelsky was made an admiral, and Russian settlements were founded along the banks of the Amoor. This settlement along the Amoor went on all through the time of the Crimean War, and emigrants settled there, and scientific explorations were conducted in the district. It only remained to get China to recognise Russia's possession by formally ceding it to her, and this was successfully accomplished when China became involved in war with England in 1862. Count Ignatieff obtained a treaty from China under which the Chinese ceded their right to that part of Manchuria lying between the river Ussuri and the Sea of Japan. By this treaty first a part of Manchuria also fell to Russia, and the whole country which lay west of the Amoor was handed over to her. Vladivostock was founded in 1860, and its bay was christened 'The Golden Horn.'

The author of the pamphlet then indulges in the following reflections. He says the name serves as a reminder to Russia of another Golden Horn in the Nearer East which has been an object of keen longing for successive generations by the Russian people. There Russia has had to encounter dangerous and persistent antagonism from other European nationalities. She has had, therefore, temporarily to turn her eyes elsewhere, and, bowing for a while to the force of circumstances, to establish in a more distant country another 'Golden Horn.' 'Russians have long felt that only that nation which rules the sea and has a free outlet to the wide ocean can call itself

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powerful and can claim a world-wide importance, or can hope to fully develop its real strength.'

But even here enemies have from the very beginning tried to throw obstacles in her way. In 1855, however, through the assistance of the American Commander Perry, they obtained the right for themselves and other nations to trade with Japan, and the opening of the harbours of Simodo, Nagasaki, and Hokodate. In 1875 the island of Saghalien was finally ceded by Japan to Russia, which was necessary for the protection of Nikolaevsky. But Russia, at Vladivostock, still remained excluded from the open sea by the fact that the island of Tsushima, which commanded the only exit of the Sea of Japan, was held by Japan. She sought, therefore, to obtain possession of this island; but owing to England's opposition was compelled to relinquish this object, and since then Japan has fortified it and so made the Japan Sea another 'Black Sea' commanded by another 'Dardanelles.' This unfortunate result, due to England, led to further misunderstandings with Japan.

It is essential to Russia, says the author, to have a clear outlet to the ocean. Neither the Baltic nor the Black Sea affords this outlet, as the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, which are the present highways of the world, are closed to her by the fact that Denmark commands the entrance to the former and Turkey to the latter. He thinks, however, it is probable that the Pacific will become the highway of the future, lying, as it does, between America, Australia, and the eastern coasts of Asia. And therefore it is more important than ever that Russia should not be excluded from this highway also. The time for insisting on its being open to her is the present, and a blow must be struck for it, now or never. Russia must strengthen herself on the shores of the Pacific, else her progress will be arrested and the only remaining highway be barred to her. No country excluded from the sea can ever develop properly. Both friends and enemies recognise that fact. England and Japan are her two principal enemies. England is her enemy because her empire is weak: a weakness caused by being broken up and scattered over the face of the globe. Such possessions are a source of weakness and not strength. The Russian empire, being one coterminous whole, is compact and has a far greater future. England, realising this, is naturally afraid of Russia ousting her on the Pacific. Japan is Russia's enemy because she wishes to have the exclusive control of the trade of the Far East and to rule over China. The China-Japan War of 1894–5 was an attempt to enforce this control, but the results were not such as Japan hoped for. Although she obtained the island of Formosa, she had to give up Port Arthur, which would have given her the means of acquiring the monopoly she desired.

Russia just then recognised that Port Arthur afforded the very position that she had been seeking for: a good harbour on the open

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sea which could not be shut by a hostile Power, and would furnish a shelter for a whole fleet, and was, moreover, never icebound. By the Treaty of Pekin she obtained a lease of Port Arthur from China for twenty-five years, together with the surrounding country, with a power of renewal. This acquisition of Russia was hailed with great satisfaction by the inhabitants, who had been groaning under the exactions of the Chinese officials. The benefit to Europe of this step of Russia was enormous, and the benefit would go on increasing year by year, for Russia had made it the terminus of a great line connecting Europe and the Pacific; and Manchuria, as it gradually became developed, would add to the wealth of the world. As long as China had held it there was no chance of its being opened out. Her jealous laws forbade explorations for gold or coal under pain of death. All the mineral resources were therefore closed. Under Russian rule everything was changed. Minerals could be won, subject to the payment of a small royalty to the Government. And, moreover, geographically Manchuria belongs rather to the Russian possession than to the Chinese empire.

If the Japanese had understood their true interests and stayed on their islands, they would have become a powerful empire. By endeavouring to obtain a foothold on the continent they were only weakening themselves. Interfering with continental politics, they might succeed in putting the Mikado on the throne of the Manchurian Emperors, but that would bring about serious results both to them and to Europe. Europe, being threatened with a Yellow Peril, would have to continue in frank and friendly union to stave off this misfortune. This danger had menaced Europe once before in the thirteenth century, and Russia alone had driven it back. Anything that can weaken Russia now would prevent her a second time withstanding the Mongol invasion. It will be noticed that the author of this pamphlet does not take quite the same view of the Yellow Peril as Prince Ouchtomsky. Not only would Europe gain, but Russia would be rewarded, because Manchuria, having a small and sparsely scattered population, would afford an opening for the superfluous population of European Russia, which otherwise would be driven to attempt to till the inhospitable and desert lands of Northern Siberia.

The writer of the pamphlet attempts to support his position and views by calling in the statements of some anonymous American author, who, he says, predicts a glorious future to Russia when Manchuria is completely under her control, and Russia, stretched out from sea to sea, has developed into a large mercantile State with a rich and numerous marine having the practical monopoly of the Pacific, and doing the carrying trade of the American and Australian continents. These predictions, he says, may possibly be slightly exaggerated, but their partial accomplishment will be pleasant to all patriotic Russians. The march to the East has lasted now for centuries, and we are on

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the eve of seeing the accomplishment of the great aspirations of the Russian race. For Russia to turn back now would be to undo the work of generations and stultify the labours of the many daring and far-seeing men who have devoted their lives to their country—a result not to be contemplated.

The pamphlet brings the history of the Russian advance in the East up to the beginning of the present war. There are a number of pamphlets which deal with different episodes in the present war, such as the first naval fight at Port Arthur, the battle of Chemulpo, and the sinking of the *Petropavlovsk*. These tracts do not present any particularly interesting features, though a good deal is made of the complaint that Japan, by not issuing an ultimatum, committed a breach of international law. They describe the pathetic scenes which were witnessed when the Russian ships went down, and praise the behaviour and self-sacrifice of the men, as to which there is only one opinion. There is no criticism of any kind of the strategy of the campaign or the Government in its action. Except for the complaint as to the war being begun without an ultimatum, there is no reflection on the Japanese, but only praise. The tracts constantly advert to the chivalrous way in which the Japanese behave.

The short stories dealing with the war, however, are very much more interesting. They seem to show that the Christianity of the writers, if not of the soldiers, is not merely formal, but is carried out in action. They do not glorify war as the one career worthy of a hero, but rather dwell on its horrors. They breathe no spirit of ambition, nor do they speak of contests in which the Russian gets the better of the Japanese. War is treated as a horrible business, which, however, brings out some of the nobler sides of humanity, the self-sacrifice and devotion of the men and officers. They are not written from the 'stop the war' point of view directly, possibly they might have been suppressed if they had been. The language in which they are written seems to be purposely simple, for fine writing would be lost on the classes to which they are intended to appeal. The stories, in fact, are snapshots of some incidents. They do not trace the history of any hero through a campaign. The Japanese, as has been pointed out, are throughout treated in a favourable light, and the only persons treated outside the pale of humanity are the Chunchuses, who are considered as devils in human form. The Russian soldier is a pathetic figure in them, long-suffering and patient, but brave, very superstitious, and capable of a good deal of religious sentiment. Short descriptions are interspersed with dialogue. The following is a short extract from one of them called 'In the Fire of Battle':

A regiment of Russians is advancing through a wood to attack a Japanese position. The wood is all silent and gloomy, and the topmost leaves are gently waving to and fro, barely rustling in

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the wind. A thick grey mist has cast a haze over the branches, deadening all sound. But the troops have not advanced far before the silence is broken by a hail of shell crashing down into the midst of the forest. The Japanese in their feverish anxiety seem to wish to annihilate every living thing, and to rend even the forest trees by their fire. Every moment seems precious to them. And they hurry to throw shell after shell before the Russians emerge from the wood. Now, instead of peaceful rustling, branches, boughs, and leaves are falling on all sides as if a mighty storm were passing through the forest. Men too are falling. The grass is red with blood, and groans are heard on every side. One wounded man lying on the ground tries to raise himself on his elbow. His feverish eyes are eagerly following his advancing companions while he is left behind. His white lips move slowly and without an audible sound. His eyes become larger and clearer, lit, as it were, by some inner light. As if, indeed, the soul, weary of the strife, were knocking at its windows, to attract the attention of those kindred souls outside its earthly habitation, entreating them to come to its help and free it from its deep and cruel torment. But time is short, and the advance has sounded—he is left behind, and no one heeds his appeal.

Steadily the regiment marches forward, a soldier dropping here and another there. This time a bullet has gone straight through a comrade's heart, another is hit in the breast and sinks down with a groan, only just able to murmur, 'My comrades, my comrades.' When he succeeds in half raising himself he finds he is alone, and only dimly hears the dull tread of the disappearing soldiers. In an almost final effort he lifts his eyes if by any chance he may catch sight of some familiar form, but a dark mist obscures his vision. At last he faintly whispers, 'Ah, comrades, ah!' But ever and ever onward, passing dead and wounded, passing dying and fallen, the regiment unheeding marches on. Words of command now and again re-echo through the forest, and at intervals exclamations of 'No surrender,' 'Eyes to the front,' sound through the ranks. And so the body moves on.

Presently an officer is wounded in the hand and foot, and is obliged to fall out. At the sight of the wounded officer a soldier leaves the ranks and asks if he can assist him, but the look of the wounded man grows stern, and with a wave of his hand he cries, 'Join your rank. I shall manage alone. Get you gone, Peter.' But Peter did not move, in spite of the imperious and reiterated command of his superior. The officer made an attempt to walk, but was not able to stir, and finally put his hand on Peter's shoulder saying, 'Well, then, lead me away.' But although he did so, he felt a feeling of animosity against his subordinate. He had noticed, too, that on a former occasion Peter also offered assistance to a wounded man, offering to bring him to the field hospital. And he put down Peter's action to cowardice. While

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accepting Peter's assistance he could not help exclaiming to himself, 'What a scoundrel! it's funk makes him lag behind.' 'H'm,' he turned to Peter, 'you are pleased at what has happened?' And glaring sideways at him, added, 'Glad that they have wounded me?'

'God forbid!' replied Peter. 'Heavens, do you really mean that?'

'I can see it,' growled the officer, again looking searchingly at Peter. 'Come, speak the truth. Aren't you a bit glad?'

'How can I be glad, your worship?'

'Why, of course, glad of an excuse to get out of the fight?'

'Oh no, your worship, I am not pleased.'

And then they marched on in silence, the officer still unconvinced, until eventually they reached a place of comparative safety. Here Peter left the officer for a short time while he went off to find some water, which he only succeeded in getting after crossing the line of fire amid a hail of shell. Having revived the wounded man and attended to his wounds, they proceeded to the place where the Red Cross was flying. They found the ambulance in a state of regular panic. The Japanese were firing on the huts which were filled with wounded men, thinking that the Russian lines were advancing from there. Wounded men were receiving fresh wounds, and bearers were falling in numbers. It was evident that the Japanese did not see the Red Cross flag, and mistook the men who were carrying the stretchers for Army Service men bringing up new supplies of ammunition.

'They are firing on the Red Cross,' said the officer.

'Perhaps they don't see it,' said Peter.

'Don't see what?'

'The Red Cross. The flag must be raised. Shall I go and raise it?'

The officer looked at him, and then slowly motioned to him with his hand and crossed himself.

'Go,' he said.

And Peter rushed up to an exposed position where an old stump of a tree grew on a ridge, and climbing up it succeeded in spite of bullets in fastening the flag. But it was at the cost of his life. Struck by two bullets, he rolled down, and when they were able to reach him he recovered consciousness only to ask, 'Have they ceased firing?'

'Yes, they have,' was the reply.

'Thank God,' murmured Peter, crossed himself, and expired.

The next story shows Christian principles carried into practice. It is Easter Eve, and the guard is just being turned out. No one is asleep in Russia on such a night, and in spite of the fatigues of the campaign not a man has laid down to rest. Those selfsame feelings of expectation and excitement which had filled their hearts and minds at home had followed them out to the Far East. Cares and troubles were forgotten and put aside, and every thought of war banished. All are waiting for the dawn of Easter Day.

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The guard is drawn up and ready to start. Not a man is heard to grumble that he is chosen for duty on such an occasion, but, on the contrary, the breaking of the great Resurrection Day raises their spirits and adds a peculiar solemnity. The soldiers going out on guard have been specially allowed to take out their rations with them, that the Holy Week fast may be broken when Easter Day has come, just as they do at home on their return from the midnight service. The guard sets out for the railway lines. The men are posted at intervals just in sight of one another, and by the time they have arrived at the bridge which they have to protect there are only six men and their sergeant left. It was a dangerous position. On the far side of the river a dense forest stretched for miles along the railway line, and the banks of the river, which was almost dry, were overgrown with dense shrubs and bushes. The little watchfires were lit all along the line, and every now and then the silhouettes of the soldiers on guard were visible in the darkness.

'What time is it?' asked a soldier.

'Nearly eleven,' said the sergeant. 'The great festival approaches,' he added softly.

And the soldiers begin to tell each other how they spent their last Easter night, decorating their village churches and illuminating it with lanterns, and recounting how their village priest has praised their efforts.

'God grant this war may soon end, that we may spend our next Easter in our Motherland, our dear Russia,' said the generally taciturn Gourov as he left the group to examine some underwood close by to see if by any chance a Japanese were hiding there.

'Shalaev!' shouted the sergeant to a gaunt young soldier, 'go, and examine the thickets in the bed of the river.'

Shalaev was the laughing-stock of the regiment. His companions considered him a coward, but what else could they expect from a poor town-bred youth brought up by his mother? Having despatched the boy on his uncanny mission, the remainder gather round the fire, and a soldier, Ignatov by name, tells his comrades how grandly Easter night was celebrated in the Kremlin. He had just finished telling them how the big fortress gun boomed forth at the last chiming of the great clock when two rifle shots suddenly startled them.

'There go the guns,' exclaimed a soldier, jumping up and seizing a rifle. 'Christ is risen! The sacred day of Resurrection has dawned!'

All is commotion. Some seize their arms to look for the hidden enemy, some go to find Shalaev. After a long search in the darkness, and groping their way through the bushes, they at last find Shalaev, who has been wounded, and bring him into the bivouac. They put him down in front of the fire, where he soon falls asleep and dreams of his mother. The others who have followed Gourov bring in a

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Chunchus, whom they bind and place under the glare of their camp fire on the opposite side to Shalaev.

'We have taken a Chunchus prisoner,' Gourov reports to the sergeant.

'How did you manage to catch him? You have been more fortunate than we have?'

The soldiers tell him in reply how they effected the capture, and that the Chunchuses were about to blow up the bridge when they discovered them, and what they had gleaned from their captive, who knew a little Russian. There were four Chunchuses, they said, in this little affair; three decided to approach the bridge by taking cover in the bushes and underwood, and the fourth, the prisoner, was sent round by the river-bed, where they had found him, creeping stealthily along with lyddite and a map in his pockets. Shalaev had evidently been wounded by one of the three others.

On hearing the report the sergeant thanks the soldiers, and promises to mention what they have done to the captain when he hands over the prisoner in the morning.

'But what will he do with him?' the soldiers ask timidly.

'Surely you know what happens to these fellows? They are examined and then hanged.'

'But, sergeant, surely it is not right to treat a man like that on Easter Day?'

'Well, perhaps the carrying out of the sentence will be postponed until after Easter. But I am sure they won't let him off; just think what he wished to do. He wanted to destroy the bridge and injure us. There is no help for it; one must act according to the rules of war. He will be shot or hanged.'

'Yes, I know, sergeant, what you say is correct, but to-day is a holy day, a very holy day, and every soul rejoices. He ought also to rejoice. Let him go. We shall have no blessing if we hang him. Let him go, sergeant.'

Meanwhile the other soldiers were standing silently around with their eyes fixed on the ground, not daring to look each other in the face, as if they were participators in some evil deed. Two or three hours ago their spirits, though expectantly looking forward to the dawning of the great day, were sad at being so far away from their homes; but now they felt that the blessed day, the great moment for all Christians, had come. Now all should be peace. And yet they were compelled to share in the death of a human being, on this day above all others, the day of the Resurrection. And one after another they join the first speaker in protesting against an act which seemed to them so wrong and sinful, on such a high holy day.

The dilemma of the sergeant is acute; his feelings are the same as his companions', but his orders are strict, and he himself is afraid of punishment if he disobeys. He looks first at Shalaev, sleeping peace-

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fully, though wounded, on one side of the fire, and the Chunchus on the other, lying bound and struggling uneasily, and the sergeant temporises and postpones his decision. Meanwhile the soldiers stand around the fire; no one talks, for they feel uncomfortable and unhappy. At intervals the Chunchus begs for pardon, but the soldiers take no notice, until at last the silence is again broken by one of the soldiers speaking of the Chunchus's wife and children. While he is doing so, Shalaev awakes; and, catching sight of the Chunchus bound a few paces off, calls out to the sergeant, 'Sergeant, forgive him, let him go, let him go. It is Easter Day.' The non-commissioned officer still hesitates, however, between duty and love of his fellow-man, and it is difficult to say how it would have ended. But just at that moment the captain in charge of the post walks in and decides the matter. The Chunchus is set free.

Does any one of our short stories of the late war breathe so Christian a feeling? Impracticable and too ideal possibly though they may be.

C. HAGBERG WRIGHT.

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MORAL TEACHING IN JAPAN

I HAVE elsewhere explained, in an article entitled 'The Religions of Japan,' the relative positions of Buddhism, Shintoism, and Confucianism in Japan, and it seems now desirable to allude to what are, after all, the moral notions which govern the Japanese mind, and how they are inculcated among the people at large.

I am acquainted to some extent with the Greek ethics of the Platonian school, and also with the moral teaching of the Gospel. Our moral notions, as it seems to me, do not materially differ from either in essence and purport, though in classification of the different virtues, and in the prominence given to one or other of these virtues above the rest, all these systems in some respect diverge.

Tenets of morality have been taught in Japan for centuries in various ways, and it has ever been a prominent feature of our education that stress should be laid upon this branch of intellectual culture. It developed itself most conspicuously side by side with *Bushido* during the last three centuries, but it was by no means limited to the military class alone; for wherever literature was studied these doctrines of morality were *ipso facto* associated with that study, and, moreover, among illiterate people the teaching took the form of popularised lectures, or of most easily read books, while by religious preachers the subject was enlarged upon as constituting a supplementary basis for most ardent exhortation to their followers. The dicta were chiefly founded upon Confucianism, but in such a manner as to conform to our own ideas and characteristics.

With the inauguration of our own Meiji Era, a system of universal education was gradually introduced, in which moral teaching formed an important branch of the curriculum. As time went on, however, some difficulties began to arise through the want of a universal standard of excellence on which the attention of the students should become focussed and the endeavour of the teachers concentrated. This need, which was a very real one, arose from the fact that, on one hand, the old books on the subject were too numerous and too diversified in character, and, on the other, new books written by modern writers were not sufficiently authoritative to command the students' reverence. Then, too, as the country was in a state of transition, it

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was apt to give rise to varied speculative views likely to distract the teachers' thoughts as well as those of restless youths, so that it might end in producing results unfavourable to the purpose in view. In a word, the want of a textual injunction which should authoritatively set forth the fundamental principles and serve as the guiding star, as it were, in educational circles began to be severely felt. This want was supplied by the Emperor himself, whose well-considered initiative is ever most eagerly followed, and his watchful care for their welfare most promptly appreciated by his loyal subjects. This step, taken by the Emperor in 1890, consisted of a special injunction to the nation, commonly called the 'Educational Imperial Rescript.' The issue of such an injunction was altogether exceptional, and was ascribable to the exceptional nature of the circumstances. After the declaration, in the preliminary part of the rescript, that the notions of loyalty and filial piety universally entertained were based on the traditions left by the Imperial ancestors and the national characteristics of the Japanese through untold generations, it proceeds:

> It is our desire that you, our subjects, be filial to your parents, and well-disposed to your brothers and sisters. Let husband and wife dwell harmoniously together; let friends be mutually trustworthy. Impose upon yourselves self-restraint and rectitude of behaviour. Extend to the multitude philanthropy. Advance learning and regulate your pursuits, developing the intellectual faculties and perfecting the virtuous and useful elements. Further, seek to enhance the public good and enlighten the world by deeds of social benefit. Treasure always the fundamental constitution and respect the national laws. In any emergency exert yourselves in the public service, and exhibit voluntarily your bravery in the cause of order. And by every means assist and promote the prosperity of the Imperial *régime*, which is lasting as the heavens and the earth. Thus you will not only be our loyal subjects and good citizens, but will manifest the highest and best traditions of your ancestors.

This moral precept the Emperor declared in his own name, as well as for his successors, that he would zealously observe in common with his loyal subjects. Throughout all grades of the educational system in Japan this precept forms the fundamental basis of the moral and ethical teachings. As, however, greater stress in this respect is put upon elementary education, I will describe below how it is imparted in the elementary schools.

These are divided into two grades—the common and the higher elementary schools. In the first article of the Imperial Ordinance of 1900, relating to elementary schools, which is the one in force at this moment, it being an amended version and summary of previous ordinances, the primary object of these schools is laid down thus:

> The fundamental object of the elementary schools is to endow the children with the foundation of moral and popular education, and so equip them with ordinary knowledge and attainments necessary for their after success in life, paying attention at the same time to their physical development.

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Based upon this article, moral teaching forms a part of the school curriculum, and according to the time-table, as it stands at present, two hours per week during the school terms are devoted solely to this purpose for every class. In the second article of the Departmental Ordinance of the Ministry of Education, which is a direction for carrying into practice the provisions of the Imperial Ordinance, it is provided that:

> The essential point of moral teaching should be to nourish and develop the virtuous instincts of the children and to lead them to the actual practice of morality, making the precept of the Imperial rescript relating to education its base.

It then goes on to direct that, at first, matters which are easy and simple to emulate, relating to filial piety, brotherly kindness, friendship, frugality, truthfulness, self-restraint, bravery, and suchlike virtues, should be taught, gradually advancing to the subject of such simple topics as those of one's duties as regards the State and society, and thus elevating the sentiments and strengthening the ideas of the young, and fostering in their minds an enterprising and courageous spirit, as well as a due respect for public virtues, coupled with the loftiest admiration of patriotism and loyalty. In teaching all these, illustrations should be given of the wise sayings and commendable doings of exemplary persons, and full use made of maxims and proverbs. In the case of the girls, care should be taken that they be thoroughly instructed in the womanly virtues. The difference of teaching between the common and higher schools is only in respect of the treatment of the subject, one being more advanced than the other.

To infuse moral sentiments into the minds of the young is also to be kept in view in teaching other subjects—*i.e.* in history, geography, science, and even in drawing and singing. Thus, for example, even in the teaching of science, not only may an elementary knowledge of natural objects and phenomena be conveyed, but the training of the mind is expected 'to nurture and develop a love of Nature.'

On three of the great festival days of Japan—viz. the 1st of January, the 11th of February, and the birthday of the Emperor—the master and teachers of every school, together with all its scholars, gather in its main hall to celebrate the occasion, and there the 'Imperial Rescript' is read aloud by the master, and an appropriate address is given by him in the way of exposition of its solemn precepts.

Such, then, are the methods we adopt in the tuition of our children in regard to morality. True it is that religion, as such, forms no part of their scholastic training, and that this branch of education is entirely left to the parents. What I have said above, however, will

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amply show that sufficient care is taken of the rising generation in regard to these matters. Perhaps I may mention here that as far as the common elementary schools are concerned, education is obligatory, exceptions being allowed only for special causes. It may also be mentioned that there is no community in Japan where no elementary scholastic training is provided for.

School age begins at six. The course of common elementary schools is four years, while that of higher elementary schools is four years in ordinary cases, and two years in cases where the children are destined to be sent to the middle schools.

According to the twenty-ninth annual report of the Minister of Education, the statistics of the elementary schools for 1901–2 show the following : [1]

(1) Total number of children under obligation to attend school :

Male	Female	Total
3,388,273	3,109,216	6,497,489

(2) Number of the same receiving the prescribed course of instruction :

Male	Female	Total
3,177,486	2,543,440	5,720,926

(3) Number of children who were excused from school attendance :

Temporary Exemption		Permanent Exemption		Total		Total of Male and Female
Male	Female	Male	Female	Male	Female	
178,131	483,930	32,696	81,846	210,787	565,776	776,563

(4) Pupils of both sexes receiving instruction per cent. of the school-age population :

Male	Female	Both sexes
93·78	81·80	88·05

From this it will be easily seen that the greatest care that we can possibly take is actually being taken in teaching morality to our boys and girls at large. I may here add that there are many text-books based on the Imperial Rescript, published with sanction of the Minister of Education for the use of the teachers as well as students, varying in their form and scope according to the requirement of the different grades of students.

As to the soldiers and sailors who are taken by the universal service system from among the boys thus brought up, further care of them is diligently taken in the same direction. In our military and naval instruction there is one branch which we commonly call the 'spiritual education.' This is no other than moral teaching. In it also the 'Educational Imperial Rescript' plays an important part,

[1] These figures do not include Formosa.

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but for this purpose there is another Imperial injunction, commonly called the '*Gunjin* (Soldiers and Sailors) Imperial Rescript.' It was issued by the Emperor in 1882, when the universal service system was modified and made more thorough, and it is more exhaustive and of older date than the educational rescript.

After having recounted the chief features of the long history of the military organisation of the Empire from its very beginning, it being demonstrated how, in ancient days, all the youths of the Empire served in the Imperial army, and how they were led personally by the Emperor, the Empress, or the princes of the Imperial blood, and how, in the Middle Ages, the military classes gradually came to have a distinct formation, and how all this was reformed at last, the rescript proceeds thus:

Know that We are the Grand Marshal of you the warriors. We rely upon you as the arms and legs, and you should regard your Sovereign as your head and neck, and thus only can our mutual sympathy be deepened. Whether or not We shall be able to protect Our State, thereby responding to the blessing of supreme heaven, and deserve and repay the deep benefactions conferred by Our illustrious ancestors, depends upon whether or not you, the warriors, discharge your mission. Should the prestige of Our Empire decay, you should share the pain with Us. Should the martial spirit of the Empire be raised and give forth its lustre, We would share the fame with you. If you all cling to your duty, and, becoming of one mind with Us, exert your strength for the protection of the State, the people of Our Empire will enjoy everlastingly the happiness of peace, and the glory of Our Empire might even be augmented and become the light of the world. As We entertain so much hope of you, Our warriors, We have some instructions to give you.

Then the rescript goes on to elucidate these instructions under five headings: (1) That soldiers should make it their function to exert themselves to the utmost of their loyalty and patriotism; (2) that they should strictly observe decorum; (3) that they should prize courage and bravery; (4) that they should treasure faith and confidence; and (5) that they should practise frugality. All these headings are followed by full and adequate exposition given to each clause separately, care being enjoined that at the same time none may be led astray by excess of zeal. Thus, for instance, under the heading of courage and bravery it is enjoined that 'one who prizes courage and bravery should be modest and endeavour to win the love and respect of others,' and under the heading of faith and confidence the soldier is warned not to make promises carelessly, as one is sometimes apt to prejudice essential duties on account of trifling obligations. Care is also to be taken not to forget the value of gentleness of mind. Thus, under the heading of decorum, it is enjoined that:

The superiors should not be arrogant to their inferiors, cases where one has to comport oneself with dignity on account of the nature of public duties being excepted. One should endeavour to deal with all matters carefully, ever

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mindful of kindness as the fundamental basis of one's actions; and thus the superior and the inferior, becoming of one mind, may discharge adequately the duties incumbent upon them in regard to Imperial affairs.

In the concluding paragraph it is enjoined that these five instructions are the very essence of the soldier's life and his rules of conduct, and it goes on to say that 'sincerity' is to be highly prized, and it is earnestly enjoined upon everyone to adhere to these precepts with 'one sincere mind.'

Officers and rank and file, one and all, are expected to learn this rescript almost by heart. Officers endeavour constantly to imbue the rank and file with its spirit and tone, and the first thing the new recruits have to do is to study it side by side with their technical training. Our soldiers and sailors are all trained in this fashion, and, indeed, the utmost pains are taken in respect thereof.

Such are, then, the fundamental principles of the moral teaching of Japan in the schools as well as in the barracks. In imparting them, of course, much elucidation and exposition are employed so as to inculcate these sentiments in the minds of the recipients. To effect this the more completely, illustration is obtained from various sources, historical and otherwise, and not merely from Japan, but from other lands. Narratives of the lives of great and good men are freely given for the edification of the scholars, and the highest examples are in this way selected as a basis for the formation of the youthful character. The maxims of the sages are similarly impressed, and every channel whence mental profit is to be derived is laid under contribution for the inculcation of every moral virtue.

To the outsiders who have not grown up in an atmosphere of this kind, it may appear somewhat difficult to comprehend how boys and girls could be thoroughly imbued with moral sentiments without connecting these in some way with religion; but when they are taught with thoroughness, basing their systematic exposition on the duties of human beings towards one another and to the State, and on the noble tradition of their own community and the characteristic virtues of their forefathers in which they ought to rejoice, and when appeals are made to the honour and pride which one should feel and value, and, above all, to the conscience of individuals, one's thoughts appear to become imbued with the lessons conveyed, and moral notions thus taught seem to become *per se* a kind of undefined but none the less potent and serviceable religion. This seems approximate to a correct delineation of the feelings of the bulk of the educated classes of Japan – at least, I feel it to be so myself.

The cardinal points of Oriental ethics are loyalty and filial piety. Of these two, filial piety takes precedence in China, but greater stress is laid in Japan on loyalty. This is where the difference between Chinese and Japanese ethics is most noticeable. Then, again, in Japan, side by side with loyalty, the doctrine of patriotism is rigidly enforced.

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When historically examined, the notion of patriotism is of much later development. As a matter of fact no such word finds place in the enumeration of different virtues in the Confucian teaching, and it seems never to have taken any hold of the masses in China. It may be remarked that, as the Chinese nation believed itself to stand so high as to be practically alone, and took no account of other States —a belief which was fostered by the ease with which it was seen to absorb any venturesome peoples who threatened its borders—the spirit of national rivalry, which in great measure gives rise to patriotism, was entirely lacking in ancient China. Moreover, as the Chinese wholly or in the greater part fell in succession under the sway of foreign dynasties, the Liao, Kin, Yuen, and Ching in turn, it obviously was not to the interest or advantage of those dynasties that patriotism should be aroused among China's millions. The Chinese were always fond of China as their native land; they wished to return to it, alive or dead, if they were away; but this love of country did not prompt them very keenly to take measures to protect it from invasion, or to die in its defence, and it was not to the benefit of the ruling house that any more patriotic spirit than this should take root. The case is very different with Japan, and yet even in Japan the term *Ai-koku-Shin* ('the mind that loves the country') is very modern. In former days the equivalent of *Ai-koku* was *Ho-koku*—*i.e.* repaying what one owes to the country; the idea being that the people, as subjects of the sovereign, owed a duty to the country, and it behoved them to sacrifice themselves in its cause. The term 'country' was thus used more in the sense of the State than in the sense of the land. Even in this sense patriotism was not so old an idea—in literature, at least—as loyalty. This was only natural when the country had no exterior concern with the outer world, or, at least, when it was not subjected to external pressure from other countries. But, with the march of time, patriotism has made with us a deep and enduring impression on the minds of the people, together with the most intense realisation of loyalty. In this, Japan has been most happily situated. Let me explain myself in full, though it may sound somewhat dogmatic.

In Japan, broadly speaking, the country, the land, the people, the nation, and the State are co-extensive; they may, therefore, from an ethical point of view, be said to be with us Japanese one and the same thing. Then, on the other hand, the reigning Emperor, the Imperial dynasty, and the State are, sophistic as it may appear, almost synonymous from the moral point of view, and constitute, in their mutual relationship to one another, the most lofty object of all that Japanese people can ever have before them in the secular world, which, therefore, may be regarded as though thereby transformed and spiritualised. There is an absolute community of interest in this tripartite relationship, consequently there is no possibility of making

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any distinction between these inseparable elements in the mind and eye of the Japanese people. Then, too, the reigning Imperial family, and the country traditionally and historically, are most closely bound together, and the Empire, in respect of the sway exercised by that august family, is entirely co-existent with it in regard to both time and space. Hence, in the mind and eye of the Japanese, be it from the point of view of a loyal subject or of a good citizen, all these—*i.e.* the Emperor, the Imperial dynasty, the State, the country, and the nation—are one and the same thing; and devotion to the cause of any of these serves, *pari passu*, its purpose to promote the good of any other. In the Japanese conception, therefore, true patriotism includes love for the Emperor, and true loyalty includes love for the country, and hence patriotism and loyalty may be said to be almost identical as to their relative purport.

With us, speaking as a member of the community, the State is always put above the individual in the way that Socrates taught the Greeks in his beautiful dialogue concerning the duties of a citizen. The doctrine of Liberty has also taken deep root in the mind of the Japanese in recent years, but the idea of individualism is nevertheless regarded as subservient to principles of State, as, I believe, it ever ought to be.

This attitude of mind arises from the combination of unique conditions with which Japan is favoured. In the first place, the Imperial dynasty has always been the same, and rightly lays claim to a remote antiquity, so that no dynastic predilections involving differences of opinion among the people can ever agitate the public mind. In the second place, so far as our history carries us back—and that is a very long way—the nation has always been compact and united, save for those minor periodical disturbances and internal dissensions that are common to the lot of nations at large, and no other race has ever intermingled with ours. In the third place, the Japanese people were never scattered abroad beyond the confines of the Empire, and the land of the Empire is the graveyard of all their ancestors as far as history knows; and in the fourth place, Japan has never suffered any foreign conquest. An attack on a gigantic scale was made in the thirteenth century on Japan, as elsewhere, by the Mongols, before whom the whole world once trembled and mostly succumbed. It was the only instance of foreign invasion of Japan worth mentioning; but we repelled them effectively.

All this makes the Japanese, from the highest to the lowest, feel an immeasurable pride in their country, though by no means boastfully, and its culmination is the very acme of loyalty and patriotism. Only the other day I accidentally came across an English translation of a war song, entitled 'Now is the time,' by the late Commander Takeo Hirose, our naval hero of Port Arthur, which he improvised shortly before he went to his doom. The earlier part of it gives a very good

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idea of the Japanese conception of loyalty and patriotism in a concrete form, so I quote below the first stanza of it:

Boundless like the dome of heaven above,
Is what we owe to our Emperor;
Fathomless as the deep sea below,
Is what we owe to our country.
Now is the time to repay what we owe.

Hirose was just the sort of man who, had he been a Roman warrior, would joyously have sung at the last moment of life the sublime line, however hackneyed it may be:

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.

Many people outside Japan seem amazed at the valour and fortitude of our soldiers and sailors at the front, testifying, as they do, to the intensity of their loyalty and patriotism. But what I have stated above will, I hope, go a long way in explaining how deeply these notions are engrafted in the mind of the Japanese, and why they can be implicitly trusted to bear good fruit in due season. I must, however, say that valuing loyalty and patriotism as we do, they are not left solely to their natural growth; for, as I have shown, the greatest pains are taken by the nation, from the Emperor down to the people at large, in conserving and promoting the spread of these virtues. I must say, moreover, that loyalty and patriotism are not the only things we prize; for we seek to cultivate every virtue that may be worthy of a civilised people, so that we may be frankly and candidly regarded as a not unworthy member of the most enlightened nations, and this is the sole and highest ambition of Japan.

One word more. This article of mine has not in the least degree been prompted by any inclination towards display. Its sole purport is to tell the truth simply and plainly of what we are as rational beings, and of what we have done and are doing, imperfect of attainment as we feel our efforts must ever be. Human nature and culture are pretty much the same in the West as in the Far East, and all that we ask is that an unfair and hostile estimate may not be formed of our national existence, based upon incomplete knowledge or prejudice, in the way that is done by many, often eminent persons, particularly on the Continent.

SUYEMATSU.

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JAPAN'S DEBT TO CHINA

In the first moon, in spring, of the second year of the period Chung-yüan (= A.D. 57), the king of the Dwarf-slave nation, barbarians of the east, for the first time sent envoys with gifts.

THIS passage occurs in the history of the later Han dynasty, which was compiled from official records by Fan Yeh, a well-known scholar, who was executed for treason in A.D. 445. It is the earliest recorded mention by the Chinese of a nation whose country became known to them later on as the Land of the Rising Sun—Japan.

In another part of the same work we further read:

The Dwarf country lies to the south-east of Korea, in the great ocean, and consists of rocky islands inhabited by over a hundred separate tribes. Since the conquest of Korea by the Emperor Wu Ti [B.C. 140–86], the Dwarfs have made over thirty attempts to enter into relations with China. Each tribe has its own king, and the office is hereditary. The great Dwarf suzerain resides at Lolang in Yamato, which is 12,000 *li* [about 4,000 miles] from China [*i.e.* from Ch'êng-tu, the capital, in Ssŭ-ch'uan], the nearest kingdom on the north-west being 7,000 *li* distant. The country is extensive, and lies to the east of Chehkiang and Fuhkien. It is near to K'iung-chou, and consequently the manners and customs of these places are similar. It is adapted for paddy, hemp, silkworms, and mulberry-trees. The people know how to weave a kind of silk, and also produce white pearls and green jade. The hills are of red earth, which is of a warm character. In winter and summer vegetables are grown for food. There are no cows, horses, tigers, leopards, sheep, or magpies [another writer says there are elephants and rhinoceroses]. The soldiers are armed with spears, shields, wooden bows, and bamboo arrows, the heads of the latter being of bone. The men tattoo their faces and paint their bodies, and by the size and position of the stripes they distinguish between the upper and lower classes. They wear a loin-cloth tied about them. The women let their hair hang down [one writer says, because they have no pins]; they wear a garment which they put on over their heads, and smear their bodies with rouge, as the Chinese their faces. The people inhabit enclosures surrounded by palisades. Parents and sons live apart [as opposed to the patriarchal system of China], but men and women mix freely. They eat with their fingers, but use plates and dishes. They all walk barefoot, and squat on the ground as a sign of respect. They are much addicted to strong drink, and live to a great age, many reaching over a hundred years. Women are plentiful; grandees have four or five wives, other people two or three. The women are neither lewd nor jealous. Thieving is rare; so is litigation. The wives and children of ordinary criminals are killed; in very serious cases the whole clan is exterminated.

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After death, burial is delayed for some ten days. The family weep, but they do not offer wine and food to the *manes*; they sing and dance as a means of distraction. They tell fortunes by inspection of burnt bones. When about to travel, a person makes some man abstain from combing and bathing, from eating meat, and from intercourse with women. This man is called *chisai*. Then, if the journey is successful, the traveller gives the *chisai* presents; but if he is ill or meets with misfortunes, he attributes it to neglect on the part of the *chisai*, and promptly slays him. During the periods Chien-wu and Chung-yüan (A.D. 25–58), the Dwarf-slave nation came to Court with tribute and congratulations. The Envoy called himself a Minister of State in the extreme southern tribe of the Dwarf nation. The Emperor Kuang Wu bestowed on him an official seal.

We next hear of the Dwarf nation in A.D. 107, when they sent an embassy with offerings, consisting of 160 slaves, and asked for an audience. The Dwarf country was then said to be in a state of civil war. For some years there had been no king, and at this date an unmarried woman, who was a spiritualist and sorceress, was on the throne. She was stated to have 1000 attendants, but to be very rarely seen except by one man, who gave her food and acted as intermediary. The visitors also said that 4000 *li* south of their nation was situated the land of Pygmies, who were only three or four feet high; and that, sailing thence for a whole year, the traveller would come to the Naked nation, the Black-toothed nation, and others.

Silence until A.D. 238, when the queen of the Dwarf nation sent an envoy with presents, consisting of four male slaves, six female slaves, and a small quantity of cloth. These were graciously accepted, and valuable gifts, such as silk, copper, mirrors, swords, pearls, lead, and even gold, were bestowed upon the envoy in return, in order to display the magnificence and magnanimity of the great ruler who then sat upon the throne—the dignified Emperor, who first admitted women to official life, and whose beard, when he stood up, touched the ground.

In A.D. 240 a mission was despatched from China to the Dwarf nation, bearing valuable presents and a kindly letter to the queen, to which she returned a grateful and respectful reply.

So things moved pleasantly along for several centuries, during which are recorded, at short intervals, many embassies from the vassal Dwarfs to the Middle Kingdom. The last of this particular series reached China in the year 608, and in the following year the Emperor—another of China's really powerful rulers—despatched a mission to the Dwarfs. When the Imperial envoy reached his destination, after a splendid public reception, he was at once admitted to audience by the Dwarf king. 'I sent an embassy with tribute,' said the latter, 'because I had heard that away to the west lay the mighty empire of the House of Sui (the reigning dynasty), famous for cultivation of politeness and of duty towards one's neighbour—virtues of which we barbarians, dwelling in an out-of-the-way corner of the

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ocean, know nothing. I hope, therefore, to detain you awhile, not merely for a brief audience; and I have therefore caused a suitable residence to be prepared for you, in the hope that you will tell us something of the civilisation of your great empire.'

'The virtue of his Majesty,' replied the envoy, 'acts in unison with heaven and earth, and its benign influence extends over the Four Seas. It was because you desired the benefits of civilisation that I was sent to proclaim them to you.' The king then conducted the envoy to his residence; and later on the envoy notified the king, saying: 'Having now communicated to you my master's commands, I beg that you will make everything ready for my return journey.' Upon this the king entertained him at a banquet, and finally sent an escort with him on his way back; but from that time forth, we are told, until the close of the dynasty, no more tribute was sent, nor presents of local produce.

With the year A.D. 618 a new epoch begins. The Sui dynasty had gone the way of all dynasties, and the House of T'ang ruled in its stead. The second representative of this new line, destined to last 300 years, was in every way a most remarkable man. He ruled for his people's welfare. He crushed internal rebellion, and broke the power of China's hereditary foes. He introduced an improved division of the empire into provinces with subdivisions, reformed the civil and military services, and modified the Penal Code. He fostered learning, and tried to restore astronomy to its place as a practical science. Frugal in his own life, affectionate to his kindred, and genial in his intercourse with public officials, his fame spread far beyond the limits of the Middle Kingdom, which reached to the Caspian Sea and the Hindu Kush. He was said to have had the grace of a dragon and the beauty of a phœnix. He was beloved by all priests—Buddhist, Taoist, and even Christian; for it was under his auspices that Nestorian missionaries were allowed to settle at the capital in A.D. 636. In 643 the Greek emperor Theodosius sent a mission to his Court. In 644 he attempted to conquer Korea; but the expedition proved a disastrous failure. On one occasion he is said to have died and to have gone down into purgatory, but to have recovered his life by the kindly alteration in the Book of Fate of a 13 into a 33. During a severe plague of locusts he is said to have offered up a prayer to heaven, at the same time swallowing a live locust in evidence of his sincerity. A sarcastic writer of more modern times, however, suggests a paper imitation.

Before proceeding, it is convenient to consider here what had been the influence of China so far upon her island neighbour. We know that prior to any intercourse between the two countries Japan had no written language. At what date the script of China was introduced *via* Korea to the Japanese will probably remain a matter for speculation. All we can say for certain is that the earliest mention

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of the study of the Chinese written language carries us no farther back than A.D. 405. The first books published in Japan appear to have been written in pure Chinese, an historical work of the kind being attributed to a prince who died in A.D. 621. The next step was to make Chinese characters, regardless of their meaning, stand for Japanese sounds, the result, of course, being pure Japanese. In the *Kojiki*, the earliest Japanese book, dated A.D. 712, which has survived to the present day, these two methods were combined, the former as being more classical, and the latter as better adapted to the expression of Japanese proper names.

It would be only natural that the language and literature of China should be accompanied on its journey to Japan by some of that imponderable quiddity known as civilisation. Of this nothing need be said for the moment; later on the Japanese will be allowed to speak on this point for themselves. Meanwhile it may be stated that about the middle of the sixth century Buddhism was carried, also *via* Korea, into Japan. We may now return to chronological order.

In the history of the T'ang dynasty, completed in 1060, we read as follows:

'In the fifth year of the period Chêng-kuan [= A.D. 631], the Rising Sun nation sent an envoy to Court.'

And from a further note we learn that 'the Rising Sun nation is the Dwarf-slave nation of old.'

From this point onwards the Japanese people, stimulated to pride, no doubt, by the culture derived from contact with the Middle Kingdom, decline to speak of themselves any longer as the Dwarf nation, with or without the addition of 'slave.' The Chinese, too, in their description of the Japanese at this date, record the fact that 'they possess a literature [*yu wén tzŭ*],' and also add that 'they esteem the religion of Buddha.'

Regarding the particular embassy last mentioned, we are told that 'the Emperor, in pity for the great distance traversed, bade his officials not to exact from the envoy the usual yearly tribute.' He also sent a Chinese envoy to convey the Imperial commands to the ruler of Japan; but owing to a squabble over the ceremonial (quite *à la* Lord Amherst), the envoy declined to carry out his mission, and accordingly returned.

In 654 a 'Japanese' embassy brought tribute of coral and agate; and again in 655 another embassy arrived, accompanied by an envoy from the Ainos, whose beard was over four feet in length, and whose skill in archery was so great that when a gourd was put up at a distance of 'many tens of paces, he hit it every time without missing.'

Altogether some twenty embassies were sent from Japan to China between A.D. 618 and 853, at which latter date the T'ang dynasty was already beginning to show signs of its approaching fall. In the records of all of these, save two, the term 'Japan' is employed. The exceptions are: (1) under 669, when the term 'Dwarf' seems to have

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slipped in accidentally; and (2) under 670, where we have the following entry:

In the first year of the Hsien-hêng period, the Dwarfs, who sent an envoy to congratulate on the pacification of Korea, for the first time called their country the Land of the Rising Sun. After becoming somewhat versed in the language of China, they took a dislike to the term 'Dwarfs,' and accordingly made this change, the envoy declaring that 'Japan' was so named because it was near to the spot at which the sun rises. Others say that 'Japan' was really the name of a small nation which had been incorporated by the Dwarfs, after which this nickname prevailed. The envoy, however, would not admit this, which leaves the question doubtful. The envoy also boasted that the capital of his country was several thousand *li* square, with the sea on the south and west sides, and with mountains on the east and north sides. Beyond the mountains was a race of hairy men [Ainos].

From the date 853, as above, nothing more is heard of Japan until the year 984, under the reign of the second emperor of the Sung dynasty. The Japanese, however, had not been idle. The *katakana*, a form of writing in which parts only of certain Chinese characters are used phonetically, had been invented, some say by Kibidaishi, who died in 776; and this was followed by the *hiragana*, or cursive hand, said to have been introduced by Kobodaishi, who died in 835. By the eighth century the study of Chinese had made great progress; the Confucian Canon was taught in schools; and in 720 was completed the *Nihongi*, an official history of Japan from the earliest days down to the year 697, written in the Chinese language. Teachers of painting, medicine, &c., reached Japan from Korea; but the arts taught by these teachers were of pure Chinese birth. That the magnificent poetry of the Han and T'ang dynasties was duly assimilated by the Japanese, at any rate in so far as its spirit is concerned, seems to be beyond all doubt. Even in regard to form it may fairly be argued that the adoption of phrases of five and seven syllables each in Japanese poetry may be traced to the same source, and not to the Confucian *Odes*, as has been suggested by Japanese critics. The 'Manyōshiu,' a collection of Japanese poetry, recently published in 122 volumes, was completed early in the ninth century, and abounds, so far as one can judge from the translations of Chamberlain, Aston, and Dickins, with inspiration drawn from Chinese sources. Indeed, it is otherwise difficult to conceive how a nation just emerging from comparative barbarism, as Aston himself says, could have produced a vast body of verse, distinguished, also as Aston says, by polish, by delicacy of sentiment, by refinement of language, and by exquisite skill of phrase.

In A.D. 984, the Japanese sent a Buddhist priest as envoy to the Chinese Court. He was accompanied by five or six attendants, and offered as gifts various specimens of bronze ware, together with two books, one being a work on the official administration of Japan, and the other, chronological tables of its rulers. The envoy, we are told,

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could write Chinese elegantly, but could not speak it; and by means of writing he set forth that Japan was in possession of the Confucian and Buddhist Canons, and even of the works of the great modern poet Po Chü-i, who died in 846. He said that his country had also a copper coinage, with an inscription, based of course on the Chinese *cash*; and he mentioned two works on music, one Chinese and one Korean. He boasted of the silk produced by his country's looms, and wrote down the names of the sixty-four rulers who had sat upon the throne of Japan, besides giving much geographical and other information.

On four subsequent occasions during this dynasty, the Japanese sent embassies to China, three of these being under the leadership of Buddhist priests, one of whom brought among his tribute offerings '5,000 ounces of quicksilver.' The other of the four was not received, as it arrived without credentials. There are also official records of aid given on several occasions to distressed Japanese seamen, the last dated 1193, and one of a case of murder, in which the Japanese are again spoken of as the Dwarfs.

We now come to the famous Mongol dynasty, with Kublai Khan upon the throne of China. This Emperor, beginning with the year 1264, sent several important embassies to Japan—always 'Japan'—and received various envoys at the Chinese Court. In 1273, an envoy named Chao—the name is important—was ordered to proceed on a reconnoitring mission; and he, chiefly on the strength of the 'great bravery and love of slaughter' which prevailed in Japan, coupled with its distance and the perils of the sea, advised the Emperor to leave the Japanese severely alone. But Kublai Khan evidently wished to convert these islands into a Chinese province; and at length, in 1280, when the Japanese had beheaded one of his envoys and other members of the mission, the order for punishment went forth. In 1281 the great armada which had been despatched for this purpose was totally destroyed by a storm, and of the 100,000 men who started on the expedition 'only one or two out of every ten got back to Korea.'

Other expeditions were set on foot, but all ended in talk and paper plans. Vengeance was never taken; and by 1368 the Mongols had given place to the Mings, a dynasty of pure Chinese blood. Only a year later we find the 'Dwarfs' committing acts of piracy in Chinese waters; and in 1370 an envoy, unfortunately named Chao, was sent from China to call the recreant vassals to their allegiance. He was received by the Japanese king, who, after listening to the envoy's strictures, replied as follows: 'My country, although lying far off in the direction of Fu-sang [which has been identified by some with Mexico], has always been desirous of the civilisation of China, and ready to pay tribute. The Mongols, however, regarding us as a small nation, sent an envoy, named Chao, to humbug us with fair words, while in reality he was spying out our country. Afterwards

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they sent a huge fleet of ships to subdue our country; that fleet was destroyed by a storm, and since then there has been no intercourse between us. Now that you have got a new Son of Heaven, he sends us another Chao. Is not this an attempt to play us the same trick that the Mongols played?' The king then bade his attendants put the envoy to death; at which Chao did not flinch, but quietly said . . . Here follows a long and bold speech, in which he extolled the virtues of the Chinese Emperor, and by which he finally convinced the king, who forthwith despatched an envoy with tribute and apologies and promises for the future.

Still piracy went on, punctuated by embassies with tribute, until in 1381 the Dwarfs, usually so-called under this dynasty, sent an envoy who bullied the Emperor to his face, and protested against the literal interpretation of 'all under heaven' as commensurate with Chinese sovereignty.

'I live afar off,' he said, 'in the small and weakly kingdom of Dwarfs'; but he went on to show that his countrymen were ready to die for their fatherland; and the Emperor, 'with the cart-rut of the Mongols before his eyes, decided not to make war.'

Skill in the Chinese written language often commended these Japanese envoys to the high officials of the Chinese Court, and several poems are extant, addressed by the latter to the former, wishing them *bon voyage* and a happy return to their own country. On one occasion, when the Emperor desired to make inquiries about the manners and customs of Japan, an envoy took a pen and wrote down the following impromptu:

Our country, Sire, is much like yours;
Our men are like your men of old;
Our hats and coats we took from you,
Rites, too, and Music, so I'm told.
In silver jars we store our wine;
We cut our food with golden knives;
And every year in early spring
The peach and plum adorn our lives.

It may be remarked here that what is often spoken of as the beautiful 'native' dress of the Japanese was borrowed from China under the T'ang dynasty.

In 1383 relations were broken off with Japan, and further tribute was prohibited, in consequence of the following episode:

A traitor statesman, who held the reins of power and had his eye on the throne, had secretly sent a bogus mission to Japan, and had borrowed 400 skilled swordsmen. These came as escort to a Buddhist priest, who was to offer in tribute a huge candle which had been filled with gunpowder; in fact, there were all the materials of a gunpowder plot, which was discovered in time, the prime mover himself being duly executed.

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Then followed over two hundred years of piracies, alternating with submission and tribute-bearing embassies as heretofore. The provinces of Chehkiang and Fuhkien suffered most of all from Japanese raids; but even the more distant region of Kuangtung did not escape, and the city of Ch'ang-hua was sacked. With the close of the sixteenth century came the conquest of Korea by the Japanese under Hideyoshi, a conquest they eventually found themselves unable to consolidate. Among other feats, they attacked the kingdom of Loochoo, which was tributary to China, and actually carried off its king; and to such an extent did they harass the coast of China that one writer of this period likened the Japanese question to a prolonged attack of the itch, which had worried the empire for many centuries, and was still raging at the close of the Ming dynasty, during the first half of the seventeenth century. By one writer, the wholesome fear of the Japanese, under which his countrymen laboured, was ascribed to the superior swords and swordsmanship of the islanders.

The swords used by these Dwarfs are exquisite weapons, six feet in length, and one for each hand, thus making a total length of twelve feet. Even if you succeed in parrying the blow of one sword, the other is quite enough to kill you infallibly. Thus the fear of the Japanese is really the fear of their swords.

The Japanese are said to have had only fowling-pieces, but, curiously enough, their powder of the sixteenth century is said to have been highly explosive, and even noiseless: 'every time a shot is fired, there is no sound, so that it is difficult to take precautions.'

It was under the Mongol and Ming dynasties that the Japanese established the school of art for which they are so justly renowned. Chinese artists were invited to Japan, and Japanese artists were sent to China, to study the masterpieces of living and dead painters. Originals and copies of Chinese pictures were carried back to Japan in scores; and thus it comes about that in Japan may still be seen the magnificent presentment of 'Buddha entering Nirvāna,' by Wu Tao-tzŭ, of the eighth century, whether original or copy it is difficult to say, but at any rate not to be found in China itself.

The novel in Japan is said to have been created by a woman, at a date (A.D. 1004) when the novel proper was still unknown to the Chinese. At a later date, however, the Japanese did not fail to translate many of the best, and some of the worst, works of Chinese novelists. The drama proper, on the other hand, does not seem to have been in existence in Japan until the fourteenth century, about a hundred years after its appearance in China; and a comparison of a Japanese Nō with an ordinary Chinese play leaves very little doubt as to the source from which the former was derived. So, too, such forms of literature as the *Makura Zōshi*, or 'Pillow Sketches,' and the *Zuihitsu*, or 'Following the Pen,' are obviously borrowed from the pre-existing Chinese *Chên T'an* and *Sui Pi*, respectively. In like manner,

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the vast accumulation of Chinese proverbial literature has been freely drawn upon by the Japanese, and many recent European writers on Japanese affairs have introduced as the produce of Dai Nippon proverbs and sayings which had crystallised centuries before on the banks of the Hoang Ho or of the Yangtsze Kiang.

But the greatest compliment of all—the greatest, in fact, ever offered by one nation to another—was paid by Japan to China when the former openly adopted the moral code of Confucianism, for so many centuries the very life's blood and bond of union of the Chinese people. That lofty code—not so lofty as to be beyond the reach of struggling humanity—had long been known to the Japanese; and the brilliant interpretation of it by eminent Chinese scholars of the eleventh and twelfth centuries had made an indelible impression upon their minds. From the beginning of the seventeenth century, the Japanese decided to do what the Chinese themselves, from sheer weakness of flesh, have never succeeded in doing. They decided to put the precepts of Confucius into practice. And they forthwith proceeded to do so, and kept this up for nearly three centuries, with that determination which is now a household word in Europe, until Western influences broke in upon their story, and diverted their energies into other channels. Loyalty to king and country, duty towards one's neighbour in all its ramifying applications, including, of course, justice and truth; in fact, such virtues as most commend themselves to European minds—these were steadily practised by the Japanese people in such a way as to put to shame the original possessors of the great heritage. It is beyond question that to the precepts and faithful practice of Confucianism must be attributed the high moral elevation of the Japanese people; an elevation which has enabled them to take an honourable place among the great nations of the world. For bound up indissolubly with Confucianism is Ancestor-worship; and this is what one recent writer has to say on the subject: 'The ancestor-worship of the Japanese is no superstition; it is the great essential fact of their lives.' He further quotes a native writer who says: 'Herein lies the philosophy of our patriotism.'[1]

Lafcadio Hearn says it is 'that which especially directs national life, and shapes national character. Patriotism belongs to it. Loyalty is based on it. The soldier who, to make a path for his comrades through the battle, deliberately flings away his life, obeys the will and hears the approval of invisible witnesses.' That being the case, it would seem that, so far from backing up missionaries who are imploring the Chinese to get rid of ancestral worship, the sooner we establish it in this country the better for our own interests.

This, then, is the real debt which the Japanese owe to China, which, by the way, the Japanese themselves fully recognise, and of

[1] O. K. Davis in the *Century Illustrated Magazine*, November 1904.

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which this paper is in no way intended as a reminder. Neither is it levelled at those writers on Japan whose works are most worth reading, for in their books will be found full and free acknowledgments of the many obligations of the younger to the older empire. 'What Greece and Rome have been to Europe,' says Mr. W. G. Aston, 'China has been to the nations of the Far East. Japan, in particular, is very deeply indebted to it.' 'Religion, philosophy, laws, administration, written characters, arts, science, everything,' says Mr. B. H. Chamberlain, 'was imported from the neighbouring continent.' It is rather intended as a rough guide for those whose studies lie in other directions, and for some who write loosely on Japanese questions. To such persons may be quoted, without impertinence, one of China's countless sayings: 'When you drink of the water, think of the spring.'

HERBERT A. GILES.

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THE AWAKENING OF THE TARTARS

Before entering on the subject of this paper, I have to remark that the word 'Tartar' is a misnomer, and a very old one, for it dates from the time of Djenghiz, when the vanguard of the Mongols consisted of a Turkish tribe called 'Tatar,' by which name were afterwards designated the various hordes led by the Mongolian conqueror towards the West. Later on this name stuck to the Turks settled in Southern Russia, where the divisions of Kazan-Tartars, Nogai-Tartars, and Krim-Tartars have been particularly noted, and quite recently it has become a generic name for most of the Mahometan Turks living under the sceptre of the Czar in European Russia. With regard to their number, the Nogai and Cis-Caucasian Tartars number 429,834, whereas the Kazan-Bashkir and Volga-Tartars are valued at 2,581,509 souls. As to their characteristic features, this formerly semi-nomad, warlike, and restless portion of the Turkish race distinguishes itself throughout all the Russian Empire as a peaceful, sober, industrious, obedient, and strictly religious population, whose adherents are either craftsmen, small traders, and hotel-keepers, or coachmen, guardians, stewards, &c., always fully reliable, and consequently preferred to the Christian servants of the country. What seems to be most remarkable is their staunch adhesion to the Moslem faith, and not only have they withstood hitherto all forcible means of conversion used by the Orthodox Church, but they have succeeded in acting as the most zealous missionaries amongst their own kinsmen in the Steppes, where they appeared under the garb of tradesmen; and, propagating the religion of the Prophet, they have successfully frustrated the Russianising efforts of the Church and of the State. Strange to say, nearly all travellers who have written on the heterogeneous elements of Russia have furnished us a most flattering picture of these Russian Mahometans; all were delighted by their demeanour, by their cleanliness and reliability, and, in fact, they were described as a well-being and contented people. It is true this description was not quite justified by the frequent migrations to the neighbouring Ottoman Empire, where, in the course of the last hundred years, nearly half a million of Russian Mahometans have tried to settle, and have

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unfortunately fallen victims to Turkish misrule; but, apart from this expatriation caused by religious feelings, the general notion prevailed that the Tartars have no particular complaint against Russia, and that, keeping strictly to the belief in the unchangeable decrees of destiny, they are never likely to mutter a word of discontent, and that still less will they dare to show signs of revolt or to manifest a scathing criticism against the ordinances issued by the White Padishah on the Neva.

Such was the general belief in Europe, and the Russians took great care to give strength to this opinion by all available means of their Press. Quite recently, however, the truth has oozed out. We have got many proofs on hand that the much-vaunted firmness of Russian rule over her Mahometan subjects leaves much to desire, and that, far from being beloved or tolerated, the Russians are publicly accused of tyranny and oppression, and, what is still worse, of perfidy and of breach of promise. The Tartars reproach the Government of the Tsar with having intentionally forgotten privileges and concessions accorded at a time when Russia was in need of military support, and when she was not yet strong enough to press the Tartars under her yoke. Russia is charged, besides, with having cancelled all laws concerning religious toleration towards Mahometans, whose children are forcibly turned Christians, and who are Russianised by all available means.

If the reader, acquainted with the notoriously submissive and obedient character of the Tartar, will inquire into the causes of this surprising change, we have before all to point to the steadily progressing spirit of time and events, a movement which does not know any barrier of religion and nationality, and still less of climes and countries. Owing to our accelerated communication with the various parts of Asia, the teachings of our modern civilisation have penetrated into the most distant regions, and surprised as I was when, a few years ago, a native Kirghiz had sent me a Persian written criticism of Schopenhauer's philosophy and of Irving's *Life of Mohammed*, I am now no longer taken unawares when I read in my private correspondence with Tartars, or in printed Tartar books before me, opinions and manifestations which bear witness to the indisputable influence of our enlightened century over the most inveterate Asiatics. People in England, and on the Continent in general, lack the means, or are wanting in sufficient interest, to bestow the necessary attention upon such extraordinary movements. The limited number of Europeans conversant with the Tartar dialects, and the restricted sale of such publications outside of the Mahometan world, are the main reasons for the prevailing ignorance of this movement and of the awakening of the Tartars. It is therefore the more incumbent upon the student of Oriental languages to communicate his experience to the general reader, and in my desire to fulfil this duty I beg leave to lay

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before the British public some of my recent experiences. I have to mention before all a book of travel, published quite recently under the title *A Travel to the Crimea*, by Mohammed Fatih Gilmani, printed in Orenburg in 1904, in which the author gives an account of his journey from Orenburg to Bagtche-Sarai, whither he had gone, as a delegate, to congratulate Ismael Bey Gasparinski on the occasion of the twentieth anniversary of the Tartar paper *Terdjuman* ('Interpreter'), issued by the last-named gentleman in the Tartar language, for the enlightenment of his countrymen, and which, with a circulation of 6000 copies, is spread not only over South Russia, but also over Central Asia and Eastern Turkestan. Mohammed Fatih, a man of perfect modern civilisation, has had a deep insight into Western life, he is versed in the history and geography of Europe and America, and looks upon matters from a strictly modern point of view. In his book, of which I intend to give an accurate translation, we find full testimony of the extraordinary change wrought upon this genuine Oriental with regard to his religious, social, and political views, and apart from many useful details given in his description about the towns and the country he has passed through on his way to the Crimea, which are quite new to Western students of the Russian Mahometans, we are particularly interested in his observations and utterances regarding the relation of Islam to modern civilisation, the backwardness of his brethren in faith and race, and the urgent necessity of an assimilation to Western culture. He constantly exhorts his countrymen to take to heart the great strides the Western people have made on the path of modern learning and in the amelioration of the state of mankind, and whilst admitting the natural giftedness of the Oriental in general, he attributes the regrettable backwardness of his Moslem countrymen to the shortsightedness, ignorance, and fanaticism of the Mollahs—namely, their spiritual leaders. Very instructive is the following conversation with a Russian lady, whom he met in a railway carriage on his way to Kursk:

Russian Lady. I am fairly instructed about Islam and Buddhism, and, judging from what I have read, I find the Mahometan religion is not at all averse to science and civilisation, and it is a creed which commands peace and brotherhood. How does it come, tell me please, that the Moslem world, in spite of all that, is steadily deteriorating, and is fast approaching inevitable ruin? I do not know. Don't the Mahometans know their religion, don't they follow it, or can these useful laws of Islam not be adapted to everyday life? What is your opinion about this?

I. My dear Madam! According to my humble views the laws of Islam are fairly applicable to the necessities of mundane life, but the defect lies with our present Mollahs, who care only about the formalities, and who have never penetrated into the philosophical meaning of Islam. These ignorant priests administer our religion just as they like and do more harm than good. Ye Europeans, you have succeeded by dint of perseverance and great exertions in freeing your minds from the injurious influence of ignorant priests, you can freely order your religious belief, your ways and your feelings; your conscience

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is free and your heart clear. We, on the contrary, are still under the guidance of ignorant spiritual leaders, and we Mussulmans shall continue in this deplorable state as long as we do not succeed in delivering ourselves from the grip of fanatical Mollahs, and until we get full possession of free conscience, we shall be unable to have a true religious and political life. In fact, as long as we ignore our true and pure religion and act accordingly, and as long as we spend our time in empty formalities, our downfall and ruin will steadily increase. The Mussulmans of the present day do not live in conformity with the prescriptions sent by Allah, but in pursuance of the laws made by the Mollahs and derived from bygone times. There are a few truly learned and pious men amongst us, but the prevailing majority is misled by superstitious Dervishes.

Russian Lady. Why should this be the case? You can read and understand your own selves the Koran; why do not you act accordingly, and why do you listen to the words of ignorant priests?

I. Well, that is the most difficult point in the whole question. We do not understand the Koran, for it is written in Arabic, and this language is incomprehensible to us.

Russian Lady. Why do not you learn this language?

I. You know this is impossible for everybody to do. We must before all learn our own language and then the Russian, which is the official language of the country, and if everybody would strive to learn Arabic our Tartar children would be compelled to learn three languages, and as the necessity has arisen to appropriate besides French and German, as the languages of modern civilisation, we should have to meddle with five different tongues. This is a sheer impossibility. There are, however, lots of people who study Arabic, but the method they follow is utterly bad; they plunge into a sea of exegesises, of footnotes, of useless squabble and discussion, and they hardly acquire any knowledge of religious or of worldly use. In our high schools exact sciences are displaced by scholastic studies. We do not read the Koran in order to follow its tenets, but we read it like parrots, laying a particular stress upon modulation and sing-song, and we resemble the man who is expected to follow the statute-book written in a language he does not understand.

Russian Lady. It is curious; why do not you translate the Koran into your own vernacular?

I. You must not forget, whereas the Europeans are living in a modern period, we Mahometans are still living in the Middle Age. There was a time when the Europeans too were forbidden to translate the Bible from the Latin, to say prayers in their own language, to read scientific books, to give instruction to the girls, to print books, to believe that the earth turns round the sun, and that there are other worlds beside this; and, finally, to adopt a religion in accordance with their free wills and consciences. Human thought has undergone a change; the epoch of humanists has come; Wyclif, Huss, Luther, Galilei, Copernicus, Voltaire, Rousseau, Herbert Spencer and others have appeared, the obscurants have been annihilated, and the above-mentioned things permitted to the Europeans. Everybody has translated the Bible into his own language, and everybody can adjust his belief according to his free choice and conscience. We are now undergoing the change which men in Europe have happily passed, we too shall overcome it, ways and means will be found, the legal permission will be given, but patience is needed, everything has its time.

Russian Lady. You are right; time will ripen all these questions, for the evolution in the state and conditions of a nation is subjected above all to time; and, particularly, great sacrifices and heroes are required to restore a ruined and perverted religion to its pristine purity. Happily, time is magnanimous and all these things will come.

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In the dialogue between our civilised Tartar and the Russian lady, the conversation touched also the questions of polygamy, of the seclusion and the rights of the Moslem women, and the latter remarked that there must be something wrong in modern Islam, because certain writers, like Ahmed Agayeff, Madame Olga Lebedeyeff, as well as other English and French publications, have stated that the Mussulman laws are very just and liberal with regard to women, and that the present customs rest on abuse and fanaticism. To this our Tartar author replied as follows:

You are quite right in what you say. Our religious laws and ordinances concerning the female sex are just and liberal, but they are unfortunately ill-applied by the Mahometans of to-day. Islam does not decree polygamy, it only permits it under certain restrictions if unavoidably necessary. It is to be regretted that the laws are mostly disregarded, and that our spiritual leaders show no scruple in giving their consent to the trespass. The same is the case with divorce, which is facilitated by our Ulemas. Please to note, there is a very slight difference between our laws concerning marriage and divorce and those of the Christian world. With us these customs are in no way connected with the tenets of religion; marriage is a civil contract sealed in the presence of two witnesses, who must not be necessarily priests, and can consequently be also cancelled with the consent of the contracting parties, whether by the husband or by his wife.

The author enumerates here the legal reasons which justify the claims of a Mahometan woman for separation from her husband, and, remarking that the rights given by Islam to the female sex are superior and more liberal than those accorded to their Christian sisters, he continues, saying:

But actually our women are ignorant of their rights, and their husbands, uneducated and unrestrained, look upon their women as upon slaves, treat them with reckless tyranny, and accordingly act against the spirit of Islam. The prevailing public opinion touching the strict seclusion of our women is likewise erroneous. Our religion orders our women to cover their face and hands, but it does not forbid them to participate in public life; on the contrary, it is permitted to them to frequent the schools and colleges, and to act as teachers, to attend mosques, to listen to a sermon and to be preachers, to visit the bazaars and to trade, to cultivate all kinds of arts, to come out as authors: nay, to take part in wars and to distinguish themselves in every vocation of life. History teaches us that Mahometan women of past ages have made a name as poets, artists, musicians, merchants, scholars &c. Although ignorance and laziness are in contradiction to our religious law, we see the women of our times utterly neglecting the prescriptions of Islam. But in spite of all this I must tell you that the condition of our ignorant women, as far as regards comfort of life, carelessness, happiness, and contentedness, is much preferable to the state of your civilised, learned, and socially independent, free, but poor and destitute women. In Mahometan society unmarried or widowed women are rarely to be found, and still rarer is the case of suicide resulting from an unhappy conjugal life. Our Mussulman girls and wives are not compelled to seek for livelihood and to be exposed to the offensive wits of men in post and telegraph offices. Instead of trying to find engagements in theatres, halls, restaurants, and many other dark walks of life, our Mussulman women sit

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quietly, peacefully, and comfortably in their house, educate their children, and enjoy their existence. It will strike you when I say that, should we be inclined to grant to our women the full liberty enjoyed by the female sex in Europe, they would not accept it. The reproach made against us that we oppress and illtreat our women is therefore unfounded and unjust.

We shall not follow much further our civilised Tartar in his defence of Islam and in his appreciation of our Western culture. It is enough to notice that a representative of an Asiatic people, which we used to identify with the *ne plus ultra* of barbarity and savageness, is quoting Wyclif, Luther, Voltaire, Herbert Spencer, in support of his theories. Our Tartar is so unprejudiced in his own religious conceptions that he upbraids his co-religionaries for laying too much stress upon formalities, even consulting a famous sheikh visiting Russia as to what kind of dress they should wear—as if the Prophet would have been a tailor or a director of fashion. The little Tartar book before me gives ample evidence of the fact that the spirit of the twentieth century is penetrating into the most distant regions of the world, and that no despotism, no autocracy, and not the most reckless obscurantism is capable of acting as a barrier. There is no doubt that the awakening of the Tartars is not quite to the taste of the Russian Government, for, in spite of the Russian channel through which the light of Western civilisation is flowing, the result of the modern views and ideas takes a quite different shape from what may be expected in the official circles. Hitherto we have heard of discontent and of revolutionary tendencies amongst Armenians, Georgians, Poles, Jews, Finns, and Germans; now to these must be added the Tartars, whose awakening we are signalising in the present lines. Well may the leading man of this movement say, in a Tartar pamphlet before me: 'Our awakening does not come from outside, for it is a natural feeling, born and fostered in the interior of our society.' I doubt it very much. The rapid and surprising changes visible in Ottoman society, despite the unparalleled despotism and tyranny of the present rule, joined with the aspirations of the Christian Russian world, must have reacted upon the laborious and sober-minded Tartars, otherwise it would not have been comprehensible that they should succeed in a short time in reforming their language by simplifying their style, in raising and modernising their literature to an extent that, besides works on modern sciences, more than three hundred books on *belles-lettres* have come out during the last twenty years, that scientific education is continually spreading, and that the influence of this movement has extended to Eastern Turkestan and to many nomadic tribes in the Central Asian deserts. A most characteristic feature of this movement is the circumstance that the Crimean, and, in general, the Southern Tartars, occupy a pre-eminent place in the progressive attitude, and one would be inclined to assume that the Greek spirit—for most of the settled Crimean Tartars are a mixture of ancient

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Greek colonists and Turks—is the main cause of their superiority over their northern, viz. their Volga, kinsmen. But, whatever be the cause, the fact is that Tartars, Turks, and Caucasians are rapidly and most effectively influenced by the teachings of Western culture; they resemble in this regard Russian Nihilists, they mostly become free-thinkers, and, as a rule, cling to political liberty with all the passion of a fanatic Oriental. This point of view explains the fact why many of the revolutionary men who have lately made themselves notorious in Constantinople were originally Russian Turks or Caucasians. They seem to have heated their brain at the fire of Russian ultra-liberal propaganda, and, being persecuted in Russia, they seek a field of activity in neighbouring Turkey. To quote a few examples, I may mention Husein Daim Pasha, the head of the Kuleli conspiracy during the rule of Sultan Abdul Medjid, Murad Bey, formerly leading member of the Young Turkey party, and others. Similar symptoms may be discovered also in other parts of Moslem Asia, and if Hindu Mussulmans did not lack solid complaints against British rule in India, and if the majority of respectable Mahometans in India were not convinced of the blessings derived from Pax Britannica, the revolutionary spirit would be certainly more fraught with danger than it is.

Suffice it to say, the cultural awakening of the Tartar subjects of the Tsar has unavoidably resulted in a political awakening. An enlightened mind will always abhor shackles, and the more we get acquainted through scientific instruction with history, philosophy, and the laws of nature, the greater will become our yearning after liberal thought, and the less will it be possible to press us into the narrow limits prescribed by an absolute and tyrannical Government. We have given a few outlines of the cultural efforts and aspirations of the Tartar population of South Russia; we shall now complete our sketch by furnishing evidence of the existing desire for political liberty and freedom of conscience which has been manifested through a petition presented lately by the Mussulmans of Russia to the Sultan, to the Tsar, and to the Cabinets of the leading European Great Powers, in Tartar, of which we give now the following translation:

Petition and Wishes of all Mahometans living in Russia

Why should the Russian Mahometans be deprived of the freedom of thought which is spreading everywhere? We have forfeited all our rights. In former times boards were established for the sake of our spiritual wants, armed with certain privileges; whereas these rights are continually abrogated and annihilated by the steadily augmenting tyranny of the Russian Government, in opposition to the spirit of humanity of the twentieth century. In consequence we beg to enumerate in the following some of our grievances and of our lost rights.

(1) During the reign of the Empress Katharina the Second the Government found it advisable to establish a Mahometan tribunal in Ufa in order to give

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validity to our religious laws. The Mufti and three judges (Kadi) of this tribunal had to decide litigious questions amongst the Mahometans themselves; they had the supervision of the mosques, of the popular and high schools, and they had the right to give judgment in questions relating to marriage, divorce, and inheritance. It was further ordained that the high-priest and three judges of Ufa should be elected out of the learned Mahometans of Kazan and with the votes of a majority.

(2) In the year 1792 an order was issued by virtue of which Tartar priests should be despatched to the nomads to instruct the Kirghis-Kazaks in the principal elements of Islam, and these teachers, who came from Bokhara and Khiva and wandered far to Siberia, were exempt from personal taxes and trade duties.

(3) A special tribunal was established for the Crimean Mahometans, and to it was confided the superintendence over religious matters, the management of the pious foundations, and the employment of the respective income on public schools and colleges. The Mahometan soldiers of the Crimea formed a separate squad, which was destined for service in the Crimea, and, having its own special Imam (priest), could not be removed to another portion of Russia.

(4) All Mahometans of Russia were formerly free in the exercise of their religious customs and usages, and enjoyed equal rights with the Russians.

Now, if these Mahometan rights had been duly safeguarded and kept, the Tartars would have behaved in full obedience towards the Government, but since 1898 the high priest of Ufa is chosen from amongst those who have graduated at the Russian universities, where the Mahometan religion is not taught, and the consequence is that there is to-day a Mufti in Orenburg totally ignorant of Moslem law, and not even able to write and to read Arabic. The result was that the members of the said tribunal had to learn the Russian language, and the right to vote having been cancelled, the Government high-handedly nominated ignorant and incapable men to the high post of Mufti. Not satisfied with this tyrannical proceeding, the law court of Orenburg took away from the religious authority the lawsuits of inheritance, and handed them over to the civil court, and there is no doubt that marriage and divorce matters will be shortly remitted to the same forum. A few years ago a Russian came to the town of Koktchetaw, in the district of Akmolinsk, and ordered the Mahometans to be brought by force to the church, where the following was announced to them: 'Beginning from to-day, you have nothing to do with the Koran;' and distributing the Gospels amongst the audience he said: 'Henceforward no judgment will be given in accordance with the Sheriat [= religious law]. I forbid you even to pronounce this word, and you have nothing to do with matters concerning marriage, oath, and divorce.' In the same way did M. Suhatin, the Governor of Akmolinsk, forbid the application of Mahometan laws, and when the elder of Koktchetaw, by name of Noruzmolla, showed disobedience, he was sent to exile with his companions. It is evident that the Russians are bent upon doing away with the Moslem tribunals, the sole refuge of the Mahometans, then to entirely abolish Islam, and in order to further the Russification of the Kirghis-Kazak they try to cut them off from all communication with the Tartar Mollahs. It is now three months ago that the Governor of Akmolinsk came to Petropawlowsk and thus addressed the learned of the place: 'I forbid you categorically any intercourse with the Kirghises. I am authorised to punish anybody counteracting this order. In twenty-four hours trespassers will be at the extreme end of the East [Sakhalien ?].' Since 1864 the religious tribunals have been taken away from the supervision of our colleges and remitted to the Ministry of Public Instruction, where very few people are cognisant of our languages and customs. For nearly forty years nothing has been done for the furtherance of our schools, and if occasionally

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an inspector arrives he examines the pupils only in Russian reading. In the case of an opposition our religious schools are closed, the only tendency of the Government being the introduction of the Russian language. Is it not strange that while the cost of the ordinary Russian schools is defrayed by the Ministry of Public Instruction, the cost of our own Mussulman schools, although standing under the same authority, must be borne by our own selves? Even the teaching of the Russian language must be paid for by our own selves. It has been even decreed that the heads of the local Mahometan communities should know how to read and to write Russian, and it can hardly be expected from a Mahometan priest that after a fifteen years' study in Moslem schools he will become a pupil of a Russian elementary school. Supposing that our Ulemas would submit to this ordeal, the rigour of the school laws would deter them from employment, and it is too patent that the secret object of the Government is the total suppression of the office of those village priests who do not know Russian.

This is the reason that an extraordinarily large number of Tartars have migrated to Turkey, and nothing proves better the mischievous intentions of the Russian Government than the lately published correspondence between Pobjedonosstzeff, the head of the Holy Synod, and the late Professor Ilminski, of Kazan.—There is not a trace to-day of the rights and privileges accorded formerly to the Bokhara and Khiva settlers in Siberia, where their landed properties have been confiscated, their local self-administration has been suspended, and this has again given rise to new emigration and to the despatch of an envoy to Constantinople.—The Crimean Mahometans, too, have been deprived of the right to elect their own Mufti, and to-day they are spiritually led by ignorant men appointed by the Government; and as far as regards the pious foundations, these have been handed over to Russian officials who squander the revenues, and out of the half a million of roubles in the hands of the Foundation Commission not a farthing is spent upon the spiritual welfare of Moslems. Nay, even the private property of the Tartars is robbed by Russians, the so-called Tartar Squadron is scattered all over the Empire, their Imams (priests) exist but nominally, and being unable to bear this atrocious tyranny and oppression, the Tartars emigrate to foreign countries. With reference to the much-praised equality of right, it is well known that whereas one-third of the members of the town council must be Russian, in the town of Semipalat, where the great majority of the inhabitants are Mahometans, the Russian minority occupies a commanding influence; and although the Mahometans have to pay the same taxes as the Russians, there is no religious teacher for the Mahometan children in the Russian schools. Our priests are not exempt from military service, and whilst attending to-day in the mosques, they are forced the next day to take part in military drill and must pay the taxes like every layman. Not long ago 40,000 Mahometans were forced to adopt Christian names, and are constantly constrained to become Christians. The authorities call them by the name of Iwan, Petro, Simon, &c., and when they remonstrate, saying that they are called Mehemmed, Ahmed, and Ali, they are declared renegades and accordingly punished. Many petitions have been presented with this regard, but without any effect; nay, the petitioners were either imprisoned or sent to Siberia, and when it occurred that the son of one of these petitioners was seen in the house of the Mollah of Turgai in the Gubernium of Ufa, both Mollahs of the said district were thrown into prison, where they died. The Mahometans must celebrate the Russian holy days, and any Moslem opening his shop on any such day will be heavily fined by the Government. Some time ago a paper, the contents of which were unknown, was brought to the village of Mengir in the district of Kazan for subscription, and when this was refused 200 soldiers appeared at the place and

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beating the inhabitants with sticks, they said: 'We do not beat your heads, but the head of Mohammed, your prophet.' The same happened in Tchistai and also in Tekneli, in Bökülme, whose inhabitants were subjected to all kinds of torture, so that they emigrated and are now in Kutahia in Asia Minor. Unfortunately, the Russian Government does not regard the personal rights of her Mussulman subjects in the Caucasus and in Daghestan, all kinds of obstacles are put in the way of religious matters, and whereas religious liberty is granted throughout the civilised world, and places of devotion everywhere protected, we find the Russian Government prohibiting to the Mussulmans public prayers, and turning the mosques into pigsties. Many of the Moslem Ulemas and Sheikhs have been exiled, amongst others the highly esteemed Haji Abdullafif Efendi, for the simple reason of having visited Constantinople; thus also have villages, belonging to Mahometans, been given to newly settled idolaters (Hindus ?) Of course, most of these tyrannised Moslems have migrated to Turkey. In former times every Mahometan family had to pay an annual tax of one rouble; to-day two hundred roubles are extorted. A murder committed on a Mahometan is fined with a trifle and forgiven, in consequence of which such crimes augment from day to day, and if a Mahometan is soliciting redress he is imprisoned and punished.

Such is the condition of the Mahometans in Russia. We trust that the European world will not approve of this treatment. Up to the present we have patiently borne all kinds of oppression, but we cannot stand it longer, and for this reason we knock at the door of the Great Powers, who have always lent their protection to the weak and oppressed one, and who have everywhere striven to safeguard religious liberty indiscriminately of race and colour. We beseech the Powers to intercede in our favour with the Russian Government, that our religious affairs be restored to our own ecclesiastic authorities; that the *Kerechens* (forcibly baptised Mahometans), our Tartar brothers, numbering more than forty thousand souls, should be permitted to return to their old faith; that our communities should have the right to elect their own Muftis, Naibs, and Mollahs; that our trading people should not be hampered in their trade amongst the Kazak-Kirghises; that our brethen enrolled in the Russian army should not be forced to eat pork and other food prohibited by Islam; and, lastly, that Mahometan soldiers should not be compelled to fight against Mahometans of other countries. Should the Russian Government continue in perpetuating these acts of injustice the Mahometan soldiers will take revenge on the battlefield; it would be therefore much better if our former privileges were restored to us, by which act the Government would gain its security and the Mahometans their contentment.

This petition, translated from the original, published in No. 60 of the paper *Turk*, issued in Cairo, is evidently not void of exaggerations; but it furnishes us an unmistakable proof of the hidden discontent amongst the Moslem subjects of the Tsar, who, by the degree of their advancement on the field of modern civilisation, will necessarily give vent to their political feelings and aspirations, and who can hardly be any longer treated by the ruling Power as they have been heretofore. I would go even further, and express my belief that the Tartar may become in time less manageable than the *Moujik*, for with the latter strict and unconditional submission to the autocracy of the Tsar is an emanation of the Orthodox Church, whereas the ties binding the Moslem to a tyrannic rule do not receive any strength or sanction from the tenets of the Koran. What has

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induced me besides to give publicity to this paper is the desire to convince the general reader of the fallacy of the prevailing opinion that Russians, being half civilised, are more apt to spread our Western culture amongst Asiatics than the Britisher, who, by his higher degree of culture, cannot easily associate with, and consequently not successfully civilise, a man on a much inferior degree of civilisation. Owing to political feelings, this error has not only taken root all over Europe and America, but we meet with it frequently also among Englishmen, who, by the way, used to be the fiercest critics of English activity, and it is in the interest of truth and fair play that a rectification is urgently necessary, and that the real state of Russian administration has to be shown to the public. I am very far from being an unconditional admirer of all British doings in India, for the record of glorious achievements is sometimes marred by abortive measures, but on the whole it is only illwill and envy which could accuse the British rule in India of such instances of injustice and oppression as quoted in the Tartar petition before us. The tyranny of absolute rule, weighing so heavily upon the Russian subjects of the Tsar, is very naturally much more felt by Jews and Mahometans, and as the latter have not got the means to bring their grievances before the European world, it is a humanitarian duty to render to them the service of an interpreter and to plead on their behalf.

VAMBÉRY.

Budapest University: January 1905.

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THE BALANCE OF NAVAL POWER

Economy is not incompatible with efficiency. In the past twenty years national expenditure has leaped upwards at an alarming rate, but the Navy is about to lead the way in showing the other spending departments how the national resources can be conserved without any loss of efficiency, indeed with a gain in the force of the blow which could be struck in case of emergency. The estimates for the Navy, which will be presented to the House of Commons soon after the assembly of Parliament, will show that considerable economies have been carried out. In their new line of policy the Admiralty have borrowed from the Germans on the one hand and from the Americans on the other. From the German fleet they have adopted the new system of concentration of the fleets at sea, concentration at the vital strategic points; and from our neighbours across the Atlantic they have learnt the wisdom of throwing out-of-date instruments on the scrap-heap instead of continuing to spend money in the unprofitable task of attempting to render obsolete weapons fitted for the conditions of modern warfare. While the fleets have been massing at the points of most strategic importance the weak ships of ancient date have been weeded out, and the authorities have consigned the whole naval museum to the scrap-heap. Hundreds of thousands of pounds have been spent upon the maintenance of useless ships, but the era of extravagance has now come to an end. As a general principle it is recognised that ships which are not fit to fight under the conditions of the present day, or to perform some auxiliary service, should be sold and broken up. By this means the Navy is ridding itself of its 'ghosts.' By the reorganisation of the fighting fleets and the Reserves the striking power of the Navy has been doubled, if not trebled; while at the same time it will be found when the estimates are submitted this month that the expenditure has been reduced by nearly four millions sterling.

The nation has no cause for misgivings at this result. Economy has not been sought directly as an end to enable a satisfactory Budget to be presented. The interests of the fleet have not been made subservient to party exigencies. Economies have not been forced upon the naval members of the Board by the Cabinet, but

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have been suggested by Admiral Sir John Fisher, the Senior Naval Lord, and his colleagues in order to render the fighting power and efficiency of the fleet the greater. Waste is usually a sign of inefficiency and poor organisation. The recognition of this truth lies at the root of the new policy of the Admiralty.

While the Board of Admiralty owe it to the nation to preserve the fleet at an adequate standard of strength, they also owe it alike to the fleet and the country to ask for no sacrifice not called for by the circumstances of the times. It is altogether a mistake to suppose that the naval members of the Board at Whitehall should be always asking for as much as they can get for the Navy. It is their highest duty to recognise that one of the greatest war assets is a prosperous national exchequer, able to bear the strain of war. In the past politicians desirous of effecting economies have periodically set about naval reforms in ignorance of the needs of the fleet. The result has been that the strength of the fleet has been lessened and its organisation weakened, and at the first whisper of war Ministers have hurried down to the House of Commons and proposed panic expenditure. Such measures are undesirable from all points of view. Money which should have been spent with care and due circumspection, and spread over years, has been frittered away in a few months, with little or no benefit to the Navy. This is the way in which we obtained a number of the useless ironclads which in the past few years have been withdrawn from the fleet.

At the same time well-considered economy is in the best interests of the Navy as well as the nation. It is a form of warlike strategy which all students must recognise. The nation which enters upon a conflict with its credit low and its Treasury depleted begins a war already half beaten. Success in war depends as much upon the financial resources of the population behind the battle fleets at sea as upon the effective use of gun and torpedo. Only a nation with abounding resources will have the heart to continue the struggle to the finish. If poverty at once begins to press on the lower strata of the population, and if business enterprise has been hampered owing to heavy taxation, the people will be in no position to pursue hostilities until they can secure peace with honour. The Navy exists for British trade and Empire, and the trade and Empire do not exist for the fleet. If the cart is put before the horse, disaster is certain to follow. On the other hand, if the relative position of the Navy to other national interests is kept continually in view, when war is inevitable the nation will be able to bear the burden; as the Navy demands more ships and men, ammunition and stores, the people ashore will willingly and joyfully send all that is demanded. If, on the contrary, the expenditure on the Navy in time of peace is maintained at a war level, when hostilities break out, and stretch into months and it may be years, a people

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who have borne the burden of war while as yet there was peace will be neither in the condition nor in the mood to stand the storm and stress. According to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman there are 13,000,000 persons in this country on the verge of starvation. If by extravagance this terrible army of the needy is increased, then as soon as hostilities occur their numbers will grow, and the government of the country may pass from responsible hands into the hands of a starving and desperate rabble. It is essential to bear in mind that Great Britain's highest interest is peace. We need it for the development of the Empire, for the supply of our food from oversea, and for the continuance of those lines of ships which are continually bringing to the great manufacturing centres the raw material on which labour can be profitably expended and more wealth created. To secure peace Great Britain needs a fleet of sufficient strength to enable her to fight and defeat any probable combination of foes.

Not for ten or twelve years has the naval outlook of Great Britain been as cheerful as at present. We have witnessed, it is true, all the great Powers turning attention to the strengthening of their sea forces. Twenty years ago we had practically only one rival—the French Navy. Other fleets had been driven off the seas during long years of warfare, and with the disappearance of Spain, Holland, and Turkey, and the reduction in strength of the navy of the United States, Great Britain and her neighbour on the other side of the English Channel were left supreme and without competitors. As late as 1889 it was a subject of debate whether the French fleet were not as strong as that of Great Britain. Ten years later there were seven first-class navies instead of two, Russia, Germany, Italy, the United States, and Japan having succeeded in building up national marine forces of great power. When Mr. (now Viscount) Goschen introduced the Navy estimates of the year 1900–1, he prefaced his remarks with the statement that the demands of the Admiralty upon Parliament had been framed after a careful consideration of the ship-building proposals of the six other great naval Powers of the world.

In view of the changes in the grouping of Powers it has also been essential to alter the interpretation of the two-Power standard. It was originally planned to safeguard this country against the possibility of attack by France and Russia, but as the fleets of other Powers grew in strength, the Admiralty were compelled to reconsider the position of the British fleet. It may not be officially admitted, but it is nevertheless a fact, that the two-Power standard has been amended, and quite rightly so. Originally it was assumed to take into account the whole of the naval forces of Great Britain on the one hand and those of France and Russia on the other; it was held that Great Britain should possess equality in numbers, but superiority in power; in other words, should have as many ships as the two rival Powers, but that they should be, ship for ship, more powerful. When the political outlook

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was altered by the activity of new rivals, Lord Selborne advanced the dictum that the two-Power standard could only be regarded as applying to battleships, and the public were asked to recognise that, in fact if not in name, we needed two fleets—one a battle fleet of the heaviest-armoured ships, and another fleet of cruisers in addition, constructed without reference to the two-Power standard, for the protection of our over-sea commerce. Of late years the nation has shown a statesmanlike appreciation of the supreme *rôle* of the fleet, and the new interpretation was readily accepted as necessary. Consequently, when the powerful armoured cruisers began to pass into the squadrons at sea, though they were battleships in all but name, the Admiralty refused to admit that they had anything to do with the two-Power standard: they were for the defence of trade. In this manner the present fleet of armoured cruisers has been created, and to-day we have built or are building thirty-six of these 'disguised battleships,' most of which are more efficient in protection and gun-power than the battleships built under the Naval Defence Act of 1889. We have more vessels of this type than all the other navies of the world combined, and they have been rightly earmarked 'for commerce protection.' The Admiralty claim that they must be omitted from all calculations as to the two-Power standard; and, in view of the commercial pre-eminence of this country, the Admiralty are right. But at the same time the public, in pursuing the only easy method of comparison of naval strength, 'counting noses,' may be permitted to keep a corner of an eye upon these most useful ships, which have been built, or are now being built, at a cost of upwards of 30,000,000*l.*

From the conflict in the Far East we have learnt, or should learn, a useful lesson. Ships are not synonymous with naval power. A nation may possess an immense array of men-of-war, widely distributed, and yet may be defeated by a navy half or a quarter its size. This has been the fate of Russia. The Czar's fleet was one of the greatest in the world, inferior on paper only to the forces of Great Britain and France; and yet it has failed to secure the command of Far Eastern seas. From the very opening of the war the Japanese Navy asserted its supremacy, and has maintained it with complete success and almost without material loss; so that to-day it remains in practically unimpaired strength, ready to deal with any reinforcements which the Russian authorities may send out. The two combatants began with fleets in the Far East about equal in strength on paper. Europe was amazed at the temerity of the Japanese in daring to wage war, and pointed to the 'might' of Russia in reserve in European waters. With a naval force smaller than the least of the British fighting fleets Japan has completely annihilated the first Pacific Squadron of Russia. The victory has not been due to more numerous or better ships, to superior guns, or to more powerful

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torpedoes, but to the simple fact that the Japanese had studied their instruments. Month after month they were manœuvring and drilling, and the result was the creation of a wonderful degree of homogeneity, that oneness between ships and men, that knowledge of the capabilities of the engines placed in their control, which spells naval power. Japan possessed a body of trained officers and men—scientific fanatics, as they have been called—who have fought the men-of-war with a success unexampled in the annals of modern warfare. The Russian authorities had devoted little attention to the training of the crews. They relied on the splendid ships which the shipbuilding yards of America, Germany, and France had constructed for them, and forgot that it is the human element which wins the victory. Japan learnt this lesson when she defeated the stronger navy of China in 1894–5, and she has illustrated the truth once more in a contest in which she has met and defeated, with ridiculously small resources, a fleet which in prestige and in the number of vessels flying the St. Andrew's Cross stood in the forefront of the great navies of the world. We, too, may learn, and are learning, a lesson from the success of the Japanese. We may continue to judge the position of the British fleet by 'counting noses,' by contrasting the numbers of ships of Powers, because it is the only ready method available; but it is the duty of the Admiralty to judge by other means: they should be able to study the war efficiency of the different nations if their *attachés* in all parts of the world are wide awake, and they should be able thus to supplement the 'ready reckoner' methods of assessing naval power by instituting deeper and truer comparisons founded upon the measure of efficiency in all exercises and drills attained by the rival navies, and upon the 'brain power' of those who control them. Several of the navies of the world in such a real comparison would be ruled out as of little warlike use, for they have been created with as little regard to the requirements of war as was the Russian Pacific fleet. It is in war training that victory lies. We must maintain the two-Power standard as interpreted by Lord Selborne on the advice of his professional advisers; but this alone is a poor anchor unless behind the ships are officers and men trained to the highest state of efficiency, and an administration dominated by a desire for economy and efficiency.

The new naval scheme bears on the face of it the brightest promise for the future of the British Navy. Like most great strategic conceptions it is simplicity itself. It assigns to each strategical unit the exact place which any officer untrammelled by tradition would assign to it. We shall have the Channel fleet of twelve battleships and six armoured cruisers based on the home ports, and the Mediterranean fleet of eight battleships and six armoured cruisers acting from Malta, while linking the two will be the Atlantic fleet, comprising the eight battleships of the *King Edward the Seventh* class,

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with six armoured cruisers, pivoted on Gibraltar. At one or two days' notice, as the situation demands, the Admiralty may have consequently twenty battleships and twelve armoured cruisers—thirty-two armoured ships in all—ready to operate in the English Channel or North Sea, or, on the other hand, it may be desirable to send the Atlantic fleet into the Midland Sea, in which case there would be a force of sixteen battleships and twelve armoured cruisers in those waters. By pivoting the defence of the near seas on Gibraltar, the strategic centre of the Empire, in this manner we obtain the maximum strength always at sea at a minimum expenditure.

At the same time the reorganisation of the Reserves has added to the striking force of the Navy immediately available no fewer than a dozen battleships and about twice that number of cruisers. These ships form the reserve divisions of the fleet. The ships are in commission with nucleus crews, including all the principal officers from the captain downwards, and all the skilled members of the crews, while in command of the division at each port is a rear-admiral, who will take his vessels to sea periodically for exercises, gunnery, and steam trials. When war threatens, the crews will be completed with unskilled ratings, and within a short period this additional force will be at sea ready for any duty assigned to it. It could only be put on a war footing, however, after a proclamation calling out the Reserves, for whom provision has been made in the crews; so at each port two of the battleships and two of the first-class cruisers are held as 'emergency ships.' In case of strained relations with any country half of these twelve vessels—six battleships or six cruisers, as desired—would complete their crews from the floating surplus at the local depots and leave at once for sea, just as special-service squadrons have done in the past, but with far more celerity, and with all the essential units, the officers and men, familiar with the ships and their equipment—prepared, in fact, for hostilities. By these measures and the grouping of cruisers and the withdrawal of non-fighting ships from distant waters the efficiency of the British Navy for any warlike duty and for its main *rôle*, the preservation of the peace by its readiness for war, has been doubled or trebled. These changes are an illustration that the Admiralty appreciate the secret of success in war, and no longer believe that the mere possession of ships confers power on a nation. At the same time increased attention is being devoted to all the details of war training, and there was never a time when gunnery and torpedo practice was carried out with such success.

These are signs of the times which the British people in these islands and beyond the seas can contemplate with unalloyed satisfaction. In the new methods of training officers and men, and in the organisation of its fleets and squadrons, the British Navy, there is good ground for believing, is not behind any of the navies of the world. This is not, however, sufficient; the Admiralty cannot rest until it

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can be claimed without a shadow of doubt that the fleet has no rival in warlike efficiency, as it has to-day no rival in nominal strength, as revealed by the number of ships of all types available.

It is in face of these facts that the statement is made that the outlook for this country has not been as cheerful for many years as it is to-day. Other causes have contributed to this result. Navies are an expression of policy. One of the first results of the *entente cordiale* with France is that the strength of the French Navy is no longer measured by the standard of this country, but by that of Germany. It is against Germany that France is now building men-of-war, and it is against the same active power that the United States is building. France and Italy are spending to-day upon their fleets only a few thousand pounds annually more than was the case fifteen years ago, when the present competition for sea power began. From various causes they have not joined in the contest. Russia and Germany, on the other hand, have been swiftly forging ahead. In the last fifteen years their outlay on their navies has grown by 300 per cent., and is still increasing year by year. For the moment the Russian fleet is of little account. Its best men-of-war have been sunk in the Far East, and practically all the remaining fighting ships of real value are out of European waters. It must be years before Russia can hope to regain her position as a naval power, now that she has lost no fewer than seven of her battleships and eight cruisers. Greater even than the loss of men-of-war has been the revelation in full view of the world of her defective naval organisation and the poor training of officers and men. If Russia would possess naval power she must begin afresh, modelling on better lines her central and dockyard administration and her system of training the *personnel*. If once more she proceeds on the assumption that the possession of ships of war without adequately trained crews is naval power, her navy will continue to be a negligible quantity. There is one other navy which must be taken into account, that of the United States. The position of the American Navy and its future are not understood on this side of the Atlantic, and it is doubtful if the Americans themselves appreciate the problem that faces them in attempting to create a great fleet. In the first place, owing to the cost of material and labour, for every ship they must pay between 40 and 50 per cent. more than is paid in this country; and in consequence of the conditions obtaining in the States the cost of the *personnel* of the fleet must be about double what it is in England: officers and men must be paid more, and a far greater sum must be spent on the food and comforts of the *personnel*, since the Navy Department has to go into a labour market where wages are high, and must convince recruits that the fleet offers them opportunities of improvement and comfort equal to those they will enjoy if they work in the factories and workshops ashore. It may safely be assumed that for a fleet equivalent to that

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which Great Britain has at present the United States would have to pay not 35,000,000*l.*, but about 55,000,000*l.* This is a large sum, and it has still to be proved that the American people are prepared to pay the price.

The British people, whose fleet is their only defence, have therefore cause for regarding the future with hopefulness. In Europe Germany is the only nation with a navy relatively stronger than it was five years ago, and in view of the superiority of the British over the German men-of-war which have been built in this period it is doubtful if to-day Germany occupies a more powerful naval position in comparison with this country than she did at the beginning of the century. The menace of the German fleet is still undefined in some measure, because the success of German policy rests on co-operation at sea with one or more other Powers. In the present state of politics and fleets in Europe it is difficult to see where the possibility of such co-operation can arise. Nevertheless the Admiralty, surveying the whole outlook, have to take due precautions, so that in any event the strength of the British Navy may not decline beyond the point of reasonable safety. Economy at the cost of a ruinous war or a peace without honour would be an expensive price to pay for a slight reduction in the annual votes for shipbuilding. For the purposes of comparison between the various navies there is no better authority than the Admiralty return of last March—'Fleets (Great Britain and Foreign Countries).' This Parliamentary paper takes note of ships built and of those building, or about to be built. It needs to be amended in consequence of the losses of Russian and Japanese men-of-war in the Far Eastern conflict. After making the essential emendations, the comparative strength in battleships of all classes, armoured cruisers, and protected cruisers is as follows:

	Battleships			Armoured Cruisers			Protected Cruisers		
	Built	Building		Built	Building		Built	Building	
Great Britain	55	12	= 67	28	17	= 45	102	6	= 108
France . .	30	6	= 36	15	9	= 24	40	0	= 40
Russia . .	15	9	= 24	6	0	= 6	4	5	= 9
Germany . .	30	8	= 38	4	3	= 7	22	7	= 29
Italy . .	16	6	= 22	5	1	= 6	18	0	= 18
United States	12	13	= 25	2	11	= 13	20	2	= 22
Japan . .	6	2	= 8	8	0	= 8	20	1	= 21

This statement of strength is not such as will cause the British people any uneasiness, in view of the superiority of the British ships, but it is at best a rough-and-ready method of instituting a comparison. The *Naval Annual for 1904* contains a carefully graduated contrast which is far more effective in supplying data for judgment, but in this case also some adjustment is essential in view of the losses of the combatants in the Far East. The method

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employed is to take account merely of *first-class battleships*—no country is now building anything but first-class battleships—and to estimate—not a difficult matter—how many each nation will have at the end of this and the next two years. By December 1907 most of the vessels now under construction will be at sea. The position at the end of the present and two subsequent years, even assuming that the battleship *Tzarevitch*, interned at Kiao-chau, may regain its place in the Russian fleet, is as follows:

	Great Britain	France	Russia		Germany	Italy	United States	Japan
1905	41	11	8	19	18	6	12	5
1906	45	13	9	22	20	8	17	7
1907	48	17	13	30	22	8	24	7

These figures tell their own story of British naval supremacy. Russia's heavy losses in the present war have readjusted the naval balance in our favour. It is true that we are in a position of inferiority in second- and third-class battleships, judged by the two-Power standard; but this is the natural outcome of the Admiralty policy, adopted many years ago, in ceasing to build any vessels not of the first class. These minor armoured ships of foreign fleets become year by year more of a negligible quantity, and by 1907 it is doubtful if France would dare to employ at sea more than four or five of them, Russia more than four, Italy more than three or four, and the United States would not trust any of them with anything but quite subsidiary duty. Germany will possess at the end of 1907, in addition to the first-class battleships enumerated, thirteen third-class battleships or coast-defence ships, most of which have lately been reconstructed and rearmed; and for the defence of German ports and waterways they might prove of use, but it is most unlikely that they would be risked in the North Sea in the event of war, because they carry little coal, and are so poorly armed that they would fall a prey to the first British battleships or armoured cruisers across whose track they fell.

The British supremacy of the seas was never so complete as at this moment, and we have the satisfaction of knowing that, apart from the array of men-of-war, the nation has a naval administration and a *personnel* devoted to the pursuit of a high measure of efficiency. Against any probable combination of three Powers the British Navy at any time in the next three years should be able to fight with an assured hope of success. The two-Power standard has been attained by the action of the Admiralty, and Russia, by her misfortunes, has raised the British strength to a virtual three-Power standard.

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In framing the shipbuilding programme for the new financial year the Board of Admiralty cannot ignore such obvious facts as these, nor can they fail to note the intention of France to lay down no further battleship in the coming twelve months. Germany, on the other hand, will begin two battleships; while the Russian Government is credited with the determination to commence four battleships almost immediately. In view of the present position of the Russian fleet the Admiralty can safely wait until next year to study the effect of this problematical action, because shipbuilding in this country is carried on far quicker than in Russian or French shipyards, and British builders can allow the Russians twelve months' start and then get the British ships to sea first. Germany is in another category: she is building up to a definite programme, and the two battleships will actually be begun without delay and the work pressed on. Lastly there is the United States Navy Department. Congress is to be asked to sanction three more battleships. Opinion on the other side of the Atlantic on the future of the battleship is so divided that this requisition will not be agreed to without great opposition, and will probably be reduced. In any case the vessels will not be put in hand in 1905, so that the American proposals can be disregarded. Germany's two battleships need to be met by two British battleships, larger, with greater radius of action, with better protection and heavier armament, and at the same time, in view of the intention of France and Germany to each begin an armoured cruiser, Great Britain must lay down at least an equal number, again more powerful and swifter than the vessels to be built by rivals. Since we build more cheaply than any other country, we can afford to meet every ship added to a foreign fleet with a better one.

In view of all the circumstances of the naval situation the extent of the demand which the Admiralty can justify is two battleships and two or three armoured cruisers; and it will not be rash to hazard that this will be the extent of the shipbuilding programme to which Parliament will be asked to agree. Never in the history of the modern British fleet has the Admiralty introduced a smaller programme than this, and the taxpayer will heartily welcome the measure of relief which the Board of Admiralty can safely afford him.

ARCHIBALD S. HURD.

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TRAINING THE YOUTH OF ENGLAND

My subject is one in which I have for a long time taken interest, and on which, as a member of the Church Lads' Brigade Council, I am perhaps qualified to write.

The great work carried out by Lord Meath in organising the Lads' Drill Association, and the efforts of the Council of the Church Lads' Brigade to make their movement a success, cannot be too widely known throughout the country.

The Commission on the Militia and Volunteers has drawn attention, in a way it has never been drawn before, to the difficulties attendant on our maintaining our present system of voluntary enlistment.

We may say what we like, or shut our eyes to the evidence given before this Commission, but here we have facing us the deliberate opinion of a certain number of impartial men, eminently qualified to form a sound judgment, who see no solution except some form of compulsory service.

Their task was thankless, for they knew well enough their opinion would not be accepted by the country; and it is in this emergency that it seems to me so much can be done by the Lads' Drill Association and the Church Lads' Brigade to save the situation.

Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley, Lord Roberts, Lord Kitchener, Lord Rosebery, and the Association of the Head Masters have united in recognising the importance of the Lads' Drill Association, and said very much as follows:

'Mental without physical training is a lopsided experiment; there should be a curriculum of elementary training in all our schools. We ought to follow the example of our Colonies and introduce compulsory cadet corps.'

Now let us see what claim Lord Meath has to our support, wnat are the objects of the Lads' Drill Association, and how far it has proved successful:

(*a*) The attention of the nation has been drawn to the necessity for systematic physical training for all boys.

(*b*) The Board of Education has been induced to issue for the use of elementary schools an official course of physical training called the

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'Model Course,' founded on the principles which have proved successful at Aldershot.

(*c*) It is hoped in the future that the 'Model Course' may be made compulsory in every school, and that classes may be formed for the proper instruction of teachers in the imparting of physical training.

As regards cadet corps the following results have attended the labours of the Association:

(*a*) Substantive instead of honorary commissions are given to cadet officers, thereby enabling them to attend schools of instruction.

(*b*) Anyone over seventeen years of age can count qualifying service for Volunteer officer's decoration and long service medal.

(*c*) A simple uniform and free ammunition.

(*d*) Recognition in the Army List.

The hopes of the future are that the rudiments of military training may be brought within the reach of every able-bodied subject, and that the Government may fully recognise the cadet system as the basis of home defence.

The Church Lads' Brigade is far humbler, but I can speak for the splendid influence it is exerting throughout the Empire. On the Council bishops and generals unite in promoting the feeling of good citizenship and Christianity.

In a vast number of towns and villages, companies of the Church Lads' Brigade are formed for the purpose of learning discipline, self-respect, the *esprit de corps* one gains at a public school, smartness, use of the rifle, drill, and physical exercise. Each drill is opened with prayer, the lads attend the Bible classes, and many of them are later on confirmed. If I may so express myself, we inculcate the manliest form of religion, and our boys, without parading their faith, are never ashamed of being regular church-goers.

The Boys' Brigade also does good work. The difference between us is that we consist only of the Church of England, whereas the Boys' Brigade admit all denominations. It can be readily understood that it would lead to complications were we to relax our rules in this respect.

I will now describe the working of a Church Lads' Brigade company in my own village. It is a good sample of what any country gentleman can easily do, and, quite apart from helping in an indirect manner towards the defence of his country, and the insurance of his goods and chattels, it is impossible to overestimate the difference of tone amongst the boys in the village as a result of their enrolment in this company.

I secured, in the first instance, the services of my vicar and his two curates—my vicar had acted as quartermaster and chaplain under me during the greater part of the South African war, in the Yeomanry, so I started well. My agent undertook the duties of

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officer. The sergeant-instructor, a most important item, was an excellent retired N.C.O., formerly in my county regiment. My riding-school formed a good drill-hall and rifle-range; the laundry made a good practice-room for the drums and fifes.

We next formed a committee, and purchased a miniature rifle-range from the National Rifle Association, which is placed in the riding-school, and is supposed to pay its own way. We have built a club for the boys, and at really a very moderate cost.

If anyone cares to see for himself the above programme in perfect working order, I would ask him to visit the club of the 'Oxford House,' in the East End. He will find a cadet company, a rifle-range, gymnasium, large swimming-bath—everything, in short, to make a boy's life useful and bright; and, let me add, he will be pleased at the manliness, independence of character, and intelligence of the lads the best of Oxford's men have taken in hand so successfully.

I have, in as few words as possible, endeavoured to describe two Associations which seem to me to go a long way towards shaping the lads into the kind of men we require for the defence of our country.

If later on the British public recognise that, for the proper protection of our country, the least we should content ourselves with is the training of our lads in drill and in the use of the rifle, then, of course, the problem is solved; but so long as the country does not consider it advisable to tax the youth of this country to this extent, then we have to do our best to fill up the gap.

What is being done in our Colonies?

Under the 'Commonwealth Defence Act of 1903' of Australia, provision is made for the maintenance of Naval and Military Cadet corps consisting of:

(*a*) Boys over twelve years of age who are attending school; or

(*b*) Youths between fourteen and nineteen years of age who are not attending school.

Cadet corps consisting of youths who are not attending school are called 'Senior Cadet corps.' The corps are furnished by the Defence Force authorities with such arms, ammunition, and accoutrements as are prescribed. Cadets are not liable to active service.

All Military Cadet corps in a military district are under the orders of the military commandant of that district.

Service in a Senior Cadet corps is deemed to be service within the meaning of Section 11 of the Act, which provides that in the first appointment of officers to the Defence Force preference shall be given, in the case of equality of qualifications, to persons who have served in the Defence Force for three years without a commission.

In his annual report on the Military Forces of the Commonwealth, Major-General Hutton makes the following observations in regard to cadets:

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It is much to be regretted that no funds are available for the development of the cadet military system. It is impossible to overestimate the value of military discipline upon the rising generation. I trust that at an early date a system so valuable to the future of the Australian nation may be seriously taken in hand. It has been suggested that the cadet military system should be removed from the Commonwealth Defence system and placed under the Education Department of the States. This plan, desirable as it may be in some respects, would, in my opinion, have the effect of lowering the status of military service as one of the principal obligations and most honourable privileges of citizenship. The acquirement of drill and the practice of physical exercises are of small value compared with the inculcation among the members of the rising generation of the great principles of patriotism, self-sacrifice, and self-discipline, which together form the basis of a national military training.

In New Zealand all expenses connected with cadet training are borne by the Education Department, the cadet corps being solely under the control of that department. An officer to command the Public School Cadet corps is attached to the Education Department, who is responsible to the Minister of Education for the organisation and efficiency of the several corps. The department supplies free one model rifle for each cadet, one miniature rifle for every ten cadets, one officer's sword for every twenty-four cadets, rank badges for N.C.O.'s, one bugle for each corps, fifty ball cartridges per cadet per annum. Caps, with badges and haversacks, are supplied at 2*s.* each, and extra ammunition at cost price. Uniform is not essential. A capitation grant of 2*s.* 6*d.* per annum is allowed for every cadet who has attended the requisite number of drills. The number of cadets in the colony has increased from 4,126, in July 1902, to 12,000 at the present time.

The following extract from a letter written by the Prime Minister of New Zealand to Colonel Loveday shows the value placed on cadet training by the Government of that colony: 'His Excellency is of opinion that it would be difficult to lay sufficient stress upon the importance to be attached to the cadet movement in the colony.'

Lord Plunket, Governor of New Zealand, in opening Parliament, referred to the smart military bearing of the school cadets, and expressed the opinion that this movement is well designed and likely to be far-reaching in its effects. 'If,' he added, 'the martial spirit thus ingrained in the boy is subsequently encouraged in the young man, the word "conscription," so repugnant to a free people, may well be removed from the vocabulary of the colony.'

The cadet system has been thoroughly reorganised in Canada. Arms and equipment are loaned by the Militia Department, and instructors are detailed from the permanent force whenever possible.

A carefully considered course of training has been issued for cadets, and in his preface to this course Major-General Lord Dundonald writes:

Youth is the time for improvement—the season for preparation. A cadet, therefore, cannot too early be given the knowledge, the habits, and the skill

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which fit him not only to perform the general duties of a good citizen, but also to take part at the proper time in his country's defence.

It is in his own best interest, as well as in that of the nation, that while free from worldly cares, while not yet immersed in business, he should prepare to take his place both in the battle of life and in that other battle-line from which the noblest and best of his race have never shrunk.

The wisdom of this preparation very few indeed attempt to deny.

. . . . . .

A well-trained and disciplined cadet, with all the self-sacrifice that this involves, will not only be of great value to his country when it needs him but will be a better citizen and a better man.

Great stress is laid on cadet training in the colony of Natal. In 1902 the number of cadets earning the capitation grant was 2,236. The number is considerable when it is remembered that the available manhood of the colony was estimated that year at 12,000. In accordance with a recommendation of the Defence Commission a Staff Officer of Cadets has been appointed. In his annual report for 1902 the Commandant of the Natal Volunteers refers to this appointment as 'an important one,' and goes on to say: 'When it is remembered that the future defence of the colony is in the hands of our youth, the importance of early training in the use of arms is one that no State looking to the future can afford to neglect.'

In connection with the cadet system in the various colonies we may quote the words of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who, on his return from visiting the Colonies, made the following remarks in his speech at the Guildhall

I am anxious to refer to an admirable movement which has taken strong root in both Australia and New Zealand—that is, the establishment of cadet corps. On several occasions I had the gratification of seeing march past several thousand cadets armed and equipped, and who, at the expense of their respective Governments, are able to go through a military course, in some cases with an ample grant of practice ammunition. I will not presume in these days of Army reform to do more than call the attention of my friend, the Secretary for War, to this interesting fact.

In justification of our efforts, we have an interesting precedent in Henry the Eighth's reign.

In those days every hamlet had its pair of butts. On Sundays and holidays all able-bodied men were required to appear in the fields, to employ their leisure hours 'as valyant Englishmen ought to do, utterly leaving the play at the bowls, quoits, dice, kails, and other unthrifty games.' I do not see golf mentioned.

Henry himself, the best lance, the best rider, and the best archer in England, found the people had become slack about the archery practice, preferring the games. He therefore ordered that—

every man having a man-child or men-children in his house, shall provide for all such being of the age of seven years and above, and till they shall come to the age of seventeen years, a bow and two shafts to learn them and bring them

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up in shooting; and after such men shall come to the age of seventeen years every one of them shall provide and have a bow and four arrows continually for himself, at his own proper cost and charges, or else of the gift and provision of his friends, and shall use the same as aforesaid rehearsed.

I must, before I close my article, call in Sir George Goldie as my last witness.

In his remarks at the end of the report of the Commission on the South African War, he proposed that every physically sound boy of seventeen years of age, who is not serving in the Navy, merchant service, or as an efficient member of a volunteer cadet corps, should serve for a term in national cadet schools, the officers being provided from the regulars.

It is said that the money given to these cadet corps increases the expenses of the Army, but Sir George remarks that the reverse is the truth, for his scheme would enable the country to reduce the number of men now serving with the colours.

Many patriotic persons, including a number of my comrades still serving in or retired from the Army, are helping the work we have in hand, and I am confident of the support of others in the appeal I make, not for monetary assistance, but for what is of far greater value—namely, active help.

To us it appears that the natural sequence to our voluntary system is that our lads should be taught to know the use of the rifle, as in olden days our ancestors learnt the use of the bow.

In my own command there are immense possibilities for the development of both the Lads' Drill Association and the Church Lads' Brigade, and I hope that it may be in my power to assist the good work that is at present being carried out by Lord Meath and the Church Lads' Brigade Council.

METHUEN.

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COMPULSORY GREEK AS A NATIONAL QUESTION

THE question whether Greek should continue to be unconditionally required at Oxford and Cambridge was raised in 1870 by the Endowed Schools Commission, which addressed to those universities a communication stating that, in order to provide adequate encouragement for the study of modern languages and natural science, they had determined on the establishment of modern schools of the first grade from which Greek would be excluded. The question has since then been brought at intervals before each of the older universities, in various forms, but always without effect. The form in which it stands to be voted on by the Senate of Cambridge, probably this month, is that of a first report of the syndicate appointed in 1903 'to consider what changes, if any, are desirable in the studies, teaching, and examinations of the university.' This report deals with the Previous Examination, commonly called the 'Little-Go,' which every undergraduate must pass, and in which both Greek and Latin are now required, as well as some mathematics, an English essay, and the alternative of Paley's *Evidences* or elementary logic.[1] A candidate for honours does not again meet with Greek or Latin in his course, except so far as they are involved in the honour tripos which he selects, as the Classical or Theological Tripos; but the candidate for an ordinary degree—that is, the passman or pollman—meets with them again in what is called the 'General Examination.' The proposal of the syndicate, while strengthening the Previous Examination in other respects, allows either French or German with composition in them, and both French or German without composition, to be substituted for one of the ancient languages. As between the latter no preference is indicated, and some at Cambridge hope that many would choose Greek; but the conditions existing in English schools make this in the highest degree improbable. Practically, therefore, the proposal would immediately open all honours except those in classics or theology to candidates possessing Latin and one modern

[1] An alternative to Greek, but not to Latin, is provided for those natives of Asia not of European parentage, who may desire it.

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language, or Latin and the power of reading two modern languages, and its adoption would almost certainly be followed by an opening of the ordinary degree on similar conditions. The question may therefore be broadly stated as the abolition of compulsory Greek at Cambridge; perhaps, in its consequences, we may say at Oxford and Cambridge.

There are two circumstances which appear to give the question a greater claim to consideration outside the older universities, as being a national one, than on any of the previous occasions of its being raised. The first is that the determination announced in 1870 by the Endowed Schools Commission has now been steadily acted on for thirty-five years, and we can judge by experience of its practical bearing on educational matters. That commission has been succeeded in its powers by the Charity Commission, and the latter by the Board of Education; but there has been no wavering or faltering. In the recent discussion at Cambridge Sir George Young said:

> He was for twenty years engaged, as a Charity Commissioner, under the provisions of the Endowed Schools Act, in the work of reorganising and reforming the grammar schools of England on the lines laid down by Lord Taunton's commission. One of the principal parts of his work was to carry out that which had been recommended by that commission, and had been approved ever since almost without exception—namely, the exclusion of Greek from the regular curriculum of the second-grade schools of England generally speaking, and from the curriculum of the less well endowed schools and those which had lower fees almost entirely, in these latter cases not merely from the regular curriculum, but from all place in the teaching. He was not there to defend that, to find fault with it, or to ask those who might differ with him upon the points he had to lay before them to approve of it. What he was there for that day was to ask them to recognise that it was a fact, that it had been done, that from a very large number of schools where their countrymen received their secondary education Greek was entirely excluded, and that in another large number it was only admitted with extra fees and under conditions which rendered it difficult of acquirement. Not even Sir William Anson meant to undo that. . . . What was the result? There was a breach of continuity between the older universities and the schools in which the majority of the middle classes of England, or at all events the lower middle classes of England, receive their secondary education.

So far, then, as the decision to be taken at Cambridge may have any power of affecting the study of Greek in schools, it can be only in the public schools, which are recruited from no narrow locality but from all or a large part of England, or in the high schools of large towns—as Nottingham—where there is a sufficient well-to-do population to furnish a classical side. Everywhere else the study of Greek is already in the last and predetermined stage of disuse. A rejection of the syndicate's proposal would not remedy the conditions under which it has sunk into that disuse, and the adoption of the proposal could not plunge it deeper.

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Side by side with this fact let us place the other of the two circumstances to which we alluded. It is the multiplication of new universities, none of which make Greek compulsory. Neither London nor Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Birmingham, or the University of Wales makes Greek compulsory. Taking the two circumstances together, they present to our consideration a movement which combines all the elements of a national character. The movement in the schools has been shaped by the Government, with the sanction of Parliament, and both Liberals and Conservatives have concurred in it. The new universities are the outcome of individual liberality. Thus the decision of England, as it is brought out equally by public and private tests, is not by any means that Greek is useless to all, but that Greek is a special subject of education, useless to the great majority, just as high mathematics and biology are special subjects useless to the great majority. We may like this or not, but we cannot alter it.

The attitude which the older universities ought to adopt towards the state of things thus shown must be a question of national interest, and we hope that they will consider it from the point of view of their duty to the nation. Of course their particular interest will be involved in the answer which they may give. If they should retain Greek as compulsory, they will not share largely in such benefactions as flow into the coffers of the new universities, and they will cut off from them the class of students which they used to receive from the smaller grammar schools, not many from any one such school, but very many in all, and including not a few of the foremost of their glories—the Newtons and the Whewells. These consequences of resisting the change proposed are so obvious that its advocates are charged with the base worship of money and numbers, but they can afford to despise the reproaches of those who cannot judge any measure except upon the motives they attribute to its proposers, and whose repertory of motives to be attributed is best stocked with those of the lowest description. What is true is that if Oxford and Cambridge should think it their duty to maintain a qualification for their degrees which by the national will has been reduced to that of a limited class, they will necessarily find themselves cut off from the resources and numbers of the nation. That may seem to some to be no great loss, but there are others who would regret the severance from the national spirit, with the consequent diminution of the opportunities of guiding that spirit, even more in itself than for the material consequences to be apprehended.

Both parties to the controversy will probably agree that the duty of the older universities is to maintain the highest standard of cultivation which, in the given state of the advancement of knowledge, is possible for any large number of persons. That standard cannot be the same when knowledge has thrown out so many branches as it

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was when it was little more than a single stem. Since the revival of learning, and as a consequence of it, the modern humanities have been added to the ancient humanities, the natural sciences may be said to have been created, mathematics have been amplified and transformed almost beyond recognition. The cultivated man would fail to keep pace with his age if, in the hope of doing so, he aimed at omniscience. Outside the special subjects of his study or his avocation his knowledge must in future be very limited, but what he loses in range of detail he must gain in width of understanding and sympathy; he must assimilate at least the ideas and methods which have made the intellectual world what it is, and which continue to guide its advancement; and he must have acquired a certain tact for recognising the best which will tend to save him from gross error, even beyond the limits of his knowledge. This, when the character is in unison with it, is cultivation; and the man who has it will be a good citizen, doing his professional or public work in the best way, and radiating the best influence on all whom he meets. Then there is education, as distinct from cultivation as the means are from the end. One part of it will consist in a programme of studies, adapted to give strength and refinement to the mind, and to communicate the necessary minima of knowledge in various directions. This programme must vary as the branches of knowledge multiply and their points of contact with common life vary. Another part of education, not less important than the acquisition of minimum doses of this and that, consists in the intercourse which takes place in a university of wide and free studies, where everyone contributes the point of view and leading notions of his own subject, and curiosity and the love of ideas are kept alive by friction. It was familiar discussion by men of various minds in a narrow arena which made Athens what it was in the century from Pericles to Aristotle.

Now the old universities have during more than three centuries set the standard of cultivation of all England. In the Middle Ages chivalry and the Church set separate standards, but since the Reformation there has been one type, progressingly developing but only one at a time, on which everyone has desired to be moulded so far as his opportunities permitted. That type has been formed and developed at Oxford and Cambridge; the examples of it, familiar everywhere, have come from them; to go to one of them has, until the last changes, been the ambition of promising boys at the smallest grammar schools. Shall Oxford and Cambridge now say that for the future they can be recruited only from the classical sides of the schools which will have such sides, that to all other boys in England they have no message, no standard to set before them, no ambition to offer them? And this because they cannot imagine anyone to be a cultivated man who does not know Greek, so that the very existence of their standard depends on Greek being part of the programme of

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studies leading up to it? If anything were wanted to prove the absurdity of the supposition, it would be sufficient to point to the crowd of men whom Oxford and Cambridge are glad to number among the examples of their cultivation, but who would be quite incapable of translating a page of Greek, notwithstanding all the time which they have been forced to spend on it. But let us see by what means the absurd has been made plausible.

First, there is the argument that the ideas and methods of all science have descended to us from Greece. The fact is so, but a weapon can be used without tracing it back to the forge or the mine. Nor can the intellectual weapons which we owe to Greece be traced back to her without studying her literature as well as her language, which no one proposes to make it compulsory to do. It might as well be said that the debt which the spiritual side of humanity owes to the Hebrew literature ought to make the study of the Hebrew language at the universities compulsory.

Secondly, there is the fallacy which lies in the habit of still using the term 'humanities' in its sense of four centuries ago—namely, as equivalent to the ancient humanities, as if the literatures of England, France, Italy, and Germany had not by now embodied enough of thought, feeling, and knowledge to give a powerful presentment of the human side of things. Grant that limitation of the term, and Greek, as being the nobler half of the ancient humanities, starts up almost alone as dividing the whole field with science. So little indeed do the defenders of compulsory Greek seem to know of the modern world that they often offer a B.Sc. degree by way of compromise, if they may only keep Greek as necessary for the B.A.[2] They generally persist in regarding the relief as being demanded only by the mathematical and natural science men, and fail to see that the demand is equally for the recognition of a wider humanity. In modern languages they see only the 'commercial value.' The commercial value of Dante, Molière, and Goethe! Would they see only the 'commercial value' if a French or German student wished to learn the language of Shakespeare? Let us admit freely that modern literature is the child of ancient. We pay scant respect to the parent if we depreciate the child, or ignore the fact that so far as the ancient spirit still lives and moves among us it works in modern literature, and the modern man can by good teaching be made to recognise it there.

Thirdly, there is the educational argument, that the study of Greek is one of the best for training the mind, both on account of the refinement of the language and of its difficulty. Certainly we shall not deny that to read Sophocles—not, please observe, to spell him out—is a lesson in refinement, or that to translate Thucydides is a

[2] The Middle Ages did not make the mistake of contrasting science with arts. By the *quadrivium* and *trivium* they put all the science they knew into their arts.

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good mental discipline. But few passmen attain to that measure, and equal educational benefit can be got from other studies. Besides, when an educational argument is strongly insisted on with relation to university work, we cannot help remembering that the general training of the mind ought to have been done at school. Oxford and Cambridge ought to receive their men already capable of solving difficulties by analysis, and already percipient of literary beauty. At the university special study, fertile in further training as well as in knowledge, ought to be added; and although at present an attempt must be made to remedy the defective training brought to us, still, as long as the university course is dominated by general educational considerations, we shall send our men out into the world, as we too often do now, ill furnished, though more or less well trained.

Fourthly, there is the fear that if the necessity of Greek is at all relaxed at Oxford and Cambridge, as by exempting from it those who take any honours not in themselves demanding it, and still more if the necessity is abolished for passmen, the study of Greek will die out even at the public schools and the high schools of large towns. So many boys, it is said, will be transferred to the modern sides of those schools that the classical sides will not pay their expenses and will have to be abandoned, leaving to Greek the same position in England which Hebrew now holds. The first remark which we shall make on this argument is that an honourman, be it in mathematics or natural science, law or history, moral or political science, is presumably cleverer than a passman, and will learn Greek better and quicker if he is obliged to do so. Consequently to exempt the honourman but not the passman would indeed spare the one who could put the time he gained to the better use, but would continue the burden on the one on whom it presses most heavily in what all agree is the lengthened drudgery, and most agree is the worthless result, of passmen's Greek. This would be an injustice to which we could not assent. The passman, after all, is a man and a brother. Though presumably not up to the mark of the non-classical honourman, who has struck out a line for himself, there is usually some line in which he would do decently if his friends or his masters took the pains to find it out for him, and we will not sacrifice him in order to make the classical sides of schools pay. Rather we will face the question what will be the effect on the classical sides if compulsory Greek is abolished for all.

We cannot doubt that there would be a great transfer of boys to the modern sides, and that some classical sides would have to be abandoned. But in how many schools they would be retained would depend much on Oxford and Cambridge themselves. If they should continue to give for classical learning as many fellowships, scholarships, and prizes as they do now, we see no reason why so many classical sides should not be retained as would keep Greek learning

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well alive in the land. Those allurements kept Greek in a flourishing state at Cambridge without any compulsion till 1822, although there was not till 1824 a Classical Tripos to add honour to emolument, as there would continue to be now. The attractions of the subject itself are immense, and some aid might be had from small alterations in our educational system. The preparatory schools, if the parents insisted on it, might do more in discovering the peculiar bents of their pupils, so that a boy with a turn for languages as learnt from books, which is quite a different thing from a turn for languages learnt orally, might be prepared for and placed on a classical side. And a public school, instead of offering, say, two entrance scholarships each for classics, mathematics, and natural science, might offer all its six entrance scholarships to the boys best qualified in any of the branches, so that a very good candidate in any branch might be surer of getting one.

The objections, then, to the course proposed are not serious, and we are free to say that the older universities have in our judgment a future before them equal to their past, if they will consent to remain at the head of English education in the new form which it is taking as they have been at the head of it in its old form. In every school and every side of every school, except so near to one of the other universities that its lectures can be attended from home, to go to Oxford or Cambridge will still be the ambition of boys intended for a university career. Their associations, the credit carried by them in the world, and the vast intellectual resources concentrated on the Isis and the Cam which the new universities must be long in rivalling, ensure that this shall be so. In those old quarters, if the door is not barred against the youths by compulsory Greek, it will be possible to dispose for their benefit of the whole range of knowledge. Latin, the original language of the law and of Western Christianity, and to the literature of which no well-educated man of any country would like to miss an allusion, will still be theirs. All science and all the humanity piled up on ancient foundations during four thinking and struggling centuries will be theirs. Greek specialists, we are confident, will contribute their influence by living and moving among them, and in Jowett's *Plato* they may catch no faint glimpse of the original. Surely, with such material, it will be possible to maintain a standard of cultivation so high that even the new universities may take it as a model.

We have thus far written with a chief regard to what is the duty of Oxford and Cambridge, seeing the turn which English secondary education has taken. But we would not close without saying plainly that we consider that turn to be not merely a fact to be reckoned with, but a fact on which the nation may be congratulated. It is an emancipation as far as it goes, and we urge Oxford and Cambridge to complete the emancipation by abolishing passmen's Greek and non-classical honourmen's Greek. In the recent discussion at Cambridge,

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Mr. Somerville, an Eton master, put the pertinent question: 'Are you satisfied with the great army of half-educated boys and men who are now poured forth yearly into a world of strenuous workers and thinkers, to face a very unequal conflict?' 'At Eton,' he said, 'they were very much divided as to the remedy for the present state of things, but they were all pretty much agreed on one of the main causes, and that was that they were trying to teach in the schools too many subjects at the same time, and the result was that the boys got an education of snippets.' Mr. Sanderson, the headmaster of Oundle School, 'wanted a boy not to let games be as it were the gilt which made the pill of work go down, but to take an interest in his school work; and in order,' he said, 'for a boy to enjoy his school work, he must be studying those subjects which he can appreciate and will like.' Nature has provided boys with a great variety of tastes. Ancient languages, modern languages, mathematics, the natural sciences, and of the last-named each separately, have their adherents. But thousands of boys whom some other choice would have suited are kept year after year labouring at Greek without mastering it. Now think what that must be to them. It is not merely that they are disgusted and their time wasted, but that the very idea of efficiency gets excluded from their minds so far as it does not find its way back through their games. There, indeed, they know that incompetence is not to be tolerated; but in school over their Greek they potter, they know that their masters are aware that they are only pottering, and they know that, in spite of that, the next batch of boys whose friends have entered them for the classical side will be set to potter like them. And with a snippet of Greek, thus contributed to their educational snippets, they are turned out half educated to face the serious world. It is a cruelty to the boys, and a waste of the resources which the nation ought to have in the efficiency of its members and in their respect for efficiency.

J. WESTLAKE.

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A WANING GLORY OF ENGLAND: THE MADRIGAL

THERE is a branch of musical achievement of which the comparative neglect by modern English writers is the more strange, since it was in England that it attained its perfection three centuries ago. One would be sorry to number the art of the madrigal among those that are finally lost, for, apart from the wealth of musical beauty that it implies, the name is of itself so pleasant to the ear that it has been appropriated to all manner of compositions without the faintest shadow of justice. Solos and duets, operatic and other, have been styled 'madrigals' by authors who could not have quoted correctly any one of the laws by which the structure of the true madrigal was governed. Yet, though the name has been soiled with some ignoble use, its meaning has not been so completely forgotten as to make it useless to recall the main outline of its history, and the limitations within which the masters of the period of its efflorescence enshrined their gracious imaginings.

Even among lovers of music there is a general vagueness as to the exact meaning of the word 'madrigal,' and a complacent habit of confusing the form with others far below it in opportunities for melodic and harmonic beauty, and the structural sequence of well-ordered sound. But to speak of the glee and the part-song as if these terms were synonymous or interchangeable with madrigal, sounds not less strange to an educated musician than it would be to talk of the sonnet as a form of poetry on a level with the *Limerick*, the pattern usually employed for nonsense verses. In fact the sonnet affords by far the closest parallel to the madrigal, not only because the finest examples of each have had their origin in Italy and England, but because no other art-form besides these two has a structure as elaborate and as strictly regulated, or provides so good a medium for certain kinds of expression.

The definition of the form is happily far less a matter of dispute than the derivation of the name. Hymns sung in honour of the Virgin (from *Madre*), 'sheepfold' or 'home' songs, according to the Greek or Provençal origin of the word *mandra*, 'morning' songs, from the Spanish *madrugada*, all these have been assigned by different authorities as the original meaning of the term, but none of them carries much conviction, and the question cannot be considered

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as finally determined. It is not easy to give a short or untechnical definition which shall include all compositions properly called madrigals, while it excludes all that have no right to the name. But it may be described as a piece of polyphonic vocal music, to be sung by one or more voices to each of its parts, which must include passages or points of imitation, and of which one of the parts must conform to the laws of the ecclesiastical modes, in its compass, in the disposition of its semitones, and in the form of its cadence. It is this last feature which, more than any other, distinguishes the madrigal and the motet, its correlative in sacred art, from all other forms of concerted vocal music. The modal character of the one part should naturally govern the tonality of the others, so that if we find out which of the twelve modes [1] it belongs to, we know what limitations to expect concerning the leading intervals of the whole, and the direction in which it will probably show a tendency to modulate. Not only is the modal part the key to the composition, and the most important feature of the form, but it is essential to bear it in mind whether in performing madrigals or in reducing them to score for modern musicians, who would be unable to grasp their meaning from the separate part-books in which they originally appeared, in print or in manuscript. Even supposing that our present-day singers could be trusted to adhere strictly to the text of the part-books in respect of time, they would be met by a difficulty which every singer of the period when the music was written would have solved by 'rule of thumb.' Accidentals, or the signs by which we indicate the temporary alteration of a note by sharpening or flattening it, are of comparative rarity; not that such modifications of the scale were unused, but that the singers were accustomed to supply them according to the laws of *musica ficta*. To do this properly it was necessary to realise thoroughly the character of the mode in which the madrigal was written; and it is difficult for us now-a-days to believe that the performances of unfamiliar works of the kind can ever have reached a high degree of certainty or finish.

[1] The six 'authentic' modes may be found on the piano by taking the successive white notes as the starting-points, 'finals' or keynotes of the six scales, using no black notes throughout and omitting the scale beginning on B; the Dorian (mode I.) has its final on D, the Phrygian (III.) on E, the Lydian (V.) on F, the Mixolydian (VII.) on G, the Æolian (IX.) on A, and the Ionian (XIII.) on C. The omission of the note B from the finals of the modes, and of its number from the series of uneven numerals, is due to the fact that its fifth is an imperfect interval, and that it was rejected at the time when these scales were first analysed and reduced to system. The even numbers in the series denote the 'plagal' modes, each of which has the same final as its authentic counterpart, but a lower compass; these are further distinguished by the prefix 'hypo-,' so that the Hypodorian mode (No. II.), though its final is D, has a compass from A to A, not, like the authentic mode, from D to D. It will be readily seen that the differenc between an authentic mode and its plagal derivative is merely one of range, and that each pair of modes has a character quite distinct from all the rest. The modern major scale combines the characteristics of modes V., VII., and XIII., the minor those of I., III., and IX.

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However that may have been, it is beyond question that the attempt to reproduce music of the past in the notation of the present day can only be successfully undertaken when the rules are assimilated by which the contemporary singers were guided in performance. The general neglect or even complete ignorance of these laws has been the cause of too many incorrect editions of the madrigals, for the ordinary musician who tries his hand at the work of scoring them soon finds himself compelled to add a sharp or flat here or there for the sake of euphony, and proceeding on the modern system which forbids the close association of such notes as B flat and B natural, is obliged to introduce more and more accidentals as he goes on, and to end by losing all the modal characteristics of the music.

It was said above that one of the parts in any true madrigal must conform to the usage of the ecclesiastical modes; this part, treated after the manner of a *canto fermo*, is usually the tenor or one of the tenor parts, for, as the word implies, this, and not the treble as in modern music, is generally the leading part of the composition; the *bass* is obviously nothing but the *base* of the structure, supporting the tenor; the treble is the third part in order of importance, and though the terms 'quadrible' and 'quinible' for the fourth and fifth parts were once in use, they have long since disappeared. The old name for the alto part, the 'mean,' indicates something put in between the tenor and the treble. But whether the tenor or another voice is chosen as the modal part, it is easy to identify it at or near the end of the madrigal, by its approach to the final of the mode,—or in common parlance the keynote or tonic—from one degree of the scale above it. In the examples given, this point is marked with an asterisk. Another survival of ancient usage directs that at the same point some other part shall approach the final from a step below so as to make the interval of a minor third or a major sixth passing to the unison or octave. Now if, besides these two parts, which together constitute what the ancients called the *clausula vera* or true cadence, the bass of the composition proceed, at the same time, from the dominant to the tonic of the key, it is clear that at the point where three parts are confined to the keynote itself, there can only be the complete harmony of the tonic if two other parts are employed; and this, I think, is the direct reason why the great majority of the best madrigals are in five parts or more.

Having thus defined the outline of madrigal structure, it may be well to point out certain other peculiarities which effectually prevent its being for a moment confused with the other forms of unaccompanied concerted vocal music, that sometimes usurp its name in modern times. Although its time and rhythm may be altered, the madrigal must flow on continuously, without a break between its movements. By this it is distinguished from the purely English 'glee,' which should moreover be sung by solo voices, should have well-

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defined and separate movements, and should allow the employment of the single voice in passages unsupported by any accompaniment. The 'part-song,' as a general rule, consists of a melody with vocal accompaniment; that is to say, its interest is not divided among many voices, but almost entirely confined to one, the uppermost; its music is literally repeated for the several verses of the poem, and it is altogether of a simpler, slighter texture than the madrigal. It is true that many genuine madrigals first appeared in books modestly styled 'Songs of Foure Parts,' or 'Songs of Fiue Parts,' and that in some very short madrigals, like Richard Edwards's 'In going to my naked bed,' the same music has served for a number of verses.[2] But here the presence of a modal part, and the association of points of imitation with passages in solid harmony, give the compositions a perfect right to rank with real madrigals, just as 'lullabies,' 'ballets,' 'fa-las,' and other titles were commonly used by the old composers for works that conform in nearly all respects to the laws of the madrigal.

To trace the history of the form is to foster a pardonable national pride, for, as far as can be learnt, the earliest specimens of concerted vocal composition apart from the service of the Church, and as an artistic achievement, are of English origin. The round, or 'rota,' *Sumer is icumen in*, the earliest of all, dating from 1260, is of course not a madrigal, but it is strong evidence that skill of ensemble was, even at that early time, a characteristic of the English race. The curious north-country carols preserved in Trinity College, Cambridge, which are assigned to a date not long after the battle of Agincourt,[3] present many of the essential features of the madrigalian structure, though they are mostly in two parts only, with a third introduced at the end of the stanzas.

It must suffice to glance as rapidly as possible at the history of polyphonic music during the period—a little more than a century—that elapsed between the death of Dunstable and the reintroduction of the form into England. Under DuFay, Binchois, and their followers Obrecht, Okeghem, Brumel, Pierre de la Rue, and many others, the art of polyphony made rapid progress in the Netherlands, and the most original of their composers, Josquin des Prés, had indirectly a very wide influence on the music of Europe, since his pupil Janequin, a Belgian, was one of the introducers of part-music into France, while another pupil, Adrian Willaert, a Dutchman, was the musical apostle of Italy; he was organist of St. Mark's, Venice, in 1527, and was succeeded in the post by his pupil, Cyprian de Rore. The Flemish school reached its height in Roland de Lattre, Orlandus Lassus, or Orlando di Lasso, who is rightly regarded as the greatest composer of his age, with the single exception of

[2] In the modern reprints of this madrigal, which, by the way, are far from accurate, only one verse is given, but the other four are to be found in *English Lyrics* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1883.)

[3] *English Carols of the Fifteenth Century* (The Leadenhall Press).

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Palestrina. Not only do his works include enormous quantities of sacred and secular compositions (his death, in 1594, is said to have been due to excessive mental activity), but they are startlingly original in design, in the boldness with which he treats his words, and in the grim and often coarse humour that might well scandalise modern hearers if they understood the words.

It is no sentimental fancy, based on considerations of climate and national characteristics, that makes us detect the qualities of vigour and strong originality in the work of the Flemish composers, while the compositions of the Italians are marked by a far greater sweetness and a more attractive type of melodic invention. The madrigals of Palestrina are of exquisite grace, but the glory of his sacred music has taken something from their fame, and it is probable that most students of the madrigal form would unite in naming Luca Marenzio as the most characteristic madrigal-writer of the finest period of Italian music. That he was born at a village between Brescia and Bergamo before 1560, that he had at one time a post worth 1,000 scudi in Poland, that on returning to Rome he enjoyed the favour of Cardinal Luigi d' Este, and that he died in 1599, these are the outlines of his career. The often-quoted account of his writings and life in Peacham's *Compleat Gentleman* may be worth quoting once more, since it throws a good deal of light on the amount of technical musical education which in 1622 a well-bred Englishman was supposed to possess, and also upon the estimation which the best Italian authors enjoyed at the time in England.

> For delicious Aire and sweete Invention in Madrigals, Luca Marenzio excelleth all other whosoever, having published more Sets than any Authour else whosoever; and to say truth, hath not an ill Song, though sometimes an Oversight (which might be the Printer's fault) of two eights or fifts escape him; as betweene the Tenor and Base in the last close of, 'I must depart all haplesse:' ending according to the nature of the Dittie most artificially with a Minim rest. Of stature and complexion, hee was a little and blacke man; he was organist in the Popes Chappell at Rome a good while, afterward hee went into Poland, being in displeasure with the Pope for over-much familiaritie with a kinswoman of his (whom the Queene of Poland sent for by Luca Marenzio afterward, she being one of the rarest women in Europe, for her voyce and the lute); but returning, he found the affection of the Pope so estranged from him, that hereupon hee tooke a conceipt and died.

It should be pointed out that 'Song' and 'Dittie' in the above passage refer respectively to the music and the words of the madrigals, and of course 'eights and fifts' are consecutives. The 'Dittie' was of greater importance in the eyes of the Italians than with their Flemish predecessors, and any suggestion for musical treatment which it might contain was eagerly sought after. The little touches of realism that we meet in Marenzio and his countrymen were imitated by the English school, the members of which made the acquaintance of the madrigal through the agency of one Nicholas Yonge, a singing man at St. Paul's Cathedral, who brought

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out, in 1588, the memorable collection called 'Musica Transalpina, telling us in his preface how the fashion began:

> Since I first began to keepe house in this citie, a great number of Gentlemen and Merchants of good accompt (as well of this realme as of forreine nations) have taken in good part such entertainment of pleasure, as my poore abilitie was able to affoord them, both by the exercise of Musicke daily used in my house, and by furnishing them with Bookes of that kind yeerely sent me out of Italy and other places.

We must remember that towards the close of the sixteenth century the intercourse between England and Italy was very close; Italian taste in architecture, dress, literature, and many other things, was dominant in England; young English gentlemen used to finish their education by a journey to Italy, just as, in later times, the 'grand tour' was considered essential to the completion of the process known as 'breeding;' and one cannot look at a book of engravings of Elizabethan houses, or read the list of characters in an Elizabethan play, without seeing how strong was the influence of things Italian. Now, in the year of this publication, William Byrd, who was then about fifty years old, had enjoyed for three years the sole right to sell music paper and English and foreign music, by a monopoly granted in 1575 to him and his master, Thomas Tallis (died 1585). No doubt all music introduced by Yonge would thus come officially under Byrd's notice, and it is clear from internal evidence that he profited by his study of the great Italians; for his own earlier works are considerably less flowing than those of his later life. Byrd himself contributed a five-part madrigal in two sections to *Musica Transalpina*, and it is eloquent as to the relative attraction of English and foreign musicians in those days that his participation in the scheme should have been held to justify a special mention of this madrigal in the title of the collection. Examples of Palestrina, Luca Marenzio, Alfonso Ferabosco, Giovanni Ferretti, and many others, are included, as well as one madrigal of Orlando di Lasso, and a few Flemish compositions to Italian words. Two years after the appearance of this book, one Thomas Watson brought out what he called *The first sett of Italian Madrigals Englished, not to the sense of the originall dittie, but after the affection of the Noate.* Here again were two examples of Byrd, 'composed after the Italian vaine, at the request of the sayd Thomas Watson.' There are two dedications, one to the Earl of Essex, and the other to Luca Marenzio, of whose compositions there are twenty-three specimens out of twenty-eight madrigals in all. Up to this date, the only books of English madrigals are those of Byrd, who published *Psalmes, Sonets, and Songs of Sadnes and Pietie* in 1588, and *Songs of sundrie natures* in 1589. Byrd's illustrious pupil, Thomas Morley, made his first venture in 1593, with a book of *Canzonets, or Little Short Songs to three voyces*, and followed it

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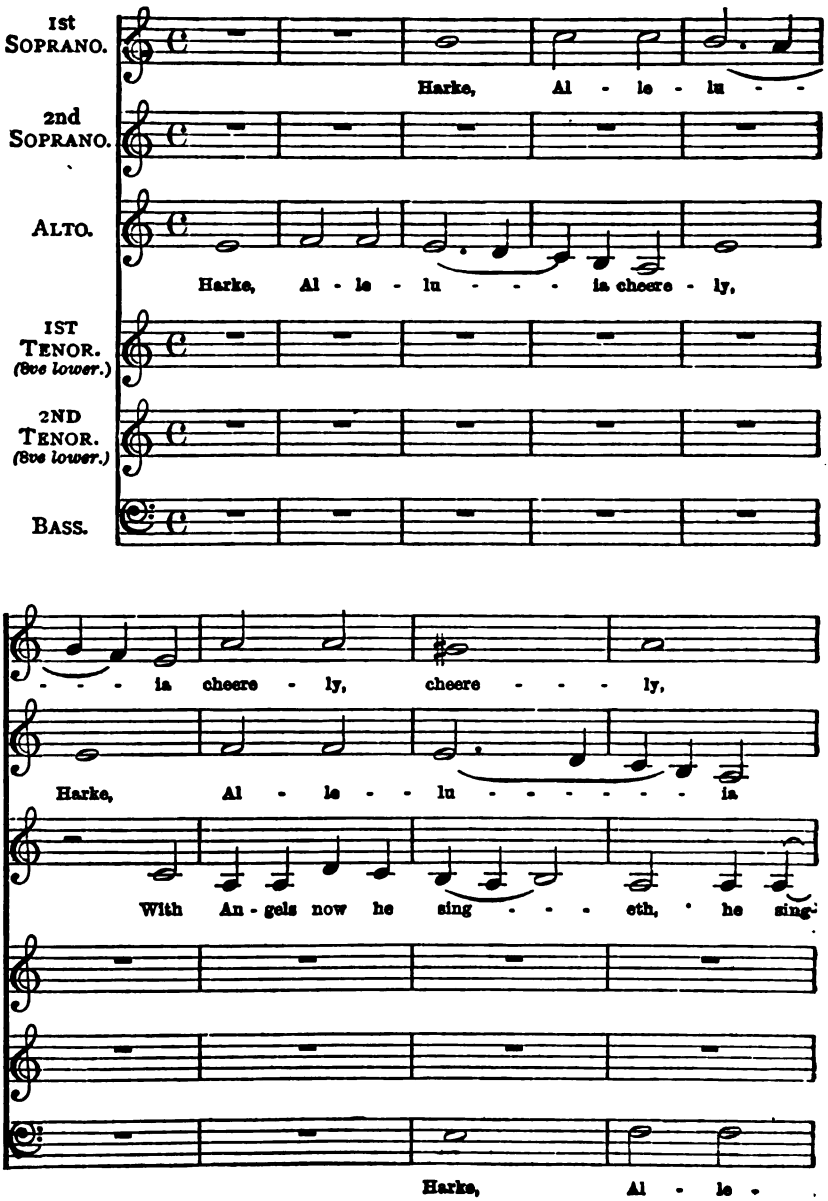
up in the course of the next four years with three more books of *Canzonets* for various combinations of voices, one book of *Madrigals* and one of *Ballets*. The example chosen from Morley is the last of his *Canzonets, or Little Short Aers to five and sixe voices*, published in 1597.

A REVEREND MEMORIALL OF THAT HONORABLE TRUE GENTLEMAN, HENRY NOEL, ESQUIRE

THOMAS MORLEY, 1597.



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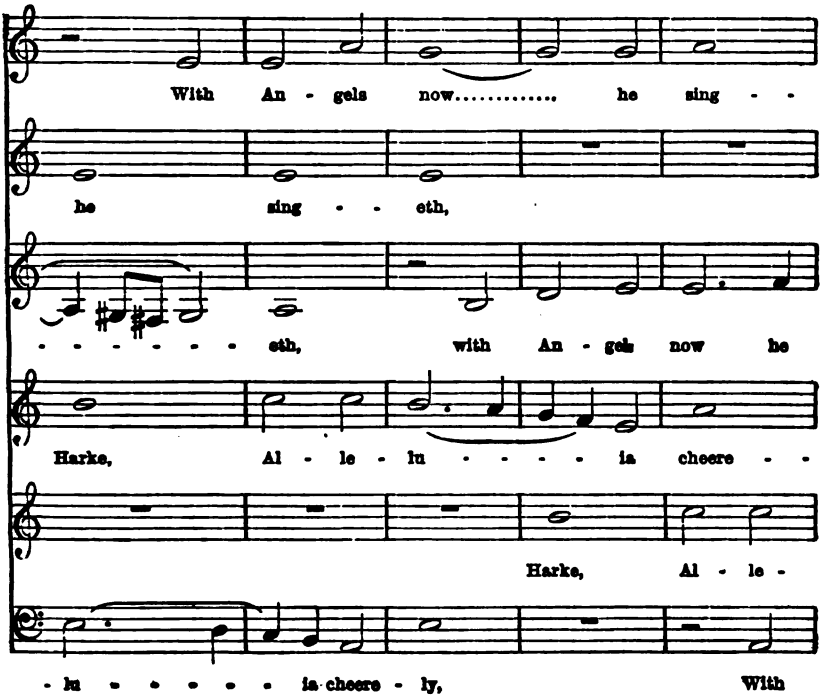

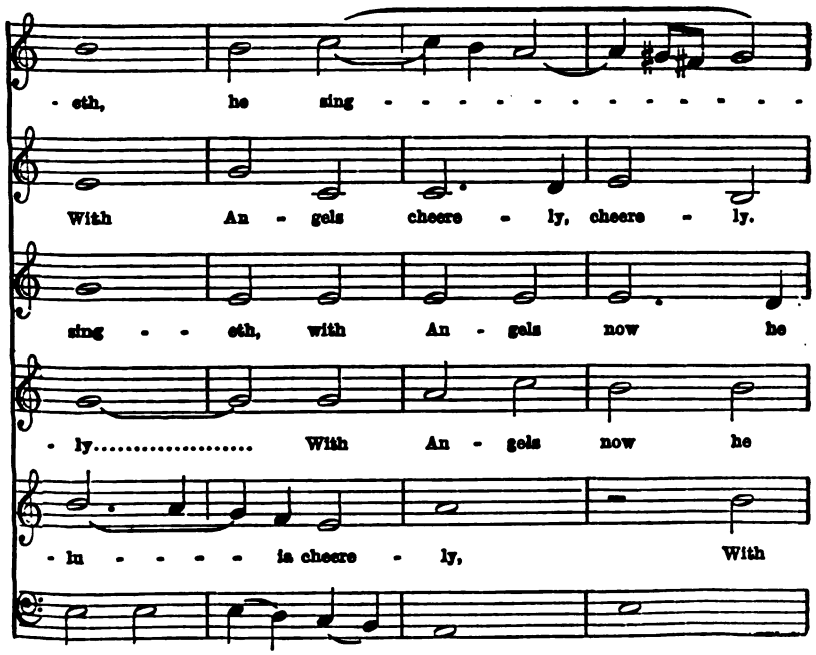

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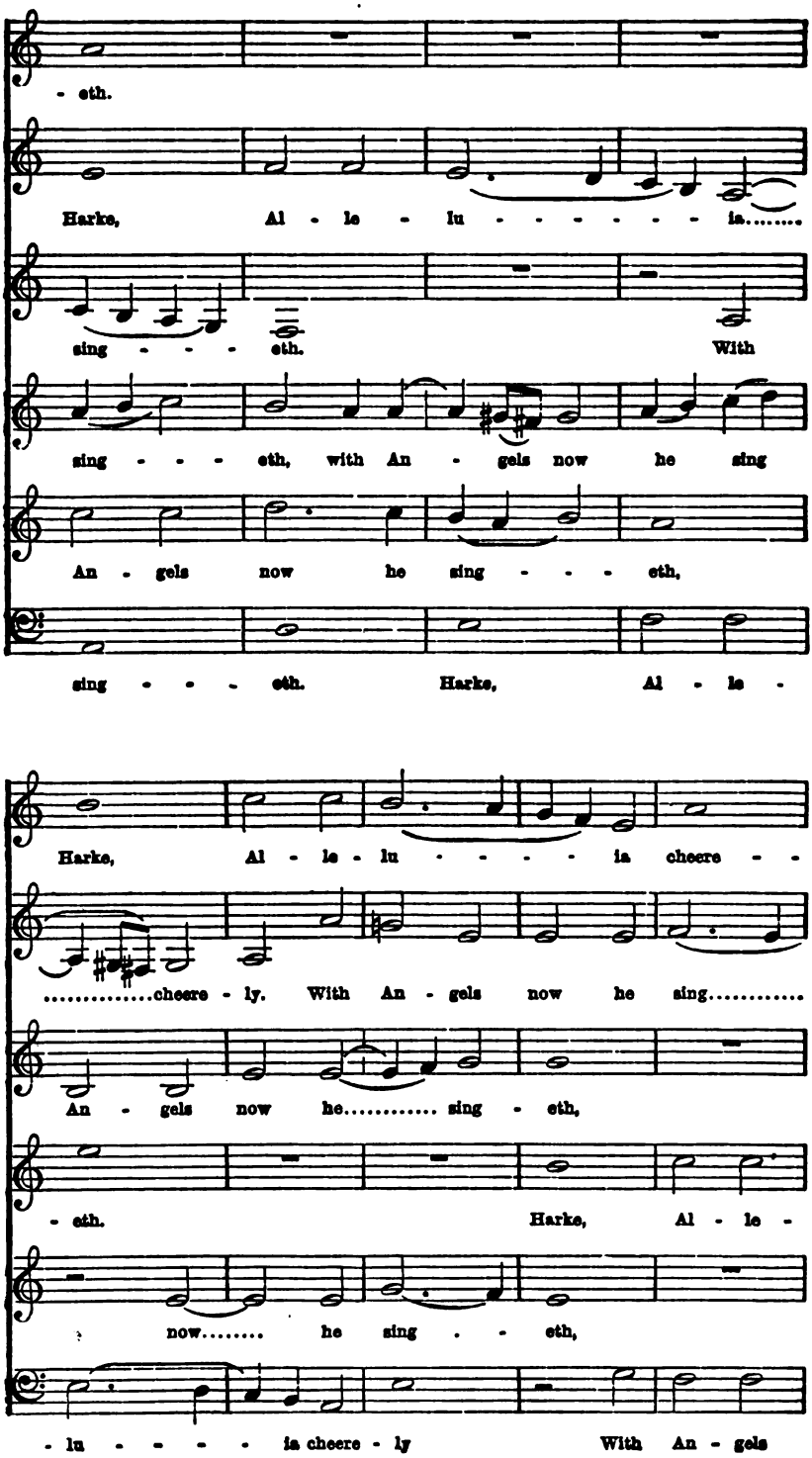

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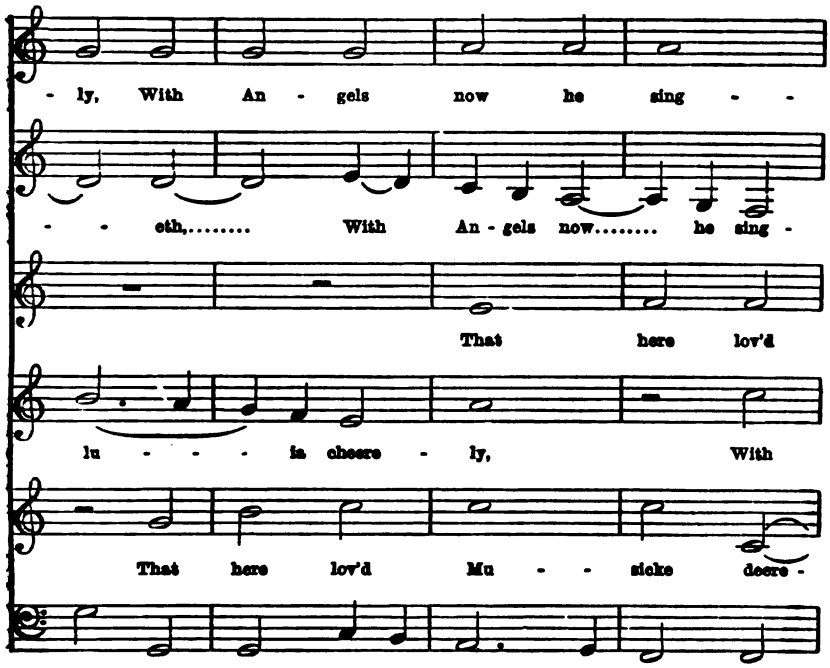

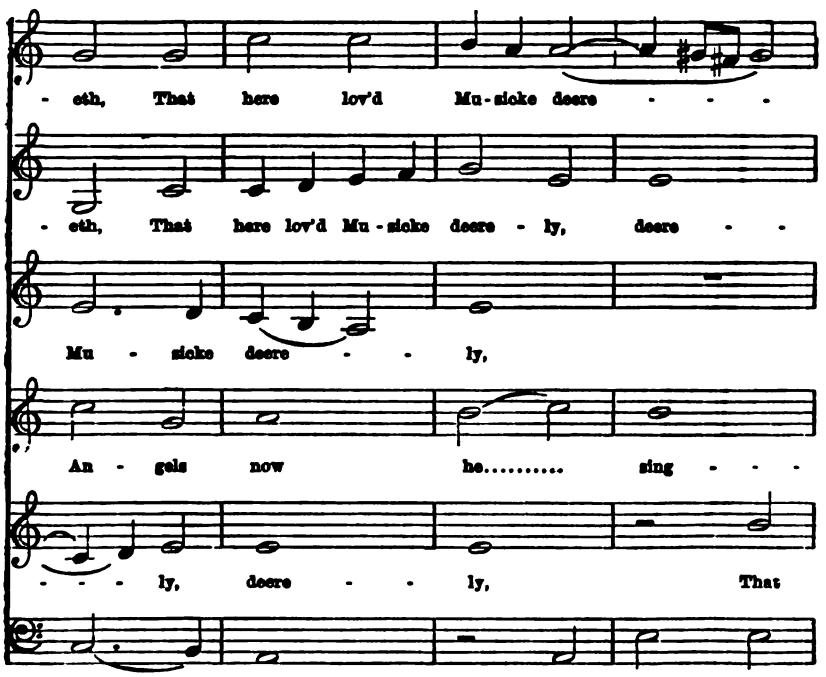

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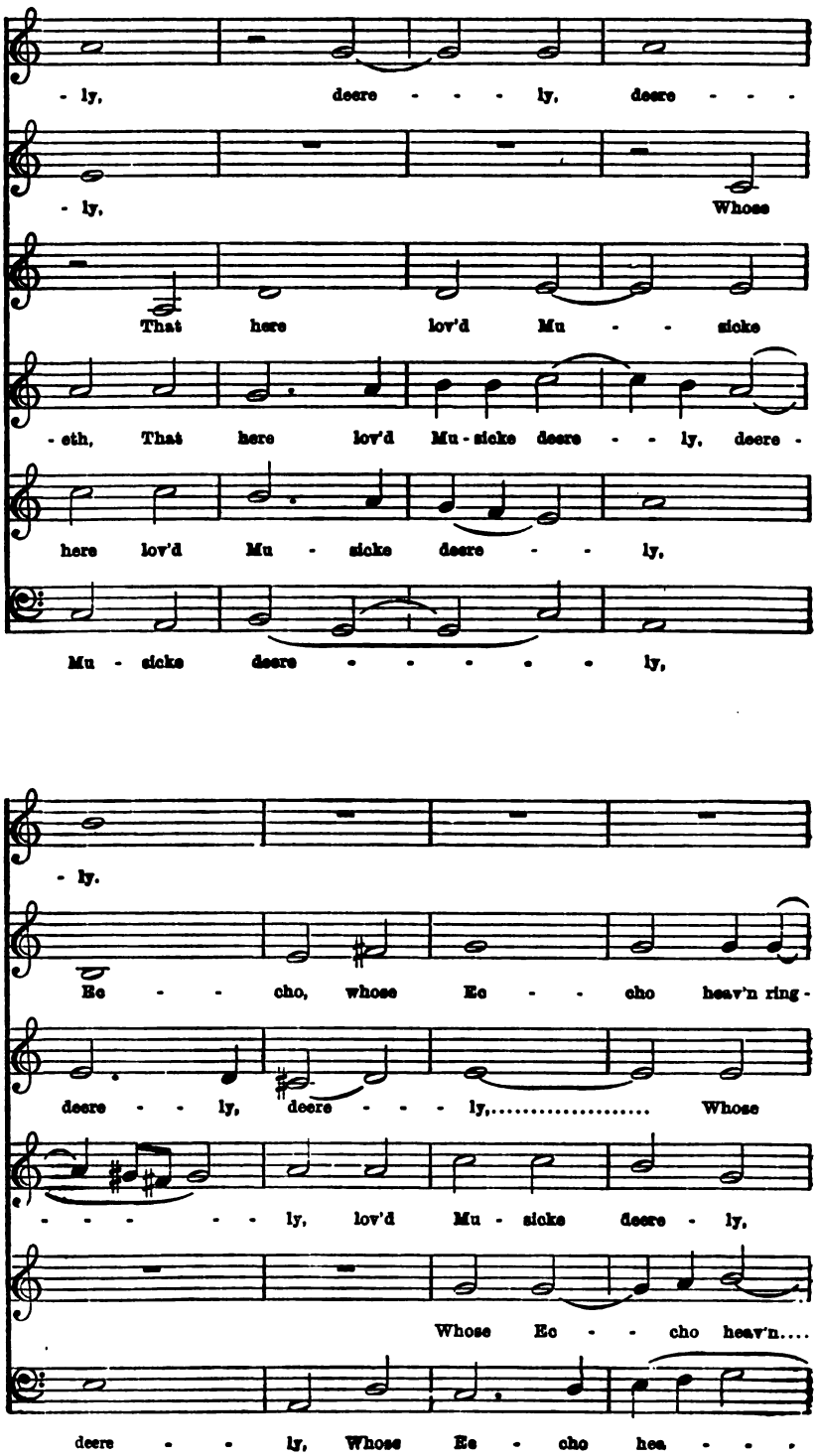

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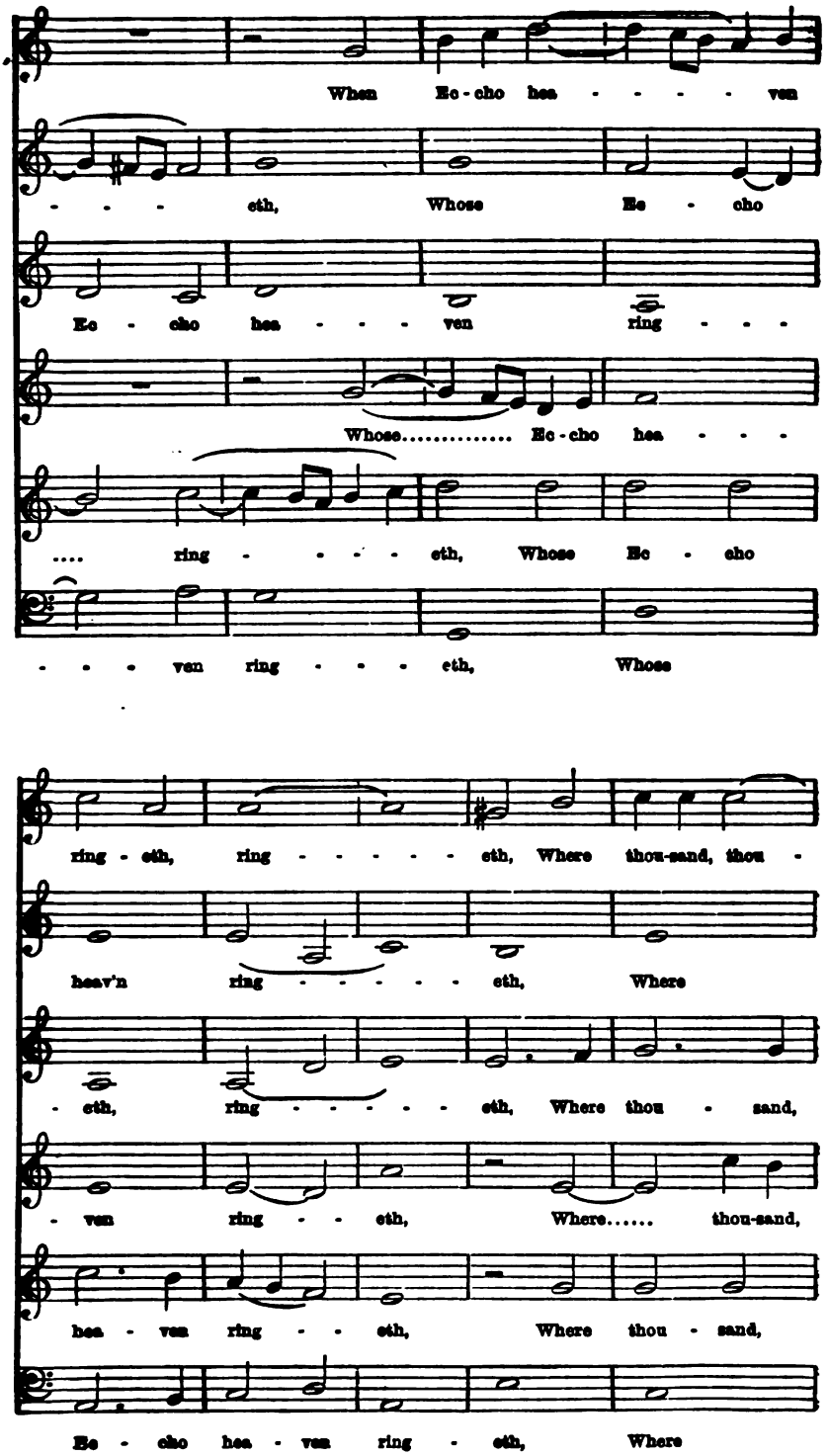

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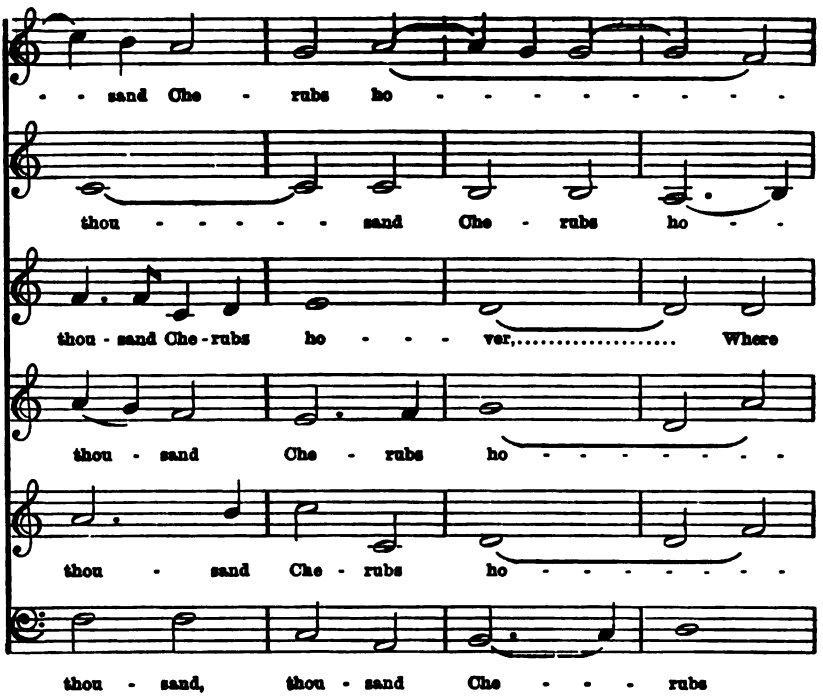

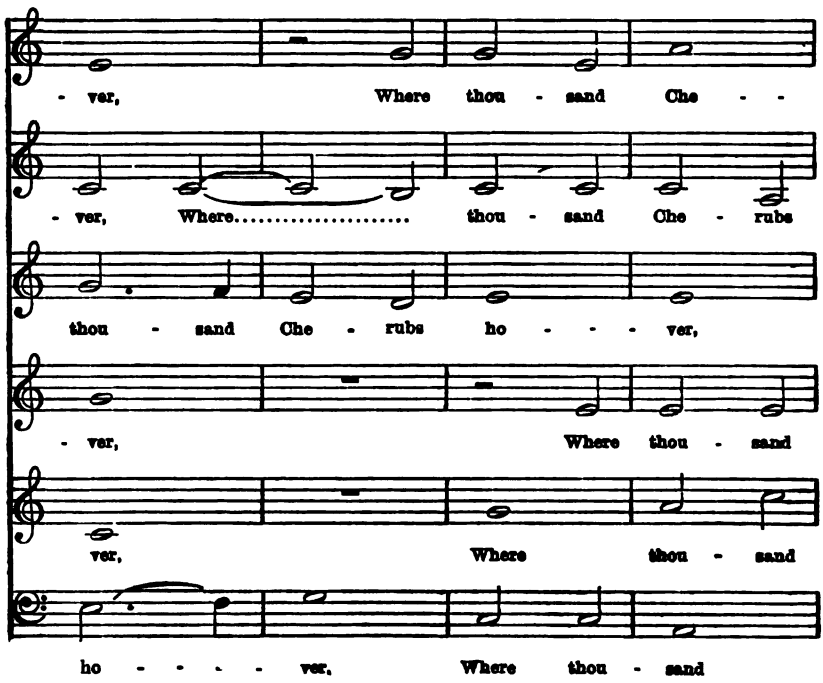

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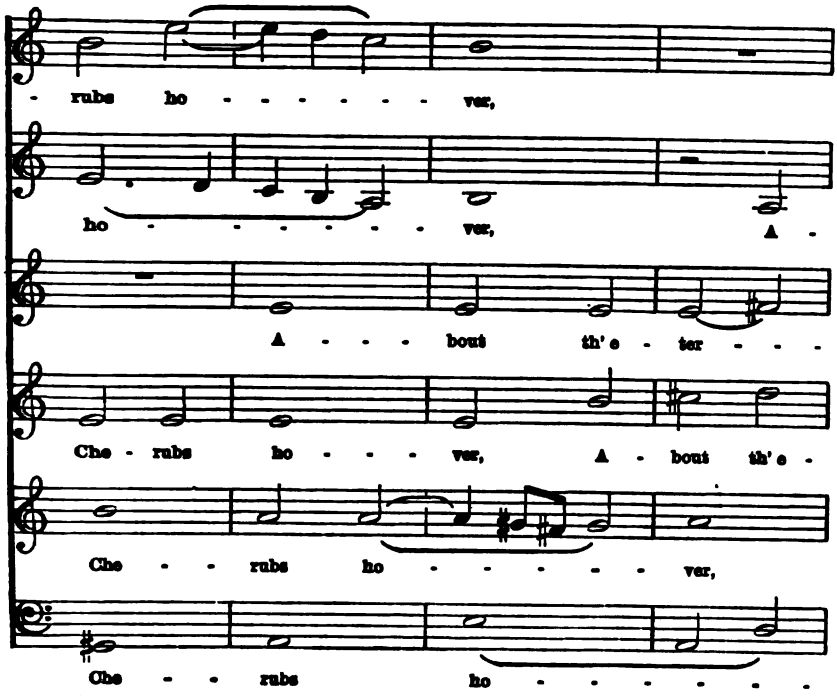

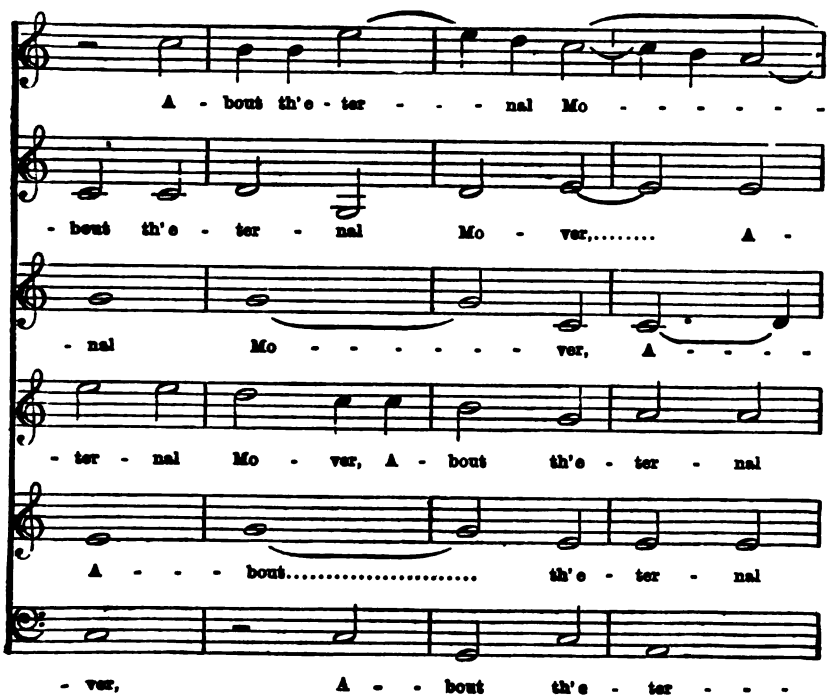

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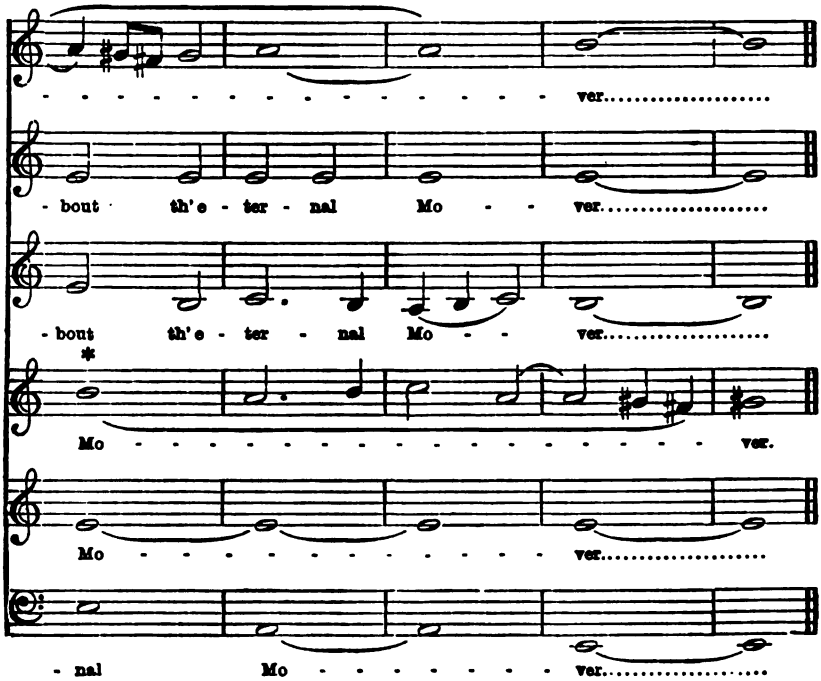

In the year in which this madrigal—for a true madrigal it is in spite of its title 'canzonet'—saw the light, Morley published his famous treatise called *A Plaine and Easie Introduction to Practicall Musicke*, in which the science of the time is supposed to be taught by means of dialogues. The book is essential to those who would know the rules of the early counterpoint, but it is not either plain or easy reading, since many of the terms are difficult to define, and the style is a marvel of involution. Morley seems to have allowed himself a greater amount of liberty than many of his contemporaries in respect of the modal character of his *canto fermo*, and in the example given it is not easy to be absolutely certain whether the Hypo-Æolian or the Phrygian should be named as the mode. On the former theory, the first tenor will be the modal part (the cadence is shown by the asterisk, as before), and the modulation into the dominant is by a breach of rule; on the latter, the second tenor is the modal part, and by way of exception descends by two degrees instead of one upon the final, E, at the seventh bar from the end. In this same year Nicholas Yonge published a second set of *Musica Transalpina*, in which one of the best known of Italian madrigals, the exquisite *Cinthia, thy Song*, of Giovanni Croce, found a place; and Morley collected a set of 'canzonets' from the authors of the same nation, comprising specimens of Anerio, Vecchi, Bassano, Viadana, and others. There is little trace of his composing, or at least publishing, any more music of his own after this date, but in 1598

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he obtained the same sort of monopoly that Byrd had enjoyed, and brought out yet another collection of Italian five-part madrigals. A far more important compilation of his must have been completed only a short time before his death; this was *The Triumphs of Oriana*, in which the composers of the period combined to celebrate Queen Elizabeth in a series of madrigals, formed on the pattern of a set first printed at Antwerp in 1601 under the title of *Il Trionfo di Dori*. Each of these ends with the words 'Viva la bella Dori,' a line which corresponds perfectly in rhythmical structure with the English refrain, 'Long live fair Oriana.' There is a considerable difficulty about the date of the *Oriana* collection; the fact that it bears the same date on the title-page as the collection on which it was modelled is of itself rather suspicious, but the presence of madrigals referring to the death of Elizabeth is still more startling, until we know that the collection, though dated 1601, did not make its actual appearance until 1603. The book is a lasting evidence of the high place attained by the English school of the day as compared with the composers of any other nation. The Englishmen unite the vigour of the Northerners with the sweetness of the Italians, and their skill in the manipulation of many parts is remarkable in almost every specimen. The writers seem to have vied with each other in making the refrain as elaborate as possible, and treating it with every kind of imitative device. Perhaps the most beautiful as well as the best known of the set is Weelkes's *As Vesta was from Latmos hill descending*, in which the splendid treatment of the refrain, with the bass singing the phrase in notes eight times as long as the notes sung by the other voices, is a never-failing source of wonder and delight. In the same madrigal, which is too easily accessible to require printing here, the little touches of realism at such passages as 'first two by two,' 'then three by three,' 'all alone,' 'came running all amain,' and so forth have a charming *naïveté* of their own. It is perhaps worth noting that John Milton, the father of the poet, was one of the composers represented. There also figures in the list the name of Ellis Gibbons, the elder brother of Orlando Gibbons, in whom the English school of this period was to find its consummation, and who had not come up from Cambridge at the time when the book was published.

Another of the *Oriana* composers, Richard Carlton, 'Priest, Batchelor in Musique,' brought out his own madrigals in 1601; one of them may serve as an example of the typical madrigal of the time, with its pretty words, its solid harmonies, and its elegance of structure. In the last bar of p. 269 will be noticed an F sharp in the alto part against an F natural in the first soprano. Such cases are too frequent in the madrigals of the best period to be attributed to the carelessness of printers, but if the effect be found to offend modern ears it is perhaps allowable to alter the alto part to F natural.

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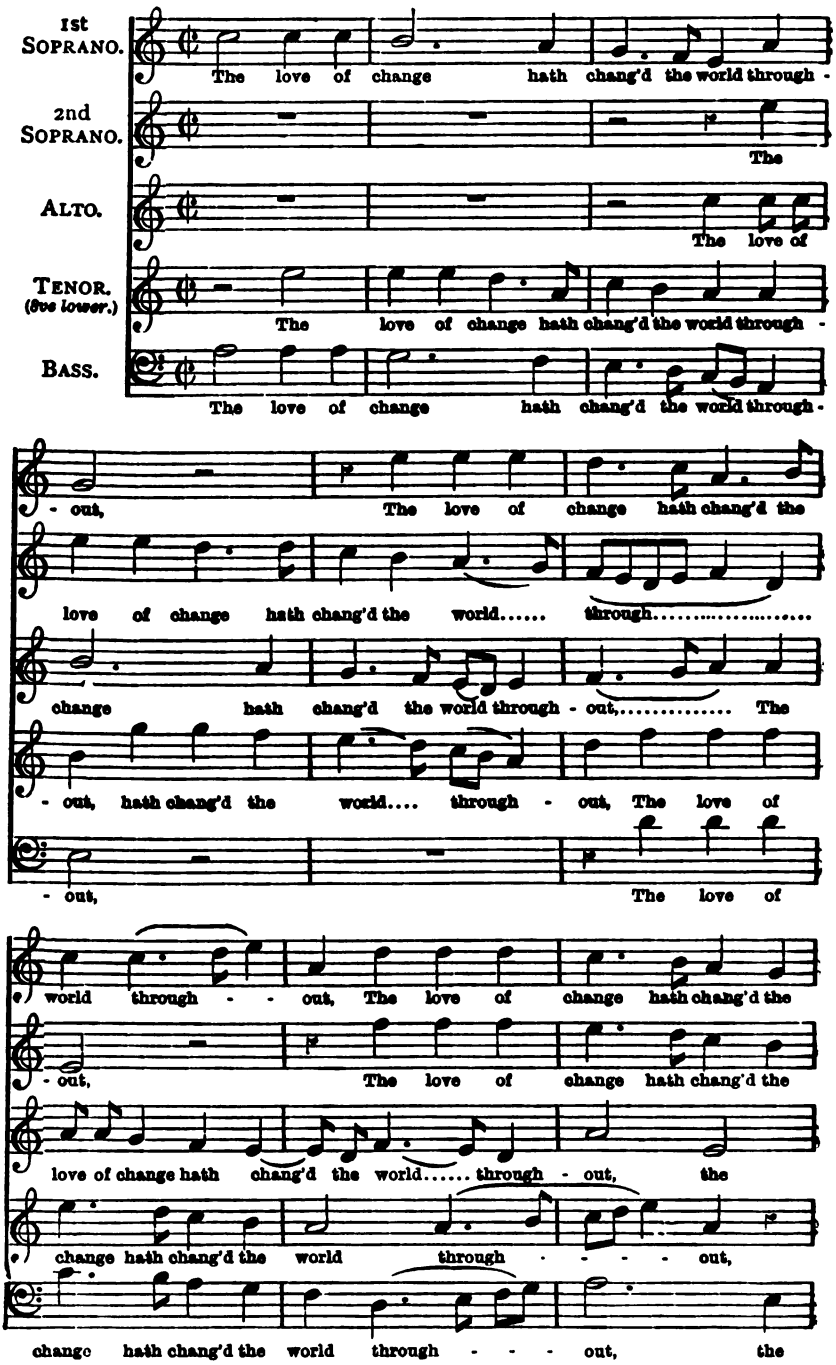
THE LOVE OF CHANGE

Rev. Richard Carlton, 1601



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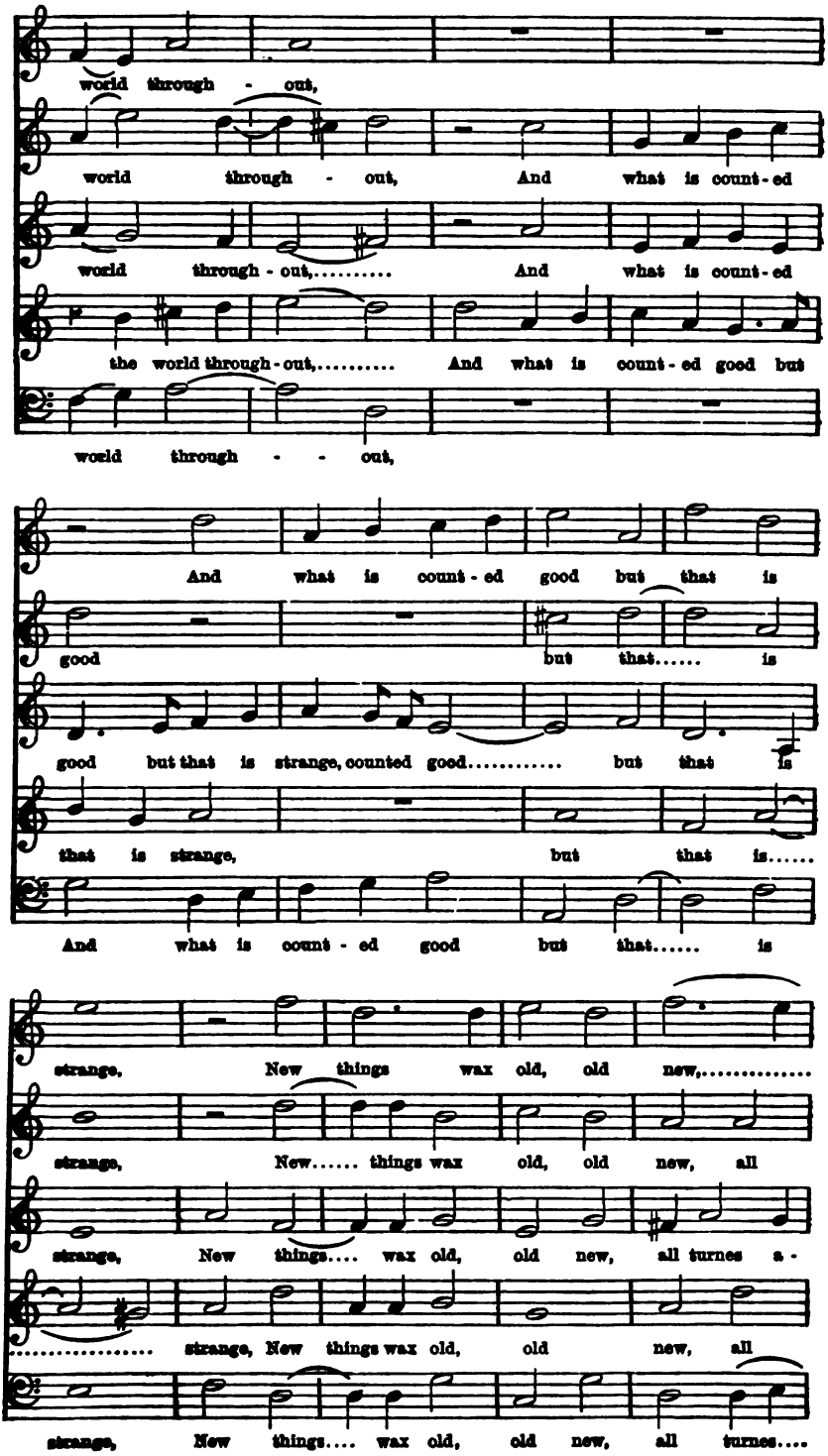

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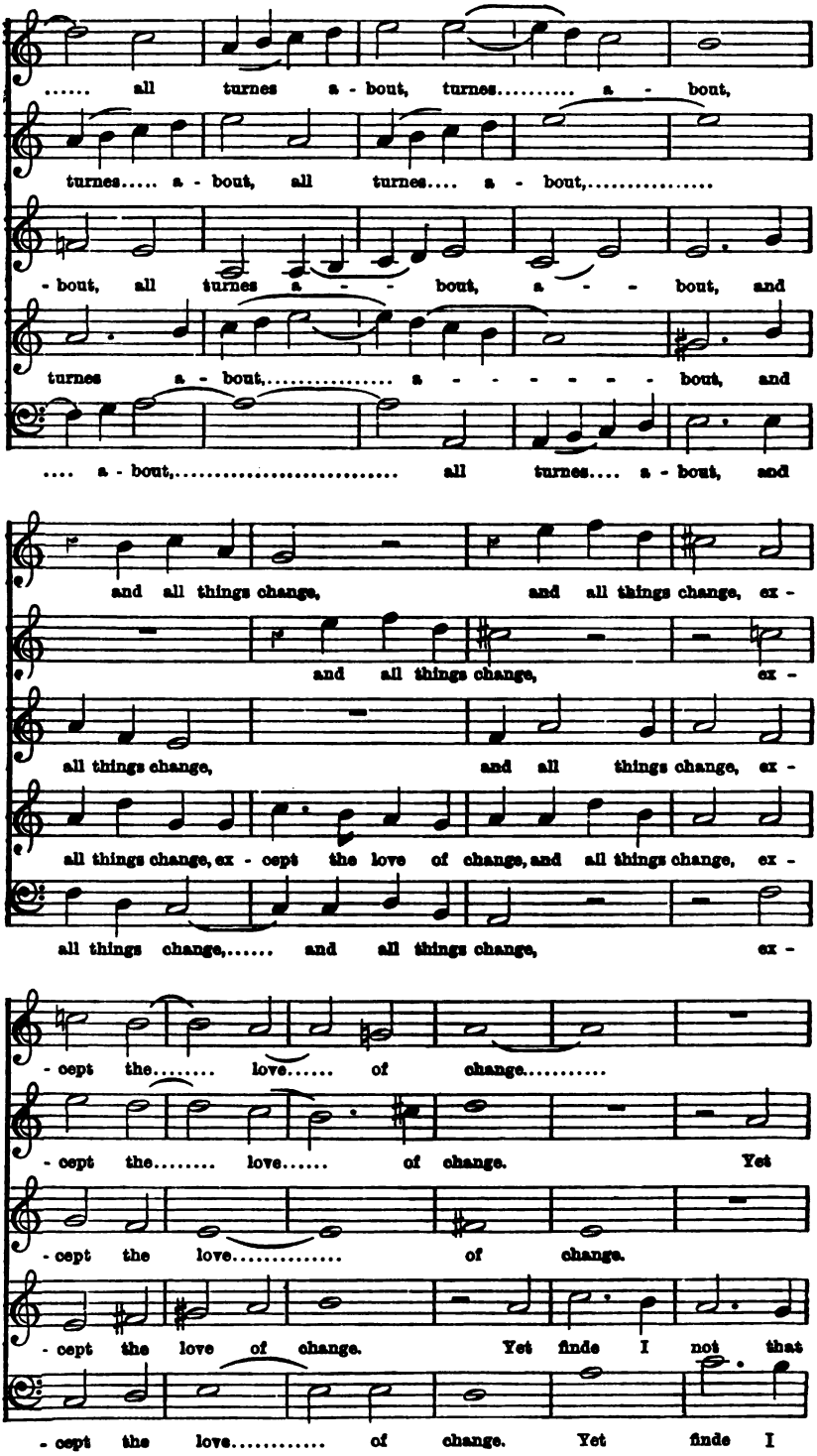

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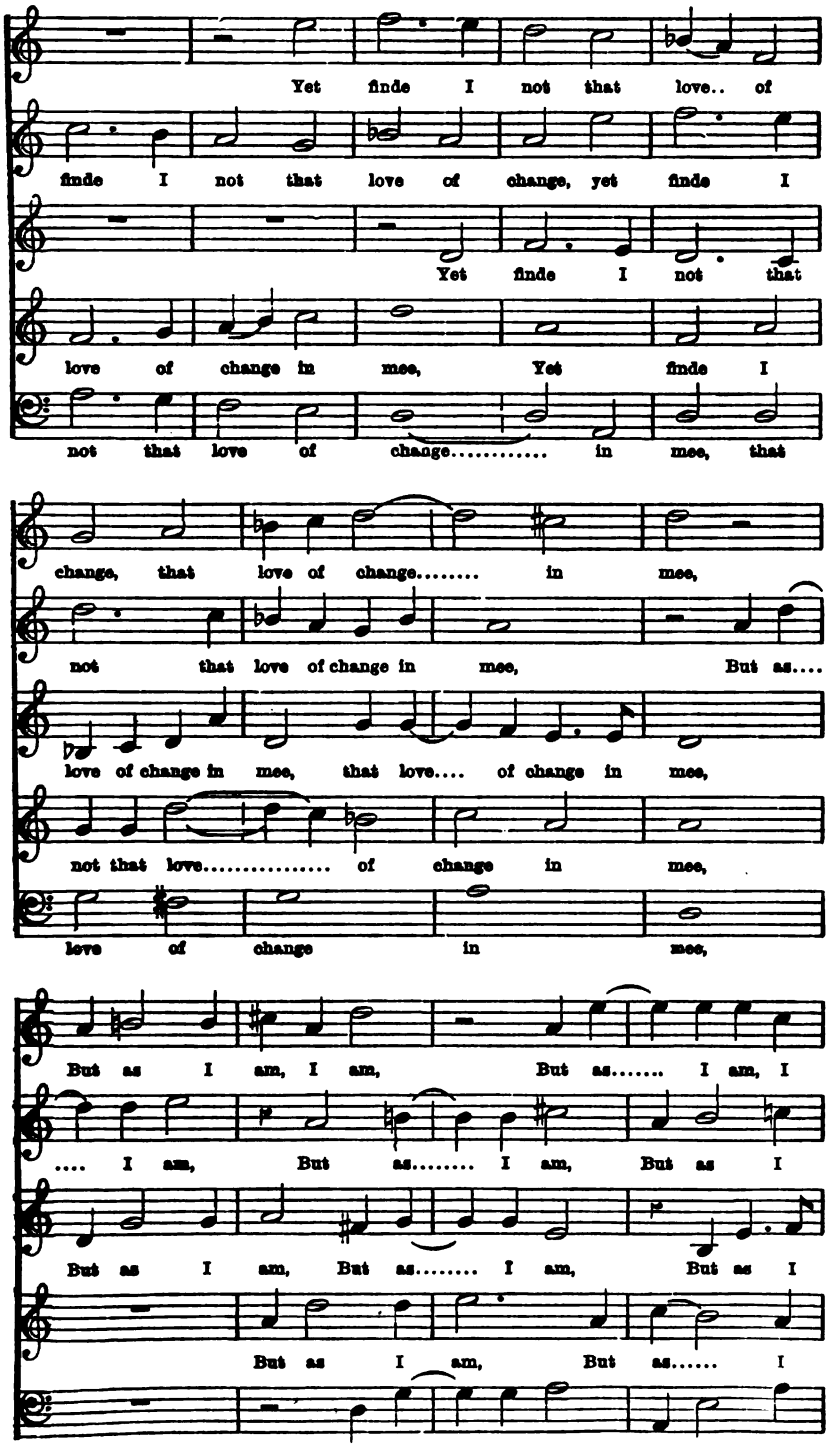

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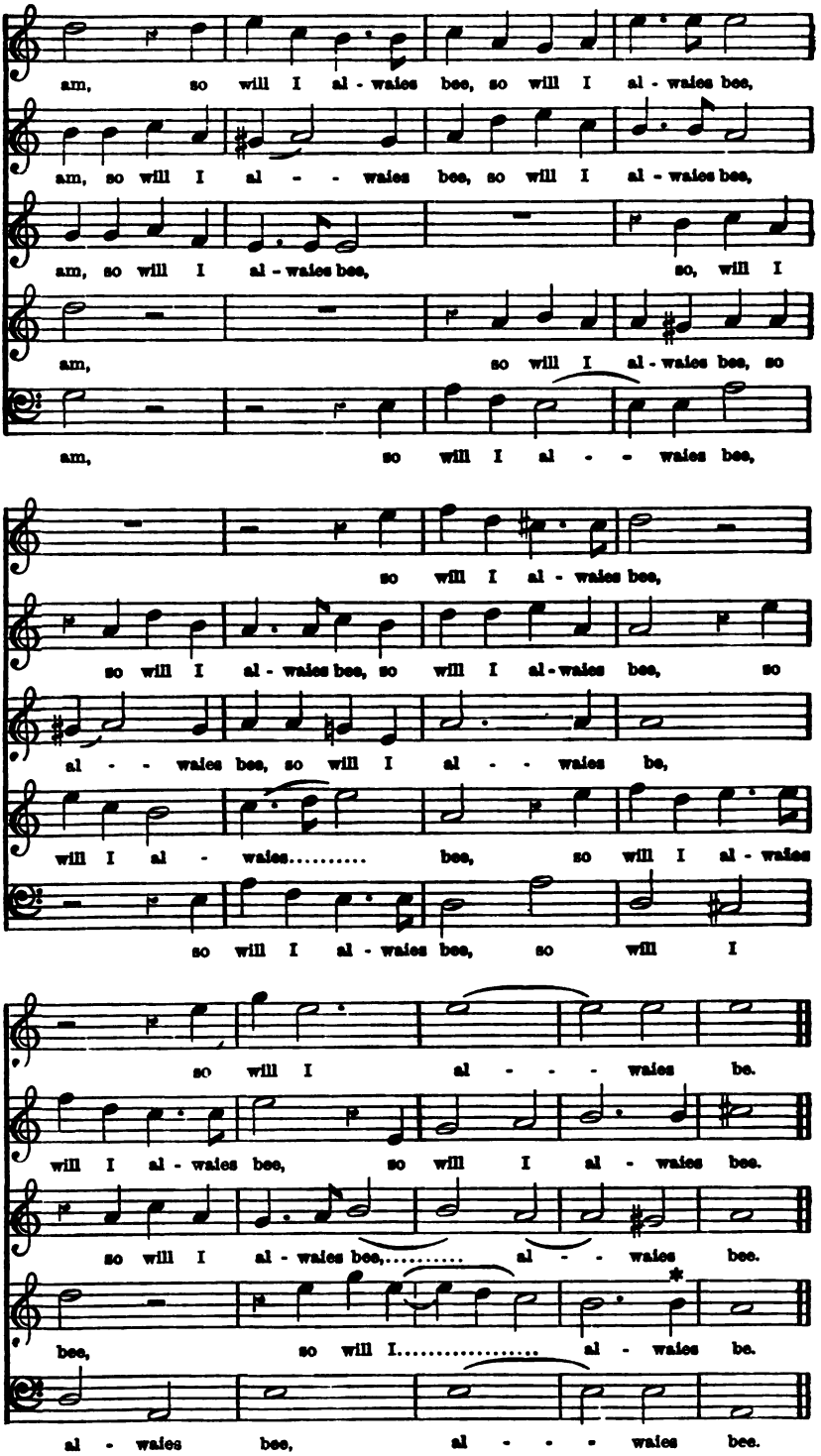

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The great artistic revolution of 1600, when in Italy the so-called 'monodic' style succeeded the older polyphony, was a long time making itself felt in England. The taste formed during the latter part of Elizabeth's reign was not lightly to be set aside, and the practice of singing madrigals must have formed part of the social life of England for a great many years after the strict rules of their structure were given up by the English composers. Orlando Gibbons, who died at Canterbury on Charles the First's wedding day, 1625, had assimilated in his later anthems much of the new style, but the great body of his compositions is purely in the old manner; among his madrigals, all of which have been reprinted, the best known is probably *The Silver Swan*, a piece of such simple beauty that it has survived in popular estimation until the present day. The pattern of the *Oriana* madrigals seems to have survived for some years after the publication of the collection. In a set dated 1613, by Henry Lichfield, occurs a fine five-part example, 'Whilst that my lovely Daphne,' with the refrain, 'Long live my lovely Daphne,' which shows, in its simple literalism of treatment and in many other points, traces of a conscious imitation of the *Oriana* set. It may have been composed at the same time as the rest of the collection, and, though not used in it, published for the first time among Lichfield's other works.

The latest entry in Rimbault's catalogue of madrigal publications (*Bibliotheca Madrigaliana*) is dated 1632, and the compositions in it depart so far from the old ideal that they are directed to be accompanied throughout, with an attempt at the dignity of an orchestra. The next hundred years saw, first, the rise and progress of monodic music under Child, Blow, Humfrey, and others, culminating in the short but glorious career of Henry Purcell; after his death came the domination of Handel, and the almost complete decay of our national music, or at least of such as had any character of its own. It is not merely that no madrigal publications were issued from the musical press, but we may be sure that the practice of singing in elaborate parts had been discontinued, or Handel is pretty certain to have appropriated some of its characteristics, as he did those of every other form in vogue in his time.

That the existence of the splendid Elizabethan school was not altogether lost sight of was due to the energy and enthusiasm of one man, John Immyns, by profession an attorney, who, apparently as a consequence of some youthful indiscretion which modern admirers of the madrigal will easily find it in their hearts to forgive, became copyist to Dr. Pepusch, and devoted himself throughout his life, not to the music in fashion then, but to that of the past; he taught himself the lute by studying Mace's *Musick's Monument*, and earned the lasting gratitude of modern musicians by founding the Madrigal Society in 1741. It is interesting to the student to notice how,

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in the zenith of Handel's fame, and the very year of the production of *The Messiah*, the small beginnings took place of what is to-day the oldest and one of the most flourishing musical associations in Europe. Hawkins says that most of the members in his day 'were mechanics, some weavers from Spitalfields, others of various trades and occupations, who were well versed in the practice of psalmody, and who, with a little pains and the help of the ordinary solmisation, which many of them were very expert in, became soon able to sing almost at sight a part in an English or even an Italian madrigal.' The more or less convivial character of their meetings has been preserved unchanged from the beginning, but the strict regard to the laws of the madrigal structure has been modified considerably in the course of years.

In spite of express conditions attached to certain prize competitions that have taken place from time to time, to the effect that the madrigals submitted were to be written 'after the manner of' those by the great writers of the past, it has happened more often than is at all satisfactory that the prize has been awarded to some part-song, or at best to a composition bearing but a superficial resemblance to the madrigal proper. It is even whispered that on one occasion a madrigal written in the severe style of the past was rejected because it was so evidently written in the style of Palestrina that it was imagined to be a literal reproduction. But, although there may not be quite the degree of artistic inflexibility about the meetings that some purists might wish, there is no denying that the Society does keep and has kept alive the taste for the best madrigals, and its retention of the old tradition of singing from separate part-books even in days when cheap editions are too much with us, is of itself a healthy sign. The formation of the Musical Antiquarian Society in 1840 gave a new though unhappily only a passing encouragement to the study of madrigals; between that year and 1847, sets of madrigals by Byrd, Morley, Weelkes, Bateson, Bennet, Wilbye, and Orlando Gibbons were published and edited with much care and learning. Though the composers of the early years of the nineteenth century for the most part cared but little for the madrigal form, seeking the easier honours of the more fashionable glee, three names must be mentioned of special distinction, William Beale (1784–1854), whose *Awake, sweet Muse*, is often mistaken for an old madrigal; R. L. de Pearsall (1795–1856), with his abundance of stirring and finely invented thoughts, and his extraordinary ease and skill of counterpoint, whose *Great God of Love, Lay a garland on my hearse*, and *Light of my soul*, are among the very few post-Elizabethan madrigals fit to be named with the genuine works of her date; and T. A. Walmisley (1814–1856), whose *Sweete flowres* would deceive any unsuspicious hearer as to its age. The one printed madrigal of W. S. Rockstro (1823–1895), *O too cruel fair*, is perhaps the work

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of all others which most closely conforms to the laws of the finest period. In recent years, the love of madrigals has been largely stimulated by the excellent performances of the Magpie Madrigal Society, which, under its admirable conductor, Mr. Lionel Benson, has done work of which the value cannot be overestimated. Such collections as Novello's *Glee Hive*, Landy's *Arion*, and the 'Old English Edition' of many madrigals and later compositions, edited by Mr. G. E. P. Arkwright, or the series of *Ausgewählte Madrigale* (of which the bulk are English works), edited by Mr. W. Barclay Squire (Breitkopf and Haertel), have done good work in making our younger musicians acquainted in a practical way with the limitations and the opportunities of the form. A famous modern specimen of the 'fa-la' or 'ballet,' though it is usually called a 'madrigal,' is the quartet 'Brightly dawns our Wedding Day' in Sir Arthur Sullivan's *Mikado*, in which many of the old rules are duly regarded; and in Professor Stanford's *Eden*, the splendid *Madrigale Spirituale*, 'Flames of pure love are we,' is masterly alike in construction and effect. Shortly before the death of Queen Victoria, the idea of celebrating her fame in the manner in which Queen Elizabeth was sung in *The Triumphs of Oriana* has borne rich fruit in the volume of compositions modestly styled 'Choral Songs' by various members of the modern English school. Among these there is not to be expected a too strict observance of the laws of the madrigal, but a considerable number of the thirteen compositions are real madrigals, while it is clear that several others of the composers have attempted more or less close imitations of the madrigal style. Professor Stanford's *Out of the windy west* would have commanded admiration in any age, and Sir John Stainer's *Flora's Queen* obeys the limits of the form, while in the contributions of Dr. H. Walford Davies, Dr. Charles Wood, Sir Walter Parratt, Dr. Arthur Somervell and Mr. A. M. Goodhart, new ideas have been fitted into the old forms. The purely modern side of the book, so to speak, is headed by Sir Hubert Parry, whose *Who can dwell with greatness?* is not the less a work of genius because it is cast in that development of the part-song form which he brought to perfection in *There rolls the deep*, and in others of the same series. One result the collection must have—to stimulate the taste for a branch of art in which Englishmen have a peculiar heritage, and to encourage our young composers in the practical acquaintance with the works of the past, so that they may at least attain that kind of ease in strict counterpoint which the madrigal, if properly understood, both requires and gives.

J. A. Fuller Maitland.

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THE BISHOPS AND THE REFORMATION SETTLEMENT

On the first day of this month a deputation representing the clerical signatories of the now familiar 'Appeal to the First Six Centuries' was to be received by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The idea underlying the movement seems to be that the period named, and none other, covers the whole ground of Catholic antiquity. Anglican theology of the best type has constantly and consistently accepted antiquity as its guide; but the appeal has been to antiquity as settled authoritatively by the Church, not as defined arbitrarily by round-robin. The Church's own reference to this august standard has, indeed, already been made. The result is with us to-day. It is known as the Reformation Settlement.

It ought to be unnecessary to insist on the fact that the Reformation Settlement was not brought about exclusively by the drastic changes made under the Tudor sovereigns. In truth, it was the resultant of many forces—the final outcome of a series of striking experiments and stirring experiences extending over several generations. The movement set going under Henry the Eighth, and guided as to its eventual direction by the strong and statesmanlike handling of Elizabeth, did not reach its goal until after the Restoration, at what —to borrow a memorable saying of Dr. Liddon—must ever be 'in the eyes of English Churchmen the sacred date of 1662.'

On the work of the Reformation in its purely negative and destructive aspect it is not uncommon to lay disproportionate stress, in strange forgetfulness of the fact that it had also a positive and constructive side—that its aim was, indeed, not a permanent unsettlement, but a very real and definitive settlement. The glibly uttered partisan charges of 'disloyalty to the Reformation' which a special tribunal is at present engaged in investigating, are based upon a one-sided view of that two-fold process of elimination and restoration which had for its object not merely to reject errors and correct abuses, but to re-assert old truths and to establish and perpetuate a complete system of ecclesiastical order and discipline. It follows that there are other possible modes of exhibiting unfaithfulness to Reforma-

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tion principles—an unfaithfulness of negligence, of omission, of defect, which are none the less real because the new Star Chamber may forbear to take account of them, and none the less insidious because, maybe, they are discernible in the highest ecclesiastical places. Dr. Liddon once observed [1] that the question, 'Do the Bishops obey the law?' is one which it is not disrespectful to ask, since it cannot in justice be ignored in this connection. No graver issue, indeed, could engage the attention of Churchmen than that involved in the inquiry how far their spiritual rulers are themselves acting in loyalty to the principles of the Reformation. If even to suggest a doubt on the point should seem undutiful, let a sufficient justification lie in the paramount claim which the Church possesses to the allegiance of all—not least of those who bear rule in her name; who, equally with the rest of the clergy, have solemnly promised obedience to lawful authority; who are themselves the servants of the Church, not its masters; and whose own example, whether of obedience or of disobedience, must have a vast and far-reaching influence over others.

Viewed in its totality, the Reformation Settlement in England presents three great facets. It may be considered, in relation to its effective results, in three principal spheres of activity—namely, Worship, Doctrine, and Polity.

I

So far as the first Reformers have indicated their aims in the preface to the Book of Common Prayer 'concerning the services of the Church'—a document written probably by Cranmer for Edward's first book, and printed in every succeeding issue—the actual *rationale* of the Reformation was the recasting of the public services and their restoration to a form in consonance with the 'godly and decent order of the ancient Fathers.' What has been the normal relation of the Anglican episcopate—roughly speaking, during the last sixty years—towards the Prayer-book? Will it be denied that, at the time when a revived spirit of loyalty to the Liturgy first animated the second order of the clergy, it was always the Bishops who sought to suppress the movement of reform; always the Bishops who, instead of correcting the ignorance of, took active sides with, the prejudiced opponents of the revival; always the Bishops who, while bestowing favour on many who neglected the plainest obligations, rebuked and persecuted those who were trying to render exact obedience to the Prayer-book?

How many episcopal charges delivered during the last half-century have urged on the clergy the recitation of the prescribed public service for morning and evening prayer 'daily throughout the year'; or emphasised the duty of observing the appointed holy days; or enjoined

[1] *Letter to Sir J. T. Coleridge*, 1871, p. 25.

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the reinstatement in its rightful place, as the principal Sunday service, of the one office in which 'the sermon' must be preached; or reminded them of the Prayer-book's positive directions with respect to confession and absolution?

When the Bishops were wont to complain of 'lawlessness,' did it never occur to them that their own example was scarcely calculated to stimulate the obedience of others? To take one small but significant instance. The same secular tribunal whose decrees they sought to impose on their clergy had incidentally laid on themselves the obligation of wearing copes in their cathedrals; yet the Bishops, with a few exceptions, calmly set this explicit ruling at defiance.

It is not so many years since their ecclesiastical rulers allowed men who originally desired only to obey the Prayer-book in all its rubrics to be prosecuted in courts which were believed to be unconstitutional and known to be biassed. They not infrequently forced their clergy to choose between disobedience to the Prayer-book and disobedience to their superiors. Such, as a matter of historic fact, was the genesis of that evil spirit of confirmed lawlessness which has since proved so difficult to lay. Had the Anglican episcopate in those periods of acute stress been itself loyal to the Prayer-book, it might without serious difficulty have guided, controlled, and where necessary restrained, the reforming, and occasionally too exuberant, enthusiasm of clergy and laity.

In a different but perhaps more disastrous way the spirit of liturgical anarchy owes a stimulus to episcopal action. The Bishops of the Tait period, by promoting what is commonly known as the Shortened Services Act of 1872, familiarised men's minds with the notion that almost any liberty, either of omission or of addition, may be taken with the services of the Prayer-book. To this cause is directly attributable the prevalent disregard of liturgical authority on the part not merely of one section of the Church but of all alike.

II

In elucidation of the reformed Anglican position, viewed on its doctrinal side, its leading characteristics can be summed up in three propositions: (1) That the Church of England is essentially and in the strictest sense a teacher of dogma; (2) that it professes to ground all its teaching on Scripture, as on a sure and certain basis; and (3) that it declares the Catholic Church, of which it claims to be an integral portion, to be 'the witness and keeper of Holy Writ.' Here, as in a nutshell, lies the gist of the Reformation Settlement with respect to doctrine.

If there be one thing specially distinctive of the Book of Common Prayer, it is its uncompromising enunciation of Catholic dogma—its unswerving adherence to a type of teaching removed as far as the

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poles asunder from the vague and invertebrate compromise known as undenominationalism.

To the Churchman the vagueness of undenominationalism is a thing essentially repugnant; yet he is at this moment menaced with a universal, compulsory, State-endowed system of 'undenominational' religious teaching in the primary schools. Already the vast majority of the children of Church parents—in London no less than three-fourths of the whole number—are attending schools in which they are taught, not their own faith, but the tenets of a brand-new religion obligingly invented for their benefit by a scratch committee of theological amateurs in 1871. It is possible to suggest that if the Bishops in 1870 had but possessed a little grit they might have ensured the defeat of the fateful Cowper-Temple clause. It is safe to assert that if in 1902 they had taken their courage in both hands, they might have secured not only the repeal of that proviso, but also the rejection of the Kenyon-Slaney amendment.

Neither in the State schools nor even in its own has the Church now any security that in time to come its children will be taught its faith. The gravest doubt exists, as Mr. Athelstan Riley showed in his recently published letter to Archbishop Davidson, as to the ability of the Church schools in the near future to offer a successful resistance to those who plot their downfall. Their sole chance of survival lies in a prompt and united effort on the part of Churchpeople, under the leadership of the Bishops, to make sure that the school buildings erected by them shall remain Church property. Yet at this crucial moment Dr. Davidson can placidly assure an expert lawyer like Mr. Cripps, K.C., and the hard-headed business men of Lancashire who founded the Church Schools Emergency League, that their fears are groundless, that they are the victims of hallucination, and that everything is for the best in the best of all possible circumstances. The Archbishop's cheery and well-meant optimism may for the time soothe public opinion; but when their baptized children shall have been irretrievably deprived of their just rights, and driven by State compulsion into the arms of a hostile, and especially Unitarian, proselytism, Churchmen will derive but cold comfort from the reflection that the men responsible above all others for this fatal *finale* to the long struggle are the occupants of the episcopal bench.

In no respect is the pronounced bias entertained by the larger and more influential section of the English Bishops against the Church's dogmatic teaching exemplified more clearly than in their handling of the Athanasian Creed. That a formula which is none the less in substance a statement of belief because it is in form a psalm—which, notwithstanding the obscurity of its origin, has won its way to acceptance as an authoritative exposition of the faith of Western Christendom, Roman, Anglican, and even to a great extent Protestant, alike—which, even in the unchanging East, has for at least seven centuries

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enjoyed the sanction of the Holy Orthodox Church—should now have its merits depreciated and its use in public worship deprecated by Bishops of the Church of England, is a fact fraught with ominous significance.

To assert that, because the *Quicumque* was in pre-Reformation days recited at Prime, therefore it was unused by the laity, would be irrelevant even if it were not absurdly incorrect. The probability is that the *Quicumque* was assigned to Prime for the very reason that the laity commonly attended that service. But the important point is that to adapt the breviary offices for popular use was, liturgically speaking, the leading purpose of the Reformation. The *Quicumque* was taken over into the Reformed Book just as was the Psalter itself, and as were the *Benedicite*, the *Te Deum*, and the Gospel canticles. To object to the process of transfer and adaptation in the solitary case of one canticle is illogical in the extreme. The increased prominence ultimately given to the *Quicumque* in the Reformed Service-book is in itself a startling proof of the danger soon found to be threatening the Reformation movement from the side of Unitarianism. Does no similar peril menace the Church of England to-day? It is declared, by some who have enjoyed unexcelled opportunities for studying the present state of the Episcopal Church in America, that that body is honeycombed with the heresy named. Yet this is the Church whose example in the matter of silencing the *Quicumque vult* English Churchmen are being invited to follow.

The question may be pressed home whether there is not a special necessity at this very hour, when it is claimed that such doctrines as the Virgin Birth and the Resurrection shall henceforth be regarded as open questions, and when the Kenotic theory, borrowed from Professor Godet of Neuchatel, of the limitation of Christ's knowledge while He was on earth, is supported by arguments savouring of Nestorianism, that the great Catholic formula which so effectually safeguards the fundamental doctrine of the Christian faith should be preserved intact.

The clamour of sundry malcontents notwithstanding, there is no evidence that the mass of the English laity is hostile to the retention of the *Quicumque vult*. The allegation casts a grave and unmerited slur on the great silent majority of laymen. Thirty years ago, when the same assertion had been for many months confidently and repeatedly put forward, the laity were at last roused, under the leadership of Lord Beauchamp, Lord Salisbury, Mr. Shaw Stewart, Lord Addington, Lord Aldenham, Mr. Beresford Hope, and other noted Churchmen, to repudiate the charge with crushing energy. In face of the spirited opposition of 38,000 *bona-fide* communicants, even Archbishop Tait and the Bishops who agreed with him were compelled to desist from the assault on this inner citadel of the Faith.

A striking characteristic of certain recent attacks on the

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Quicumque—a formulary not only prescribed by the Church but prized by generations of devout people—has been the contemptuous indifference shown towards the feelings of those to whom the Prayer-book is a thing sacred and apart. In no controversial discussion is it permissible to have recourse to vituperation: least of all when the subject in debate is Christian doctrine.

It were regrettable enough that any professing Churchman should think it becoming to denounce and even to vilify a formula to which the laity no less than the clergy stand committed. It is a serious aggravation of the scandal that this should be done in the public Press, that the greatest of all religious mysteries, from the very mention—let alone the discussion—of which even the most mundane habitually shrink, should be held up to scorn in some newspaper diatribe wedged in between the Divorce Court reports and the latest betting odds. All this is the subject of painful surprise, yet hardly more so than the fact that from no episcopal lips have these methods of controversy received the faintest rebuke. The debates in Convocation might be searched in vain for any tokens of commiseration for those whose religious convictions have been outraged by this riot of ribaldry. The speeches of the Bishops abound in expressions of sympathy with the Churchmen who proclaim their dissidence from the Church's teaching, while the Churchmen who, accepting that teaching, only object to be robbed of it, are regarded almost with disfavour. History repeats itself. Archbishop Tait publicly lamented the hard fate of three young men in his diocese who, but for the Athanasian Creed, would have desired ordination. But when, within a few days of this announcement being made, more than three hundred Oxford candidates for ordination informed his Grace that any tampering with the Creed would deter them from seeking Orders, the Archbishop vouchsafed no reply.

As to the thorny subject of Biblical inspiration, the theory now in vogue, that the Bible contains an admixture of truth with error, involves an important corollary. In default of an absolute power of discriminating between the true and the false, the appeal to Scripture as the sole basis of true belief becomes a futility. To maintain that the Bible is liable to error, and yet that it remains as before, the standard of doctrine, is to play with words. The matter is in no way mended by the plea—we had almost said the parrot-cry—that 'the Church has never defined the meaning or the mode of inspiration.' It is obvious to reply that till quite recent times the fact—however explained—of the inspiration of Scripture has never been doubted or called in question, and that, therefore, the necessity for a definition has arisen, if at all, only of late years. A doctrinal position that has been accepted by the whole Church from the beginning possesses precisely the same authority that would belong to it if it had been solemnly propounded by a General Council. It stands to

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reason that if the Catholic Faith is a matter not of human opinion but of Divine certainty, and if, further, the sole ultimate ground of that Faith is the warranty of Scripture, then Scripture itself must be entirely trustworthy. The certain cannot rely for sanction upon the uncertain. No one will dare to deny that the Reformation Settlement rests avowedly on the appeal to Scripture, or can dispute the inference that the Church of England regards the Sacred Books, whose witness and keeper it claims to be, as necessarily preserved from all error and falsehood.[2]

As to the alleged results of Biblical criticism the last word has not been spoken. The conclusions regarded with so much complacency by many of the Bishops may or may not continue to command support, may or may not be acceptable to those who prefer the objective testimony of archæological research to the subjective impressions of German and Dutch professors and the English devotees of Jerahmeel. Amid so much uncertainty the one thing certain is that, for those who admit that Scripture is disfigured by error, its authority must be a continuously waning force. In this undoubted fact the Bishops may perhaps discover at least a partial solution of the harassing problem why it is that the supply of suitable candidates for the ministry has of late years fallen off. It may be of interest to quote the following extract from a letter recently written by a student of a well-known theological college:

> Like most of the men here, I am sick to death of the Higher Criticism. The Principal's lectures are full of it. I suppose the case is much the same in all theological colleges. The Principal upset us, too, by advocating alterations in the Athanasian Creed, and by saying that the gates of hell might prevail against the Church. One man remarked, 'The Bible has gone, the Creed and the Church have gone, and all we have left is the Royal Commission.'

III

The third of the leading features of the Reformation Settlement already named is its Church polity. Within the last few years the Bishops have initiated a movement for setting up an entirely new embryo spiritual legislature—novel as to its basis, novel as to its structure, novel as to its mode of working. The laity have been represented as keenly desirous of obtaining a leading share in ecclesiastical government. The average layman really wants nothing of the kind. To help to govern the Church is the last object likely to fire his ambition, and such matters as ecclesiastical tinkering, liturgical revision, meddling with formularies, and, indeed, 'new-fangledness' of any sort, lie wholly outside the province of his desires.

[2] See a paper by the Abbot of Downside in the *Tablet*, January 14, 1905, in which it is shown that the plenary inspiration of Scripture was taught by the Fathers and the Schoolmen, put aside in favour of a theory of limited inspiration by the Jesuits, and reaffirmed in the 'Providentissimus Deus' of Leo the Thirteenth.

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A grave initial objection is that the proposal seems to touch the Royal supremacy rather nearly. By whose authority is this national Council to be convoked? What precedent is there for the summoning of a Council save by the Sovereign? Have National Church Councils ever been held in England as part of the normal machinery of ecclesiastical government? Moreover, in what relation will the new body stand towards the ancient convocations of this realm, which can only enact canons by Royal licence? Is it to be competent to override decisions of either Convocation; or, itself taking the initiative, will it leave them merely the function of registering its decrees?

Of far graver importance than even these weighty points of pure order is the novel pretension of laymen to govern the Church, an assumption which has been held to be inconsistent with those principles of the Church universal by which the Church of England professes itself bound. Such an innovation cannot, it is contended, be justified by an appeal to history. Men of learning have sought, successfully or the reverse, to make out a case on behalf of lay co-operation at Synods. In primitive times the Bishops would quite naturally consult the laity on certain subjects, especially on points of discipline. But this admitted fact affords neither proof nor presumption that laymen were constituent members of Synods. The late Dr. Bright[3] has reminded us that the primitive layman, as a communicant, was kept in touch with ecclesiastical questions and personally amenable to severe discipline. It is not denied that many English laymen are in like manner thoroughly competent to give their advice and co-operation in religious affairs. On the other hand, the decay of lay discipline enables any man to call himself a lay member of the Church without accepting its creed or sharing in its ordinances; while, though possibly knowing little or nothing of such questions, he is ready to pronounce off-hand on points he has never really studied.

The new proposal, while denying the lay franchise to all women indiscriminately, confers it light-heartedly on a male non-communicant, provided only that he be a ratepayer, and that he sign a worthless declaration of Church membership. In this way it subordinates the rights of the genuine laity to the claims of those who are not entitled to bear that honourable name. The scheme is condemned by competent authorities as revolutionary, as unconstitutional, as un-Catholic, as inequitable, as unpractical, as irreligious, while as a remedy for existing troubles it may prove infinitely worse than the disease.

The serious perils which menace the Church of England, whether from irregularities in its worship, or from attacks on its system of dogmatic belief, or from attempts to revolutionise its constitution,

[3] *Some Aspects of Primitive Church Life*, pp. 95 sqq.

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are the measure of its grave divergence from the standard of the great and beneficent Reformation Settlement. It is suggested that there has been a failure to carry out the constructive principles which underlay that Settlement, that there is urgent need of a return to the old paths, and that unless reform begin from the top, all attempts to ameliorate 'disorders in the Church' are doomed beforehand to failure.

GEORGE ARTHUR.

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THE CHURCH ARMY AND THE RECLAMATION OF CRIMINALS

DURING every twelve months some 200,000 persons are discharged from the various convict establishments and prisons of England and Wales. Without going into exact figures, or attempting to classify the offences committed by this great army, equal in number to the population of a considerable town, according to their several degrees of moral obliquity, I venture to think it incontestable that the proportion of criminals to population is far too high. Any well-directed effort to decrease the proportion claims the earnest attention of all who are interested in social reform.

The society with which I am connected has been attempting for years to carry out the work of reclamation of ex-prisoners, both inside the prisons and without, on a fairly large scale, and on a system not recognised, or at all events not fully practised, by any other organisation; with what measure of success it is for others to pronounce rather than myself. In this article I propose to give a short statement of the principles on which the Church Army works in reclaiming prisoners, of the methods by which those principles are put in force, and of the results.

The only possible foundation for building up a remedial system is the recognition of the fact that the criminal is a man of like passions with ourselves, moved by much the same motives (perverted though they may be), and with much the same capacity for good and evil. It is impossible to draw a sharp line, and to call those on the one side sheep and those on the other goats. Any scheme which regards the criminal as belonging to a class apart, which refuses to treat him as a brother, albeit a weak and erring one, is foredoomed to failure, for the reason that it refuses to acknowledge facts. To adopt towards the criminal an attitude which says in effect 'Stand aside, for I am holier than thou,' is fatal to any prospect of success. I am the more inclined to insist on this point because I believe that disregard of it is the cause of many failures. Quite without intention to offend, and with the most earnest wish to do good, many excellent people make the error of falling into this Pharisaical spirit towards prisoners,

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and of continually reminding them of their faults, in season and out of season. Any man would resent such treatment as this; and I do not know any reason why an ex-convict should be supposed to be more thick-skinned than the rest of us.

The habitual criminal often comes out of prison with an intention, more or less fully formed, of living honestly in future, if only for the reason that he prefers the outside of a gaol to its interior. He would just as soon earn his living honestly as otherwise if he could see his way to it; but at the same time he has no prejudice in favour of honesty, and if in order to live he finds that he must steal, steal he will.

Many things go against the ex-prisoner in his attempt to lead an honest life. On leaving prison he naturally goes to whatever he may regard in the light of a home, and there he is certain to meet with old associates. In their company he quickly squanders whatever gratuity he received on leaving prison, and he is faced by the problem of maintaining life. He falls into old ways, with the old ending of the police and another term of imprisonment. If, in execution of his good intentions, he avoids old haunts and old associates, and seeks for work, he quickly discovers that every man's hand is against him. The only reference that he can give as to character is to the governor of his last prison. Who will give employment to such a man? As soon as he mentions his last address he is shown the nearest way to the street with more celerity than politeness. If he should get safely through this ordeal and obtain work, he will speedily find that other men refuse to work alongside of a gaol-bird, and the employer has perforce to send him away. What wonder if he become an Esau? He must live; and if society will not afford him an honest livelihood he must seek a dishonest one. It is necessity, not any special sinfulness on his part, that says to him, 'Make a living, honestly if you can, but make it somehow.' This may be an imperfect view to take of the everlasting obligations of morality; but when we admit that the habitual criminal is a being strangely compounded of imperfections, we say no more than that he is like other men. It would show finer morality to prefer starvation to theft; yet I think that the majority of men have good reason to pray that they may not be led into that temptation.

No one in particular is to blame for this state of things. Self-preservation requires that we should not admit into our houses, or entrust with our goods, a man with the prison taint still warm upon him; and if he makes great profession of repentance, sad experience warns us to guard our belongings with still more jealous care. In many instances it would be of no benefit to the man himself to put him in any position of trust. He is fresh from prison discipline, from having every hour and minute of the day mapped out for him, from habitually looking to others to tell him what to do and what to

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leave undone, down to small details. If he ever had backbone or moral principle to enable him to resist temptation, his sojourn within four walls has for the time sapped his powers, and they must be built up again. To receive such a man as if he had an unimpeachable character would be in many cases simply to offer him the opportunity of a quick return to the place whence he came. He wants a moral convalescent hospital, where he may recover his strength of will.

When I say that the criminal is to be treated as a brother, I do not mean that towards him is to be shown that sentimental tenderness which would transfer the burthen of his faults to the shoulders of his ancestors, or attribute the blame of them to his bringing-up or his surroundings. Heredity, education, environment, each of these has had its share in making the man what he is; but for all that he is himself responsible for his own faults and must bear their burthen himself. With all the help that can be given it will be a heavy one to carry. All men are more or less handicapped in this way in the race of life, and the ex-prisoner carries a heavier weight than most of his fellows. If he be worth anything at all he will struggle on in spite of the weight; but there it is, and he will carry it to the grave. Not before that can he lay it down, and meanwhile let us help him to bear it bravely and hopefully. Let him see that it is not every man's hand that is against him, and that there are honest men who are not ashamed to take him by the hand and call him friend, and who are ready to stand at his side and aid him as he tries to climb painfully out of the slough into which he has fallen.

A lesson which the ex-criminal must learn is that of the advantages of a steady ordered course of life, and the value not only of the rewards of work, but of steady and regular work itself. In many cases it will be an entirely new idea to the man that work is anything but a hateful necessity, and in this he does not differ from millions of people who ought to be better informed. Most probably the only notion of work which has presented itself to him is as a disagreeable process which must be gone through in order to acquire the means of self-indulgence; and the idea of work as the chief, I will not say object, but occupation, of a man's life will be quite new to him, and he will want educating up to it before he is able to understand its merits. To assist him in reaching this point he must receive regular wages at the fair market worth of his services, and must be made to understand that nothing is given to him as a gift, but as the due and lawful reward of his toil. To this end also he must pay for whatever is supplied to him in the way of bed and board. Nothing will so tend to raise him in his own estimation, and to give him self-respect and self-confidence, as the knowledge that he is supporting himself by the work of his own hands, that he is paying his way and even saving money. To subsist on charity will never give him moral power, but

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if he be treated as I have suggested he will insensibly lose the tone and manner of the gaol-bird, and will acquire the aspect of the free and honest man who can look the whole world in the face without shame. He will lose the habit of expecting things to come to him without toil; he will become self-reliant and able to struggle against the force of circumstance and of temptation without and within; so that when his time of probation is over he will be able to play the man in the heat of the battle of life.

He must be well fed, so that his bodily powers may be maintained at their full strength, and (if it exists) the craving for strong drink kept under; and the process of instilling self-respect imperatively requires that he shall be decently housed and that his surroundings shall be such as to show him the pleasures of decency and cleanliness.

There must be some one, not indeed always at his elbow, but always within reach, who will take the trouble to learn his character, who will encourage him when he does well, and will check any tendency to ill-doing, and to whom he knows that he can turn as to a friend with the certainty of sympathy and help.

Although I have the habitual criminal chiefly in mind, yet the principles I have endeavoured to lay down apply also to the ex-prisoner who is not yet confirmed in his wrong-doing; and in his case they can be put into practice with great hope of saving him from sinking into the ranks of the criminal class. The first offender and the casual prisoner are naturally more hopeful subjects than the habitual criminal, the man whose whole life has been spent in going into and coming out of gaol.

These principles seem to me to contain not truth alone, but truism; and I should hardly have ventured to set them forth at large were it not that experience teaches me that they are not practically put into force by any organisation other than the Church Army.[1]

To what the Church Army does inside prisons I shall refer in the briefest possible manner, this branch of our operations coming rather under the head of evangelistic effort than of the social work with which I am here concerned. Agents of the Church Army visit all the convict establishments and the great majority of the local prisons at regular intervals to hold missions, extending as a rule over eight days. In addition to preaching in the chapels, our missioners visit each prisoner who desires it (and a great many do desire it) in his cell. It so chances that I have before me, as I write, a letter from a discharged convict for whom we found employment after a time of probation, and this letter is an illustration of this branch of the subject too apt to be passed by After referring to his being steadily

[1] To prevent possible misapprehension, I may say that our operations, so far as prisons are concerned, are practically limited to England and Wales. Questions of religion would probably make our ministrations unwelcome in Scotland or Ireland.

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at work, and intending to continue in an honest course of life, the writer says:

> D. (one of the Church Army missioners) visited me in Dartmoor Prison, and he gave me good advice, and he told me to come to you when I was discharged. He used to make me cry the way he used to speak to me about my children when I was in my lonely cell. I have only got you to thank for the way I am placed now.

The writer of this letter belonged to the class of habitual criminals, having suffered three terms of penal servitude, as well as minor sentences. The letter may speak for itself. It is no doubt possible to criticise its tone and method of expression, but it will serve to show that preaching, even to convicts, is not quite barren of result. It is but one instance out of many which I could quote to the like effect; so that the visits of our missioners, although they are primarily directed towards religious matters, are a not unimportant factor in our work of social reclamation.

I may say in passing that prison governors and chaplains—indeed, all classes of prison authorities from the Prison Commissioners downwards—have welcomed our assistance, and given us valuable co-operation in carrying out whatever work we wish to undertake, both within the prisons and among prisoners after their discharge; indeed, it is self-evident that without their support no such systematic work as we have accomplished would have been possible.

To return to our strictly social work, my colleague, Mr. Colin F. Campbell, the Honorary Social Secretary of the Church Army, visits each of the convict establishments at regular intervals, and has a separate interview with every man who is to be discharged during the few months following. He puts before him the opportunity of being discharged direct to one of the society's homes, and explains the advantages which he may obtain by accepting the offer. To many a man during the time immediately preceding his discharge, it is a godsend to know of some place whither he can go when he first leaves prison. The prospect of the shock of first facing the world is a terrible one to a man still possessing any feeling of shame or delicacy; and the knowledge that he can go straight to people who know all about him, and who are, nevertheless, ready to receive him, is to such a man like lifting a heavy burthen from his shoulders. Arrangements are so made that a man who agrees to enter a labour home passes direct from the custody of the prison officers to the care of the Church Army, without any interval during which his good resolutions might perhaps be scattered to the winds.

Our labour homes are brought to the notice of men in the London and other local prisons in a variety of ways: some learn of them from the chaplain or prison officers, others from a Church Army evangelist during a mission, others again are attracted by hearing

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that we have been able to do something for his wife and little ones to help them over the evil time until the bread-winner is out again. If we know of a prisoner who desires to come to us, we are always ready to meet him at the prison door. This of itself is no small thing. If for months a man has not heard a kind word or received a grasp of the hand in friendship, his heart naturally warms to the first man who greets him in this manner on his return to freedom.

Of labour homes, where ex-prisoners are received, we have more than forty in London and other large towns, so that there is no prison which is not within fairly easy reach of a home. Each home is in charge of a man specially trained for the work, one who can be depended on to justify his title of 'Father' of the home, and to act as the guide, philosopher, and friend of the men sent to him. If he is a married man, his wife is known as the 'Mother' of the home, and not only acts as housekeeper, but in numberless ways is able to make her womanly influence and sympathy felt by the inmates.

Any one who set out to search for a Church Army labour home would very likely return disappointed. They are places which make no show, being very commonly large old dwelling-houses in districts once well-to-do, but now decayed. Each supplies accommodation for some twenty-five men. More than this number is undesirable, for there is risk in herding together any great number of men of criminal antecedents, and five-and-twenty is as great a number as the 'Father' of a home can supervise properly. It is his object to make the acquaintance of each man, not superficially, but so as to gain a true knowledge of him, an insight into his character and needs, of the causes which have led to his downfall, and the most hopeful method of raising him again. In nearly all the homes it is possible to supply each man with a separate cubicle, so that he may become possessed of a place which he can call his own, and every man is provided with a proper bedstead and bedding. Each home makes its own arrangements for feeding the inmates. The scale of diet recommended for use contemplates four meals a day, with meat always at one, sometimes at two, of them. Inasmuch as we have been blamed for extravagance, pampering, and the like, let me hasten to say that the average cost works out at 3*s*. 6*d*. per man per week. To feed an able-bodied man, practically unstinted in what he eats, for 6*d*. a day does not strike me as extravagant; and the money is well spent, for a man assuredly cannot work, even if he will, if he is suffering from hunger. For his board and lodging, which includes use of recreation rooms, each man is charged 6*s*. a week. Of the balance of his wages, which in many cases amount to 10*s*. or 12*s*. a week, 1*s*. is paid to the man as pocket-money, and the remainder is hoarded for him, to be paid to him, with his prison gratuity, if any, on his leaving the home. The work is paid for as piece work, at a fair market rate, and consists of wood-chopping, paper-sorting, bill-distributing, anything that

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a man is fit for. Some of a better social position do type-writing, envelope-addressing, and other clerk's work.

The regulations of the homes are as few and as little vexatious as possible. Every man is compelled to work, and if, after trial, he refuses to do so, he must go to make room for some one who will. There are always many willing to fill his place. Every man, while he is an inmate of a home, must be a teetotaller. This also is a law of the Medes and Persians, and any breach of it after fair warning is visited with dismissal. Attendance at a very short service in the home is expected morning and evening, and on Sundays each man must go once to a place of worship of his own denomination, but beyond this there are no religious observances, and every care is taken to avoid anything like cramming religion down a man's throat. To use a home as a religious forcing house might succeed in producing a plentiful crop of professions, but we have sufficient experience to be very well aware that such professions are worthless as a rule. At the same time, the whole atmosphere is a religious one; and if a man should be so influenced by what he sees around him as to become a sincerely and unfeignedly religious man, there is, according to our way of thinking, all the better hope for his future in this world as well as in that which is to come.

The normal period for a man to stay in a home is three months. It is found that that time is long enough to enable him to regain backbone and moral strength, and those who stay the full time rarely do otherwise than well. It is nearly always possible to find work for such men when they leave us; and they go to work, not as gaol-birds shuffling along the street with furtive glances, but like men who can face the whole world, who by suffering have purged their contempt of society, and can meet with fortitude whatever good or ill fortune the future may bring, and a determination to do the thing that is right.

The Church Army also possess a number of lodging homes, generally in proximity to, but entirely distinct from, the labour homes, where men who have thus gone forth to face the world may be able to obtain clean comfortable lodgings, with a friend at hand to counsel and support in time of need, but without restraint of any kind.

Both classes of home are nearly always full, and men have to be sent away for want of room. Our aim is to refuse no ex-prisoner who comes to us for help, and to a large extent this aim is fulfilled. Whilst the ordinary, and generally speaking the most satisfactory, method of dealing with discharged prisoners is such as I have shown, want of room makes it needful to take other means with a certain number; and there are besides some whose cases do not demand treatment in a home. Some can be trusted to go to work forthwith, without any preliminary probation, and upon these, whether living in a lodging home or outside, we keep a friendly eye, doling out to them their prison gratuity as they may require it. Others, not as a rule

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satisfactory ones, come to us and draw their gratuity, and we see them no more for a season, possibly not at all. In many cases men do well if they are sent to a part of the country remote from old associations, perhaps to a labour home in some provincial town, where one of our agents can keep in touch with them until they can be trusted to run alone. Sometimes the clergy, in a parish where a man has respectable friends, will undertake to get him work and to look after him for a time. No manner of dealing with these men comes amiss to us; but whatever we do we observe the same principles—treat a man as a brother, and give him self-respect and self-confidence by paying wages for work, and not pauperising him by free gifts.

During the year 1903, the last for which complete figures are available at the time of writing, there were received in Church Army labour homes:

Convicts discharged direct to the society	226
Other ex-prisoners dealt with in London	710
" " " " Provinces	958
Total ex-prisoners dealt with	1,894

Dealt with as follows:

Found situations	436
Emigrated under care of society	13
Enlisted	3
Went to sea	3
Restored to friends	88
Sent to hospital	20
Left homes of own accord	503
Helped outside homes with temporary work, tools, stock-in-trade, &c.	321
Re-arrested	3
Transferred to other societies	9
Dismissed for breach of regulations	69
Refused help or otherwise unsatisfactory	282
Remaining in homes the 31st of December, 1903	144
Total ex-prisoners dealt with	1,894

The figures for previous years show much the same proportion of results.

While it is not possible on a survey of these figures to draw a hard-and-fast line, and to say that such-and-such a proportion of cases proved successful and such-and-such a proportion ended in disappointment, I cannot but think that there is ground for great encouragement. Many failures there are, and must of necessity be, and the work requires a sanguine temperament, refusing to acknowledge defeat or to be discouraged by repeated want of success; and when all allowances are made there still remains a proportion large enough to justify us in saying that the effort has been well worth the making, and in believing ourselves to be dealing with this most hard of all problems on right, I dare to say the only right, principles.

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Besides what I may call visible results, it can hardly be that there are not results of which we can take no account. Of the hundreds of men who have failed to persevere, and have left the homes out of due time, it may well be that something of our hopes with regard to them may be realised; something of their brief training may abide with them; some memory of the home may help them in a time of temptation hereafter. This we cannot tell, and we must be content to remain ignorant.

I may be pardoned if I quote here a passage from a late Report of the Prison Commissioners, not in vainglory, but in order to show that the men whose business it is to make themselves acquainted with the subject in all its aspects agree in thinking well of our methods:

> Reports from nearly all the prisons testify to the admirable work done by the Church Army through its missions and labour homes; and we can testify generally to the invaluable aid that we receive from Mr. Colin Campbell, who directs this branch of the work. No case is too difficult or hopeless for him and his colleagues to tackle. *So far as prisons are concerned, the Church Army has grown by steady and cautious development into one of the great reclaiming influences of the age.*

I have italicised the last few words of this extract, because I wish to emphasise the fact that reclamation is being carried on actively. In the nature of things, it is work that requires to be done quietly and without flourish of trumpets; but, nevertheless, it is being done, with what success let others judge.

Here I may leave the subject. I am well aware that our work occupies a part only of the great field in which patient effort is needed; it is enough if we till our own corner faithfully, and extend it as means allow. It is work that can be done, so at least it seems to me, only by voluntary effort, for the reason that any organisation on the part of the State must of necessity be wanting in one, at least, of the conditions which I have laid down as necessary to the hope of success. But for voluntary effort there is ample room and good hope of a rich harvest, so long as it is carried on in the spirit of brotherly love and compassion, and, above all, in the name and for the sake of Him who died to save the weakest and most sinful among us no less than the strong and devout.

W. CARLILE
(Founder and Honorary Chief Secretary of the Church Army).

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THE ECONOMIC SIDE OF ALIEN IMMIGRATION

THE late Royal Commission made an exhaustive inquiry into the effect which alien immigration has upon the native working classes and 'the consumer' generally in this country. Its attention was particularly drawn to two different aspects of the subject, and two quite divergent conclusions were pressed upon its notice as the right inference to draw from the great mass of evidence to be considered. On the one hand, it was contended by those who were opposed to the restriction of alien immigration that the movement brought a supply of cheap labour to the country, and that the low-priced articles which could, as a consequence, be produced were a boon to the mass of consumers; that the immigrants from Eastern Europe had both introduced into the country and developed in it valuable industries, and that they did not compete with natives in callings which the latter follow by preference, nor permanently establish and maintain a lower standard of living than that of our own working classes. On the other hand, it was stated that the immigrants did compete, both directly and indirectly, with natives and with foreigners already resident and employed in Great Britain, facilitated the continuance of sweating, ruined many retail traders in the districts in which they settled, disorganised trade combinations which sought to secure a healthy and satisfactory standard of living for wage-earners, and themselves adopted a standard to which English workers could not conform, inasmuch as it meant for them quite insufficient food and intolerable housing conditions.

I have dealt at length elsewhere with the problem as it concerns dwelling accommodation. With regard to the economic points at issue, the Royal Commission, after a close study of the mass of conflicting testimony which was laid before it, formed the following opinions:

> On the whole, we arrive at the conclusion, after weighing the evidence on both sides, that it has not been proved that there is any serious direct displacement of skilled English labour. But it is, of course, impossible to say how much, if any, of the work now done by alien labour would have been performed

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by native female or other labour had there been no alien immigration into this country.

Leaving the skilled labour market out of the question, we think it proved that the industrial conditions under which a large number of aliens work in London fall below the standard which ought, alike in the interests of the workmen and the community at large, to be maintained.

Complaint was made by several witnesses with regard to the ill effects which immigration has had upon the native shopkeepers. Their interests have suffered in two ways, for while there is a natural tendency, and even, with regard to certain articles of food, a religious obligation among a large class of the immigrants to deal only with persons of their own race, the great displacement of population caused by immigration has operated simultaneously to disperse the former customers of the English retailers. We consider that these complaints are not without foundation.[1]

I am very far from saying that every effect of alien immigration, considered as a factor in the economic life of the community, is bad. Serious evils are due to the movement, and there are certain counterbalancing advantages. As in every case where there is a complexity of results, no single term applies to them all. It is a question on which side the scale falls. I propose to deal in this article with the benefits which the native consumer is said to owe to alien immigration. But there is one class—the poorest and least happily situated of our own people—to whom the advent of the foreigners from Eastern Europe has been an unmitigated disaster. The Commissioners wrote:

It is beyond dispute that many of the aliens who arrive in this country are unskilled and without adequate means, and the result is, at any rate in London, that they are compelled to submit to conditions of labour which must have some influence in producing cheapness of price. Many of these men, no doubt, in time become skilled workmen in the particular department of the shoemaking or other industry which they may adopt, but the continuous stream of fresh arrivals produces a glut in the unskilled labour market and a very severe competition in the lower grades of alien labour itself.[2]

The point seems to me to be one of very great importance. We are making strenuous efforts to level up the life-conditions of our most hardly pressed workers. Individuals and organised agencies, clergy and laymen, are striving to accomplish this difficult and discouraging task. And we have here a cause which is in constant operation to frustrate their endeavours. The difficulty should interest all who can commiserate the lot of the least fortunate of their countrymen, and I hope that I need make no apology for citing the corroborative opinion of the Rev. Wilfrid H. Davies, rector of Spitalfields, who has been quoted as an authority on the subject of alien immigration by the *Jewish Chronicle*. He said, with regard to the native workers, when he was giving evidence before the Commission:

They do feel their being displaced, and they feel very strongly two things: first of all, that this alien immigration has raised rents, and it has lowered

[1] Report of the Commission, p. 20. [2] *Ibid.* p. 19.

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wages, owing to the fact that an enormous number of aliens come into this country who are not artisans, and have no trade, and are willing to work for very low wages, and do so; and the fact that constantly people who have been getting, perhaps, 1*l.* a week are ousted by a man who, to keep body and soul together, will work for a few shillings (9758).

Q. You would say that, generally speaking, the alien population has a lower standard of living than the Christian population?

A. Distinctly (9740).

Another class of native workers which has been most detrimentally affected by alien immigration is that of costermongers and street-vendors. These people are for the most part industrious, and they had been accustomed to earn a livelihood under conditions involving toil and exposure. There can be no doubt that the poorer class of customers found it convenient and advantageous to trade with them, and no sort of demand existed among the English population that aliens should take their place. But at the present time they have been subjected to a ruinous competition by foreign hawkers, not in the East End only, but in every part of London—in Westminster as in Stepney. As the Royal Commissioners said, 'this has caused ill-feeling between them' (the aliens) 'and the large body of Englishmen employed in the same trades.' These foreigners are constantly giving trouble to the police by obstructing thoroughfares, and the proceedings that result waste the time of magistrates in nearly all Metropolitan police courts. Such cases as that cited below, and similar comments from the bench, are matters of daily occurrence:

A Russian lad was brought up at the City Summons Court for causing obstruction with a barrow of fruit. He was unable to speak a word of English, and the evidence was interpreted to him. Sir Henry Knight said, 'We must have these people stopped from being dumped down upon us. It is abominable. Tell him what he has done, as he does not seem to understand.' A fine of 2*s.* and costs was imposed.'[3]

I cannot myself see what benefit accrues to the community by the advent of such immigrants that can possibly compensate the injury to our own people of a hard-working class. The evil is the more pronounced because, together with these 'struggle-for-lifers,' a very considerable number of mendicants and impostors and of 'undesirables' of a much more dangerous and degraded kind come into the country from Eastern Europe. The extent to which immorality and depravity of the worst sort have been imported into more than one quarter of London, and into other cities, from this source is a very serious feature of the immigration question.

Nothing is more difficult to judge than the effect which alien immigration has had upon the wage-earning power of natives in the trades which the incoming foreigners chiefly follow. These are the

[3] *Daily Chronicle*, February 17, 1904.

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tailoring, shoemaking, cabinet-making, and cigarette-making trades. Two difficulties confront us at the outset:

(1) That of obtaining figures which show the real state of the industry through all its ranks.

(2) That of determining, even approximately, what the evolution of these trades would have been if the influx of aliens had not taken place. They were all in a state of transition when the immigration movement became important, in the 'eighties of the last century, and would in any case have been most seriously affected by the introduction of new machinery and methods.

Mr. Llewellyn Smith, of the Board of Trade, thus described the manner in which his department discovers those changes in rates of wages which are tabulated and issued officially:

> We originally hear of some change taking place by a number of different ways, sometimes through correspondents in the district, and sometimes through a newspaper cutting; and then we address schedules of inquiries to employers and employed, and compare the answers.
>
> *Q.* Would any of those figures refer to any of the so-called sweated trades and industries?
>
> *A.* I should think many of them would.
>
> *Q.* Would you get the returns from the small men of the number of people working at home and employing labour under them, and that sort of thing?
>
> *A.* We should get them very imperfectly (22498 *seq.*).

But statistical difficulties do not occur only in the case of 'sweated' industries. The tailoring trade has been more seriously affected by alien immigration than any other. It is divided into two main branches—the 'bespoke tailoring' and the 'ready-made tailoring.' In the former the garment ordered by the customer is made entirely by one skilled worker, and this industry has been little affected by the inflow of 'greeners' from Eastern Europe. It is, of course, probable that a quite small number of trained Jewish tailors reach this country from that region; but the reason why the majority, even of those who have had an opportunity of acquiring such a craft, are not expert in it is very well given by a Jewish authority, Dr. Ganz. In his book *Reiseskizzen aus Rumanien* he wrote:

> Jewish workmanship in general is not very much appreciated (the author refers especially to Moldavia), and if Jewish workmen are often employed, it is because they work at a much lower rate than other workmen. . . . If the fashionable cutters-out among the tailors are excepted, no Jewish workmen have the reputation of being masters in their art, as generally happens with those who embrace a career against their will and because they could find no other way of earning a living. He who wishes to have his work well done addresses himself to the German, who requires to be better paid than the Jew, and whom everybody is willing to pay better.

These 'fashionable cutters-out' would have little inducement to emigrate to England, where the competition is much more severe, and the style not that to which they are accustomed. I do not mean to imply that the native worker is not subject to alien competition in

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the higher branch of the tailoring industry. There was evidence before the Royal Commission to show that this employment was being steadily taken up by Germans and Poles (Evans, 11916, *seq.*), but that there was no consequent underselling or excessive stress of work (11921). The cause of the change seems to be a shortage in the supply of highly skilled British hands (11919-20). Possibly those who would otherwise become apprentices do not think that the prospects of the trade are bright enough. But I do not wish to press any theory on the subject.

The branch of the trade into which the great body of alien arrivals have flocked is the ready-made tailoring. The great expansion of this trade in recent years has been accompanied by a reorganisation of the methods of production, and the supply is maintained by a minute subdivision of labour; each part of the work upon a garment is given to a hand whom practice has rendered deft and quick at this particular process. The work requires swiftness and dexterity rather than the mastery of a whole craft, and the newcomers take to is as readily in America as in England. With regard to this branch of the industry the Board of Trade reports: '*There are no materials for giving a statistical account of changes of wages in the ready-made tailoring trade, owing to the system on which the trade is carried on.*'[4]

This, together with the boot and shoe making, cabinet-making, and cigarette-making industries, is affected by the following considerations, which Mr. Llewellyn Smith brought to the notice of the Royal Commission:

> There is such a vital distinction between changes in the rates paid for a given kind of labour and changes in the average rate of earnings in the whole trade. Both things are called changes in the rate of wages, but they may move entirely in opposite directions. Average earnings may go down while the rates go up, because of the changes of machinery or processes which have varied the proportion between the higher skilled and the lower skilled people. You introduce a machine which enables you to use less skilled labour, and you may be paying the same rate, or higher wages, for the skilled labour, and yet your wages bill may be lower.

And again, speaking of boot-making in Northamptonshire:

> The net result of the changes of wages recorded was a rise, but it does not necessarily mean that the average earnings went up (22508, 22515).

And the following statement shows that it is hardly possible to gather from statistics of wages what factors have tended to raise and what to lower the average earnings of workers, or to determine from these figures whether alien immigration has or has not seriously affected the earning power of native people in the trades affected:

> It is perfectly possible for the rates of pay for each and all of the different classes of labour to go up, and yet the average rate to go down, because of the

[4] Appendix Vol. to Report of Royal Commission, p. 25.

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changes in the proportion of the low skilled and the high skilled workmen in that trade. This usually happens in trades which have been revolutionised by machinery, where the introduction of machinery, or the subdivision of labour, or new processes enables the product to be turned out by a new industrial method. It may be that each class of labour of the same kind will get more money, and yet, if you take a census of all the earnings, there would be a reduction; and that divergence of meaning runs through a large part of the evidence with regard to wages. . . . A very famous case, that appeals to everybody, is the change brought about in the textile trade a century ago by the power loom. It has entirely altered things. It is important to emphasise this, because all the trades that have been discussed before the Commission are trades which in recent years have been in a state of economic revolution, owing to the introduction of new processes, more subdivision, more machinery, and the factory system. Consequently, these kinds of changes have been going on all the while. That makes the evidence, of course, very difficult to dissect sometimes. . . . Even with regard to the comparison of piece rates, which are sometimes quoted to show the advance or decline of wages, I am bound to say that such comparisons are of no value unless they can be checked by experts, who can say that the work to be done is exactly the same in the two periods; that no more or no less assistance is given by the machine, and that there is no alteration in the class of material, carrying with it greater or less difficulty, or that the limits of the process—where it begins and where it ends—have not been altered. I have innumerable cases that have come before my notice of that kind of change, which vitiates a comparison of piece rates (22656–7).

We have, then, the fact that available statistics only give an imperfect view of what is happening in the industry to which they refer. But another process has been in operation in the trades most affected by alien immigration. This is best described in Mr. Llewellyn Smith's words:

Then, with regard to the competition of alien labour, again, there are two kinds of competition which run into one another, but, I think, produce rather different results, and ought to be kept distinct in our minds. There is the direct competition between A. and B., where A. does the same work or produces the same product as B. in competition with him. But there is another kind of competition, where A. is not producing the same article as B., but produces something which he induces the public to take in substitution for it. Now, these two sets of people are both competing with each other, and the connecting-link in the case we are considering would, perhaps, be machine-made clothing, which is made to imitate the old hand-made clothing, so that the public hardly knows the difference between them. But these two forms of competition, direct and indirect, work out somewhat differently in their effect on wages. There is no doubt that the direct competition, in which the two bodies of workmen come into direct rivalry at the same work, is that which is apt to produce the keenest feeling between them and the most obvious direct effects on wages and employment. But the competition which acts through the substitution of a new article acts more gradually and less obviously, and sometimes the two bodies of workpeople never come into direct contact at all, and they are hardly aware of each other's existence. It has to act through a change in the taste of the consumer. If the process of substitution is not very rapid, but spread over a generation, possibly there may be no effect on wages or employment to the old-fashioned producer himself, but merely a gradual shrinkage or an absence of expansion in his trade, which would be shown by the diminution of the number of people who enter it (22668).

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Again:

From what I have already said as to the direct and indirect competition, I think it would be clear that it is not necessary to show that the goods produced are identical in order to show there is competition. There may be competition through substitution (22670).

Nor is it safe to trust to the available statistics with regard to the extent to which native or alien workers may be out of employment. This is a point of some importance, because it has been strongly urged that the official figures show that English people have not lost work owing to the influx of aliens. Mr. Llewellyn Smith put in evidence before the Royal Commission a table showing the 'Mean Percentage of Members of Trade Unions connected with the Furnishing Trades reported as Unemployed from 1894 to 1902.'[5] In 1894 the percentage was 4·3. In 1896 it had fallen to 2·1. In 1902 it had risen to 4·1. This was 'Table XV.,' and Mr. Smith said of it in his evidence:

I am almost inclined to strike out XV., and I warn the Commission not to draw any inference from it (22492).

Again:

With regard to the clothing and the ready-made tailoring, I give you the only figure that exists, but it is a piecework trade. When times are slack the result is not chiefly that people are thrown out of employment, but that they get less work, which is shared round, and therefore the figure of unemployed is a very poor indication (22491).

It seems, then, to be unquestionable that the effect of alien immigration upon the wages and conditions and amount of employment of native workers in the trades chiefly concerned is an indeterminate element in the whole result of the changes which have been in progress. Many representatives of trade unions were deputed by those bodies to appear before the Royal Commission, and they declared that their trades had been seriously and injuriously affected by the competition of foreigners. This was said to be an imaginary grievance by a number of employers and other witnesses who had *a priori* objections to the restriction of immigration. Of course, the considerations mentioned by Mr. Llewellyn Smith do not apply to the cases of direct competition, to which I shall refer in this article; but while everyone must form his own conclusions about the effects of 'competition by substitution,' and so forth, it is clear that the inflow of destitute and unskilled aliens does perpetuate 'sweating.'

This was brought out very clearly in the evidence given by certain Jewish representatives of labour before the Royal Commission. Mr. Lewis Lyons, the General Secretary of the United Garment Workers of Great Britain, described the causes which led to the great strike of Jews employed in the tailoring trade in the following terms:

Long hours, low wages, insanitary workshops, bad treatment by the employers, and working all night. . . . We used to work sixteen, seventeen, and

[5] Appendix Vol. p. 19.

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eighteen hours a day, and on Thursday morning we used to go in at six o'clock, and never left till Friday night at twelve, or sometimes we went on into Saturday (14119).

The strike to which he referred took place while the Royal Commission on Sweating was sitting. Certain concessions were granted by the employers at the time, but 'the conditions which obtained in 1889 reappeared about six months after the concessions were granted' (14126).

Q. And that has been steadily going on since?

A. Yes.

Q. There are a good many very undesirable and bad conditions in the tailoring trade?

A. Very bad indeed now (14127–8).

This witness, writing in *Reynolds's Newspaper* on the 14th of February, 1904, said:

Another and important section of the tailoring trade is being organised—namely, the machine button-hole-makers. A public meeting of these men was held last Sunday afternoon at 48 Watling Street, Commercial Road, E., in order, as the Yiddish bill states, 'to consider how to make a standard of livelihood, as the wages are so low that no one can make a living at it.' These button-hole-makers possess their own machines, take the finished garment from the middlemen to their own back rooms and underground cellars, and make one hundred button-holes for 1*s.*, and provide their own 'gimp' and 'twist.' A few years back females—both Jew and Gentile—made a splendid living at button-hole-making by hand, and were paid at the rate of ½*d.* and 1*d.* for each hole, according to the class of trade. Even in a two-guinea suit machine holes are put in, but the maker is being sweated. They are now demanding more pay per hundred holes, and if they stand firmly together their objects will be attained.

It is the constant inflow of destitute 'greeners,' who must take what is offered to them or starve, which makes organisation of a trade like this so difficult.

Mr. S. Van Amstell, delegate of the Metropolitan Branch of the National Union of Boot and Shoe Operatives, told the Commission, with regard to the trade which he represented:

The 1884 strike settled a very small detail of the sweating system, but it still went on unabated and with increased vigour. With the multiplication of outdoor workshops competition increased, resulting in a fall of prices. The masters cut each other up with an unscrupulousness worthy of wild beasts. With the fall in prices there came a fall in wages, and a still further fall caused by the multiplied pressure upon the workshops of newly arrived aliens seeking employment. . . . The more direct effect of alien competition has been that the native has been compelled to do more work for the same wages in native factories, which, relatively speaking, amounts to a reduction. In numbers of instances the English manufacturer has been beaten out of the field, and the native has been compelled to work for the alien at a very much decreased wage. Most of the native firms are still controlled by trade union conditions, but the number of firms is not being added to; only alien firms seem to be on the increase, and, with the increase, sweating (12209).

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It would scarcely be possible to epitomise in a more concise form than this last sentence the fact, which it is essential for the public to understand, that the real conflict between native and alien is a conflict between a higher and a lower standard of living. And this consideration raises the whole vexed question of the advantage of cheap production. Of course I do not deny the obvious truth that cheap clothes and boots are desirable for the consumer. But then 'the consumer' is not an economic abstraction; he has, in the case of the wage-earning class, complex but definite relations to the industrial life of the community; he is a producer of labour, and is as directly and intimately concerned in the standard of living which workers can maintain as in the price of his garments. As I have endeavoured to show elsewhere, the logical result of a thoroughgoing adoption of the system of cheapest possible production would be universal 'sweating'—every trade working under 'sweated' conditions in order to produce the cheapest possible articles for the other 'sweated' industries. It is a question of finding the 'happy mean,' of adjusting the cost of output, with a due regard to the requirements of a wholesome life for the men whose labour is used in production. I do not believe that moderate people would wish any class of our workers to be forced into industrial conditions which, in the words already quoted from the Report of the Royal Commission, 'fall below the standard that ought, alike in the interests of the workmen and the country at large, to be maintained.'

Another point deserves consideration in connection with the products of alien labour in this country. It is unquestionable that the general tendency of the foreign worker is to put upon the market commodities inferior in quality to those made by the native in the same industry. A great mass of evidence to this effect was given before the Commission, and the point can scarcely be regarded as in dispute. Occasionally the tendency is pushed to an extreme. Mr. Llewellyn Smith gave the following instance:

> The very cheapest goods that are made in London by alien labour, the sewrounds (a kind of shoe), do not appear, so far as I can ascertain, to compete directly (I am using the word 'directly' in the sense in which I have used it before) with anything; that is to say, they are below the standard of anything else that is made, and the makers of them in the workshops are protected to some extent in the competition of machinery by the fact that the material is too bad to permit of the use of machinery. That is as I am informed. It is not libellous to say it is worthless rubbish (22672).

To quote once more, briefly, from Mr. Van Amstell:

> As long as there is an army of unskilled, an army ever increasing, whose battalions never grow less, who are always recruited from the four quarters of Europe an army prompted by hunger and persecution, ever pressing on the skilled and outnumbering them, you will have in the long run a degradation of the skilled and the triumph of things which 'look just as well.' This to

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me is the most important question—that the industrial triumph of the alien is the substitution of a false standard of quality and efficiency for a good and higher one (12209).

In this particular I entirely agree with the remarks of the witness. British products have attained their place in international trade by their standard of excellence. These alien-made goods are exported from this country, and it is a most serious fact that they inevitably lower, to a very serious extent, the repute of British exports. We become associated in the minds of foreigners with the manufacture and sale of worthless, specious articles, instead of sound and durable ones.

Another question which deserves careful consideration is—How much of the work now done by aliens in certain trades would have been done by native female labour if there had been no inflow of foreigners on a considerable scale during the last twenty years? The Jewish Board of Deputies, in a report on the conclusions of the Royal Commission, asked whence 200,000 female workers could have come to fill the places now held by aliens, and asserted that if they had been found the competition with native male labour would have been even more severe, as women work more cheaply than foreign men. *En passant*, 200,000 alien workers is a much higher estimate of the numbers of foreigners employed in the kingdom than the advocates of uncontrolled immigration usually accept. But I wish to say that this criticism seems to me to show the fundamental error which vitiates so many of the arguments advanced against restriction. There is an absolute, plain, and essential difference between those problems which arise from our own domestic conditions, and are properly our own problems, and difficulties which are added to our own from abroad. It is our duty to solve the former, and our right and interest to exclude the latter. Even if native women did compete with native men, as the alien does, that would not entitle foreigners to aggravate the trouble. But, as a fact, it is well known that the earnings of women are often supplementary to those of the men of the family; the factory girl is the daughter, sister, or wife of the wage-earning man, and the money which she receives increases the family's income. I do not for one moment intend to advocate the employment of married women in factories; but it is one of the necessities imposed on us by the adoption of an industrial and urban as distinct from an agricultural and rural development, in combination with a tradition now firmly implanted, and it is an entirely different factor in the economic life of the people from the competition of aliens.

It may be argued that the foreigner may well claim to earn a living in certain trades, even if he does compete with native labour in them, because he introduced those industries into the country. This assertion has often been made, but has never been proved. For example,

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when evidence was being heard before the Royal Commission with regard to the ready-made clothing trade in Leeds—which is the headquarters of that business—Councillor Marston, who spoke of the development of this branch of commerce from personal observation and recollection, stated that the 'ready-made clothing was originally an English industry' (14428), and that 'it was introduced into Leeds by Hyam and Co., who were quickly followed by Sir John Barran' (14429). Messrs. Hyam and Co. were a firm of English Jews. This witness also said:

> I think without the aliens more females would be employed; machinists particularly. We find a good deal of the best class of machinist work has passed to aliens which has hitherto been done by females.
>
> *Q.* You mean that the volume of production would not have been materially reduced even if you had no alien population?
>
> *A.* I think not; I think it would give employment to a greater number of women (14414 *sqq.*).

It was asserted by a witness that the cigarette-making trade had been introduced by foreigners. A day or two after the assertion was made before the Royal Commission a statement appeared in the *Morning Leader*—which is certainly not an anti-alien journal—to the effect that this assertion had been received with derision in the trade. Mr. S. Van Amstell said, with regard to the shoemaking industry, 'Not a single new process of manufacture has been introduced by the alien' (12207). It is useless to multiply examples. The fact is that the industries in which foreigners from Eastern Europe chiefly find employment were in process of expansion when the alien influx on a large scale began. They were industries suited to the aptitudes of the aliens, who accordingly flocked into them in great numbers. It is useless to conjecture what the course of the development would have been if the producers had remained dependent on native labour.

A much more serious point must be mentioned briefly. I suppose it is beyond dispute that British commerce has attained its repute throughout the world owing to the standard of commercial probity that is adopted in this country. It is undeniable that the mercantile community which we are importing from Eastern Europe is accustomed to a standard of a very different kind. Elsewhere[6] I have given fully the warnings of our consular officials in Russia and Poland on this subject, and I will not repeat them here. I have also quoted certain instructive bankruptcy statistics and the remarks of the witness (Mr. Leadam Hough, the Senior Official Receiver) who laid them before the Commission. Commerce on the objectionable lines which lead to 'systematised bankruptcy' is now being carried on on a large and increasing scale by aliens in our midst, and it is inevitable that if this process continues, conjointly with the deterioration of the

[6] *The Alien Immigrant* (Heinemann).

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quality of the articles which we produce and export, our credit, and consequently our commerce as a whole, both at home and abroad, will be most injuriously affected. The conclusions as to the mercantile principles of a high proportion of aliens from Eastern Europe are borne out by the lists that appear in the *Weekly Gazette*, issued by the London Association for the Protection of Trade. I am informed that last year, out of 7,801 county court judgments obtained in the county of Middlesex, 537, or 6·9 per cent., were against foreigners, whose names afforded the strongest presumption that they were aliens of this class. Some may have been included in the calculation who were not, and there were some recurrent orders upon the same person. On the other hand, these cases would be counterbalanced by the fact that many aliens, especially of the fraudulent and criminal classes, assume British names for purposes of their own, and others are sued under the names of companies. Abundant evidence of these changes of patronymic was given before the Royal Commission. The percentage of Russians and Poles to the population of the County and City of London, according to the census of 1901, was 1·2.

In many districts retail traders have been ruined because the alien has entered into complete possession, and the *clientèle* of the English shopkeepers has been dispersed. Besides the ordinary and obvious inducements which prompt a stranger to deal with those of his own race and tongue, there are special reasons, as I have often pointed out, why the Hebrew newcomers from Eastern Europe prefer, and are practically compelled, to deal with people of their own creed. The comment of the Royal Commission on this subject has already been quoted.

Taking all these facts into consideration to the best of my ability, I have formed the opinion that the movement of aliens from Eastern Europe into Great Britain is, economically, detrimental rather than advantageous to the country.

Nothing has been said here about the progress of 'direct' competition, but this is a very serious matter. The President of the Scottish Miners' Federation estimated that in 1902 some 1,320 alien miners—chiefly Lithuanians and Catholic Poles—were employed in the Lanarkshire mines (22917). The statement is not likely to be below the mark. The number, according to a return supplied during the last Session of Parliament, had risen to 1600. It is an admitted fact that aliens have been introduced into the fire-clay industry with the purpose of destroying trade union combination. Foreigners are competing with native workers directly in South Wales and in certain gasworks near London, and the movement is undoubtedly on the increase. In connection with the recent Mile End election I cited a case in which British shoemaking hands had been discharged to make way for aliens, and similar instances in the same industry are

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now under investigation. Concurrently many of our strongest, most capable, and most valuable workers are emigrating—under stress of circumstances. I do not know what may be the inner counsels of the leaders of trade unionism with regard to this subject. But I do know what those whom they claim to represent think about it all. They object to see the outflow of native emigrants balanced by the inflow of those who bring a debased standard of living with them.

W. Evans Gordon.

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FROM THE TOLL-BAR OF THE GALATA BRIDGE

WHO, that has ever visited Constantinople, can fail to remember the picturesque bridge which, by uniting the Port of Galata with the opposite coast, makes a convenient, though somewhat uneven, roadway by which the foreign tourist can proceed from his hotel at Péra to the wonderful mosques and bazaars of Stamboul?

To the fascinating Eastern city, built, like Rome, upon its seven hills, this bridge is, in one respect, what the Ponte Vecchio is to Florence, though with a difference. The two bridges are no more really alike than are the Arno and the Golden Horn, though both are prominent features in the landscape as the eye travels up or down the sunny expanse of rippling water. The resemblance, if it can be so called, is purely sentimental, arising probably from the fear that both bridges may be doomed to destruction at no very distant date.

If the capital of the Turkish Empire in Europe were ever to pass into the hands of the Giaour, the Galata Bridge would, probably, be one of the first relics of the past to be swept away in order to give place to something more after the pattern of Putney or Hammersmith, while the Ponte Vecchio, as most of us are aware, has only been saved from destruction at the hands of its own townsfolk by the intercession of the stranger.

In spite of its venerable and weather-beaten appearance, the Galata Bridge is not, in reality, what can be called 'old' (for a *bridge*, at any rate)—particularly at Constantinople, where, compared with almost every other building of importance, it is decidedly modern. It was constructed as lately as in 1845, by the grandmother of the present Sultan—who derived a large income from the tolls—in the place of a bridge of boats, which connected the Kapan with Azab Kapu, in former days, so that it must have grown prematurely old, simply by reason of the immense amount of traffic that is perpetually passing over it, just as the heart of a man may become aged and worn when it is continually a prey to recurring and varied emotions. It is fashioned, for the most part, of grey-lichened wood, loosely jointed together, through the holes and crevices in which one can look down

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at the twinkling waters of the Golden Horn, that are said, just here, to be of enormous depth. Towards the centre it hunches up its back like the dorsal bone of a mammoth, and the great iron ribs and girders that intersect it at regular distances seem as if they would almost shake soul and body asunder every time that one jolts or clatters over them upon wheels. In the evening, when, beyond the heights above Stamboul, the mosques, and minarets, and pointed cypress-groves rise sharply defined against the brilliant hues of the sky, the scene is impressive in the extreme:

> A blaze of lurid gold, and daylight sets
> Behind the cypress-spires, where dead men lie
> Beneath their turban'd tombstones, and the sky
> Is dappled with the hue of violets;
> Here gleams the Golden Horn, with fishers, nets,
> And all the fleet of varied ships that fly
> The flags of half the world, and there, on high,
> The city with its mosques and minarets,

while, at this same hour, when 'daylight sets,' the great dome of the Yeni Valideh Mosque might almost seem to be a purple mountain, overshadowing that part of the bridge which is nearest to the Stamboul side.

A stranger, taken to this bridge for the first time and set down upon a camp-stool close to one of its toll-gates, might well be excused for imagining that almost every sort and condition of man and beast were defiling past him for his own special delectation and amusement. No two figures, or groups of figures, are alike, as they go streaming and jangling over it all day long, from year's end to year's end, without seeming ever to pause for even a moment to take breath. Here are only a few of them: A small black brougham, or *coupé*, containing three pale, moon-faced, ox-eyed ladies of the Imperial harem, their dusky, long-legged guardian grinning and displaying his white teeth upon the box-seat. A fat Pasha, arrayed in full regimentals and wearing numerous decorations, caracoling along upon an Arab charger, with floating tail and dancing fly-flicker, followed by two *aides de camp* in shabby threadbare uniforms, mounted upon ungroomed steeds. A lumbering, creaking farmer's wagon, laden with cooped poultry and melons, drawn by a couple of black, white-eyed water buffaloes, their necks decorated with light blue china beads, as a protection against the evil eye, escorted by a handsome young countryman in a turban, rolling along, in ragged but picturesque garments, his feet and legs bound round with string, like parcels, and bearing in his hand a long green cane, with which he occasionally prods and tickles the patient creatures under his charge, although he must know quite well that no amount of prodding or tickling will ever induce them to quicken the snail's pace that is theirs by right of inheritance. The cake and sweetmeat man comes tramping along next, the little three-

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legged table upon which he displays his wares slung to his back, his head confronting the advancing foot passengers in a butting attitude, and two French Sisters of St. Jacob, with flapping white caps, step out into the roadway to let him pass. These kind Sisters bring up, and educate, little female waifs and strays of all denominations, and instruct them in needlework and in the mysteries of 'the one true Faith.' Report says that, by purchasing the flesh of pig at a merely nominal price from the Mussulman peasants, by whom it is considered an abomination, these good ladies are enabled to carry on their benevolent projects upon very economical lines. These pigs, like the poor pariah dogs of the city, that lie curled up all day, often upon the very lines of the tramway, at their own imminent risk, and then go 'on the rampage' every night at twelve-thirty (for I have timed them to a minute), are looked upon by the Turks as scavengers, and, therefore, as unclean and abominable. But if the Mussulman will not eat the pig, the pig—lean, long-legged, and with a terribly serviceable snout!—is not nearly so fastidious. A friend of mine, riding out one evening among the hills, not far from a solitary village, came upon two of these creatures engaged in excavations in a graveyard, which, like most village burial-grounds in Turkey, was unenclosed by wall or paling, nor could he succeed, in spite of all his efforts, in driving them away. (I hope these pigs were not of those that were afterwards sold to the worthy Sisters of St. Jacob!)

A family of tourists, English or American, now make their appearance; youths and maidens, and elderly ladies, clad, for the most part, in unbecoming raiment, and an old gentleman in spectacles who walks first and carries a guide-book. 'What *I* want to see,' says a tall good-looking girl in blue serge, wearing a round hat, as she stops dead short in the middle of the bridge, thus obstructing the traffic, 'is that old Golden Horn of which I have heard so much!' and she throws up her chin in the direction of the Genoese Tower, as though expecting some manifestation from on high. A party of jolly jack-tars, from the British gunboat, in clean white suits, look round, smiling, as they catch the familiar tones of their native tongue, but turn serious immediately afterwards, doffing their straw hats, as they encounter the procession escorting a Greek funeral; the body, that of a young girl, exposed to view, according to Greek custom, tricked out in a garland of orange blossoms, a white ball-dress, with fan and lace pocket-handkerchief in one of the wan listless hands, and two poor little feet, in high-heeled white satin shoes, which wobble from side to side as the bier passes over the clattering iron girders. This is, no doubt, some poor young lady—a bride, perhaps, to judge by her wreath of orange blossom—who must have died somewhere upon the Stamboul side of the water, at Yeni Kapou, or some other Greek settlement, and who is being conveyed, thus, to her family vault in the smart new cemetery at Chichli, where have arisen, of late, so many imposing

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monuments. The tall girl, who is still seeking for the Golden Horn, stares curiously at the gorgeously robed priests chanting their lugubrious monotone, and then, catching sight of the corpse, starts, looks frightened, and hastens on in the footsteps of her family.

Now comes my old friend the dancing bear, led by a jovial, but ferocious-looking, nomad—a kind of mongrel gipsy-man, with gleaming, wolfish teeth and matted hair, who comes swinging along beating upon a 'tom-tom,' followed by a wild-looking boy, playing upon a whistle-pipe. The poor bear looks downwards through the chinks of the bridge at the glittering water, and one can only guess at what may be passing in his mind! He does not even look up now, when a whole flock of sheep, 'ring-streaked' and parti-coloured, like the flocks of Jacob, hailing from the Balkan plains, their shepherd bearing a certain resemblance to his own hard task-master, pass, bleating, over the bridge from the Galata side, though the fierce cream-coloured sheepdog that accompanies them snarls at him savagely, and shows his fangs. If these poor sheep ever cross over the bridge a second time, they will do so, probably, in the irresponsible form of *Kébobs*, threaded upon long wooden skewers, borne by a man who, like the vendor of sweetmeats, has a little three-legged table strapped to his back; for I fear they are all on their way to the shambles!

Talking of 'shambles,' here come a few survivors of those unfortunate men who were, recently, so mercilessly butchered in the streets of Péra in broad daylight—Armenian *hammals*, as they are called, hewers of wood and drawers of water, and, above all, bearers of the most stupendous weights. They are employed, at the different embassies and legations, as underlings in kitchen, laundry, and stables, and are, in general, as patient and long-suffering as most typical beasts of burden. At the time of the mysterious attack upon the Ottoman Bank, when a band of desperadoes, said to have been educated Armenians from Odessa, after shooting down the Croat who acted as porter, and threatening to blow up the whole building, dictated their own terms to the dragoman of the Russian Embassy from its principal windows, any of these poor *hammals* that happened to be abroad in the streets, and who knew nothing of what was taking place, were brained, then and there, by the Turkish police, who appeared upon the scene, armed with bludgeons, simultaneously with the attack upon the bank. The order had gone forth to slay the Armenians, however peaceable and inoffensive they might be—an order that emanated mysteriously from *nowhere*, as was subsequently affirmed—and for forty-eight hours the Armenians were slain accordingly, with perfect *sangfroid*, and as deliberately and good-humouredly as it may be given to men to slay their neighbours. Then, from the same unacknowledged quarter, came an order that the massacre should

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cease, and the butchery came at once to an end, for the Turk is the very soul of obedience. Who sent these orders that were only too conscientiously obeyed? This is a great mystery, though some people pretended to have solved it. But then 'some people' pretend to know everything! At any rate all the stories that were current about 'religious fanaticism,' 'racial hatred,' and the like, were merely pure inventions or ignorant suppositions.

'*Your* Government could be very severe upon rebels,' one of our diplomatic colleagues remarked to me when we were discussing these events, alluding to punishments inflicted by the British Government upon the insurgent Sepoys during the Indian Mutiny, and upon our Fenian prisoners in later times. I explained to him, however, that, although those who were convicted of treason were very properly subjected to certain penalties, it was not our custom to massacre, indiscriminately, all those who were of the same nationality as the offending persons; that our peaceable Indian subjects had been allowed to remain in peace, and that unoffending Irishmen were not beaten to death in the streets of London, or butchered in their own homes, just because they happened to be Irish.

One of the Armenians, who is now crossing the bridge, is carrying a grand pianoforte upon his back. This is no unusual sight, as they are nearly always men of herculean strength. But mere thews and muscle would have availed them but little had they resisted the Turkish authorities. Seeing that they were unarmed and foredoomed, resistance would only have prolonged their agonies. Perhaps, if this scrap of history should ever repeat itself, a day may dawn when it will not be so easy to find, in Constantinople, men who can each carry a grand piano upon their shoulders without assistance.

A string of pack-horses come next, bearing stones, slung in baskets upon each side of their peaked wooden pack-saddles, goaded on by rough-looking men wearing the fez and a miscellaneous assortment of many-coloured tatters, who, I have been told, are Persians. Certainly they do not display any of that consideration for their beasts that I had been led to expect from the Turks, though this 'consideration' often assumes rather too negative a form. A Turk dislikes taking the life of any creature (except man, upon occasion), but he too often appears to be absolutely indifferent to the sufferings of the animals he spares. These poor pack-horses, whether owned by Turk or Persian, are turned out to die in the chill mountain valleys when they are too utterly worn out to have either an hour's work, or a kick, left in them. By a refinement of cruelty, or of carelessness, perhaps, the wooden pack, with all its galling thongs and fastenings, is left strapped to their emaciated carcases to the last, and it is indeed a piteous sight to behold these unfortunate creatures, halt, lame, and very often stone-blind, hobbling about awaiting the end, and endeavouring to prolong their miserable existences by cropping the

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scanty herbage with their long teeth. I remember, one afternoon, when on my way back from the Austrian Embassy, which was then situated at Buyukdere, coming upon one of these melancholy objects, 'the very spectre of a steed,' lying in his death agony, almost in the centre of the great valley of the mighty plane trees, where Godfrey de Bouillon is said to have encamped, with his Crusaders, in the old time.[1] As he lay there, dying, he might have been a white rag flung down upon the sward to dry, so lean was he, or the semblance of a horse, cut out of paper, but for the cruel pack, 'a world too wide,' which peaked up from his almost fleshless ribs. Some twenty or thirty pariah dogs sat round him in a circle, biding their time, all in the same position, and each one wearing the same *figure de circonstance*, suggestive of regretful sympathy. They are said never to start upon their meal until the breath is actually out of the poor exhausted body. Next day, when I happened to pass the same way, I saw only his white skeleton. His bones had not taken long to pick, and he could scarcely have satisfied even one of that hungry multitude.

A lady in a pink shot-silk dress and white *yashmāk* comes along next, coquettishly veiled up to her languishing black eyes, the gossamer adding to the attractiveness of features that might perhaps have been a little heavy without it. She is attended by a hideous old negress in black satin, carrying a scarlet parasol. A lady of Stamboul, evidently, on her way to do a little shopping in Péra. It is odd that the Turks, who so jealously seclude the ladies of their families when at home, should so often allow them to take their walks abroad accompanied only by a female slave, who might, not impossibly, be accessible to the overtures of an aspiring admirer, and, above all, when they are disguised in a dress which might fulfil all the requirements of a domino. These little shopping expeditions, however, must so pleasantly relieve the monotony of harem life that one can only rejoice to think that these poor ladies are, apparently, so frequently permitted to indulge in them.

A band of Lazahs—dwellers, when at home, upon the Asiatic coast of the Black Sea—come hurrying along next. Tall, lithe, handsome men, though of somewhat ferocious aspect, dressed in picturesque costume, their sashes and waist-belts stuck full of all manner of murderous weapons. I had a good opportunity once of studying the features of some of these Lazahs at close quarters—rather *too* close, some people might consider, perhaps!

I had driven, one hot afternoon, from Therapia to the Forest of Belgrade, intending to sketch the house in the adjacent village which was said to have been occupied by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu during the summer of 1717 (O.S.) when she was, like myself, the wife of the British Ambassador. It was a long, low building, constructed of wood like the other houses in the village, but distinguished from

[1] 1096.

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them by its superior size, and by some rather nice carving over the doorway. Whoever had once lived there, it was fast falling to decay, and I saw that if I wanted to sketch it, it must be now or never. Here is Lady Mary's description of her surroundings, in a letter addressed to Pope, dated 'Belgrade Village, the 17th June, 1717.'

> The heats of Constantinople [she writes] have driven me to this place, which perfectly answers the description of the Elysian Fields. I am in the middle of a wood, consisting chiefly of fruit-trees, watered by a vast number of fountains, famous for the excellency of their water, and divided into many shady walks upon short grass, that seems to me artificial, but, I am assured, is the pure work of nature.

I have never yet visited 'the Elysian Fields,' except those of Paris, which certainly bear no resemblance whatever to the Belgrade village, or forest, of to-day. There is no sign, now, of anything that could be described as 'artificial.' The mighty forest is lonely and untended—I did not see any signs of 'fruit trees'—and, save for what remains of the village, Nature reigns pure and undefiled. The village, indeed, has now become altogether a thing of the past. Upon arriving at the site of it, only a week from the time of my first visit, I found that it had been completely razed to the ground by a decree of the Sultan, who, in a fit of sanitary zeal, had ordered the destruction of all human habitations situated within a certain radius of the great water reservoirs, dreading contamination at a time when an outbreak of cholera was apprehended. A little girl—too young to have as yet assumed the *yashmāk*, and, therefore, under the age of nine, and who stood, weeping, by the ruins of what had evidently been her home, and fondling in her arms a captive hoopoe—was the only human creature that I could discover. So, after consoling her with a few piastres, I wandered into the welcome shade of the forest, having requested Mr. McKay (the highly respected coachman of the British Embassy) and 'Big Ibrahim' (the gigantic Montenegrin cavass who always accompanied me, until his enormous weight, combined with the rough Turkish roads, ended by breaking the springs of nearly all our carriages) to await me at the deserted village.

After pursuing a narrow forest track for about half a mile, I came upon a dreary swamp, looking like what might have been the bed of a half-dried-up lake. A heron was standing among the tall reeds, and an enormous plane tree, uprooted, and fallen from the bank apparently long ago, lay sprawling across it, like the blackened skeleton of some primæval giant, with mighty arms uplifted towards heaven as though appealing for mercy. Thinking that I should like a souvenir of this weird and desolate spot, I established myself upon my camp stool, and began a sketch, but had not made much progress with it before the heron rose, flapping its great wings, and a party of these Lazahs, some ten or twelve of them, appeared upon the scene. They seemed to spring up suddenly out of the morass, where I fancy they

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may have been fishing, and came swinging along, jumping and clambering over every obstacle that came in their way, and laughing and talking merrily. It struck me at once that they seemed to be rather too cheerful and undignified for Turks, but I had no notion what manner of men they were; so, although I confess I was somewhat alarmed at their very cut-throat appearance, as it is not very easy to beat a hasty retreat when one is seated upon a camp stool in a marsh, with water-bottle and paint-box upon one's knees, I stood, or rather 'sat,' my ground, and they came up with me in less than a minute. Hoping to conciliate, I bade them good evening in Turkish—a language I was then studying. They returned the compliment by interesting themselves in my drawing, pressing round me upon every side, near enough for me to become aware that their luncheon had consisted principally of garlic. Then they *sélāmed*, and continued their way at a brisk trot, so that our meeting was of the most friendly description. Later on, I passed them upon my road home.

'Who are all those men?' I asked of the highly respected coachman of the British Embassy.

'They are Lazahs, living upon the shores of the Black Sea,' he answered.

'How do they get their living?' I inquired, knowing that he was never at a loss for a reply.

'Chiefly by thievery and murder,' returned Mr. McKay, in the soft voice and with the quiet smile that were habitual to him. As far as I was concerned, however, the Lazahs proved themselves to be very sheep in wolves' clothing.

A detachment of the Hamadiéh Cavalry now comes jingling and clattering over the bridge from the Stamboul side. Fine men, and fine horsemen, though of a fierce-looking barbaric type. These men are Kurds, originally half-brigands, who were in the habit of swooping down from their mountain fastnesses in order to rob and murder the peaceful inhabitants of the Armenian villages. The Sultan, having failed in subjugating them by other means, conceived the brilliant idea of turning them into regiments of irregular cavalry, the members of which (like my friends the Lazahs) soon acquired a very evil reputation. I can remember how the hearts of most of the residents in Péra sank within them when some hundreds of these ruffians arrived at Constantinople, fresh from the massacres in Asia Minor, and what blood-curdling tales were told of spoils looted from Christian churches and convents; rings hacked off, with the fingers still hanging to them, &c., &c., which they were supposed to have taken to the curiosity shops, wrapped up in gory handkerchiefs, and sold for a mere song. Possibly, upon their arrival, they may have been sated with blood (as the young ladies in our pastrycooks' shops are said, sometimes, to be with jam tarts) or, possibly, what is even more likely, these stories may have been mere fabrications. Be this as it may, the

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fears of the *Pérotes* proved unfounded, and the Hamadiéh Irregular Cavalry conducted themselves in the most exemplary manner during its sojourn in our midst.

More Turkish soldiers, and foreign tourists, and sailors, with Jews and Gentiles, and priests and nuns of various denominations, follow one another in bewildering succession. The carriage of the Sheikh-ul-Islâm, it may be, conveying him and his private secretary, a tall negro; or those of the Bulgarian Exarch, or of the Armenian Patriarch; and if the Armenian Patriarch should happen to be Monsignor Ismirlian (now languishing in exile at Jerusalem, a martyr to his own honesty and conscientiousness), his face, or as much as can be seen of it under his peaked black hood, is certainly one to be remembered. Then green- or white-turbaned *mullahs*; *arabas*, containing more Turkish ladies, accompanied by round-faced, beady-eyed children, in bright-coloured wadded cotton garments—wadded even in summer—the stream of foot-passengers, and of those who journey by *araba*, cart, or buffalo-wagon, seems never to cease for a single moment. Here, too, may be seen, passing and repassing, on their way to the Sublime Porte, the carriages of the ambassadors and ministers of the foreign Powers, whose representatives, with the exception of the Persian ambassador, all live upon the Péra side of the water. This mention of our Persian colleague reminds me of an incident which occurred during our stay in the Turkish capital, which, if it had stood by itself in these pages, I should have called 'The story of the mistaken premonition,' by which I should have intended to convey that a premonition, or a presentiment (one may call it what one will), had somehow become associated with the wrong person, just as a letter might be directed to, and deposited at, a wrong address. Here is the preliminary part of my anecdote:

Once upon a time, whilst we were living at the British Embassy, a wealthy Turkish gentleman from the environs of Péra went over the Galata Bridge in his brougham and pair to dine with some friends in Stamboul. Now it seems that the great iron clamps and girders which intersect the bridge, and which so jolt and rattle whenever one passes over them, indicate certain sections which, at stated times, can be somehow swung asunder, in order that the taller ships, which cannot go under the piers, may pass out of the inner harbour, on their way to the Marmora or the Black Sea, and that, after these divisions have been opened, they are wont to be carefully closed again, so that the safety of the general public may not be endangered. But, on the night upon which this wealthy Turk drove back from dining with his friends at Stamboul, the middle portion of the bridge had, by some unaccountable mischance, been left open. It was very late, and the night was dark and stormy; the toll-keeper was half asleep, and the coachman wholly drunk (so ran one of the many stories that were circulated after the event, showing that the

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said coachman must, almost certainly, have been a Christian 'of sorts,' the Turks of the lower and middle classes being invariably sober). There was another version, according to which the occupant of the brougham was drunk, the coachman half asleep, and the toll-keeper (the sole survivor, according to this 'variant,' and able thus to tell his own story) alert and sober, and eager to avert any possible catastrophe by shouting and clutching hold of the sleepy coachman, who, nevertheless, obeyed the orders of his drunken master, and drove on.

Down, down, down, they went, right in the middle of the Golden Horn, just where its waters are deepest, and there, I conclude, they remain to the present day, or what is left of them, for the bodies had not been recovered when I left Constantinople, and the Turks, whatever may be their other faults, are never fussy, or in a hurry. Alluding to this tragedy, soon after its occurrence, to our friend and colleague the French Ambassador, who now so ably represents the French Republic at the Court of St. James's: 'There will be only one night in this year,' said he, 'when any of the members of the *corps diplomatique* may be exposed to a similar danger; the night upon which we are all to be invited to dine with our colleague the Persian Ambassador, in order to celebrate the Jubilee of his Majesty the Shah' (a speech which sufficiently indicates the date of the occurrence).

Then, around this poor victim of mischance, sitting in his brougham at the bottom of the Golden Horn, to serve as food for the fishes, rumour and legend began to weave and entwine themselves, as they always did in that fertile land of romance. It was whispered that the poor Turkish gentleman was not, in reality, the victim of mischance at all, but of what was known by the name of 'Palace intrigue.' That he had been one of those appointed to investigate the conduct of the military during the recent massacres in Asia Minor, and that his report, in spite of the confidence thus graciously reposed in him, had been anything but satisfactory, and that the party that was opposed to Reform had, consequently, deemed it necessary to silence his voice for ever, so that garbled versions of current events should not be circulated abroad, to the prejudice of truth and justice. That the toll-keeper was not really the toll-keeper, but an emissary of this same party, posted there to see that the bridge was opened at the appropriate moment, and that he was sewn up in a sack immediately afterwards and cast into the sea, at Seraglio Point, so that he might tell no tales, and that the whole circumstance, as a matter of fact, far from being an accident, was merely a preconcerted plan, successfully carried out. Thus spoke the voice of rumour—of calumny probably—but to such voices all those who dwell in Constantinople soon learn to become well accustomed and case-hardened.

We were quite at an epoch of projected Jubilees, for just about this same time there arrived from Teheran a Persian 'Ambassador-Extraordinary' on his way to England, sent thither by the late Shah

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to make arrangements connected with his Majesty's representation at the 'Diamond Jubilee' of Queen Victoria, which was due the following year. He was a charming man, speaking English fluently (indeed, I believe he had been partly educated in England), and a banquet was forthwith organised, in his honour, at the British Embassy. He sat upon my right hand at this dinner (the 'normal,' or *un*-Extraordinary Ambassador having ceded him the *pas*), and presented me with a very pretty turquoise ring as a souvenir of the occasion, which I put on the third finger of my left hand. Then, the Ambassador who was *not* abnormal (I hardly like to call him 'common or garden,' being, as he was, our very good friend and colleague) made me a request. It had occurred to him that, after his impending Jubilee banquet, at which the guests were to be all of the male sex, he might appropriately give an evening party, to which the wives and daughters of the *corps diplomatique* should likewise be invited; but the ladies of his family had always lived secluded lives, according to Persian custom, and could not, even upon so auspicious an occasion, depart from their usual habits. Would I do him the honour of receiving his after-dinner guests, and would I be at the Persian Embassy 'over the water' punctually at half-past nine oclock, upon the night appointed for celebrating the Jubilee of his Majesty the Shah? The three Ambassadresses who took precedence of me were unavailable, just then, through absence and ill-health, and I was, therefore though only for the time being, *doyenne* of the *corps diplomatique*, in which the order of precedence is regulated by the date of official appointment, without reference to the nationality or private rank of individuals. Of course, this request was not one that I could refuse, and I at once consented to do as I was asked. As soon as I had time for reflection, however, I bitterly repented my decision. The idea took possession of me that some sudden catastrophe would occur which would prevent us from arriving at our destination. It seemed to take the form of a warning voice, whispering for ever in my ear, 'You will never reach the Persian Embassy, do what you will. There will be a surprise and a catastrophe of some sort; a very sudden catastrophe, resulting in a sudden death, which you cannot avert.' This was the gist of the warning as correctly as I can set it down. To be quite honest, I had no presentiment that the Persian Jubilee would never take place; my feeling was that I should never assist at it myself on account of some unexpected tragedy, and my mind at once reverted to the unfortunate Turkish gentleman at the bottom of the Golden Horn.

For, truth to tell, there was every reason to suppose that the British Ambassador was not, just then, in the very best of odours with this same party that was so obstinately opposed to Reform. It had been his painful duty to reveal to the Sultan the disagreeable impression produced upon the Government and the people of England by the recent Armenian massacres, and knowing possibly more of the

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dessous des cartes than did certain amateur politicians who meddled with the matter at home, he had spoken with characteristic British frankness. Then, again, Saïd Pasha, the ex-Grand Vizier, commonly known as *kùchuk* (or *little*) Said, to distinguish him from that very jolly old gentleman, 'Saïd the Kurd' (at that time Minister of Foreign Affairs), listening, it may be, to some such legends and rumours as those that had gathered about the poor corpse in its brougham and pair, and imagining himself to be in danger of assassination, had recently placed himself under the protection of the British flag, and had taken sanctuary, with his young son Ali, at the Embassy, and the Ambassador had steadfastly refused to deliver him up to the Palace officials that were continually arriving, at all hours of the day and night, with the object of inducing him to do so, and although the Imperial spies surrounded the house in a cordon, and remained there till we came to know all their faces by sight.

Anyhow, I took it into my head, with no more adequate reason than I have explained, my nerves being, possibly, shattered by massacres, earthquakes, and what not, that this might not, perhaps, be an altogether inconvenient moment to swing open the middle of the Galata Bridge, just as worthy Mr. McKay was about to dash over it in his accustomed fashion, and then to throw the blame upon the toll-keeper, and to sew him up in a weighted sack, and cast him into the Marmora, as was said to have been done upon the last occasion when the same sort of 'accident' had occurred. These disturbing thoughts, which increased as the days went by, caused me to look forward with much apprehension to the night upon which the Ambassadors of the Great Powers, together with the Ministers and diplomatic agents representing the lesser ones, were engaged to dine with our Persian colleague over the water.

The poor old Shah's Jubilee party never came off, as most of the readers of this Review will be aware. Before we had time to make ready to drive over the Galata Bridge, there came an official communication from the Persian Embassy: 'My August Sovereign is deceased,' the message ran, for it is not considered in good taste to make use of the verb 'to assassinate' at Constantinople in any of its tenses. The Shah himself, I have since learnt upon good authority, had also received his warning. As he quitted the Palace at Teheran, upon the day that was destined to be his last, he sneezed violently three times—a certain sign, according to Eastern notions, of impending misfortune. The courtiers who accompanied his Majesty implored him to treat it accordingly and to return. But, whatever may have been his failings, he was no coward, and, laughing at this friendly advice, he went fearlessly on to his doom.

I had beheld the late Shah but twice, and only once had had the honour of speaking with him. This was upon the occasion of a garden party given during his last visit to London by Prince Malcom Khan

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(at that time Persian Minister) at his house in Holland Park. When I was presented, his Majesty graciously held towards me a short, thick, wax-coloured hand, ornamented with an enormous ring, and having what is termed 'a murderer's thumb' (out of which I feel sure that our poor persecuted palmists of to-day could have made something highly interesting), and asked me whether I had ever read the poems of Hafiz. I had no idea, however, that this brief and conventional handshake would have sufficed to establish a sympathetic affinity, or that the chord thus lightly touched would have gone on reverberating through the succeeding years with the result I have described. Somebody has since suggested that perhaps the ring, given to me by the *abnormal* Ambassador, might once have belonged to his royal master, and that thus some kind of mysterious *rapport* might have been established, or else that it might have been endowed with occult properties, said to be peculiar to some Persian turquoises, and that this may have accounted for my sensations. Be this how it may, it would seem that premonitions, like babies, are occasionally changed at nurse, and that one can no more have implicit confidence in them than one can in dreams. Perhaps some member of the Society for Psychical Research may be able to throw light upon this matter.

There was one person (or *personage*, rather), who, during the whole time of our residence in Constantinople, never once went over the Galata Bridge either on foot or on horseback, or even in a bomb-proof carriage, unless he did so when shod with slippers that rendered him invisible, like the prince in the fairy-tale, and that was the mighty Padishah himself; the august Sovereign who holds life and death even in the hollow of his hand.

Once, in every year, upon the occasion of the Festival of the Hirka-i-Sharif, or 'mantle of the Prophet' (15th Ramazân), when the sacred mantle and other holy relics which are preserved in the Serai are exposed to view, it is incumbent upon the Sultan to visit Stamboul, and it is generally given out in the *Levant Herald*, and elsewhere, that his Majesty will proceed by way of the Galata Bridge. When the day appointed for the ceremony arrives, the route is lined with eager spectators. Regiments, in gala uniforms, are drawn up with their bands, all ready to strike up the Turkish National Anthem. School children, of all the different religious denominations and nationalities that flourish at Constantinople—Turkish, Greek, Hebrew, Armenian, even the little pork-fed orphans of the worthy Sisters of St. Jacob, await the procession upon either side of the road, bearing baskets, containing flowers, wherewith to bestrew the path of his Imperial Majesty, and with the hymns all learnt by heart which they have been instructed to sing upon his approach. The very road itself, for the first and only occasion in the year, has been rolled and mended, and even the rattling and jolting girders of the Galata Bridge have been plugged and bolstered up with hay and wadding, cunningly

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concealed with sand. But, for all this, the Commander of the Faithful fails to make his appearance, and the little black broughams of the ladies of the Yildez harem—from which one can just catch a glimpse of sparkling eyes and snowy *yashmāks*—pass over the floral offerings that were intended for their Imperial master.

At the very last moment the Sultan has decided to go by a different route, either walking down through his garden at Yildez to his private pier and embarking there, or else at the Palace of Dolmabaghcheh, and then slipping quietly across the Golden Horn in his steam-launch. The same impromptu programme is followed upon the homeward way. One thing only is certain, that his Imperial Majesty will never proceed by the road that has been previously designated to his loyal subjects. His loyal subjects do not like to be cheated out of their pageants, and so there are those amongst them who pretend to see in this unwillingness to face the public the evidences of personal timidity. It is whispered that the Imperial plans are changed thus at the eleventh hour from fear of the assassin's bomb, and that the Palace spies endeavour to encourage these apprehensions for their own private ends.

A certain absence of robustness in the Sultan's appearance may have encouraged the supposition that he possesses a nervous and sensitive temperament, but some remarks which his Majesty addressed to me one evening at Yildez, upon the occasion of our attendance at *Iftar*, led me to believe that he is not apprehensive in the ordinary sense of the word.

Iftar is the name of a meal which is partaken of among Mohammedans at sunset during Ramazan, and which represents the first breaking of the daily fast, which has lasted since sunrise. It commences, usually, in a Turkish household, with olives, sardines, salad (what we should term *hors-d'œuvre*), and sweetmeats, served in small silver dishes or saucers, and later on develops into a meal of a more substantial kind. No Christian can, properly speaking, be said to partake of *Iftar* at all, as the term is suggestive of a previous fast in which he has had no part. To all who are not Mohammedans, *Iftar* is simply a dinner or supper party, without any religious significance.

When it takes place at the Palace, it is accompanied by none of the gorgeous accessories which are indispensable upon more formal occasions. The Court officials do not wear gala uniforms, the full force of the electric light is not turned on, and the guests are expected to array themselves neatly and respectably, but not in their very best. Upon their arrival at Yildez, punctually at sunset, they are received and welcomed by sundry high Imperial functionaries, who, for the time being, have laid aside the starry constellations that are wont to glitter upon their manly breasts. After waiting about for some time, and passing from one small apartment to another (with the exception of the State dining-room, the apartments at Yildez

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Kiosk are all of modest dimensions), they are eventually conducted to the room in which *Iftar* is about to be served.

When foreigners are invited to *Iftar* the Sultan does not preside at the meal in the character of host, his place being taken by one of the high Court officials, but yet are the guests prone to sit upon the very edges of their chairs, to crumble their bread, and to converse in subdued voices, as they glance, with mingled feelings of awe and respect, in the direction of a large black and gold screen, which only partly conceals an open door leading to an inner apartment. For within this apartment—or so it is whispered and suspected, though nobody can be *quite* sure as to what *does* or does *not* happen at Yildez—his Imperial Majesty the Sultan, 'holding life and death even in the hollow of his hand,' is partaking of his own *Iftar* (the *real Iftar*, following upon a conscientious fast), after his own fashion and in solitary grandeur. No wonder therefore that the guests in the adjoining room are wont to sit upon the very edges of their chairs, to crumble their bread, and to converse in subdued voices as they glance towards the open door that is only partly concealed by the large black and gold screen!

After *Iftar*, upon the last occasion upon which we were invited to partake of it at the Palace, the high Court official again conducted us through narrow tortuous ways until we suddenly found ourselves opposite the embrasure of a small door, in which the Sultan was standing. Having made our obeisance, his Imperial Majesty offered me his arm, and proceeded, with a much longer stride and firmer step than might have been expected, considering his somewhat *chétif* and fragile appearance, to a small wooden circus, connected with the Palace, where an entertainment, consisting of dancing dogs and performing ponies, had been provided for our amusement. This was just after the unpleasant visitation known as 'the Great Earthquake,' when part of the old bazaar and several other buildings were levelled with the ground, and when all sorts of stories were current, descriptive of the blind terror with which the event was supposed to have inspired the Sultan.

But, upon this night of *Iftar*, no traces of any such terror were visible. His Imperial Majesty appeared to be in the most genial and affable of moods, conversing agreeably, and laughing heartily at the antics of the performing dogs and ponies, which, he informed me, had been trained under his own personal supervision. By-and-by a clock in the adjacent corridor struck the hour, to the accompaniment of musical chimes. The Sultan, who had placed me upon his right hand, took out his watch, shook it, held it to his ear, and then, after calling my attention to it with an arch smile, said something, in a low voice, to the Master of the Ceremonies (poor Munir Pasha, now dead and gone, and, even then, suffering terribly from asthma), who was acting as dragoman. (It is more than suspected that the Sultan is acquainted with other languages besides his own, but it is

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his custom to converse with his guests in Turkish, making use of an interpreter when necessary, who translates the Imperial utterances into French. At first, this method reminds one irresistibly of the famous conversation, through an interpreter, described in Kinglake's *Eothen*, but, by-and-by, one becomes quite used to it—compliments and all—and the seeming difficulties entirely disappear. When the subject matter is of importance, it is usual for each Ambassador, or Minister, to be accompanied by his own dragoman, which is supposed to guarantee the absolute correctness of the translation.)

'His Imperial Majesty desires me to inform your Excellency,' said Munir Pasha, pressing the lower portion of his chest with both hands in token of inexpressible respect, 'that this is the precise moment at which a renowned prophet has predicted the total destruction of the city of Constantinople by an earthquake, together with every one of its inhabitants, including the August Sovereign himself.'

While this speech was being delivered, the Sultan followed it with eyes that positively twinkled. Nothing could have been less suggestive of the abject terror to which, we had heard it affirmed, he was still a prey. As in duty bound, I replied somewhat as follows:

'Your Excellency will greatly oblige me by making known to his Imperial Majesty how sincerely touched I am at the proof he has deigned to give me of his confidence by informing me of this interesting circumstance, and pray have the goodness to add that, in my humble opinion, the natural alarm which such convulsions of Nature are wont to produce is largely due to the fact that they are of such uncertain occurrence, no man having as yet been able to predict correctly when they are likely to take place.' This answer (rather a typical one of its kind, I flatter myself) was duly translated to the 'August Sovereign,' who again smiled and muttered something in a low voice.

'His Imperial Majesty desires me to say,' wheezed poor Munir Pasha, 'that your Excellency is, as ever, entirely in the right. No man is able to predict, to a certainty, when an earthquake is likely to occur, as the time appointed for all such visitations is absolutely in the hands of God.'

I have since been reminded, by one who is not an unqualified admirer of either his Imperial Majesty or of all his works, and who has, moreover, no very high opinion of his personal courage, that when these pious sentiments were uttered, we were seated in a temporary building, constructed chiefly of laths and plaster, supplemented by sailcloth, which, even if the soothsayer's prognostications had come to pass, might have descended upon our heads like a house of cards, without doing us any very serious injury; and it was suggested to me that this place might possibly have been selected at that particular moment as a precautionary measure (to which, even assuming that this insinuation had any truth in it, I could

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scarcely have taken exception, seeing that I had been thus graciously accommodated with a seat in what may have been meant for an ark of safety). As a matter of fact, however, the Sultan appeared to be quite in a mood to snap his fingers at the earthquake, and the man who can snap his fingers at an earthquake, in spite of its divine origin, must be possessed of a certain amount of courage, even if, for private reasons of his own, he may not often care to ride or drive over the Galata Bridge.

MARY MONTGOMERIE CURRIE.

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PARISH SCHOOL DINNERS AND MUSEUMS

In the course of two rather lengthy letters which lately appeared in the columns of the *Times*, I endeavoured to sketch out a plan which would, I think, effect very definite improvements on our present system of primary education. The suggestions made were designed for a double object, the child was to be fitted for education and education fitted for the child. In other words, they were aimed to secure that the child's physical requirements in the way of food, &c., should be not only secured, but should be specially adapted to favour mental effort, and at the same time that additions should be made to the opportunities for training as distinct from teaching, and for objective instruction as distinct from that obtained in the classroom.

Briefly, it was proposed that the children attending our parish schools should remain on the premises during the dinner interval; should receive their meal at a common table; and that the occasion should be made use of in various ways for purposes of training. As regards the details, I may perhaps be permitted to quote from the second of the two letters referred to with the intention of appending a few sentences in expansion and explanation of the suggestions there made:

> In the first place it would be necessary in connection with all our Council schools to build a Refectory and a Kitchen. The former should be a large well-lighted room, and should serve not only as a dining-hall, but as a school-museum and a play-room in bad weather. Its walls should be covered with pictures (history, natural history, &c.), and these should be changed once a month. The tables should be on movable trestles, adapted for easy alteration or removal.
>
> It would be necessary to add to the staff a well-educated cook, who should be able and willing to give instruction in cookery, and to secure the services of a play-master, who should be responsible for good order, &c., in the intervals of school.
>
> To every child who put in an appearance a quarter of an hour before morning-school time would be offered a small cup of hot milk, weak tea half milk, or *café au lait*, with it a slice of bread. This would be regarded not as breakfast, but as a little addition to the home-breakfast calculated to fit the child for the morning's work. In reference to the suggestion to give children tea and coffee, I may explain that it is done advisedly. Making allowance for a few exceptions,

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there is probably no real objection to their use even at early ages. They rouse the dull, calm the excitable, prevent headaches, and fit the brain for work. But for them the temperance movement, so far as it has gone, would have been an impossibility, and no more practical means could perhaps be devised for securing its advance in the future than to teach the working classes of England to drink coffee. In order to do that it is needful that the women should be taught how to make it. To stigmatise these invaluable articles of diet as 'nerve-stimulants' is for me an erroneous expression, for they have probably a right to rank as nerve nutrients. Sydney Smith's well-known statement that a man's intellect depended upon the quantity of coffee which he drank, although, of course, an intentional exaggeration, is worthy of being kept in mind.

During the ten minutes' recreation-pause in the middle of morning-school there would be no objection to offering a piece of bread or biscuit to those who wished for it, but, perhaps, no great necessity.

Dinner should be served as soon after the end of morning-school as practicable, and a quarter of an hour previously half-a-dozen or more of the pupils should have been told off to don waiters' jackets and set the tables. They should serve as waiters during the meal and clear the tables afterwards. Of the elder girls a certain number, taken in rotation, should always be engaged in the kitchen. After dinner would come play. The interval between morning and afternoon-school should be, in summer time at any rate, two full hours, and before assembling for afternoon-school, small cups of tea or coffee should be again offered. In suitable weather the whole of the dinner interval, excepting that for the meal itself, should be spent in the open air, but when this might be impracticable, the play-master should devise some indoor recreation, an amusing reading, recitations, or a little play-acting. There would always be the museum specimens and the wall-pictures at hand for him to talk about.

It is obvious that the details of what could be attempted during the dinner interval would vary much in different schools. What could be done at a country school with plenty of outdoor space might be quite impracticable in large towns. Nowhere, however, should anything in the nature of lessons be permitted. It should be a time of rest and recreation. But drill, musical performances, and what is now called 'nature-teaching,' may easily be made attractive to children. In some schools a carpenter's shop and in some a garden might be found both attainable and useful.

As regards the suggestion that the Refectory should serve a second purpose as an educational museum and that all schools ought to be provided with such museums, a few words must be said. Such museums are designed to teach by the eye, and everything which makes appeal to that organ in an instructive manner is appropriate to them. Maps, pictures, portraits, models, specimens, coins, medals, &c., would all find their place. On the walls of the room there should be displayed—in orderly 'space-for-time' arrangement—a schedule of English history and possibly one of general history also. In false-backed frames, each containing a dozen or more engravings, &c., there should be placed a series of portraits, pictures, and maps, illustrating history, geography, art, and in fact all departments of knowledge. These should be frequently changed, and, as the same set would do for all schools, the initial cost of

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their preparation would not be great. The more substantial part of the museum contents need not take up much room, since constant display would be by no means essential. Such objects as small portraits, stones, bones, fossils, and shells, being practically indestructible, might be stowed away in drawers when not wanted, and with them their descriptive labels. There is no better training of the faculties of memory and observation than to set a dozen pupils to arrange a hundred of such objects and to affix their appropriate labels. If two separate dozens were set in a time-competition to accomplish the same task there would be yet more abundant interest elicited. It is essential for the success of museums which are to claim the attention of children that there shall be constant change. My chief object in entering on this occasion into these details is in order to show that museums of the kind contemplated would be in no danger of themselves lapsing into the dust-covered fossil condition which has been the fate of many 'museums' in the past. They would be in constant use, and thus their vitality would be well assured. It may be added that in association with them, but not inside the building, should be a vivarium to which the pupils should be encouraged to bring living specimens of flowers, &c., to be named and displayed, and that the duties of weighing, measuring the children, sight-testing, &c., as advised for all schools in the recent report of the Physical Degeneration Committee might perhaps be suitably assigned to the play-master.

During all vacations both Schoolroom and Refectory should be converted into exhibition rooms. The whole wealth of the school museum should then be on show and should be supplemented by objects, on loan, supplied by the committee and their friends. By mutual co-operation between many schools a varied supply of more valuable exhibits might easily be secured, and the *Vacation Museum* might become an advantage to the neighbourhood and possibly of profit to the funds of the school.

Amongst the collateral advantages which would result from the retention of the pupils on the school premises during the dinner interval a reduction of the risks incident to exposure in bad weather is one of no small importance. Let the reader imagine what it is to turn out a hundred children into the street on a wet day and to require them to return in two hours' time. Many of them are but poorly clad and very few have anything of the nature of a waterproof or an umbrella. Under not infrequent conditions probably a majority will return with wet feet and damp clothes and without any possibility of change. Undoubtedly these conditions do result in a large amount of painful and expensive ill-health. It is not possible to wholly remove this form of risk but it should be carefully reduced to a minimum.

The relief which the plan would afford to the mother of

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a family is too obvious to need mention. Not having to prepare and preside over her children's midday meal she would be at liberty in many instances to earn money which she would well know how to use, or to secure a much-needed rest.

It is equally obvious that there would be great gain to the children, in that their play hours would be employed under intelligent supervision, and they would not be left to lounge aimlessly in the streets.

By far the principal gain would, however, accrue from the fact that the pupils would be one and all suitably fed and prepared for their afternoon's studies. We may, perhaps, be allowed to put aside any attempt to estimate statistically the proportion of those who under the present system come to school in a starving condition. We may hope and believe that it is a very small one, but the fact remains unquestionable that a large majority are habitually fed at their homes with food more or less unsuitable. The school kitchen could supply viands of appropriate kind and quality—appetising and easy of digestion—at far less cost than that which would be incurred by parents at home. It is not needful to go into details in this matter. They would have to be discussed from time to time by Ladies' Committees guided by expert knowledge. Probably the food would be mainly vegetable. I have already hinted that I would allow—in great moderation—the use of tea and coffee, and about this there may be some difference of opinion. Experience would soon settle the question for or against. Concerning one article of diet there can be no doubt. Milk is one of the very best foods for children, and it is one which, under the present system, British children among the working classes rarely taste. The penalties which are enforced against adulteration, and which are often exacted with very imperfect knowledge, have made the sale of milk a risky and very vexatious trade. Very few farmers will sell milk retail. It has to pass through the hands of middlemen, and before it reaches the consumer its price has been so raised that it is wholly unobtainable by the poor. Tinned milk from Switzerland or elsewhere is all that English children for the most part get, and that only in very restricted quantities. Under the arrangements now proposed, milk would become an article of very large consumption, and as it would be procured wholesale it would be had cheaply. It might, perhaps, in some country districts be found economical to occupy land and produce milk and vegetables for school use. In all places it may be hoped that committees of ladies would take an interest in the school dinner-table, and would see to its being supplied with flowers and fruit.

Can any one doubt that some such scheme as that suggested would be a great improvement, so far as the children's interests are concerned, on the present practice? Under the latter no security is taken that they are, as

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regards food, in a fit state to begin lessons. When the morning school ends the majority have to trudge home, it may be in we and dirty lanes or streets, and the meal which is the best that the most careful mother can offer them will probably be much less well adapted to their requirements than that which the school would supply. After dinner a lounge in the street, and then another trudge to school and another risk of wet feet or other discomforts. The plan suggested would probably double the real efficiency of the school. It would give opportunity for training as well as for teaching, and it would prolong the opportunities afforded to the teachers, and also, perhaps, bring them into more agreeable relations with their pupils. That it would be more or less costly may be freely admitted, but that it would be wasteful may be stoutly denied. The children, as has been already urged, must be fed somewhere, and the cost of feeding them at school *en masse* would be much less than that of providing for them at their homes.

If it be admitted, then, that the plan would be in itself a good one, we next turn to the question as to who should bear the cost. I have urged that when the State assumed the right to dictate to parents as to the employment of their children's time, it also took over to an equivalent extent the duty of providing for the children's maintenance. Let us make frank acknowledgment, once for all, that the State (that is, the ratepayers) should assume as a matter of duty the partial maintenance of all children during the age of compulsory school attendance. This would mean from the age of five to fourteen, and it might surely very suitably take the form of providing free meals on the school-premises on all school-days. Offered alike to all who had children to send, and paid for by rates which would be levied on all, it would involve no stigma of pauperism, nor would it tend in the slightest degree to undermine the self-dependence of individuals. It would be simply the recognition of a State duty and an acknowledgment that some things are better done by co-operation than if left to unaided parental effort. It would not diminish parental responsibility. The horse would still be in the collar, although the load of bricks behind him might be a little lightened. There would still remain for the parent the provision of a home for his children, of their clothing and their food up to a certain age, and over all ages to a large extent. He would still have to provide for illnesses almost certain to occur. Under the present system it is not until fifteen years after marriage that parents can expect even from their first-born child any material contribution to the family purse, and for many years later the younger part of a rising family will continue to be without mitigation a source of expense. We must remember that it is during these years that the mother is likely to be frequently disabled, and that during long months of nursing she may need an extra supply of food. With yearly augmenting demands on his resources, and probably no advance in wages, the husband may find himself compelled to restrict his own allowance of nutritious food and may fail in health. Add to these considerations the possible occurrence of accidents or other disablements, and it becomes not difficult to realise that during the period of compulsory school attendance the head of the family is in a position to claim our best sympathies. Would it injure his spirit of self-dependence? Would it in any sense pauperise him if he were told that society had come to the conclusion that a part of the burden of the rearing and education of children belonged of right to it, and that henceforward all his children whose attendance was required at school would, whilst so detained, be provided with good food? Would it not rather, by making his life a little easier, and by demonstrating the reasonableness of his fellow townsmen, conduce to a frame of mind favourable to self-denial and vigorous effort? Would it not, in the case of the exceptional few against whom a charge of neglect of the interests of their children can be made, strengthen the hands of those engaged in seeking their reformation? We have but to try to realise the difference in sentiment towards society of a father who

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had been fined, or perhaps imprisoned, for neglect to feed his children, and one to whose better nature an appeal could be made which would be backed up by kindly action. It is the sun and not the wind which makes a man take off his coat. It is, I believe, estimated that nearly a sixth of our population are of the ages in which school attendance is compulsory. Perhaps it may be plausibly guessed that about an eighth or a ninth attend at State-provided schools, and would under the scheme now proposed be partially fed at school.

I have had a communication from a working man who had read my last letter in the *Times*, and who expressed in strong terms his agreement with my argument as to the obligation incurred by the community when the Education Acts were passed. He had been brought up before those Acts were in existence, and was the son of a skilful and thrifty farm labourer. His father's wage was, he said, fourteen shillings a week, but it was supplemented by the earnings of two sons and a daughter, all under fifteen. The daughter had eighteenpence a week and each of the boys two shillings, thus adding more than a third of the father's wage to the family fund. He added that in several other ways—field-gleaning, for instance—the children were in those days serviceable to their parents.

The fascination which the scheme which I here advocate has for my own mind arises from the conviction that it would attain the several objects desired, and that it would do this cleanly and neatly, without waste either of money or of effort. It aims to improve the educational training of the masses, and it would do it. It aims, also, to make certain that children attending our schools should be properly fed, and it would effect that also. By no possibility could any part of the funds provided be diverted from their proper purpose. The children would be well-fed, well-trained, and well-taught, and there the matter would end. There would be no charity in the matter, no inquisitorial intrusions upon family life, no doles either in money or otherwise. There will, of course, be objections raised, and it will be loudly asserted by some that the whole plan would tend to pauperisation, that it would supersede family life, undermine the spirit of self-reliance, and indirectly encourage thriftlessness and intemperance. Such *bruta fulmina* have, I may confess, no great terrors for me. They are all based upon misconceptions. It is not true of the bulk of British workmen that the proneness to intemperance and self-indulgence is restrained only by an empty pocket. Of the minority to whom possibly some such stigma does attach, it may fairly be expected that a few generations of such training as these schools would afford would suffice to develop other tastes. The bonds of family life would not be weakened by being made a little less galling, nor a man's spirit of self-reliance reduced by its being proved to him that the task imposed was not one impossible of achievement. It is very difficult indeed to enter into any sympathy of feeling with those who cannot admit that parents with families to bring up are very un-

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equally burdened as compared with those who have none. To some of us the inequality seems so glaring. Nor to those who, like myself, have had a wide acquaintance with the secrets of social life in all classes is it easy to sympathise with the sentiment which would decry early marriage, and regard large families as in any degree blameworthy. Such sentiments would, if realised, be destructive of the best interests of society. Had there been no improvident marriages in the past, our progress both as regards our moral and material growth would have been greatly hindered; and all impediments placed in the way of the legitimate increase of our population will assuredly tend to retard our development in the future.

JONATHAN HUTCHINSON.

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HENRY PARRY LIDDON[1]

THE common complaint against biographies is that there is too much of them. Canon Johnston's *Life of Liddon* is open, I think, to the opposite charge. He has not made sufficient use of the immense mass of material which must have been at his disposal. He has done his own part extremely well, and to the general reader, possibly, his self-restraint will seem a virtue. But the smaller, though still large, circle whom the book will chiefly interest would have liked it longer. Through the greater part of his life, Liddon was the most conspicuous figure in the High Church party. He began to come into view just when the fortunes of that party were at their lowest. In the middle fifties, Pusey and Keble seemed to have no successors. The shock of two disastrous secessions, in 1845 and 1851, and the readiness of the Episcopate to co-operate with popular feeling in suppressing such symptoms of continuing life as occasionally became visible, condemned High Churchmen to live for a time in a sort of moral catacomb. Liddon was the first conspicuous exception to this level of submissive self-effacement. He was ordained priest in December 1853. From 1854 to 1859 he was vice-principal of the Theological College at Cuddesdon, and left a mark there which all Bishop Wilberforce's efforts could not efface. From 1859 to 1863 he was vice-principal of St. Edmund Hall, and there laid the foundations of his great influence at Oxford. Then followed eight years of independent but extremely active employment as select preacher, Bampton lecturer, and chaplain to Bishop Hamilton, until, in 1870, he accepted the office with which his name will always be associated, and became canon of St. Paul's. The history of these years may be read succinctly and pleasantly in Canon Johnston's pages. But when we turn to the letters in order to fill in the outline of his narrative we are disappointed. The selection, indeed, is extremely judicious. It leaves few aspects of Liddon's career unrepresented. But of no part of that career do we get much detail. It happens that Liddon was an admirable correspondent. His letters were long, interesting, and singularly frank in their criticisms of actions and persons. It seemed possible, indeed, that the delay in

[1] *Life and Letters of Henry Parry Liddon, D.D., D.C.L., LL.D.* By J. O. Johnston, M.A. (Longmans.)

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bringing out the *Life*, which, we now learn from the preface, has been caused by other demands on Canon Johnston's time, had been due to this last characteristic. But, after an interval of fourteen years, much may be printed which it was expedient to keep back in the first instance, and in this way a far more complete and vivid view of Liddon's personality might have been presented to us. Again and again Canon Johnston gives us one letter where three would have been welcome. Thus, in reference to his resignation of the vice-principalship of Cuddesdon, we get only a general intimation that 'an anxious correspondence was kept up through the whole of the Christmas vacation.' Yet the decision which Liddon had then to make, though he had only been five years in orders, was one of very great importance. Again, it was at St. Edmund Hall that he began those Sunday evening lectures to which he devoted so much well-rewarded labour. But of this period, though Canon Johnston's account of it is very well done, all that is vouchsafed us of Liddon's is extracts from some half-dozen letters. There are only two or three letters, again, in reference to the great changes at St. Paul's—changes which have turned a church of which Bishop Blomfield had once said to Bishop Wilberforce, as they drove together up Ludgate Hill, 'I wonder what that great building has ever done for the cause of Jesus Christ,' into the centre of spiritual work in London that it now is. And, stranger still, there is no reference to a subject on which Liddon is known to have felt, spoken, and probably written, very strongly—the changes made, after Disestablishment, in the Irish Prayer-book. It is to be hoped that at some future time a second volume of letters may be published from which it will be possible to form a more complete idea of Liddon than is conveyed in this volume.

Canon Johnston has been well served by the Bishop of Oxford, who has contributed a general estimate of Liddon's work and character, and by Mr. Sampson, who writes ten delightful pages on his life in Christ Church. The Bishop has succeeded in that hardest of tasks, the putting into words what it was that gave Liddon the exceptional charm which he will always retain in the memory of those whom he honoured by his friendship.

> The friend with whom he travelled year after year, who really, perhaps, was to him nearest of all save his own kindred, and whose happiness it was to be constantly adding to the gladness and pleasantness of his Oxford life; the friend who toiled with him hour after hour in the building up of Dr. Pusey's biography, and by whose loyalty and care both that great book and this have seen the light; the friends with whom he dined quietly every Friday when he was at Christ Church—always coming late, always apologising after the same fashion, always disclosing bit by bit his most delightful ways; the friends who will exactly recognise every trait in Mr. Sampson's sketch of him; the friends whose lives were simpler than his, such as those who remember him as the kindest and most generous of masters; the friends who walked with him along the familiar roads round Oxford and hardly kept him from trespassing through Bagley Wood in

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quest of wild flowers, sometimes to be borne home in open triumph, sometimes to be stored precariously in his hat; friends, again, such as those he had at the Deanery of St. Paul's—they know how far deeper, and richer, and nobler his nature was than all that can appear in controversy—they hold and honour a remembrance of him which they may feel to be a greater thing than can be gathered even from the most brilliant parts of his correspondence, or from all his share in determining the course of affairs; they may think that they can understand why it really was that he held a foremost place amongst men, and won the admiration and gratitude and trust even of those who on many points differed from him.

I must supplement this by a quotation from Mr. Sampson:

He had come to Christ Church when he was only seventeen years of age; in connection with Christ Church, in many instances within its walls, he had formed his most enduring friendships; almost without any break from the date of his matriculation he had continued to hold his rooms; and all through his life it had been his habit to spend a considerable portion of each year in residence with us. Christ Church was emphatically his home, and he lavished on it all the wealth of affection of which so deep and genuine a nature was capable. With men in general his entire truthfulness and sincerity made him hesitate to admit to close intimacy people whom he did not know, or of whom he was not sure; but when he gave he gave royally and out of a royal abundance.

And then Mr. Sampson goes on to describe Liddon in common room, as a storyteller, in his intercourse with the college servants, in his relations with the undergraduates, in the governing body, as an adviser in moral or spiritual things, as one who never allowed differences even on matters on which he held very strong and decided views to cloud his friendships.

God gave us in him one of His noblest gifts—close and constant intercourse with a rare and beautiful character, with a mind of the very highest order, stored with varied information, and endowed with singular and most gracious courtesy; while all the possibilities of these natural gifts were rendered more winning and more attractive by a pure and saintly life.

The Bishop of Oxford's chapter contains, besides that admirable description of Liddon as he knew him from which I have quoted, some considerations in arrest of certain judgments which he thinks likely to be passed on Liddon's character by 'those who did not know the man, or knew him but externally and slightly.' He is afraid that the book will disappoint some readers, convey to others an impression of 'brilliant and effective gifts rather than of the qualities of temper and judgment which give lasting value to a man's work,' and mislead others by 'epigrams and comparisons and unflinching verdicts which exactly match their own opinions.' Liddon will suffer, the Bishop thinks, in the estimation of the present generation from his relentless way of 'foretelling what would result from the acceptance, the prevalence of the cause, the movement which he was opposing.' His prophecies 'were a large part of the cause of that despondency which ... brought much sadness and some feeling of isolation into his later

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years,' and they 'made him not wholly just to those from whom he differed.' The Bishop finds the explanation of these weaknesses in the fact that Liddon's life 'was singularly free from great burdens of administration or of government.' In comparison with many 'charged with great tasks and overwhelming responsibility,' he was 'almost a free lance.' The 'constant discipline, the haunting constraint, the stubborn hindrance that belongs to such offices as he should have held he never knew.' He never had a parish of his own. He was a vice-principal of two colleges, but never a principal. He was a Student of Christ Church, but never a Censor. He was a professor who did not teach for examinations, and a canon 'bearing no unshared weight of responsibility, no lonely tasks of decision, bound by no imperative need of carrying others with him that he might do his own work.' Owing to the freedom which his successive positions gave him, he 'escaped that discipline of insuperable difficulties and of dependence upon others which, while it brings indeed its own temptations, is none the less a safeguard of the exercise of judgment.' He was exempt from the necessity of facing facts 'which, had the duty of government or a foremost place in the administration been his, he would never have been suffered to ignore.' Put in the shortest form, Dr. Paget's criticism comes to this: Liddon was not a Bishop. He was not even an archdeacon.

It seems to me that the Bishop of Oxford has been led by his friendship for Liddon to conjure up imaginary assailants. I doubt whether there are any who think of him as 'almost a free lance'; as indisposed by character and not compelled by circumstances to face facts; as unusually free from the sense and burden of responsibility. Even if there be such persons, I am certain that their opinion of Liddon will be changed when they come to read his *Life and Letters*. The impression left by the book is rather that of an immense, I might almost say an exaggerated, sense of responsibility. We have all of us met with free lances in such controversies as those with which Liddon was largely occupied—men who fight for sheer love of fighting, men to whom the rapture of the strife is its own reward, and the cause for which they are contending a matter of secondary interest. I do not mean, of course, that the Bishop thinks that this could be said of Liddon. The closing pages of the chapter of which I am speaking show full understanding and appreciation of what Liddon really was. But he evidently does think that, with more responsibility, Liddon would have been something other than he was; that the necessities of office, of having to work with others, would have brought with them a greater power of distinguishing between what is possible and what is not. The extreme and the tempered view of Liddon's irresponsibility seem to me alike untrue. The sense of what might follow from the least haste or inconsiderateness in action never left him. More than once it so possessed him as really to hinder him from

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playing his part in affairs. More often it led him to do things quite opposed to his disposition and inclinations for fear of the consequences of yielding to them.

Perhaps the most striking example of this strong sense of responsibility is his action in reference to the Pusey House after the publication of *Lux Mundi*. Liddon had been specially active in bringing the House into existence. He saw in it 'a home of sacred learning,' a 'rallying point for Christian faith,' a centre . . . in which 'all that is solid in inquiry and learning, and all that is lofty and aspiring in moral effort,' should 'find encouragement under the consecrating shadow of a great name.' 'The Pusey House was to him the best memorial of the great theologian to whose service so much of his life had been given. There, and there alone, he saw a possibility of keeping alive in the new Oxford all that he most valued in the Oxford that had passed away. And in the first principal, the present Bishop of Birmingham, he saw the man who, of all others, was most fitted for the guidance of the new venture. Mr. Gore seemed to Liddon 'to combine a lofty simplicity of purpose with that insight and knowledge of the things of faith which makes him not unworthy to represent, even in Oxford, the great name of Dr. Pusey.' In the mouth of Liddon there could be no higher praise. The publication of *Lux Mundi* was the first intimation of the existence of a wide divergence between himself and the principal of the Pusey House on the criticism of Scripture. How Liddon could have remained in ignorance of what was a matter of common knowledge to everybody in Oxford is extraordinary. But there can be no question as to the fact. It is stated with equal plainness and sorrow in a letter to myself which is printed in the *Life*:

> The whole thing shows, among much else, how little hereafter you ought to trust me, as I had no idea of what was going on in minds around me, and have been pressing the claims of the Pusey House in all sorts of quarters, on the ground of continuing the teaching and work of Dr. Pusey.

There is no need to dwell on the pain which this discovery gave to both the persons concerned. The immediate point I want to note is the manner in which Liddon met Mr. Gore's offer of resignation, which was at once sent to the Governors of Pusey House. If he had only consulted his own feelings, there can be little doubt that he would have advised them to accept it. Pusey held so exceptional a place in Liddon's affection, his devotion to him was so unstinted, the writing of his *Life* so shaped his conception of his own duties, and his identification of Pusey with the older criticism was so complete that his first wish must have been to place the Pusey House in hands which would carry on the tradition unchanged. Nor probably was there any doubt that his advice, if it pointed to the acceptance of the resignation, would at once have been followed. But, besides feelings,

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Liddon had a keen prevision of consequences and of the responsibilities which that prevision cast upon him. I remember going into his study in Amen Court one afternoon in the winter of 1889, and his saying as he rose from his table, 'You will be surprised at what I have been doing this morning. I have been imploring the Governors of Pusey House not to accept Gore's resignation.' And then he sketched out the fatal results of the opposite course—the inevitable schism in the High Church party—and that the worst of all schisms because the dividing line would lie between the young men and the old. Nothing has ever so impressed me with Liddon's real statesmanship as the recollection of that conversation. His judgment on the facts was wholly uncoloured, his reading of his own duty wholly uninfluenced, by his own wishes in the matter.

Or let me take, by way of further illustration, two incidents, one coming early, the other late in his life. The first is his resignation of the vice-principalship of the Theological College at Cuddesdon. The post had been offered to him by Bishop Wilberforce in the week before his ordination as priest, and this unusual mark of episcopal favour at once opened out to him a distinguished ecclesiastical career. Liddon was fully alive to what resignation of this post might mean. 'I do not see any future whatever,' he writes in his diary. 'My first great attempt at work has failed.' Nor was resignation made easier by any coolness between him and Bishop Wilberforce. On the contrary, he retained for the Bishop a warmth of affection which to most readers of the correspondence will seem a little surprising. For the Bishop did not pretend that 'the differences of actual belief' between him and Liddon made resignation necessary. He only complains of 'a certain tone' which Liddon aimed at forming in the men who came under his influence, and the worst thing that he can say of this tone is that it is not his own—a grave fault, no doubt, in Bishop Wilberforce's eyes, but hardly one to justify a virtual dismissal, with the possible risks which the Bishop himself admitted to be involved in the step. 'Of course,' says Mr. Johnston, 'Liddon's resignation had wider aspects than the personal or even the diocesan. It was connected with the attitude of the bishops generally to the whole High Church movement.' How this showed itself as regards Cuddesdon may perhaps be worth the notice of those younger High Churchmen who complain of their treatment by the bishops to-day. In February 1857 the Bishops of London, St. Davids, Llandaff, Salisbury, Glasgow, and Chichester were staying with Bishop Wilberforce, and Liddon thus describes the changes made at their instance in the College chapel:

> The Cross has been removed; the white and green altar-cloths are forbidden; the painted figures on the wall are to be covered over; and the Celebrant is to stand at the end, not in front of the altar. The bishops wish to abolish the early communions on Sundays, but these happily have been saved.

The English Episcopate has travelled a long way in forty-five

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years. But all these surrenders were of no avail, so long as that terrible 'tone' remained. I dwell upon this resignation because it seems to me an example of the strong sense of responsibility which governed Liddon's action throughout his life. He had every inducement to accept a compromise which might enable him to remain—the consciousness of usefulness, love of the work, affection for the Bishop, readiness to obey authority, even to the extent of giving up things that he thought really important. But none of these things were allowed to influence him. He placed himself absolutely in the Bishop's hands, and as the Bishop had persuaded himself that to retain Liddon as vice-principal would make people think him insincere, he determined to send him away. Unfortunately the sacrifice was of little avail. It gave real pain to the Bishop, and it did not remove the impression of his insincerity. Submissions to popular outcry seldom do.

It used to be thought sometimes that Liddon was never offered a bishopric, sometimes that he had always resolved not to accept one. As a matter of fact he would have been offered the bishopric of Salisbury by Mr. Gladstone if the Liberal Government had not gone out of office just at the moment when it fell vacant, and he was offered the bishopric of St. Albans by Lord Salisbury. In the former case the offer was much talked of in advance, and at first Liddon was determined to refuse it. But in the end he changed his mind. 'If,' he told Dr. Bright, 'Lord Salisbury had offered me the See of Salisbury in the autumn, I had, with much misgiving and after long hesitation, made up my mind that it would be a duty to accept it.' On the second occasion, in 1890, he came to a different conclusion. His reasons are preserved in a statement found among his papers. His age and health, and the fact that his attitude towards *Lux Mundi* would deprive him of the sympathy and support of the younger High Churchmen, had some weight with him. But what most influenced his decision was the conviction that, as an ordinary diocesan bishop, he would be immersed in details of rural administration for which he was unfitted, and have no opportunity 'for governing the future policy and direction of the English Church.' Did the post he was offered give him this opportunity 'the case would be different. But of this I see no prospect whatever.' Surely, in all this Liddon's sense of responsibility was almost excessive.

In his view of the comparative importance of the various Sees, I cannot think that Liddon was right. The share of a bishop in governing the policy of the English Church depends, I suspect, less on the diocese than on the man. The Episcopate can in most cases do little unless it acts together. The expressed dissent of a single bishop possessed of the requisite courage and ability would be enough in some conceivable cases to neutralise the action of the remainder—Archbishop Benson saw this more

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clearly than Liddon. When, in 1885, Mr. Gladstone asked his opinion on Liddon's title to 'have his claims considered'—the cautious minister went no further—the Archbishop described his 'great and only fear' as being that Liddon, '*liking* to feel the courage of his convictions, and having the spirit of a resolute fighter in avowed controversy,' might, as a bishop, 'some day find some uncompromising protest dearer than the love of unity' within the episcopate. The fear here expressed was, I feel sure, well founded. If Liddon had accepted a bishopric, it would have been with a determination to make his influence felt and his views recognised. He had been 'a fighter' all his life, and he would have seen in his new office an opportunity of fighting more strenuously and with more effect. It seems sometimes to be assumed that a bishop divests himself of his previous convictions when he puts on the episcopal habit, and that in order to administer his diocese with proper impartiality he must cease to draw any distinctions between parties in the Church. This would not have been Liddon's conception of the office. He would have been rigidly just to persons, and tolerant of what he would have regarded as shortcomings in the conduct of the service, provided that they could plead the authority of long custom. But the High Church clergy would have seemed to him the true representatives of the Church of England, and as such they would have been the chief sharers in his confidence and in his patronage. It is difficult to imagine Liddon deliberately appointing anyone but a High Churchman to a cure of souls. He never deceived himself by convenient and consoling phrases. No one, for example, ever heard him speak of 'schools of thought' in the Church of England. The words have a meaning, he would have held, when applied to different ways of stating the same truth; they have none when the difference they express relates to the truth itself. As I read Liddon's mind, he would have been a wiser Laud: a Laud with a radically different conception of the means which would best advance his end, but with an equally definite sense that his place was that of a leader in a Counter-Reformation. And though, as Archbishop Benson truly said, 'Liddon's gentle and winning nature would make for peace,' it would have been for peace in things indifferent. There would have been no surrender of principle for the sake of episcopal unity.

The Bishop of Oxford describes Liddon as liking to push a position further along the road than those who held it wanted to go. It was a phrase of his that 'if you begin to slide down an inclined plane you cannot stop in the middle merely by wishing earnestly to do so.' As a description of Liddon's method that is perfectly true. But it must not be taken to imply that Liddon's predictions were seldom fulfilled. For myself I should describe Liddon as eminently clear-sighted, as appreciating with remarkable accuracy the results of a given line of action. Where his vision was at fault was that he did not always see when there was really no other line to be followed.

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Two conspicuous examples of this distinction are his attitude towards Oxford Reform and his attitude towards Old Testament criticism. On both these questions Liddon's prophecies have been abundantly fulfilled; in neither case did he see that this fulfilment was part of an inevitable change. The object of the University Reformers was to destroy the religious character alike of the University and of the colleges. They were to be secular societies in all respects, except that the former would continue to grant degrees in divinity and maintain the University sermons, while one of the latter would still be associated with the Theological faculty, and its chapel would remain the cathedral of the diocese. Liddon was altogether opposed to this revolution. He would have preferred a redistribution of the colleges which should leave a certain number of them in possession of the Church, while allowing the rest to be assigned to other denominations. Prophecy applied to a scheme which had never so much as a chance of being tried is a useless exercise; but I can see no reason for supposing that, if this plan had been carried out, religion in Oxford would have been any the better for it. I doubt whether there is any necessary difference between the religious opinions of a clever undergraduate at Keble and those of a clever undergraduate at any other college. The atmosphere of the University is the same for both. The questions discussed are the same for both. The play of argument, the attractions of controversy, especially when the controversy relates to what, till yesterday, was undisputed truth—all these things are the same for both. How a mind so acute as Liddon's could have missed seeing this it is hard to say. Possibly he exaggerated the influence of systematic teaching, and so attached undue importance to the protection afforded by a body of orthodox tutors. Or it may be that, while he regarded his own plan as the only expedient left, he expected very little from it. Possibly, too, he may have thought that, while nothing that he could do would make Oxford what it had been, it was none the less his duty to make the change at least less complete than it would be if the University Reformers took their way unchecked. The partition of the colleges among the denominations could be only a makeshift; but even that would be better than acquiescence in ruin. His suggestion was not listened to, and from that time in using the Bidding Prayer before a sermon at the University Church, he always changed 'the phrase which implies that the Universities are places of religious and useful learning, which is obviously not the fact, since they have been made headquarters of infidelity.'

It seems to me that Liddon's forecast of the effect which the change would have upon the University was absolutely accurate. The letter which contains it is really an answer to one which Bright had received from Lord Blachford (then Sir Frederick Rogers) in defence, or rather, perhaps, in extenuation of Sir John Coleridge's Bill. There can be no question, I think, which of the two views of what Oxford would

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become if the Bill passed came nearer to accomplishment. Rogers, writes Liddon, asks whether the plan of Denominational Colleges

> is not 'manifestly a confession that religious truth needs a special protection for its existence.' . . . Speaking absolutely [Liddon replies], we know that religious truth can take good care of itself, or rather that, in history, in the long run, God will take very good care of it because it is His Truth. But in the concrete and particular case of young men living together, tempted to every sort of moral mischief, and eager to get rid in their worst moments of the sanctions and control of religion, it is no disparagement to religious truth to say that it does need protection. . . . To treat Oxford undergraduates as in all respects men appears to me the greatest possible mistake.

Nor did Liddon set any store by the continuance of chapel services or divinity lectures. He was wrong, indeed, in anticipating that they would not long be maintained; but it was only the common mistake of expecting things to move faster than they do. I do not imagine that attendance at chapel plays a large part in the life of Oxford now, and the faculty of theology is threatened.

Liddon's dislike of the New Oxford led him into two errors. He exaggerated the merits of the Oxford that was passing away, and he refused to see that it was passing away from causes beyond human control. The Old Oxford, no doubt, recognised religion in a hundred ways in which it is no longer recognised. But they were not always ways which Liddon could have wished to see perpetuated. For compulsory chapels there was much to be said, but how about compulsory communions? There is a true story of a young man, who was leading a very loose life, plucking up courage to tell his tutor the Saturday before the Terminal Communion that he did not feel fit for it, and getting for answer, 'If you are not fit to be a communicant, you are not fit to be a member of this college, and you will go down on Monday morning.' This was not a way of protecting religious truth likely to be of much service to undergraduates. In another letter Liddon speaks of the time when Christ Church 'had in its hands the great and responsible work of educating two-thirds of the governing class in this country, and did, after its fashion, as in Cyril Jackson's day, educate them in Christian principles.' In the closing years of the eighteenth and the early years of the nineteenth century 'Christian principles' had the field of education pretty much to themselves. Christ Church was Christian, because, and in much the same sense that, England was Christian. But no place of education can long resist the influences that make up the intellectual atmosphere which it must breathe if it is to live. Its surrender, as an institution, is inevitable, and it would have been equally inevitable under Liddon's own scheme. The old weapons were no longer suited to the changed society. They would have broken in the hands of those who tried to use them.

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What I have said of Liddon's attitude towards changes at Oxford applies with even greater force to the controversy which saddened the closing months of his life. His position in regard to the criticism of the Old Testament is hard to understand. It was not the position of an opponent who, after careful investigation of the question, has satisfied himself that the arguments urged in support of the new theories will not hold water. Nor was it the position of one who holds his judgment in suspense—willing to be convinced if sufficient evidence can be brought forward, but satisfied that as yet no such evidence has been brought forward. Into the merits of the new criticism Liddon refused to enter. He rejected it almost without inquiry. He refused to regard the date and authorship of the several books of the Old Testament as matters for critical examination. In dealing with evolution, Liddon's line had been different. Lord Acton wrote of him in 1884: he 'is in contact with all that is doing in the world of thought,' and 'in no peril from the movement of modern science. He has faced these problems and accounted for them.' No one could have said this of him in reference to the problems which met him in *Lux Mundi*. He had neither faced them nor accounted for them. He treated them as though they belonged to a region of pure dogma, in which the ordinary processes of investigation and comparison had no place. To him, to doubt the unity of Isaiah or the date of the book of Daniel was like questioning an article of the creed. Still, to describe this state of mind is not to account for it. *Why* did Liddon take up this position of uninquiring hostility towards this particular group of problems? Three things, I think, may be said in explanation, though, as I fully admit, in very incomplete explanation. In the first place we must take into account Liddon's intense devotion to Dr. Pusey's memory. Pusey's opinion, or rather what presumably would have been his opinion had he been alive, stood to Liddon in the place of a second conscience. In Pusey's lifetime Liddon had not always agreed with him. On at least one occasion he had severely criticised him. Thus in 1871, when the conflict between his duties as canon of St. Paul's and his duties as Ireland Professor was greatly troubling him, he wrote, 'The doctor's theory of it [the canonry] as a mere endowment to an Oxford chair appears to me—well, I won't say what.' But under the shock of Pusey's death loyalty took the place of criticism. The entries in his journal show how great that shock was. He hears of Pusey's illness at Turin, and at once starts for home. At Paris he

telegraphed to King to know how Dr. Pusey was. No answer. Had a terrible presentiment of what might be. . . . After dinner walked out and bought to-day's *Standard* at a kiosk. On opening it saw the beginning of an obituary. Had not the heart to look on, but walked about the streets rapidly for an hour before I came back to the hotel. . . . The world is for me no more the same world. The whole past seems torn up by the roots.

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And then a month later he notes: 'Dined in Hall for the first time after Dr. Pusey's death. Everybody talking and laughing just as though nothing had happened.' From that time Pusey's influence over Liddon seemed to know no variation. It was a sufficient condemnation of a theory that Dr. Pusey had held the contrary to it. This was especially unfortunate in the case of a question the contents of which had greatly changed even within the short space between 1882 and 1890. It meant that Liddon was tied to a view that Pusey himself might conceivably have abandoned or modified had he lived longer. It is impossible to feel sure how far fresh arguments would have influenced him, or in what way he would have met fresh difficulties. We may be sure, however, that he would not have passed them by without examination—which is just what Liddon did. A second cause, no doubt, was that keenness of prevision of which I have already spoken. He saw clearly what the immediate effect of the new criticism would be. And here again he seems to me to have been quite right. I know that at the time people used to talk of the additional value that the new criticism had given to the Old Testament. But however much the discovery that Deuteronomy was written in the time of King Josiah, or that the ceremonial law was a device for stimulating national feeling after the captivity, may have cheered or consoled a few, they have probably contributed far more largely to the general religious unsettlement which has been and is visible everywhere. Here again Liddon does not seem to have realised the real weight of the new criticism—the difficult problems to which it provided a solution, the inconsistencies which it removed out of the way. And failing to see these things, he naturally failed to see that it could not possibly be ignored or met with a simple denial. Last, and most potent of all, was the fact that the new criticism had been accepted at the Pusey House, and must necessarily colour the teaching given there. We have seen what Liddon's object in helping to create the House had been.

> The effort [writes Canon Johnston] to found the Pusey Memorial in Oxford, or to watch over it when founded, took the same place in Liddon's heart and life during the years that followed Pusey's death as did the foundation of Keble College from 1886 to 1890. It was his greatest delight to labour for it; for the Pusey House in Oxford was designed to carry on the most valuable part of Pusey's work.

But after the publication of *Lux Mundi* Liddon felt that 'among all older Churchmen it has, at any rate for the present, destroyed confidence in the existing management of the Pusey House, and put an end to those plans for its enlargement upon which we had set our hearts.' And all this came upon him, it must be remembered, as an absolute surprise. Mr. Gore's article in *Lux Mundi* was, indeed, simply the summing-up of views which he had embodied in his lectures for years, nor had he ever doubted that Liddon knew it. 'I thought,'

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he wrote, 'you never said the things I heard of your saying to others about the Old Testament to me because you knew this. I thought you did not countenance it, but acquiesced in it.' Nor was the manner in which the conclusions of the new criticism were presented in *Lux Mundi* calculated to lessen Liddon's uneasiness. As Aubrey Moore used to say, there is a great difference between '*If* a thing is true,' and '*Even* if a thing is true,' and the argument of *Lux Mundi* was mainly of the latter kind. Grant, it said, all that the higher criticism is alleged to have established, and the position and claim of Christianity remain just where they were. But, for the success of this method, it was necessary to concede the force of much that might have proved to be only the opinions of individual critics, had it been consistent with the purpose of the writer to examine it nearer. If Liddon's life had been prolonged, distinctions of this sort would doubtless have become clearer to him. And it must be remembered as an instance of his statesmanship that, even in the first shock of the revelation, he deprecated any premature judgment on the issues so suddenly raised. 'In order,' he would say, 'to see what propositions involve you must have time; in theological matters, time and delay are of the greatest importance.'

But time and delay were not to be granted to him. *Lux Mundi* was published in November 1889, and in the following September, after two months of constant and sometimes terribly acute suffering, Liddon died.

D. C. LATHBURY.

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LAST MONTH

I

JANUARY 1905 has established for itself a place in history. Hardly has this generation seen a month so full of events of supreme importance. They are not events which affect exclusively or mainly the fortunes of Great Britain. They have a wider application and a deeper significance than almost any incident connected with our domestic policy could possess. But though we are not actually involved in the action of the momentous drama, none of us who look on in happy security from neutral ground can be blind to the fact that we are witnessing what may be the death-throes of a great epoch, and possibly the birth-pangs of a new nation. If the year is to be measured by last month, then 1905 may yet take its place with 1789, 1848, and 1870 in the story of the modern world. It opened with an event the importance of which was not lessened by the fact that it had been for some time anticipated. This was the fall of Port Arthur after a brave defence lasting for many months. On the 1st of January General Stoessel made proposals for a capitulation to General Nogi, the commander of the besieging force, and on the following day the great fortress was formally surrendered to the Japanese. Thus ended the most striking of the incidents of the war, so far as it has yet gone, and another crushing blow was dealt at Russian pretensions to supremacy in Manchuria. Upon the story of the siege it is not necessary to dwell here. That the Russians defended their great fortress with heroic courage and obstinacy few persons will deny; but, fine as was the defence, the attack was finer still, and General Nogi and his troops achieved a victory of which any army in the world might have been proud when they compelled that which was said to be the strongest of all fortresses to open its gates to them. The loss of life during the siege, especially by the besieging army, was enormous, and not once, but upon many occasions, the Japanese, as they slowly advanced towards their predestined victory, afforded an example of brilliant and reckless daring which will rank with anything known in the history of war. They owed their victory, indeed, entirely to their own courage. The latest accounts show that Port Arthur was

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not starved into surrender, and that the besieged had not exhausted their ammunition before laying down their arms. This is not to say that they were not suffering dreadfully when their stubborn resistance at last ceased. The number of sick and wounded in the hospitals, the scarcity of water, the lack of great guns, and the moral effect of the terrific bombardment, continued for weeks almost without intermission, show what the tortures of the besieged must have been. But it was by their fighting powers, and by those alone, that the Japanese won their great victory. Their successive captures of the forts encircling the place brought them ever nearer to the heart of the town, and enabled them at last to gain a position in which they held the lives of its inhabitants at their mercy. It was only when this last event had come to pass that General Stoessel recognised the fact that further resistance was futile, and resolved to throw himself upon the generosity of the conqueror. I do not believe that anyone capable of appreciating the conditions will find fault with his decision. He and his men fought bravely to the end, but they were outfought by their wonderful assailants, and so, after months of fierce contest, Port Arthur passed once more into the keeping of Japan.

How great was the victory thus achieved by the Japanese the dry figures furnished with regard to the surrender prove. There have been various accounts of the number of men in the fortress at the time of its surrender. The latest before me states that, in addition to 878 officers, 28,000 soldiers and seamen laid down their arms, 14,000 sick and wounded being actually in hospital. Ten thousand is said to be the number slain during the siege. As for the material captures of the Japanese, it is officially stated that they included fifty-nine forts, almost all of the most formidable character; 546 guns, 35,000 rifles, with great quantities of ammunition; four battleships, exclusive of the *Sevastopol*, which lies beyond reach in the depths of the sea; two cruisers, and fourteen gunboats and destroyers, besides other craft. A more staggering blow has seldom been dealt at a great Power; nor does the blow seem less severe when we consider the history of the place which has thus been surrendered. Port Arthur was captured by the Japanese in their war with China. They held it securely, by right of conquest, when that war came to an end, but they were compelled by the Continental Powers, acting under the leadership of Russia, to surrender it on the pretext that it was an integral part of Chinese territory, which could not be alienated, except in defiance of Europe. Then came those sinister developments of Russian diplomacy in the Far East which are primarily responsible for the present terrible plight of the Tsar's army and Government. Russia, on a plea the sincerity of which it would be waste of time to discuss, 'occupied' Manchuria, and having gained possession of Port Arthur, at once proceeded to convert it into a great stronghold

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for itself. Englishmen have not forgotten the way in which British men-of-war were ordered out of the famous harbour, or the tame acquiescence of Lord Salisbury in that outrageous demand. To do Russia full credit, it must be acknowledged that she recognised from the first that her moral claim to the possession of Port Arthur was non-existent, and that she must depend for the continued possession of the place upon force, and force alone. Accordingly, she set to work with immense vigour to convert it into a second Kronstadt—a fortress which should be impregnable to any possible attack. She had spent millions upon the task, and she had all but accomplished it when she was challenged by the enemy whom she treated with so haughty a disdain. Now the end is come, and after a series of defeats almost without parallel in the history of war, Russia has been compelled to relinquish her hold upon the place to which she clung so desperately, and the Japanese standard floats above its blood-stained ramparts. It is not the fashion nowadays to point the moral of a tale, nor is it necessary to do so in the case of the story of Port Arthur; but apparently the mills of God still do their work.

The pleasantest part of the tragedy—a tragedy which has darkened thousands of homes, alike in Russia and Japan—is to be found in the fine generosity with which the conqueror has acted towards the conquered. The terms of surrender arranged between Generals Nogi and Stoessel were eminently business-like, but the business was tempered by courtesy and good feeling on the part of the victor, and, from the Emperor downwards, the Japanese have known how to bear themselves becomingly in a moment which must have been one of just and almost overwhelming elation. The European critics who still talk nonsense about 'the Yellow peril,' and who are not ashamed to speak of the Japanese as though they were but one degree removed from savagery, must find it hard to reconcile the treatment of the vanquished by the victors in this terrific duel with their idle theories. Such an event as the fall of Port Arthur could not fail, of course, by itself to exercise a great, if not a decisive, influence upon the war. It is natural enough that the Ruler of Russia and his advisers in the first moment of wounded pride and patriotic anguish should regard the great disaster as being nothing more than an incentive to greater efforts on their part, and should renew their vows never to sheathe the sword until they have not only avenged their defeat, but turned it to an overwhelming victory. One can understand and respect their frame of mind. It would undoubtedly be that of Englishmen in the like conditions. But those who look on as mere spectators of the drama have to ask themselves whether the Russian attitude is practical, and whether there is any likelihood of the fulfilment of the Tsar's present resolve. The salient fact, which must strike everybody, is that Russia has for the present lost command of the sea. The Baltic Fleet, it is true, still wanders about in the Indian Ocean,

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and may eventually succeed in reaching the Sea of Japan; but even if this should happen, the vessels under the command of Admiral Rozhdestvensky cannot seriously threaten Japanese naval supremacy, and there is no reason to suppose that anything is likely to occur for months to come which will really affect the situation. To begin with, therefore, Russia must renew the conflict under a grievous disadvantage, greater than that which she had to face even after her naval misfortunes at the beginning of the war. It is on the banks of the Sha-ho, where the two armies are now entrenched, that the only chance of a change in the tide favourable to Russia is to be found. But the conditions are distinctly against her even there. General Kuropatkin, who is now the subject of many unfavourable criticisms in Russia, may, in obedience to urgent directions from St. Petersburg, attempt the offensive. He has, indeed, at last made use of the special strength of Russia in cavalry by sending a large force of Cossacks to damage the communications of the Japanese between their front and Liau-yang. But the expedition has been compelled to retreat without gaining any substantial advantage; and even if it should be renewed in greater force, it is highly improbable that the Japanese will not be prepared for it. On both sides the armies are being strengthened as much as possible; but in the reinforcement of their front the Japanese have a distinct advantage over their opponents, and their command of the sea should enable them to keep that advantage, whatever may happen on land. As for the Russian troops under Kuropatkin, whilst no one will be foolish enough to question their courage, it must be remembered that these are the men who failed to hold their own ground, even when sheltered by entrenchments and fortifications, against the advance of the Japanese. If they are to strike a decisive blow for Russia now, they will have to turn the Japanese out of the entrenchments in which they in turn have established themselves; and all the time the sea power of Japan will enable that country to place its troops with ease and rapidity at any point at which they may be needed, whilst Kuropatkin can have nothing but his long, single line of railway upon which to depend for reinforcement. From whatever point we may regard it, therefore, the position of Russia does not seem to be a happy one, nor her prospects other than gloomy. Nobody can predict with certainty the course of the campaign, and it might be that a great military genius could reverse the conditions which weigh so heavily upon Russia. But we have no evidence that such a man is likely to be forthcoming, and we can only judge of things as they are.

The last hope of Russia lies in her power of endurance. It is not a power which will be lightly regarded by those who remember the history of the last century. But even if Russia were as completely united as in the closing days of the Napoleonic struggle, it is by no means certain that Japan is so unequally matched against her in

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endurance and in resources as many too hastily assume. The rapid development of the internal crisis in Russia has, however, given a new complexion to the situation, and increased enormously the chances favourable to Japan. Indeed, as last month drew to a close, men were not discussing so much the prospects of the belligerents in the field as those of the Russians at home. After many weeks of discontent and disaffection the flames of revolt burst out in the capital itself with startling suddenness, and the conflagration which followed, not only there but in many other places in the Empire, was of such a nature that the world had to ask itself if it was not looking on at a revolution which might equal, both in its horrors and its completeness, that of 1789. The story of the great historical drama on which we have been looking during the last few weeks may be soon told, though no man as yet can pretend to forecast its *dénouement*. The absolute refusal of the Tsar, who after much wavering had finally cast in his lot with the bureaucracy, to listen to the petitions of the Zemstvos for the establishment of some form of representative government, may be regarded as the beginning of the tale. This refusal left the Russian people of all classes sullenly discontented with their political institutions and bitterly opposed to the continuance of a war which has hitherto brought them nothing but misfortune. The first open sign that something was seriously wrong was the extraordinary incident of the 19th of January, when a charge of grape-shot was fired from a saluting battery of the Imperial Guards at the solemn ceremony of the blessing of the Neva. The shots were directed towards the kiosk in which the Tsar and the chief members of his suite were at the moment gathered, and though only one person, a policeman, was killed, there were many narrow escapes. Whether this occurrence were the result of an accident or of a deliberate conspiracy does not yet appear; but in any case it served as a signal for the commencement of a movement of the gravest kind. With extraordinary suddenness a strike broke out among the working men of the capital, and in the course of hours rather than days extended to all the chief industrial establishments. Ostensibly the men struck for higher wages and shorter hours of work; but when they formulated their demands through their mouthpiece, a young priest named Gapon, they included in them that petition for a change in the constitution which had already been presented by the Zemstvos. They begged for an audience from the Tsar, to whom they professed their unbounded loyalty, and announced their resolve to appear in front of the Winter Palace on Sunday, the 22nd of January, in order to learn whether he would receive them.

The industrial crisis in the city was very acute. All manufactures were stopped, including the work on ships of war in the dockyards; the newspapers could no longer appear, and there was grave interference with the lighting of the capital and with railway com-

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munications. It was a crisis which could only have been successfully dealt with by statesmanship of the highest order and by unflinching courage on the part of the ruler in whom such mighty powers for good or evil have been reposed. All the world knows in what manner the crisis was met. The Emperor did not go to the Winter Palace to meet his suppliant subjects. On the fateful Sunday he remained at a distance from the capital, the control of which was placed in the hands of the Grand Duke Vladimir, and when the workmen of the city, to the number of many thousands, tried to make their way to the palace in peaceful processions they were fired upon by the troops. How many were killed it is impossible to say. An absurd official estimate gave the number as seventy-eight; popular opinion estimated the deaths at 2000. In any case the massacre of unarmed men was the greatest that has taken place in Europe, outside Turkey, for more than half a century. The end of the dismal story is still to be written, and outside of Russia we are without the knowledge needed to say how the conflict between armed troops and unarmed men is proceeding. Nor can we tell how much truth there may be in the stories of disorder and revolt that come from other parts of the Empire—from Moscow, Sevastopol, Poland, Finland, and elsewhere. But two things are plainly apparent from what we do know. The first is that there can be no justification for the brutal way in which the workmen's demonstration was treated by the authorities on the 22nd of January; the second, and perhaps the more important, that the unhappy Emperor, at the most critical moment he has yet had to face, has failed to play the part which was incumbent upon one in his great position. To blame him would be cruel, but it would be folly to ignore his failure. The evil influences by which he has been surrounded for years, and of which such men as Pobiedonestseff and certain of the Grand Dukes are the personifications, have been too strong for him, and he has lost, possibly for ever, the place which a Tsar of Russia is supposed to hold in the affections of the masses of his people. It is a sad, a tragic story, and while we must wait for the sequel, it is impossible to resist the conclusion that Russia, the Russia of the Court and the bureaucracy, can no longer count upon its powers of endurance in the great duel with Japan.

While the world is thus watching the gradual unfolding of a great historical drama, all other events, even those more nearly affecting ourselves, seem relatively insignificant. Were it not for this fact, our own domestic affairs would be of absorbing interest, for we also seem at last to be approaching a critical moment in our history. The cry of 'Wolf' has been raised so often with regard to the fall of the present Ministry and the dissolution of Parliament, that many men have ceased to regard it. But even Port Arthur fell at last, although it had so often disappointed the expectation of those who believed that it was destined to fall yet sooner. It is impossible to disregard

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altogether the rumours, daily growing in numbers and precision, with regard to the future of the Balfour Government. That it is visibly tottering to its fall no one with any pretension to political sagacity will attempt to deny. While there are still some amongst us who console themselves with the delusion that the Septennial Act alone will put an end to the Administration, we have only to study the utterances of Ministers themselves, and of their most eminent supporters, in order to realise the nearness of the crisis. Upon no previous occasion within living recollection have such predictions of gloom fallen from the lips of those who represent a party in possession of power, with a large nominal majority behind it in the House of Commons. It is not my business to discuss the tactical wisdom of Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Long, Mr. Arnold-Forster, and other distinguished members of the Unionist party. To the man in the street these utterances seem to indicate that the Unionist party has thrown up the sponge so far as the next General Election is concerned. There is, as I have said, no precedent for the despairing declarations of Mr. Chamberlain and the other Unionists of the front rank to whom I have referred. One and all, they seem to have satisfied themselves that when the appeal to the country is made the verdict will go decisively against them, and it is to the election after the next that they avowedly look for the success they hope ultimately to secure. Their opinion as to the nature of the verdict about to be pronounced by the country is shared by the Opposition, though there has, happily, been little of vain-glorious boasting on the part of the Liberal leaders. But it is difficult to understand the reason which has led the spokesmen of the Unionists to make such open and unabashed confession of the fate that they believe awaits them. It is more important, however, to consider the immediate future and the events which must happen sooner or later, and probably very soon, than to discuss the platform tactics of the Ministerialists. As I have said, the tongue of rumour is busy with the date of the impending crisis. Without committing myself to any of the predictions that are current, I may refer to the fact that a widespread belief prevailed last month that the critical moment would come on the Address; another rumour postponed the decisive division to the time when the Army Estimates came before the Committee of Supply; yet another gave the early summer as the moment of the catastrophe. It was only in the most servile of the Ministerial papers that what I may call the Septennial Act theory continued to be maintained, and the question was asked why Ministers should challenge their fate at all so long as they had the barest possible majority in the House of Commons. This theory will hardly strike the average man as being dignified, or even decent. When one leading man after another on the Ministerial benches openly admits that the country has lost confidence in the Government, and that a General Election will lead to its destruction; when in both

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political camps the preparations for the struggle are being pushed forward with feverish energy, and when the newspapers publish a portentously long list of Ministerial members who mean to retire whenever Parliament is dissolved, many of them basing their intention upon their disagreement with the policy of their party, it is difficult to see how an Administration can continue to hold office with credit to itself or advantage to the nation. We must give Mr. Balfour and his colleagues credit for the full measure of self-respect that has, happily, always been regarded as a characteristic of our public men. This being so, it is only fair to them to assume that the crisis is now very near. At what particular moment it may come is not a matter of serious importance, nor need we trouble ourselves about the manner in which it is to be brought about. It is true that upon this latter point Tadpole and Taper seem to have made up their minds. The Army, we are told, is the question upon which the Government will allow themselves to be outvoted in the coming Session. Some colour is given to this rumour by the exceptionally savage attacks which are being made upon the Secretary of War and the administration of the War Office by several of the Ministerial newspapers. It looks as though those Ministerialists who are wishful that Ministers should 'ride for a fall' think that the catastrophe can be brought about most easily by raising this question of the Army.

There is no doubt that the condition of the Army and of Army reorganisation is anything but satisfactory. The steps so tardily taken to supply our forces with efficient field-guns have not satisfied military critics. They may applaud the action at last taken by the War Office, but they condemn the unnecessary delay in adopting a measure of such obvious urgency. In the same way they denounce the confusion in the organisation of the Army which has almost inevitably followed the attempt of Mr. Arnold-Forster and his colleagues to carry out a great and sweeping measure of reform, and their condemnation of the present rule at the War Office is so severe that it may not unfairly be described as savage. It is unnecessary here to enter into a discussion of the merits of the controversy. One need not stop to inquire either how far the charges against the Secretary for War are well founded, or to what extent his assailants are inspired by their detestation of all change and their hankering after the old system, upon which so emphatic a condemnation has been pronounced. The fact remains that there is great uneasiness among all interested in questions concerning the Army, and that not even the good intentions and unquestionable ability of Mr. Arnold-Forster have screened him from a criticism which is none the less severe because it comes mainly from those who are, upon most questions, supporters of the Government. This being the case, there is nothing improbable in the belief that it is upon some question connected with the Army that the fall of Ministers, whenever it occurs, will take place.

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But what is to happen then? The man in the street—to refer to that useful gentleman again—may imagine that when Ministers are once defeated, whether with or without their own consent, no further question of tactics will arise, and it will be plain sailing for both parties. But those behind the scenes know better, and I should imagine that it is not the defeat of the Government, but the step that will next be taken, that is now exercising the minds of the leaders on both sides. Will Mr. Balfour, when defeated, dissolve or resign? That is really the problem that now troubles public men far more than the mere date of the catastrophe. A very difficult problem it is. If Mr. Balfour, instead of dissolving, should tender his resignation to the King, imposing upon the latter the duty of forthwith nominating his successor, he will unquestionably gain certain substantial tactical advantages. He will, in the first place, thrust upon the statesman chosen by his Majesty all the worries, and the consequent disadvantages, which attend the formation of a Cabinet when he is still without a majority in the House of Commons. Only those who have watched the operation at close quarters know how numerous and how serious these worries and disadvantages must be. There is no need to say that the history of the Liberal party during the last ten years has not tended to lighten the task of the man who is called upon to form a Liberal Administration. But there is another disadvantage which the statesman selected by the King would have to face, greater even than that inseparable from the formation of a Cabinet. No sooner had he completed his task than he would find himself in the position, not of an assailant, but of one who has to stand upon his own defence. The Ministry which, though so often varied in its composition, has held office for nearly ten years, and which during that time has accumulated upon its head so many causes of offence, would be enabled by its resignation to evade the verdict of the country. We are, after all, a very practical people, and the elector, when he has once got rid of a Government in which he has lost confidence, hardly cares to trouble himself longer with the thought of their past misdeeds. By committing suicide they have, in his view, gone far towards wiping out their offences, and when called upon to vote he does so with an eye to the future, and a particularly keen eye to the new Administration which has been called into being. The old Ministry is no longer in the dock, and, however heinous its errors may have been, it no longer exists as an organised body to receive the sentence which in other circumstances the nation would pronounce upon it. Thus by resigning Mr. Balfour would at once secure a great tactical advantage.

But he can only do so with the assent—perhaps one ought to say the connivance—of his rival and successor. Precedent has established the right of the Leader of the Opposition to refuse to take office until a General Election has given him a majority in the House of Commons. This was the course adopted by Mr. Disraeli in 1873,

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when he insisted that Mr. Gladstone, though he had suffered defeat in Parliament, should remain in office until after the appeal to the country. My readers will remember the result of Mr. Disraeli's excellent tactics. The crippled Ministry held office for a few months longer after resuming possession of power on Mr. Disraeli's refusal, and then it plunged into the memorable and disastrous election of February 1874. With this lesson before their eyes it seems difficult to believe that the Liberal leaders will fall into the trap which it is generally assumed that Mr. Balfour is bent upon laying for them. Yet, strange to say, there is at this moment a large and influential party in the Liberal ranks that, ignoring the teachings of the past, is anxious that not a day should be lost in accepting office when once Mr. Balfour, by resigning, makes the formation of a Liberal Administration possible. The unwisdom of such a step seems to be manifest; and even when one remembers the natural desire of a party which has enjoyed only three years of precarious possession of power during the last nineteen years to take its place once more in office, it seems incredible that such a blunder should be committed by statesmen of repute. Of one thing my Liberal friends may rest assured. It is upon the possibility that they may make this mistake that Mr. Chamberlain founds his confident anticipations of the short life which he allots to the next Liberal Government, and of the speedy return of the Liberal party to the barren groves of Opposition. In the meantime one may note in passing, among the events of the month, the Liberal victory at Stalybridge, where a seat was won from the Government, and the narrow escape from defeat of the Unionist candidate in Mile End, where the Conservative majority was reduced by more than a thousand votes. Clearly, so far as the country is concerned, there is no change in the unpopularity of both sections of the Ministerial party.

The political crisis in France has led to the substitution of M. Rouvier for M. Combes as Premier. But M. Delcassé remains at the Foreign Office, and this, after all, is the point which chiefly interests Englishmen. It is not always easy to arrive at the truth with regard to Ministerial crises in France; and though the Republic no longer uses up her Ministries so quickly as she once did, foreigners are still unable to form an exact judgment as to the cause of the fall of any particular Cabinet. M. Combes received his warning when the Chamber in secret ballot chose one of his opponents as President. His subsequent attempt to wring a vote of confidence from the Chamber had so unsatisfactory a result that he immediately tendered his resignation to the President. The Cabinet seems to have been beaten in part on account of its very aggressive anti-Clericalism, but probably still more because of the system of espionage established under the late Minister of War. The new Ministry will probably proceed on nearly the same lines as the old, but it will refuse to countenance any renewal of the system of spying upon the private opinions of

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officers. For the moment no change in the foreign policy of the country is to be anticipated, but the victory over M. Combes can hardly fail to strengthen the hands of the Nationalist faction and of the other enemies of the Republic. Germany, like Russia, has had her internal troubles during the month. A strike of colliers in Westphalia has paralysed the coal industry, and has attained proportions of great magnitude, the immediate result being a rise in the price of coal in this country. The Emperor distinguished himself in characteristic fashion, early in the month, by bestowing with impartial hand the Order of Merit upon General Stoessel and General Nogi, the defender and the assailant of Port Arthur. *Bis dat qui cito dat* is evidently the motto of his Imperial Majesty. There has been, happily, a cessation on both sides of the newspaper war between England and Germany, but some of the alarmists in the latter country have taken fright at the recent changes in the distribution of our fleet, and profess to see in them a direct menace to the German Navy. Their alarm is probably founded upon vague and unsubstantiated reports of verbal indiscretions attributed to certain of our own naval authorities. Fortunately, the German Government seem to be alive to the fact that no sinister significance is to be attributed to these changes at the Admiralty. The United States Cabinet has taken during the month an active part in the diplomacy connected with the war, and has procured from all the great European Powers a renewed assurance of their determination to respect and maintain the integrity of the Chinese Empire. The announcement that Mr. Choate is about to retire from his position as American Ambassador in London has occasioned widespread and sincere regret. Though he came amongst us comparatively unknown, Mr. Choate has won the affection and the confidence of the people to whom he was accredited. It would be strange indeed if we did not feel confident of the honesty and good faith of a nation which sends us such an Ambassador as Mr. Choate, and which has as its Foreign Minister such a man as Mr. Hay. It is understood that Mr. Choate will be succeeded by Mr. Whitelaw Reid, in whose most capable hands the best traditions of a great office seem certain to be maintained. The inquiry into the attack upon our fishing-fleet in the North Sea has been opened in Paris, and the examination of witnesses is proceeding. Russia, it seems, still clings to the belief that Japanese torpedo-boats were present with our innocent trawlers at the time of the attack upon the latter by the Russian fleet, but as yet no proof of this allegation worth a moment's consideration has been produced. The state of things in Morocco has undergone no improvement, but the Sultan has at last yielded to the pressure put upon him by France, and the mission of the latter country to Fez has been allowed to proceed.

WEMYSS REID.

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LAST MONTH

II

It appears that there is no end to the luck of England. At the present moment the Indian army is without guns, and Russia is unable to take advantage of the situation. Never, since the days when the late Duke of Argyll invented 'Mervousness,' has there been such a chance. Some of us have, from time to time, made a point of assuming that Russia was without designs on India; and this assumption has occasionally been allowed to influence the policy of England. But, on the whole, the British public has been fairly alive to the fact that Russia looks forward to the conquest of India. It has now the assurance of the Prime Minister that for two years from the present date Russia has a good chance of succeeding in that ambition.

In no country but England could a Ministry commit, uncensured, such a blunder as this; and surely no Minister but an Englishman could be so simple or so cynical as to proclaim the facts aloud on a platform. But still more wonderful is the spectacle of Russian action (or inaction). What has the much-vaunted secret service of Russia been doing? To provoke a powerful enemy armed to the teeth at the very moment when India lay prone to attack is hardly sound policy. Not that England has any cause of complaint. The whole of the Japanese imbroglio is nothing but another and most astounding and wholly undeserved piece of good fortune for England.

If the Council of the Tsar is not as feeble as the Cabinet of England, there is yet time to take full advantage of the situation. The Prime Minister having obligingly come to the rescue of the secret service of Russia, the world is in possession of the facts about the guns, and the first question is, Can Russia make two great wars at the same time? A year ago we were all of the opinion that this effort was not beyond the power of the Tsar. It appears, however, that the might of Russia has been exaggerated; and the next question is, How can peace with Japan be arranged?

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Assuming that the object of such a peace would be to attack India at a disadvantage, an accommodation with Japan presents itself instantly. The terms which the Mikado would accept have been foreshadowed—whether authoritatively or not cannot be said—in the Press. The only serious stumbling-block is the indemnity, which would really be a humiliation—not undeserved—for Russia, but a humiliation that she would make almost any effort to avert. In the case of a war with England the Russian fleets at sea would be doomed. The Japanese Government would eagerly seize the chance of adding these fleets to her own naval resources, and would probably be prepared to reduce the indemnity by an amount out of all proportion to the value of the vessels. Thus reduced and called by some euphonious name which the resources of diplomacy ought to be equal to inventing, the indemnity difficulty could be surmounted in a few hours. Russia would lose nothing, for the ships would be out of date before the termination of war with England; and, peace being made in the Far East, Russia would be free to pour armies into Persia, and to commence that war with England which, we are constantly assured, would restore the waning popularity of the autocracy. The only question remaining is whether or no the assault of Japan has so far damaged Russia that a new war is out of the question for some years. If an Indian campaign is really too much for Russia at this juncture, it must be admitted that the situation is original. To admit our weakness at the moment when the enemy cannot possibly take advantage of it is a neat return thrust for a vast amount of less polished 'girding' which this country has had to endure.

In home affairs the Prime Minister possesses the supreme gift of silence. When everybody chatters and poses, it is really a comforting fact that the head of the Government should be possessed of the stony indifference of Lord Salisbury to criticism, and an equal portion of the great Minister's resolution under no circumstances to be drawn into a discussion that is not a part of his policy. Mr. Balfour, with a modesty that is, in itself, the note of greatness, leaves to a stronger man the heavy task of reform. He confines his energies to keeping his Government in office while the slow-moving British mind is being educated by Mr. Chamberlain in the way it should go. There could hardly be a better tribute to the wisdom of this course than the fury of the Opposition. In fact, the policy of the Cabinet is more than wise; it is probably successful, or bids fair to become successful. It is not easy to explain, otherwise, the angry call of the Opposition for a dissolution. A dissolution at the present moment might or might not serve a party, but it certainly would not serve the country. As a matter of convenience there is no reason why a party should appeal to the country when it commands a majority of eighty or ninety votes. As a matter of constitutional law it would

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hardly be correct to do so; and as a matter of national concern it would be downright unpatriotic to dissolve. It is true that there is an unwritten convention that 'the other party' ought to be given a chance; and the convention is generally observed. But in this case what a party it is! After all, there is something above party—the State; and there is a point of imbecility beyond which a party is not fit to be trusted with power.

In a feeble and fumbling way, which recalls the administrations of the eighteenth century, the present Minister of War, who, in his day, was so lavish in his censure of others, is really doing his best to give his country an army. It is to be wished that he would state what is clearly the case—namely, that without compulsory military service we shall do nothing. And on this point it may be noted that the real weakness of the War Office comes from the deliberate destruction of the idea of patriotism in Englishmen's minds. This has been going on for generations in England, and the result is that any individual minister is powerless. He has nothing to appeal to. It might be worth considering that while national patriotism has been extinguished by peace-mongers and false prophets, county patriotism still survives. By making use of county patriotism we may succeed in reviving national patriotism. The lord-lieutenant is, constitutionally, the head of the armed forces of the county. If it were made the duty of the lord-lieutenant to ensure the military training of the manhood of his county we should have made a good beginning. If the idea of compulsory military service is brought to St. Stephen's it will be drowned in the wash of party politics. The same idea sent to the provinces would make an appeal to county pride and county rivalry. It would in all probability thrive vigorously and rapidly accustom the nation to the idea of conscription.

In this connection we have to note the remarkable fact, recently published in the Press, that no fewer than seventy-five Unionist members have announced their intention not to seek re-election. What does this mean? Probably it means that those responsible for the choice of candidates have too long insisted on wealthy men being chosen—men who will not only pay their expenses, but will, perhaps contribute to party funds in addition. Now these men have really nothing whatever to gain by entering the House of Commons. It is true that they have the glory of writing the magic M.P. after their names; but this empty glory may be too dearly purchased. Men who are great people in their native cities do not enjoy the drudgery of serving a party whose policy they can hardly hope to influence. They are wholly insignificant in London; and that is not agreeable to men who are accustomed to exercise authority and to receive a vast amount of deference at home.

At the present moment the House of Commons is probably a

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richer body than the House of Lords; it is also, probably, far less intelligent. A man who has spent his life in managing or building up a large business concern is not necessarily a competent manager of public affairs; in fact, the presumption is rather the other way, and in many cases his mind is stiff with age. The real strength of a party is its intelligence, not its bank balance. In fact the Tories, though drawing on a large fund of intelligence and patriotism, have relied almost exclusively on wealth as the qualification for candidates. That is a mistake in tactics, and the result is that the party in the Commons consists of a few men born in the purple who monopolise office, and a crowd of mediocrities to whom it would probably be unsafe to entrust power. This arrangement may be cheap, but it is not convenient—as is seen by the very large number of members who are dissatisfied with their position—and it is a source of weakness to the party throughout the country.

Nevertheless, when all is said and done, the only alternative to the Tories is the Radicals; and the idea of a Radical Cabinet is enough to make one's blood run cold. The Tory notion of foreign policy appears to be to gamble with the luck of England. But what is the Radical notion? In home politics the Tory Press, if not the Government, is at least alive to the ills of alien immigration. This is a point in connection with which the party, if only it could rid itself of the habit of worshipping wealth, might do a great deal of good to itself and the country. The alien immigrant is a nuisance in every walk of life. In the academic world, he shoulders his way, brays down the more courteous home-bred literati, and proclaims aloud his right to be kept at the expense of our own sons. From dim academic circles up to the strenuous and glaring life of the streets he is all-pervading, always the same, invariably a nuisance. To those whose food to-morrow depends upon their labour to-day he is more than a nuisance; he is a danger, a cause of hunger and degradation. Here, as in so many other directions, the Radical is pledged to antiquated ideas. In the name of 'the hospitality of England,' or of the less dignified abstractions which pass under such pseudonyms as 'the best man' or as 'cheap labour,' the Radical is pledged to massacre his poor brother, and will do so cheerfully. The Tory is not pledged. There is nothing in his party history or in his party programme which can hinder him from saying: 'Enough of this fooling. England is first for Englishmen. Go back to Warsaw or Breslau, or where your scrofula was derived. We have enough to do to look after our own folk.' If only the Tories would act!

In the present year of grace the situation in England is this—the Radicals are ready, only too ready, to act; but they are pledged and bound to act wrongly. The Tories, once derided as 'the stupid party,' now command, and almost monopolise, the intelligence of the country; but they will not use that intelligence. Paralysed by some

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mysterious dry-rot, or, perhaps, hypnotised by the philosophic doubt of their leader, they rest content with otiose benevolence. In one direction only—the navy—they appear to have wedded thought to action. Thanks to Lord Selborne and Sir John Fisher we have at last, after twenty years of agitation, a navy not only adequate but formidable. We must be thankful for small mercies, and try to forget our absurd army and our peddling home policy. For the rest we must trust to the luck of England.

The one Tory who was always ready to act—Lord Beaconsfield—is recalled to us this month by the appearance of a posthumous work of fiction, unfortunately left unfinished. It was often said of Lord Beaconsfield that he was 'capable of anything'—as if that were a reproach. In effect he was capable of any measure that called for political strength. It would have been no deterrent to him that his action might have been called a *coup d'état*. 'Political sentimentalism' was a thing that he abhorred. Like his great character, Sidonia, he would have had no compunction in taking what his opponents might denounce as an illiberal course, provided that such a course were demonstrably profitable to the State. He would have made short work with the sentimental arguments for admitting undesirable aliens. On that particular point—the strength of the race—he held strong and clear views. Sixty years ago he wrote that 'England should think more of her national character and less of her institutions.' Precisely the contrary is the course that successive Governments of both parties have elected to follow. While wholly and brutally neglecting our national stock and character, while professing ourselves positively delighted with the spectacle of our stout sons emigrating to kinder lands, we have welcomed with open arms the degenerates who have replaced them. At the same time we have tinkered ceaselessly with our institutions. We have changed the government of London three times; we have multiplied local authorities in bewildering confusion; we have juggled with the historic courts of justice. All this time we have ignored the fact that there is nothing magical in an institution; it will work well or ill, according to the spirit that informs it; and that spirit is but the spirit of the race that submits to its guidance.

There is yet hope for the nation. The apparently unimportant agitation for the abolition of compulsory Greek has a national significance. The movement implies that the nation has grown intolerant of pedants, and will no longer allow its intellectual growth to be strangled in the name of vested interests. Even the besotted worship of 'sport' has its brighter side; it means that the nation is struggling to preserve its health, even with everything against it. If the Tory party could only be induced to take action in the case of alien immigration, it would find the intelligence of the nation altogether on its side. Moreover, if it cherishes historic continuity, it would

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have the satisfaction of knowing that it was carrying out the ideas of its champion—the great Earl of Beaconsfield.

As these lines go to press a serious crisis awaits solution at the hands of the garrison of St. Petersburg. The army has the last word. Before these lines appear the last word will probably have been spoken.

WALTER FREWEN LORD.

The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY *cannot undertake to return unaccepted MSS.*

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THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER

XIX XX

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DEMOCRACY AND REACTION[1]

I

Writers on democracy are legion. Of this great host of its critics in every tongue, England, the first nursery of modern democracy, contributes, I think, the fewest. In our own generation Mill stands at the head of them. His treatise on 'Representative Government' argued the case against the good despot, while his little books on *Liberty* (1859) and the *Subjection of Women* (1869) carried the argument for emancipation to its extreme point. Intellectual reaction at once set in with Fitzjames Stephen's strenuous polemic against Mill's doctrine in his book on *Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity.* It was continued in a cooler vein by Bagehot's shrewd humour and the subtlety of W. R. Greg. Maine next threw a frigid douche upon popular government, but he was too much of a bureaucrat alike by temperament and training, and the field of his observation of democracy was far too narrow, for his four essays on popular government to do anything like justice to their writer's powerful and

[1] *Democracy and Reaction.* By L. T. Hobhouse. (London: Fisher Unwin, 1904.

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capacious mind. Lecky's volumes on *Democracy and Liberty* have not generally been counted among that distinguished man's successful performances, and they will hardly rank above high-class pamphleteering. T. H. Green, the potent and stimulating Balliol tutor, a quarter of a century ago, rejected most of Mill's philosophy, yet he is justly described as Mill's 'true successor in the line of political thinkers.' The list might be extended, but it is not a long one. The steadiness of our institutions in their working accounts for the comparatively scanty speculative talk about them—comparatively with France, for instance.

Critics of democracy naturally approach it from many different directions, varying with the incidents and requirements of the time. They test it by its bearings, often almost accidental, upon some ruling social controversy or achievement of the hour; war, taxation, the rights of property, our duties to the poor, the rights of clerical congregations, or whatever else may show the good or evil of popular supremacy and its machinery. In fact, discussion about democracy is apt to be idle, unfruitful, and certainly tiresome, unless it is connected with some live contemporary issue. Anybody can see how irresistible an impulse was given to political thinking of all kinds by the Boer war, of which not long ago people heard so much, and of which they now appear to wish to hear so little. This conflict, far more momentous in its secret issues than the rough hurry of the day allows most people to perceive, exhibited English democracy in so unexpected a light, raised so many questions both of politics and ethics, that it is no wonder if a large library shelf is crowded with printed reflections on Christianity and war, Christianity and patriotism, Machiavellism and morality, the psychology of jingoism, the empire and the nation, and all the rest of this literature of ferment. The little volume on which I now take leave to offer a few observations is one of the best products, as it is one of the most suggestive.[2]

Is it, asks the author, that 'the democratic State, the special creation of the modern world, and the pivot of the humanitarian movement, has itself become an obstruction to progress? Does popular government necessarily entail a blunting of moral sensibility, a cheapening of national ideals, a wider scope for canting rhetoric and poor sophistry, as a cover for the realities of brutal wealth? Have the ideals of the reforming era lost their efficacy, and is it clear that its watchwords cease to move?' To put Mr. Hobhouse's questions rather differently, is it not true that even the old idols of theatre and market-place have fallen from their pedestals; that an epidemic of unbelief has run through our Western world—unbelief in institu-

[2] Mr. J. A. Hobson's *Imperialism* (1902) is another elaborate and well-compacted study, full of diligently collected material and coherent argument. He anticipates some of the ground now taken in *Democracy and Reaction*, and puts his case with both breadth and precision.

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tions, in principles, churches, parliaments, books, divinities, worst of all and at the root of all, in man himself? Such epidemics are familiar in the annals of mankind; they are part of the terrible manichæism of human history, the everlasting struggle between the principles of good and evil; they make us think of Luther's comparison of our race to the drunken man on horseback—you no sooner prop him on one side than he sways heavily to the other. What is the share of democracy in bringing the rider to this precarious and unedifying case?

Mr. Hobhouse does not refer to Mill's memorable chapter on true and false democracy,[3] though we may be sure that he is well acquainted with it. Advocating one scheme or another for the representation of minorities in Parliament, Mill set out some of the difficulties of democracy, as we in England know democracy. The natural tendency of representative government, he said, as of modern civilisation generally, is towards collective mediocrity. This is a pregnant sentence: does time confirm it? Without arrogance I may perhaps assume that the Frenchman or the American would join the Englishman, and, comparing to-day with glowing epochs of illumination in the past, would admit that, outside of natural science and the material arts, our lamp just now burns low. Mill gives his reason for this somewhat depressing anticipation. Human improvement, he says, is a product of many factors, and no form of power includes them all. The condition of progress in a community is the existence of a conflict between the strongest power in it and some rival power; between spiritual and temporal; or military and industrial; or king and subjects; or orthodoxy and reformation. When victory puts an end to the strife, without another conflict succeeding, stagnation follows. The ascendency of numbers is 'less unjust and, on the whole, less mischievous than many others, but the very same kind of dangers attends it, and even more certainly. For,' continues Mill, 'when the government is in the hands of One or a Few, the Many are always existent as a rival power, that may not be strong enough even to control the other, but whose opinion and sentiment are a moral, and even a social, support to all who, either from conviction or contrariety of interest, are opposed to any of the tendencies of the ruling authority. When the democracy is supreme, there is no One or Few strong enough for dissentient opinion and injured or menaced interests to lean upon.'

Schemes such as Mill favoured for protecting minorities in those systems of representative government which, like most modern writers, except M. Pobedonosteff, he counted one of the supreme human inventions, have not as yet attracted much support. But communities so unlike as Belgium and Australia are cases where deadlock among balanced forces may draw attention in Mill's direction.

[3] *Representative Government*, chap. vii.

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Here it is enough to note that a writer whose plea for liberty contributed so powerful an impulse to democracy as it was accepted in England a generation back, never taught us that democracy was the only guarantee we needed for steady and unbroken progress. He knew too much history.

II

Whatever else democracy may be, it means in our modern age government by public opinion—the public opinion of a majority armed with a political or social supremacy by the electoral vote, from whatever social classes and strata that majority may be made up. Up to 1832, as all the books truly tell us, political power in England belonged to the territorial aristocracy, not insensible to public opinion outside in framing or administering laws, but still exercising decisive influence on its own account. In 1832 the currents became too strong for the old channels; opinion in the middle class became the guide, though patricians and landed men long kept Cabinets to themselves, to say nothing of their monopoly of the benches at quarter sessions and the posts in army, navy, and diplomacy; they maintained the corn law for fourteen years; they had their own way in foreign policy, in spite of the Manchester men—the best representatives that the middle class has ever had. Finally, everybody knows how in 1867 and 1885 our Demos, though not yet quite full grown to the stature of universal suffrage, was installed upon his throne, like his kinsman Demos in America, France, Germany. The effect has been indeed a surprise to those who made sure that, if you only gave the workman votes and secured a sufficiently cheap press, England might be trusted to beat her swords into ploughshares and her spears into pruning-hooks. Reformers overlooked the truth set out by Tocqueville when he said, 'Nations are like men; they are still prouder of what flatters their passions, than of what serves their interests.' The idea of empire intervened, partly because the circumstances of empire changed.

Between 1885 and 1900 Great Britain added between three and four million square miles and a population little short of sixty millions to her imperial dominion; and the expenditure on the two war services has risen since 1875 from twenty-four to over seventy millions of pounds. It is not, however, on this well-worn and irresponsive string that Mr. Hobhouse seeks to harp. The change in national temper, or the emergence of unexpected forces and drifts in public opinion—that is what he tries to probe. Everybody who is capable of taking an interest in the deeper and more general aspect of our national affairs will be glad, first, that such a discussion has been raised (and it was in fact inevitable, unless the English faculty of political reflection had come to a full stop); next, that a deliberately reasoned contribution to it comes from a writer who has proved himself in

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other fields of thought[4] so acute, competent, and well prepared and vigorous as Mr. Hobhouse.

His description of the sources and processes by which public opinion in our time is formed is not lacking in trenchancy, and it might give a pleasure, certainly not intended by its author, to the cynical persons, either at home here or across the Channel, who regard popular government as elaborate dupery, were it not for the author's fervid perception and enforcement of the prime truth that under every political or social question lies the moral question.

> The very figure of John Bull as the typical Englishman seems out of date and inapplicable as an expression for the average Briton of the present day. The easy-going, stout, well-meaning, rather dull old gentleman, a little proud if the truth be told of his very dulness, and apt to conceive of it as an incident in that fundamental honesty which distinguished him from his sharp-witted neighbours, the well-nourished territorial magnate, slow-going, hard to move, but implacable when once stirred, narrow perhaps, but fundamentally just and honourable in all his dealings, is no fit representative of the average public opinion of our day. For that, we have ourselves coined a new abstraction: 'the man-in-the-street,' or 'the man-on-the-top-of-a-bus,' is now the typical representative of public opinion, and the man-in-the-street means the man who is hurrying from his home to his office or to a place of amusement. He has just got the last news-sheet from his neighbour; he has not waited to test or sift it; he may have heard three contradictory reports, or seen two lying posters on his way up the street, but he has an expression of opinion ready on his lips, which is none the less confident because all the grounds on which it is founded may be swept away by the next report that he hears. The man-in-the-street is the man in a hurry; the man who has not time to think, and will not take the trouble to do so if he has the time. He is the faithful reflex of the popular sheet and the shouting newsboy. . . . The man-in-the-street is familiar with everything. Nothing is new to him; it is his business not to be surprised. He knows already all about any appeal that you can make to the better side of him, and he has long ago chopped it up in his mill of small talk and catch phrases and reduced it to such a meaningless patter that the words which must be used have acquired trivial and lowering associations.

All this is vigorous satire, and it is true. Still, to check a despondent fit, let us remember Sir Robert Peel's words a dozen years before the first Reform Bill: 'The tone of England—of that great compound of folly, weakness, prejudice, wrong feeling, right feeling, obstinacy, and newspaper paragraphs, which is called public opinion.'[5] If this was a true story in 1820, are we so much lower to-day? And before being too sharp upon our democracy to-day, let us not forget, for instance, Burke's complaint of the Demos of his day: 'It is but too true,' he cries, 'that there are many whose whole scheme of freedom is made up of pride, perverseness, and insolence. They feel themselves in a state of thraldom; they imagine that their souls are cooped and cabined in, unless they have some man, or some body of men, dependent on their mercy. The desire of having someone below them descends to those who are the very lowest of all; and a Protestant cobbler, debased by his poverty, but exalted by his

[4] E.g. *Mind in Evolution* (1901). [5] *Croker Papers*, i. 170.

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share of the ruling Church, feels a pride in knowing it is by his generosity alone that the peer, whose footman's instep he measures, is able to keep his chaplain from a gaol. This disposition is the true source of the passion in which many men in very humble life have taken to the American war. *Our* subjects in America; *our* Colonies; *our* dependents. This lust of party power is the liberty they hunger and thirst for; and this Siren song of ambition has charmed ears that we would have thought were never organised to that kind of music.'

Let us at once say that Mr. Hobhouse is as far removed as possible from the temper of the mere croaker, the *frondeur*, the *mauvais coucheur*, or—to use the ugliest term in all political slang—the mugwump. No dilettante, his mind throws itself into energetic contact with circumstances. He faces the unwelcome facts of his time without any of the weak spirit of disenchantment, and with a manful determination that, though the world has not in recent years gone his way, the battle is by no means over. The whole strain of his argument is positive and constructive, and though he has the high merit of being an idealist, he has long been a close, exact, and direct observer of working politics from day to day. Just as for the purposes of mental philosophy he investigated with scientific rigour the ways of the animals at the public gardens in Manchester, so in politics he rigorously attends to his details, while we are sensible all the time of the pulse of a strong humanity, and of that warm faith in social progress which is, in other words, faith in men, hope for men, and charity for men.

An accomplished Frenchman, now dead, one of the ten thousand critics of democracy, illustrates by a story of his friend Bersot his conviction that human nature will remain to the end pretty like itself, apart from forms of government or measures of social economy. One day Bersot, writing upon Arcachon and its pleasures, wound up his article by saying, 'As for happiness, why there, as everywhere else, you must yourself bring it with you.' So Scherer himself, in like spirit, could not but believe that it is the same with institutions. They depend on what men bring with them. In a less discouraged spirit, or rather with no discouragement of spirit at all, Mr. Hobhouse still recognises that self-government is not in itself a solution of all political and social difficulties. 'It is at best,' he says, 'an instrument with which men who hold by the ideal of social justice and human progress can work, but when those ideals grow cold, it may, like other instruments, be turned to base uses.' The fundamental reform for which the times call is rather a reconsideration of the ends for which all civilised government exists; in a word, the return to a saner measure of social values. 'We shall be under no illusion,' he concludes, 'about democracy. The golden radiance of its morning hopes has long since faded into the light of common day. Yet, that dry light of noon serves best for those whose task it is to carry on the work of the world.'

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III

The starting-point of Mr. Hobhouse's book is the practical operation of Imperialism and the imperial idea within the last fifteen or twenty years. He misses, by inadvertence I suppose, the historic origin of this far-reaching movement of the day, for he does not remind us that it first began in the rejection of Home Rule in 1886. Unionists, in resisting the new Liberal policy for Ireland, were naturally forced to make their appeal to all the feelings and opinions bound up with concentration, imperial Parliament imperial unity, and determined mastery in the hands of 'the predominant partner.' Conservative reaction had set in during the general election of the previous year, and had shown itself in the unconcealed schism between the two wings of the Liberal party (for the Liberal party is always by its essence a coalition). What precipitated this reaction in the direction of Imperialism was the proposal of Home Rule, and the arguments and temper in which its antagonists found their most effective resort. Perplexities in Egypt, that weighed quite as heavily on Lord Salisbury as on Mr. Gladstone, strengthened the same impression.

To the 'imperial idea' itself and the light in which it was offered to honourable, patriotic, and liberal-minded men, Mr. Hobhouse does full justice.

'See,' the Imperialist would say, 'this marvellous work of our race, the vast inheritance of the generations which we hold in trust for our descendants—in mere size the greatest Empire of history, in variety of interest, in the extraordinary complexity of its composition far surpassing all political societies that the world has ever known. Consider how it extends the laws of peace over prairie and jungle, mountain and steppe, subarctic ice and torrid forest; how it maintains order and administers justice with equal success for the brand-new mining community, for the ancient civilisation of the Ganges or the Nile, or for the primitive clan of the Indian hills. Is not this,' urges the enthusiast, 'among the greatest of human achievements, this unparalleled adaptability in arts of conquest and of government? And yet this is not the best. What is an infinitely greater matter is that where the British flag goes, go British freedom, British justice, an absolutely incorruptible Civil Service, a scrupulous impartiality as between religion and races, an enthusiasm for the spread of that individual liberty and local self-government which have made England herself so great! . . . You talk perhaps of humanity—a vague, abstract idea. But do you not see that any genuine humanitarianism must be the result of a gradual broadening of those very sympathies which first make a man a good patriot? There was a time when love for England, as a whole, was too wide a conception, and men were Mercians or Northumbrians, but not Englishmen. Just as it was an advance when the love for England superseded this narrow provincialism, so is it an advance when Imperialism supersedes your narrow Little Englandism. You may say that Empire means force, aggression, conquest. That may have been so in the past, but we live in an age when Empire is free, tolerant, and unaggressive, and if we still acquire territory, we acquire it not for ourselves but for civilisation. You may object to the method by which the Empire was built up, but here it is in being—a great fact, a tremendous responsibility.'

'Taken at its face value,' as Mr. Hobhouse says, no wonder that this appeal proved seductive and almost irresistible. This paren-

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thesis, by the way, on Little Englandism deserves a word or two of quotation. Is there nothing to be proud of in Little England, in her history, her literature, her thought, the great men that she has borne for the world, her struggle for political and religious freedom? 'The question might be raised whether the British Empire as a whole has any history to show which compares with the history of Little England; any science, any literature, any art; in fine, any great collective military achievement, worthy to be weighed in the scale against the resistance of Little England to Philip the Second or to Napoleon. A great Imperialist once coupled the name of Little England with the policy of surrender. It was a libel. Little England never surrendered. On the contrary, she three times encountered Powers which aspired to the mastery of the world, and three times overthrew them. The genuine pride of patriotism is surely lost when littleness of geographical extent can be construed into a term of reproach. It is the other face of the same vulgarity which boasts that a single British colony is greater than the land that produced Kant and Goethe.'

Anybody in whom the boisterous intoxication of the last ten years has not extinguished all capacity of candid thought, whatever way his conclusions upon particular policies and events within that time may lean, will find this salutary vein well worth pondering. One remark occurs to me upon these glorious things in passing. They were done when England was under the sway either of monarch, or aristocracy, or both. Of a democracy originally British, the most astonishing and triumphant achievement so far has been the persevering absorption and incorporation across the Atlantic of a ceaseless torrent of heterogeneous elements from every point of the compass into one united, stable, industrious, and pacific State with eighty millions of population, combining the centralised concert of a federal system with local independence, and uniting collective energy with the encouragement of individual freedom. How does this stand in comparison with the Roman Empire, or Roman Church, or the Byzantine Empire, or Russia, or Charles the Great, or Napoleon? That, however, is digression. Meanwhile, Mr. Hobhouse, with energy of perception and without vehemence or excess of language, contrasts the plausible promises of Imperialism with its performance, and here South Africa obviously supplies the leading case. He gives no undue proportion to the Boer War, and does not allow it to draw him too far from either the central line or the rationalist temper of his speculation. Still, the annexation, through military conquest, of two small States, lawfully inhabited, possessed, and governed by white men, is so striking an example of reaction—I am not sure whether against democracy or not, but—against our ruling maxims for a century past, that it was impossible for him not to dwell upon it. I will not take the reader over the still heated embers of this dire conflagration, but a few

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sentences from Mr. Hobhouse's summary of the immense self-dupery of the Boer War are essential in any account of his book and its subject. Little by little, he says, it has become clearer that 'the new Imperialism stood, not for a widened and ennobled sense of national responsibility, but for a hard assertion of racial supremacy and material force.' The unprejudiced observer was compelled to recognise that, 'judged by actual performance, it meant perpetual warfare, battles which, where black or yellow men were concerned, became sheer massacres, campaigns which, where a resolute white race stood in the way, involved desolation unspeakable, the destruction of political and personal freedom, and the erection on their ruins of an un-English type of overpaid and incompetent officialdom, the cold-shouldering of the British immigrant, and the recrudescence of servile labour. Finally comparing the battle-cry with the actual result of victory, he began to ask himself whether the enterprises on which his fellow-countrymen freely spent their blood were such as minister to the glory of the Empire and the good of humanity, or rather to the vanity of a self-confident satrap and the lucre of a capitalist.'

By Imperialism he understood a free informal union with the Colonies, combined with a conscientious but tolerant government of tropical dependencies. This was in essence the conception of the Empire bequeathed by the older generation of Liberals, and precisely the antithesis of present-day Imperialism, the operative principle of which is the forcible establishment and maintenance of racial ascendency. 'The trap laid for Liberals in particular consisted in this—that they were asked to give in their adhesion to Imperialism as representing admiration for an Empire which more and more has been shaped upon Liberal lines. Having given their assent, they were insensibly led on to the other meaning of Imperialism—a meaning in which, for all practical purposes, these principles are set aside. And there was a medium to facilitate the change. For if the Empire was so liberally formed, so free, tolerant, and unaggressive, could we have too much of it? Should we not extend its blessing to those that sit in darkness? And so, by a seductive blending of the old Adam of national vanity with the new spirit of humanitarian zeal men are led on to the destruction of their own principles.'

The story is an old one. In these high matters let us be sure that nothing is as new as people think. Names are new. Light catches aspects heretofore unobserved. Temperature rises and falls. Yet the elements of the cardinal controversies of human society are few, and they are curiously fixed. Though the ages use ideas differently, the rival ideas themselves hold on in their pre-appointed courses. Democracy is not new, and reaction against it is no newer. The questions so vigorously and acutely sketched by Mr. Hobhouse

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are old friends with fresh faces and changed apparel. To go no further back than the sixteenth century, we may trace in the most important of the deep controversies raised by him a familiar outline of the conflict between the principles of Machiavelli on the one hand, and on the other the principles of Bodin and all the vast crowd of anti-Machiavellian writers. Terms alter; the issue is constant—force against right; reason of State against maxims of ethics; policy against justice and truth; serpent against dove, fox against lion; narrow and local expediency against the broad and the eternal; private morals the test or not the test of public morals.

To these general aspects of his subject Mr. Hobhouse comes speedily enough, and even the reader who dislikes his expostulations against satraps and alien capitalists soon finds himself in the smooth waters of a grave and varied inquiry into the causes of a far-reaching change in the temper of the times. It is, as Mr. Hobhouse says, by no means peculiar to our own country or to the sphere of politics. It is common to the civilised world, and penetrates every department of life and thought. If it is to be summed up in a word, he tells us, 'we should call it a reaction against humanitarianism.' Humanitarianism is now dismissed as sentimentality. 'Its efforts at internationalism have yielded to a revival of national exclusiveness, seen in the growth of armaments, the revival or aggravation of Protectionism, the growth of anti-alien legislation. The doctrine of democratic rights has been replaced by the demand for efficiency, or by the unadorned gospel of blood and iron. Indeed, the bare conception of right in public matters has lost its force, and given place to political "necessity" and "reasons of State." Hence human wrongs and human sufferings do not move us as they did.'

For this sorry transformation he finds four causes. First, he names 'decay in vivid and profound religious beliefs.' This decay was in process a generation ago, but its effects at that time were set off by the rise of a humanitarian feeling which, partly in alliance with the recognised Churches, and partly outside them, took in a measure the place of the old convictions, supplying a stimulus and a guidance to effort, and yielding a basis for a serious and rational public life. These promises have not come true. A good-natured scepticism has risen up, 'not only about the other world, but also about the deeper problems and higher interests of this.'

It is a pity that the author has done no more than touch a question that so deserves or needs to be definitely explored. The relations of Christianity and the Churches to democracy, empire, war, have never been of profounder interest or moment than they are to-day. We might have expected the gospel that teaches man to love his neighbour as himself, and to regard all men as equally the sons of one divine Father—such a gospel might have been expected to weaken pride of race, and all the passions that are bound up with

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imperial conquest. Yet that has hardly been so. As for democracy, it has often been pointed out for how many centuries the Christian empire was not less despotic than the pagan. Why, again, should decay in dogmatic beliefs about the supernatural lead to a decline in the influence of Christian ethics? All this poignant theme, however, goes far too deep even to approach in a parenthetic paragraph.

If the decay of beliefs is the first element in the reaction against humanitarianism, the second is the diffusion in thought of a stream of German idealism which has swelled the current of retrogression from 'the plain human rationalistic way of looking at life and its problems.' This point is excellently described. According to the idealistic doctrines to which Mr. Hobhouse imputes such mischief, 'every institution and every belief is for it alike a manifestation of a spiritual principle, and thus for everything there is an inner and more spiritual interpretation. Indeed, it is scarcely too much to say that the effect of idealism on the world in general has been mainly to sap intellectual and moral sincerity, to excuse men in their consciences for professing beliefs which in the meaning ordinarily attached to them they do not hold, to soften the edges of all hard contrasts between right and wrong, truth and falsity, to throw a gloss over stupidity, and prejudice, and caste, and tradition, to weaken the bases of reason, and disincline men to the searching analysis of their habitual ways of thinking.

A third and still more effectual element of reaction has been the career of Prince Bismarck, itself a concrete exemplification of the Hegelian State. 'The prestige of so great an apparent success naturally compelled imitation, and to the achievements of Bismarck, as we are dealing with the forces that have moulded opinion in our own day, we must add the whole series of trials in which the event has apparently favoured the methods of blood and iron, and discredited the cause of liberty and justice.'

After all, however, and this is Mr. Hobhouse's fourth cause, 'by far the most potent intellectual support of the reaction has been neither the idealistic philosophy nor the impression made by contemporary events, but the belief that physical science had given its verdict in favour—for it came to this—of violence and against social justice.' In other words, Darwinism. 'But those who have applied Darwin's theories to the science of society have not as a rule troubled themselves to understand Darwin any more than the science of society. What has filtered through into the social and political thought of the time has been the belief that the time-honoured doctrine "Might is Right" has a scientific foundation in the laws of biology. Progress comes about through a conflict in which the fittest survives. It must, therefore, be unwise in the long run—however urgent it seems for the sake of the present generation—to interfere with the struggle. We must not sympathise with the beaten and the weak, lest we be tempted to

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preserve them. The justice, the mercy, the chivalry, which would induce the conqueror to forbear from enjoying the full fruits of his victory, must be looked on with suspicion. It is better to smite the Amalekite hip and thigh, and let the conquering race replenish the earth.'

The exploration of this, the deepest reaching of all the causes of reaction against the humanitarian movement of better times, is the most substantial of the contributions of this volume to social thinking. It is a rigorous and scientific argument against the biological view that since men are animals, the laws regulating human development must be identical with those we observe in the breeding of shorthorns or of fan-tailed pigeons; or that the pigeon-fancier has more to teach us of the conditions of human progress than Gibbon or Mommsen.

The question on other sides of it was raised in early days after the speculations of Darwin and Wallace saw the light, by W. R. Greg, in a well-known paper on the Non-Survival of the Fittest and Civilisation antagonistic to the Law of Natural Selection,[6] and it has been abundantly treated by a host of eminent men, notably in Huxley's lecture on Evolution and Ethics, and in a crowd of writings since. I will not try to follow Mr. Hobhouse through his two chapters on Evolution and Sociology and the Useful and the Right; in this place the statement of his conclusion will be enough:

A just conception of evolution does not support the view that the struggle for existence is the condition of progress. It lends no sanction to the prevailing worship of force. On the contrary, it supplies a broad justification for the ethical conception of progress as consisting essentially in the evolution of mind, that is to say, in the unfolding of an order of ideas by which life is stimulated and guided. It has been the misfortune of our time that attention has been diverted from this ethical, or if the expression be preferred spiritual, order in which the essentials of progress lie to the biological conditions that affect man only as the human animal. A clearer view of the meaning of evolution should restore the mind to its rightful place, and thus justify the reformers who insisted on the application of ethical principles to political affairs, as against the materialists for whom the ethical consciousness is a bye-product of forces to which in any conflict it must necessarily give precedence. . . . Amid all differences and conflicts one idea is common to the modern democratic movement, whether it takes the shape of revolution or reform, of Liberalism or Socialism. The political order must conform to the ethical ideal of what is just. The State must be founded on Right. . . . The biological view of evolution opposes this ideal as unscientific and in the end self-defeating. It is for this reason that the biological teaching is so profoundly reactionary and lends itself so handily to the popular cynicism of the day. A truer view of evolution, on the other hand, exhibits the attempt to remodel society by a reasoned conception of social justice as precisely the movement required at the present stage of the growth of mind.

JOHN MORLEY.

(To be concluded.)

[6] *Enigmas of Life.* (Eighteenth edition, 1901.)

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THE BREAKDOWN OF RUSSIAN FINANCES

Is the service of Russia's foreign debt guaranteed for long? Will the solvency of the Czardom be disastrously affected by the war? Is there any reasonable fear that French creditors, alarmed by events which they cannot yet foresee, will, if again taken unawares as they were by various events during the past fourteen months, throw their securities on the market? And if the expenses incidental to the campaign fail to cripple the Russian Treasury, will the course or the cost of internal reform have a decisive effect upon the solvency of the Government? Lastly, if Russia's credit comes unscathed out of such searching ordeals as the war and the reform movement, will it also withstand the consequences of the ruinous financial system persisted in for so many years? Those are a few of the questions to which impending events may soon give definite solutions. In the meantime it may not be amiss to offer some data for a surmise as to what those answers will be.

Prophets of evil have often foretold the financial ruin of Russia, some of them fixing the year of the catastrophe, and most of them specifying its causes. And, like Jonah, they have lived to see their forecasts belied. For Muscovite 'prosperity'—or solvency, as matter-of-fact bankers call it—has outlived alike those gloomy predictions and the terrible famines on which some of them were grounded. Like Dickens's 'J.B.', Russia proved to be tough—'tough and devilish sly'—and the Czardom continues to be by far the wealthiest *State* in the world. Its gold standard is guaranteed by a larger metallic reserve than that of any other country on the globe. There were, last January, 930 million roubles' worth of banknotes in circulation, which were covered by a gold reserve of 749,212,288 roubles; whereas the law does not require more than 630 millions in gold. The gross annual revenue and expenditure of the Empire amount to over 230½ millions sterling, and the trade balance, on which so much else depends, shows a considerable excess of exports over imports. In a word, all the symptoms seem auspicious, and Russia's credit is consequently high. France, her ally, gladly accommodated her last May with 800 million francs. Germany supplied her with five millions sterling in January. And, despite the recent troubles, they are both ready to

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lend her more. A State capable of achieving such financial feats, and of waging a costly war as if there were no hereafter, is not likely, people say, to become bankrupt or to repudiate. Its resources must be inexhaustible, and its methods those of a scrupulously honest dealer. If the public did not firmly believe in Russia's integrity and solvency, even Privy Councillor Mendelsohn, of Berlin, would be powerless to float her loan. There appears, then, to be a strong presumption in favour of the solvency of the Czardom for many years to come.

This impression is amply confirmed by certain salient points in the economic life of the nation, which, when we read of them even in the form of dry statistics, challenge our admiration for the wonderful buoyancy of the Russian people. One of these is the vast and rapid rise in the imperial revenue. It was worthy of a colossal empire. In the thirteen years ending in 1902 it had increased by no less than 93,795,215*l*. And it was wholly unexpected. The very Finance Ministers themselves professed to feel agreeably surprised at it; for however high their estimate of the coming year's income might be, it was always exceeded by the reality. Thus from 1892 to 1901 the total real revenue exceeded the estimated revenue by a milliard and a quarter roubles, or say roughly 133,000,000*l*.; while the ordinary receipts during the same period were greater than the expected receipts by about 200,000,000*l*. The result of this unexampled and unforeseen prosperity, as the Finance Ministers termed it, was a large yearly surplus, part of which constituted a war fund—the only war fund of the kind in the world—and as there were no wars to absorb it, the authorities spent it on railways, mainly strategical.

Of course it was natural to infer that the taxpaying capacities of the people kept pace with this gigantic growth of the revenue—was, in fact, the cause of it, as ministers said. And in that there is nothing very surprising. For the Russian peasant, who is the chief taxpayer in the Empire, has, on an average, considerably more land for cultivation than any other farmer on the globe, excepting the American. Greater assiduity or some labour-saving innovation would perhaps suffice to account for the increase of individual and national well-being. But whatever the cause, the effect seemed magnificent; between the years 1885 and 1900, the land-tilling class raised the total of their corn-exports from 260 million poods,[1] valued at 21 millions sterling, to 441 million poods, of which the computed worth was 34,838,700*l*. 'No wonder Russia's credit stands high,' the Government papers exclaimed; 'no wonder France and Germany believe in her solvency.'

And yet faith is not knowledge—is often, indeed, an obstacle to a clear perception of the facts. In the present case, for example, in spite of appearance, it may be doubted whether Russia's credit stands

[1] A pood is 36·1127 lbs. av.

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high, or even deserves to stand high. Otherwise, why should the Czardom, which pays interest on its foreign loans with exemplary punctuality, be compelled, when borrowing money, to agree to unfavourable terms? Last May, for instance, the French group of bankers severely mulcted their allies, who were in want of 32 millions sterling. This they would not and could not have done if there were not something more in the financial condition than meets the eye. In the first place, about 24 millions of the capital raised had to remain in the Republic. In the second place, it bore interest at 5 per cent., a condition all the more humiliating that ever since 1885 none of Russia's foreign loans were more than 4 per cents. And to crown all, the capital was borrowed for the short term of five years, at the expiry of which the treasury undertakes to pay it back at the rate of 100 roubles for every ninety-five received. For, although the subscription price was 99 per cent., the financial group which negotiated it paid only 95 per cent. And as the commission and other expenses represent 4 per cent. of the nominal sum, the real rate of interest was 5·26 per cent., or, if we take into consideration the reimbursement at nominal value in five years, it was nearly 6·75 per cent. For a Government which pays its way regularly, and is perfectly solvent, those are harsh terms. And as it is not too much to assume that French financiers would never have dared to make such humiliating conditions, nor would the Russian Government have condescended to entertain them, unless there were a serious flaw somewhere in the economic-financial edifice, the curiosity that would find it out is perhaps excusable.

It may be urged that that transaction was completed in war-time, when creditors are unusually grasping. But that consideration is weakened by the reflection that if we take the loan of 1902, floated when the war with Japan seemed chimerical, we find that, whereas the subscription price was 97½, the German bankers took it over at 93⅞, so that they received a commission of eleven million marks. It is hard, therefore, to shake off the conviction that some misgivings which have not yet received articulate expression cling to the minds even of the most Russophile foreign bankers.

Turning now to the vast rise in the imperial revenue, which has so often been instanced as a proof of Russia's marvellous prosperity, we are astonished how quickly it dwindles when examined at close quarters. It increased, we are told, in thirteen years (between 1889 and 1902) by 93,795,215*l*. 'Unparalleled!' people exclaimed, as they invested money in Russian securities. Congruously with this growth of wealth, we might suppose that Russia had become one vast Golconda; either her ministers enjoyed the miraculous gift bestowed by Bacchus upon Midas, or else the believing public resembled that same Midas after Apollo had modified certain of his features. As a matter of fact, the boasted increase in the revenue was partly the result of the

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manipulation of figures, and partly of the increase of certain property of the Crown, like woods and forests. It is as though the English Government were to nationalise the railways and the public-houses, and to set down the takings of both as an increase of revenue and a proof of the enhanced wellbeing of the people.

It was in this way that, the railways and the sale of alcohol having been taken over by the State, the returns which had formerly been private property were now suddenly added to the imperial revenue. As witnesses to the enhanced prosperity of the people, therefore, they must be put out of court. If then we eliminate from the grand total the sums received from crown forests, the spirit monopoly, the nationalisation of railways, the increase of liquor-taxes, of customs dues, and of profits made by the mint (all of which together amounted in 1889 to 52,737,342*l.*, and in 1902 to 123,345,458*l.*), we shall find that in the former year the State revenue was 44,079,583*l.*, and in the latter (1902) 67,230,444*l.* And this growth is not gigantic; indeed it is even less great than it seems. For if we further bear in mind that during the period under consideration the population increased by 1¼ per cent. annually, we shall find that in 1889 every Russian paid 7*s.* 7¾*d.* in imperial taxes, and in 1902 9*s.* 9*d.* The difference amounts to about 2*s.* 1*d.*—that is to say, no more than 22·8 per cent. in favour of the year 1902, which is a moderate increase. But even that is not the result of a corresponding betterment in the condition of the people. For it does not stand for an increase of prosperity, but only for a rise in the taxes. Thus the excise duty on matches rose 100 per cent., and on sugar 106 per cent., during that period.

Thus closely scanned, the faery growth of Russian prosperity is seen to be but an effect of financial legerdemain. Figures are played with, the public are hypnotised, and a cloud-picture is taken for the reality. Yet not everyone is misled by Muscovite juggling. Some detect the sleight of hand, but it is generally to their interest to feign not to have noticed it. Like the king in the story, whose nakedness was palmed off on his people for a gorgeous robe, Russia's squalor is admired as inexhaustible wealth, and her increasing impoverishment as growing prosperity.

The vast gold reserves of the Government are another of the optical delusions produced by clever financial conjurers. Not that they are wholly imaginary. Their existence is real enough, despite the pains taken to photograph them. But they can hardly be said to belong to Russia, were it only because they were bought and paid for with money borrowed abroad. The *modus agendi* was as follows: the taxing machine being screwed to the utmost, an excess of income over expenditure was obtained, which averaged 162 million roubles a year. But the Government was desirous of spending on railways and other enterprises known as 'extraordinary expenditure' about

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266 million roubles a year. Hence it was obliged to raise 104 millions yearly by means other than taxation.

'Extraordinary resources are needed for extraordinary expenses,' said the Ministers, and they had recourse to credit operations. The amount required for the twelve years was 1248 million roubles, but the Government borrowed about 300 millions more, *i.e.* 1540 millions all told. From this difference between what was wanted and what was realised, they got the 'free balance,' which amounted in 1904 to 381 million roubles, and represented, not the excess of income over expenditure, but the unspent proceeds of foreign loans. When, therefore, the Minister of Finances affirms that Russia began the war with the funds of the free balance, he is entertaining us with words, for she was really spending the proceeds of foreign loans. The money actually received, during the period in question, from those loans amounted to 1360 million roubles, besides which 1050 millions were realised on the railway loans of private companies, which, being guaranteed by the State, are virtually identical with State loans. Thus no less than 2400 million roubles—rather more than less—were netted by credit transactions in twelve years, of which 1730 millions were employed in constructing railways. And it is to this increased railway building, and to the consequent investment of large foreign capital in Russian railway stock, that we should attribute the enormous increase of the ordinary imperial receipts over outlay. From that fact many instructive inferences may be drawn, none of which is favourable to the high opinion usually expressed of Russia's solvency.

Foreigners are apt to make two capital mistakes when estimating Russia's solvency. In the first place, they regard the possession by the Treasury of a vast stock of gold as conclusive proof of the soundness of imperial finances; and in the second place, they argue that if the State be rich the nation must be prosperous. But both these assumptions are erroneous, and may become very mischievous. As a matter of fact, the chief aim of the financial policy of Russia has for many years been systematically to hoard gold. And the motive for this was not, as some people fancy, solely to make provision for a war. Even the present campaign might be carried on without large reserves of the precious metal. For the sums laid out on war materials abroad is relatively small. The troops receive their pay in paper, are transported on Russian railways, and nourished with food grown in the country or bought in Manchuria and paid for in silver.

In truth, gold was wanted for a very different purpose, which M. Witte—in his Report on the Budget of 1901—euphemistically described by saying that the Treasury deemed it prudent to borrow long ahead when the market was favourable, and to have a large stock of gold from which to draw when necessary. But the real motive, which was unfolded in unpublished reports, is that Russia should obtain and hold a large part of the gold store of the world, and

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acquire thereby a leverage disproportionately greater than that to which she is entitled in virtue of her army, her navy, and her finances. The command of a vast gold reserve gives the Czardom a great economical and political hold over Europe. For the nation which owns the largest amount of gold, and is able to keep it, will naturally control the banking interests of the globe, and will also influence governments and the press. If that be so, one may object, why are other nations insensible to those advantages? The answer is convincing. Russia's position is immeasurably better than that of other States, because she is the only great country the finances of which are wholly free from the hampering control of the taxpayer. Hence it is possible for her Government to levy taxes, to increase them, and to spend the proceeds or not to spend them, as it thinks fit. The Minister need never worry about the consent of the people to sacrifices required from the people. According to the division of labour which obtains in the Czardom, the Government demands, receives, and spends, and the population pays. Enormous sums are thus extracted from the nation, and lavished upon objects essentially antipathetic or not spent at all, but used merely to control the money market of Europe, and those political and popular interests which depend upon finance. That was made painfully clear a few years ago, when the Baring crisis was brought about by the deliberate action of the Russian Government. Had it not been that subsequently that Government forewent its right to its full pound of flesh, the consequences would have been disastrous. Again, it is an interesting fact that during the gold crisis in America an offer was received at Washington from the Russian Treasury to transfer large sums in gold to America to be left there on deposit. This proposal, coming soon after the Baring mishap, was made with an object, so evident that the Government of the United States refused to accept it. It is notorious that, Germany being less squeamish, the money market of Berlin is dependent upon supplies of gold on Russian account, which, especially in summer, are accumulated in the Prussian capital. And the financial influence of Russia in France needs no showing.

A concrete example of the wonders wrought by Russian gold may interest if it does not edify the reader. Last year the Czar's Government issued a loan in Paris which produced, to investors, about 5 per cent. To French bankers the profit was naturally much greater, because the commission they received amounted to from 2 to 4 per cent. on the 30,000,000*l.* which were realised in five months. And this is how the ball was set rolling. As is known, French bankers hold large sums which represent the credit balances of their clients—mostly persons who spend less than their income, the remainder being left at their bankers. Almost all these men are eager for a good investment. Safety and a high rate of interest are the criteria they employ. The bankers issue circulars then to their clients, saying that

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a 5 per cent. loan will shortly be floated which can be highly recommended. The customers gladly take the advice of their bankers, who then announce to the Russian Government their willingness to bring out the loan on conditions, say, that half the proceeds remain in their hands as security for the interest, and that they themselves receive a large commission. It is only fair to say that part of this commission goes to 'convincing' the popular Press of the excellence of the contemplated investment. And then, should the clients have any misgivings as to their bankers' advice, their favourite journal will at once reassure them. The newspapers know, and can be trusted! After that the money is loaned, and the helpful banker retains half the amount advanced, and receives as his commission a large percentage.

But it is not merely the Press and financial spheres that are favourably disposed towards the loan. The French Government is likewise friendly. And could it be otherwise? Of course it is appealed to on very forcible grounds. It is informed that Germany is burning to improve her relations with Muscovy, and as a token of her goodwill is anxious to advance a large sum to the Russian Government. What can a French statesman do? He is irresistibly forced to choose between risking a weakening of the alliance and adopting an attitude of friendly neutrality towards the loan. Neither Government, nor banker, nor journalist, nor investor considers for a moment whether or not the investment is really a good one in itself, advantageous to France or calculated to further the interests of humanity at large. As a matter of fact, this loan hands over to the Russian Government to be used for its own purposes—which are conducive to the interests neither of the world at large nor of her own people—a mass of gold which is to be employed for the purposes described by M. Witte, *i.e.* for influencing the world. And this process is being repeated year after year.

As a result of this passion for gold the Russian State Bank recently possessed the sum of 107 million pounds, a considerable part of which was deposited abroad and used as a lever for exercising a controlling influence over the great financial organisations of the world. Its effect, political, financial, and journalistic, is literally miraculous. Neither the Government nor even the Press of any country is free to act or speak without constant deference to the will of the owner of so large a portion of the world's store of gold. The economic life of a whole nation could be upset in a week if worship were withheld from the golden calf; therefore foreign bankers are bland and obliging, foreign Governments attentive and benevolent, and the foreign Press indulgent and helpful. Hence a purely fantastical picture of Russia and of her resources was painted by foreign journals and ostensibly accepted by European Governments, bankers, and investors under the intoxicating influence of those piles of gold;

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and whenever facts or appreciations do not harmonise with the colours of that picture, they are set aside with a smile of pitying contempt.

Until quite lately nearly everybody looked upon Russian securities as ideal investments, combining absolute security and the highest attainable rate of interest; and this belief, fostered by people who knew better, was entertained by almost all who had money to lend. Yet it was based on grossly exaggerated facts and purely imaginary assumptions. Every banker knows full well that there are in many countries great industrial and other undertakings which offer as profitable investments as Russian scrip, and are, to put it mildly, quite as safe. The bonds of certain of the chief American railways, for instance, are of the number; but as they lack the means of advertising on such a large scale as the Russian Government, and as they have no such numerous and hearty backing, they cannot compete with the Finance Minister of the Czar. The individual investor, especially in France, is taken in hand by his Government, then by his banker, who is generally his financial adviser, and finally by his newspaper. A triple wall separates him from the reality.

Russia alone can play that financial game, because hers is the only Government which can raise taxes for any purpose, harmless or baneful. The Russian people are never asked whether they are willing to pay a certain tax or approve the purpose for which it is raised. They are apprised of the command, and are expected to obey. Their money may then be squandered in raising the costliest and the most superfluous loans, but it behoves them to be silent and sweet-tempered. No one cares what they think or feel. No other civilised people would brook such treatment. In France, Germany, or Austria a Government which should borrow money for the purpose of laying in gold supplies and hoarding them without any industrial, commercial, or financial advantage would not be left a week in office.

At present the Russian people are becoming painfully alive to the fact that the vast stores of gold piled up by their Government are useless to them—useless and burdensome. For it is they who have to provide the money for interest on the foreign debts contracted in order to pay for the precious metal; and to raise that money the people must export foodstuffs, not from their superfluities, but from their necessities. They go hungry and ill-clad that the Treasury may accumulate gold. The stock of precious metal, therefore, to which the Russian Government so often points with pride, is in reality the food of a brave people, which a Muscovite Midas changed by his blighting touch into gold. The peasantry must export their bread at low prices, and see the ploughs and scythes which they would gladly get from abroad taxed to the point of prohibition. Thus, in the pursuit of futile non-Russian aims, the people's food is sold, and all branches of industrial life are paralysed. That is why the essence

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of the demands of the Zemstvos is to put an end to the financial autocracy which has thus brought Russia to the verge of disaster.

'The oak may be rotten, and yet weather many a storm to come; and if, in the meantime, its leaves are renewed every year, and even mistletoe boughs flourish upon it, should we put it in the same category as the fig-tree of the Gospel which bore no fruit?' In some such terms as these the bankers, politicians, and Press are wont to speak who help the Czardom to borrow money. I have known some of them to add, with cynical frankness:

> Russia can be trusted to pay, and in money matters that is everything. True, she has engraven her name in capital letters on history's page as the most unscrupulous repudiator of solemn engagements. Her statesmen have put forward the theory—in black and white—that a stipulation, however solemn, draws its binding force from momentary circumstances, and loses it when these have passed. And the administrators dovetailed their practice to this theory. Examples taken from her domestic and foreign relations are as plentiful as blackberries, and some of recent date will be suggested by the names of Port Arthur, Afghanistan, and the Black Sea. Towards her own peoples, too, she has applied the same 'principle,' as the Balts, the Poles, the Finns, the Armenians know to their cost. In one and only one respect is Russia absolutely trustworthy—in the punctual payment of the interest on her debt. And the reason is manifest: she is and intends to remain a borrowing nation; and in order to borrow capital you must pay interest. Therefore she pays it, and must go on paying it to the end. And when a banker or broker has reached that conclusion and feels that it is sound, he need go no further.

But the bankers' argument is a specious mixture of truth and falsehood, and their attitude a resultant of caution and carelessness. For if it be true that Russia's honesty in money matters is solely the outcome of her interest, it is equally true that she will not go on paying her creditors after it has ceased to be her interest to do so; and that contingency would occur the moment the European market became unable or unwilling to supply her with fresh funds. Europe will then be face to face with a financial calamity of the first magnitude. Nor is that the only contingency. Russia doubtless possesses very considerable mineral and other resources, but, like those of Spain, they are undeveloped; and if her liabilities, which are growing with alarming rapidity, became greater than she could actually meet, disaster would be at hand. What are the probabilities that either of those contingencies will come to pass? Neither bankers, nor Governments, nor Press ever put the question. Why should they? It is not upon them that the loss would fall, and the petty investors have no time to study Russia's economic conditions, nor have they trustworthy advisers.

The question as to what would happen if the autocratic Government were overthrown by a revolution does not call for discussion, the terms of it being inapplicable to Russian conditions. Revolution in the French meaning of the term is inconceivable; and revolution

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in the sense of a change which is rapid, deliberate, radical, and the result of extraordinary forces brought to bear upon present conditions has already begun. Now, if revolution thus understood should ultimately give the people the control of the nation's purse, it is not easy to say how that power would be exercised. It is possible that the people might, in a chivalrous or a selfless spirit, persist in taxing and starving themselves for the benefit of foreign bondholders. But probably financiers would not stake much on the belief. A pertinent question, however, which many would-be investors are already asking is, Can the process of paying interest on old loans by raising new loans go on very much longer? Will creditors continue indefinitely to advance the funds without which their own coupons would not be paid? And if they did, could Russia, even with M. Witte at her head, go on increasing the balance of exports, five-sevenths of which are agricultural produce, over imports in the face of a hungry and an angry people? Possibly this query may receive a definite and authoritative answer in the near future.

One reason why Russia can afford to buy gold at 4, 5, or even 6 per cent. interest in the market is because she pays the interest on it, not in gold, but in wheat and timber, which constitute about 80 per cent. of her exports. But that arrangement involves the necessity of keeping the balance of trade always in her favour—that is to say, her financial policy can be persisted in only so long as she sells to foreign nations considerably more than she buys from them; and as she cannot compete with cultured peoples in manufactured wares, she must needs look to the sale of foodstuffs and agricultural produce generally for keeping the trade balance in her favour. Consequently she must continue to put pressure on the peasants to send out of the country not only cereals which they can dispense with, but a portion of the corn which is positively necessary to themselves; and as the service of the foreign loans is becoming more and more irksome in proportion as their number increases, it would seem that either the agricultural class must in future gradually wean itself from food, or else that the whole system will break down.

That is a very damaging statement, which it would be unfair to advance without putting the public in a position to verify it.

The two pillars upon which the financial system inaugurated by M. Vyshnegradsky rests are a favourable trade balance on the one hand, and the unabated exportation of foodstuffs on the other. The former is a result of the latter operation; and if either fail, the whole structure must fall to pieces; for it would be misleading to compare Russia's condition with that of the United States after the civil war. It is quite true that America was then indebted to an extent which some people regarded as alarming, and that she has since refunded the sums due and recovered her buoyancy; but then in the United States it was not the Government, but private companies, which,

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having borrowed the capital, were bound to reimburse it. In Muscovy, on the other hand, the Czar's Government took over the railways at a fixed rate, that being the policy of M. Witte, who needed capital and could not otherwise obtain it. And the railways are now being run at a loss. Therefore, as the Russian Government, and not merely private companies, must find the ways and means of wiping out the debt, the alleged parity between the condition of Russia to-day and of the United States after the civil war is imaginary.

The first question of importance with which we have to deal turns upon the total of Russia's fixed and unfixed charges abroad—that is, the service of her foreign debt, the sums invested by foreigners in various enterprises in the country, the money spent abroad by Russian tourists, the amount paid on freight for Russian produce carried in foreign bottoms, and the cost of large orders frequently placed abroad. Now it is not possible to answer this question in precise figures, because certain of the items fluctuate from year to year. At the beginning of 1905 the Minister of Finances officially declared that the total of the State debt amounted to 7,066,490,636 roubles, or about 751,754,320*l*., and that the interest upon it absorbed 32,235,970*l*. Foreign investments in Russia cause a sum of money to flow out of the country every year which amounts, at a very low estimate, to three millions sterling, while the sums spent by Russian tourists abroad are computed at about seven millions.

Those are truly formidable figures. Yet Russia's debt before the outbreak of the war was heavy enough, and the hardship among the people caused by their efforts to pay the interest on it was one of the chief causes of the acute dissatisfaction which found vent in arson and riots in the southern provinces a couple of years ago. But since the beginning of the campaign money has been flowing like water from a burst reservoir. The Finance Minister himself, whose methods of calculation are courtly, sets down the increase of Russia's indebtedness last year at 45¾ millions sterling. But we know positively that the grand total is very much greater; and it is increasing by bounds. The new navy reorganisation scheme will, it is estimated, cost considerably over 100 million pounds, while internal reforms, such as the abolition of peasants' tribunals and other changes, will involve a very large outlay. Now where is all this money to come from? It cannot flow from the proceeds of the balance of trade, which are about thirty-five millions, whereas the fixed charges alone on the debt already exceed thirty-two millions. Siberia's output of gold adds but two millions sterling to the resources emanating from the exportation of foodstuffs and the taxation based upon them. Before the present campaign was begun, the average margin was five millions sterling, but by this time it will probably have disappeared altogether, and in that case Russia will be reduced to pay by borrowing—an

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expedient which has greater drawbacks than its sameness, especially when the borrowed money is spent in unproductive enterprises.

Between Russia and bankruptcy, then, stands the balance of trade, some thirty-five millions sterling or less. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that it stood between her and bankruptcy down to the outset of the campaign against Japan. And even then it was diminishing slowly, on the one hand, and was threatened, on the other, with extinction by a succession of bad harvests, the increase of population, a corresponding shortage of corn exports, a fall in prices, and a rise in Germany's import duties. And now more than one of the dangers has come to pass. It was to the warding off of these contingencies that the last three Finance Ministers adjusted their policy. Russia must sell as much as possible and buy as little as possible. That, in brief, was the scheme favoured by them all, and in order to carry it out private railways were taken over by the State, railway rates were regulated by the Treasury so that corn should be conveyed at nominal prices to the seaports, high customs were levied, the taxes on the peasantry were raised, expenses on education, roads, canals, corn elevators, model farms, agricultural improvements were cut down in all cases and wholly struck out in others. In a word, this curious financial policy, with its hoarded gold, its endless chain of foreign loans, its stagnation in spiritual, intellectual, and industrial life, lies at the roots of the restiveness and disorders which have ushered in the Russian Revolution.

Russia's foreign debt is so vast, Professor Migulin writes, that 'we are forced to export our produce abroad, come what may. That explains the low prices of our staple export—corn.' Now low prices presuppose a relatively low cost of production, and that is possible only if the system of land-tilling is 'extensive'—*i.e.*, if everything possible is taken from the soil and nothing given back in the way of fertilising elements. And that system involves the possession of enormous tracts of new territory. Unexhausted soil is diminishing in Russia, and the peasants who depended upon that are migrating to the confines. What is now wanted is the annexation of 'free and untenanted land situated between Russia and China.' Consequently a policy of aggression is one of the direct results of the financial system which has been persistently pursued by three Finance Ministers.

Russia's stock of gold, then, her system of borrowing, her credit and her foreign policy, all depend upon her annually selling produce —mainly agricultural—to the value of thirty-five million pounds more than the cost of all her imports put together. That is the practical problem which she must solve satisfactorily, or else sink into ignominious insolvency. To try to solve it, she cut down her imports to a minimum by means of the highest tariff in the world; she put a premium on her exports either by means of differential rates, or, as

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in the case of sugar, cotton, spirits, and petroleum, by a system of drawbacks on goods sold abroad.

But these makeshifts proved uniformly pernicious. High tariffs raised the cost of living, operated as a bar to agricultural improvement, and inflicted heavy losses on the nation at large. The peasants cannot buy ploughs, threshing-machines, or other implements of agriculture because they are ruinously costly. So that the Government may be truly said to be taxing the husbandman before he harvests in his crop or even sows his seed. Sugar, the consumption of which is regarded as a substitute for alcohol, is placed beyond the reach of large numbers of working men. In Russia the cost price of a pood of sugar is 1·80 rouble, but after it has paid the excise duty and the middleman's profit it is retailed to the consumer at prices varying from 4.80 to 5.50 a pood! The cost of railway material is proportionately exorbitant. Thirty years ago machinery and rails could be bought for sixteen pence a pood. The needs of the balance of trade caused higher duties to be levied, raising the price 50 per cent., and thenceforth a heavy engine which was sold in Berlin for 34,000 roubles cost 50,000 in Russia. Two years later prices had again risen, this time 300 per cent., because protection had become prohibition, and prohibition was necessary to the balance of trade, and the balance of trade was indispensable to the financial policy of the Government. Thus one company, which alone enjoyed the right to import foreign machinery duty free, paid for English rails only seventeen pence a pood, while all other companies were purchasing them at 4*s.* 3*d.* a pood. And it has been computed that, of the 150 millions sterling spent on the construction of railway lines in the course of fifteen years, no less than eighty-four millions went into the pockets of the owners of Russian metallurgical works.

And that was not the worst. The peasants were unable to afford to roof their huts, and all rural Russia continued *to be burned down once every fifteen years*, on account of the thatched roofs.

Differential railway rates operated as a premium on the export of foodstuffs, but they produced less desirable results as well; they caused, among other serious losses, a deficit in the railway budget. For the rates to the sea are very cheap—leave no margin for a profit, in fact; besides which, there is no return freight. Hence Russian railways, too often strategic and leading nowhither, and always costly, are worked at a loss, which amounted in 1901 to 3,600,000*l.*, and in 1904 to 8,050,000*l.*

If, instead of forcing the exportation of corn and raw produce, and sacrificing the revenue of the railways in the endeavour, Russia sought to keep the trade balance favourable by manufacturing cheaper and better goods than her neighbours, even her rivals would applaud the effort. But success in that line is out of the question. In the first place, the Russian artisan is uneducated, unskilled, backward in

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every way as compared with his foreign competitors. And it has been the aim of autocracy to keep him so, because education, general or technical, costs money which is needed for railways and ships, and also because enlightenment of any kind was a weapon to be turned against itself. Then, again, successful industry and cheap production are inconceivable in a land where iron, steel, machinery of every kind cost from 200 to 300 per cent. more than in the neighbouring countries, and where the people, in order to pay their taxes, are driven to sell raw produce, not flour but corn, not linen but flax. And seeing that all the markets open to European and American industrial wares were shut to Russian manufacturers by their own Government, which kept the operatives ignorant, unskilled, and poor, and that the export of raw produce on which the trade balance depends was steadily on the wane instead of increasing, the Finance Minister conceived the idea of opening up to Russia's hot-house industry markets which should be closed to all other nations. That was one of the aims of her policy in Manchuria, China, Corea, and Persia. The mineral wealth of the protected country was to be exploited by Russian companies to the exclusion of foreigners, and all the needs of the population to be satisfied with the output of Russian mills and factories. That was Russia's sheet anchor. If that scheme could be realised, all would be well; if it fails, Russian finances are ruined. The present campaign is trying the issue.

For it is clear that with the enormous expenses of the war, and the still greater outlay which will follow the war, the trade balance, if it is to continue favourable in future, must show a much greater excess of exports over imports than heretofore. In that case the last state of the Russian peasant would be much worse than the first; and at present it is bad enough.

The peasant is kept ignorant and poor in virtue of the present politico-financial system, and the result is that he tills his land so very defectively that a field which yields him from 20 to 40 poods of corn would produce, under very similar conditions, 115 in Japan, 123 in England, and 128 in Belgium. That povery and ignorance are answerable for this shortage is shown from the abundant harvests of the educated and well-to-do landowners. The Russian harvest yields on an average 22·4 poods of corn per head of the population, the Austro-Hungarian 47·4, the Danish 50, and the North American 66·9. Now, if the Russian ate as much bread as the Germans he would export no breadstuffs at all; nay, he would import about one-tenth of his own harvest.

In the United States every citizen consumes on an average 61·9 poods of corn; in Denmark, 57; in France, 33·6. The Russian agriculturist harvests in, but does not consume, 22·4, for he is compelled to export part of it. A Tantalus torture! In sixteen years the Russian people have been thus forced to sell 7000 million poods

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of corn, valued at 6000 million roubles. 'What prosperity!' write Russian officials. 'What misery!' exclaim unbiassed onlookers. For if all that corn had been kept in their country the Russian peasants would even then have had much less to eat than their French and German brethren.

That the Russian peasant is overtaxed is a matter of almost common knowledge. He pays out of 220 lbs. of corn 5½*d.* in taxes, whereas the Bavarian farmer gives but 2½*d.* If a man in Moscow wants to purchase 36 lbs. of cotton goods he must give 32 poods of rye for them, whereas the German can have them for 11 poods, and the quantity of tea which the Teuton obtains for 9 poods of rye costs the Russian 93 poods. Here is another test: In the course of ten years [2] the sum paid by the peasants of Central and Eastern Russia in direct imperial taxation amounted to 41,000,000*l.* The optimist will feel disposed to remark that if that money was paid the peasants must have possessed it, and, as they did not actually die of starvation immediately afterwards, they must have been able to afford it. In truth this inference is erroneous. They could not afford it, and vast numbers of them would have died of starvation if the Government had not given part of it back. Twenty million pounds, or nearly one-half of that enormous sum, was refunded by the authorities in the shape of relief rendered necessary by distress! That fact is significant of much.

Official reports of statistical committees from twenty-nine provinces decribe the condition of the peasants as unbearable. Domestic animals have generally a more enviable lot. Work without the fruits of work, and hardship without hope of relief, make up the destiny to which they are born. Their live stock is dwindling away; their food is growing less in quantity and worse in quality. Disease happily thins their ranks and shortens the lives of the survivors, but it also ruins their health and brings on a tendency to degeneration. In many parts of the Empire cabbage and milk have had to be given up as articles of diet because the husbandman could not afford them. According to the Czar's Government, 330 kilograms of rye is the allowance necessary and sufficient to keep the peasant alive in famine years, and 330 kilograms a head are accordingly distributed by the imperial relief fund. But when there is no famine the peasant is forced to export his corn, and can keep for himself only 240 kilograms!

The dwellings of the people in the rural districts are not fit for brutes. The huts, when the fire is lighted, are filled with smoke, which escapes through chinks in the walls or the open door, while the inmates lie flat on the floor like travellers in the desert during the simoom in order to avoid breathing the air. In winter-time the water actually freezes inside the hovel. Sometimes two or three families live like this together in one room. 'Here they eat; here they

[2] 1890–1899

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sleep on straw; here the women bring their children into the world; here they spin and weave; here the boys do their school tasks; here, too, are a calf, lambs, sometimes sucking-pigs, poultry; here a mephitic odour prevails.'

This state of things is typical. Therein lies its force.

One concrete example is better than a volume of reflections. I choose the description of a village named Novo-Jivotinnoye and of a hamlet called Mokhovatka because they have both been studied systematically by a professional authority who was doubly qualified for the work,[8] and because the results arrived at are vouched for by the Zemstvo. The outlines of the picture differ little from those of the story of the Russian peasant's life everywhere. Misery, sameness, hopelessness. It is a description of families cooped up in one filthy room; fed on food which is bad and insufficient; working hard, early and late; giving away the fruits of their labour in taxes, and then in their leisure hours watching their children pine away and die.

Besides human beings, the hovel accommodates every species of domestic animal: calves, sheep with lambs, sucking-pigs, hens. In some cases even cows are driven inside for warmth sake. The animals not only absorb the oxygen of the air, but they make the atmosphere utterly noxious in natural ways. In the more spacious huts. . . . the air is bad to an extreme degree. . . . The sick, the old, the infirm, and the infantine members of the family also use the room for all sanitary and insanitary purposes. . . . There is a whole row of homesteads without any means of buying cabbage, cucumbers, meat; there are whole families deprived of milk from year's end to year's end. Is not this chronic hunger? Is it not continuous poverty which thus preserves life on rye bread, seldom porridge, and then again black bread and nothing else?

Black bread, potatoes, and salt form the diet of these people. In Novo-Jivotinnoye there was no milk during the whole year, not only for adults, but even for the children in nearly one-half of the families. The death rate is for Mokhovatka 46·4 per 1000, and for Novo-Jivotinnoye 50·7. One inhabitant in twenty dies every year.

A curious and a disgusting detail is added. The very vermin die out in the poorer huts. Dr. Shingaroff writes that the familiar animal known to scientists as *cimex lectularius* was wholly absent in the very poorest of the dwellings he examined, and was found only in places where a certain relative comfort prevailed. Blackbeetles and cockroaches, being less squeamish, were found more evenly distributed. But even here there are limits. 'The blackbeetle does not flourish in all conditions; certainly extreme poverty is a considerable obstacle to its existence.' *There are ten per cent. of the huts so poor that even blackbeetles cannot live there.*

'It is not like that throughout the Czardom,' bankers and investors

[8] The Zemsky Doctor, A. Shingaroff. The title of his monograph is, 'The village Novo-Jivotinnoye and the hamlet Mokhovatka from a sanitary point of view. A sanitary-economic study of a village that is dying out.' Saratoff, 1901.—38-41 of the *Saratoff-Zemskaya Nedelya.*

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in Russian scrip may object. It certainly is not. *Cimex lectularius* as well as blackbeetles and cockroaches are found in abundance in most villages and hamlets, even though there be no cabbage, no eggs, and no milk for the inhabitants. But poverty, squalor, hunger are the rule everywhere. A first-class authority on the subject, N. Annensky, who is at this moment a prisoner in the fortress of Peter and Paul, having put this very question whether the conditions of Novo-Jivotinnoye and Mokhovatka are exceptional phenomena, wrote: 'There are, unhappily, no grounds for the assumption. Very numerous sections of peasants, who possess either no land or very little, live in precisely the same general conditions as the villagers under consideration.'

That brutalisation of human beings is one of the results of the financial policy of the Czardom. The never-ending sufferings of those dazed, haggard peasants are part of the price paid for the stock of gold before which Russia's English friends bow down. Thus deep have those fellow-creatures and subjects of the Czar sunk under the burdens heaped upon them by the Autocracy. They have been stripped of all their possessions and of nearly all their earnings. Their live stock, their meat, their cabbage, their eggs, milk, and sugar have all been touched by the great Midas of Petersburg and turned into gold. Smoky walls and a hovel shared with animals are all that is left them. These men, therefore, can pay no more tribute to the golden idol. That source of revenue is dried up. And yet the priests of that idol still cry 'Give, give.' For the Autocracy must henceforth considerably increase its income, or else the gold reserves will go, and with them the gold standard. The balance of trade is therefore doomed to be upset, and with it the whole financial structure will fall to pieces. In that peril, which is unavoidable and imminent, I discern the most potent factor of the slow revolution which began on the 22nd of January. Even though the Zemstvos had remained inactive, the nobility passive, and the working men inarticulate, that danger would have threatened the gold standard, the Autocracy, and the whole framework, social and political, of contemporary Russia. No men and no measures will now ward it off. The highest members of the Government descry and fear it. Foreigners with money to lend are less sharpsighted and more optimistic; but upon them, too, the truth will soon dawn. Meanwhile, and before the writing on the wall has been read by the citizens of the French Republic, a new loan for a milliard francs is said to have been floated. 'Tu l'as voulu, George Dandin.'

E. J. DILLON.

St. Petersburg, February 1905.

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ROME OR THE REFORMATION

A REJOINDER

To enter on the thorny path of controversy is to undertake a task full of dangers and difficulties; but the main object, as I conceive it, should be to keep in view the disentanglement of truth from the meshes in which the arguments of sophists, special pleaders, and other advocates too often envelop it, and in which its light is either dimmed or extinguished. To pursue the truth must be our one aim and object; not to achieve a momentary success or party advantage, but to contribute, if it may be, even one stone towards the building up of that edifice which shall be the representative to men of the divine and eternal Truth in the heavens. Only for this end may controversy be justified, that men who in all essentials are seeking the same goal may be led to pursue, if not the same path, yet at least convergent paths; and if in the contest it may be necessary on either side to make use of sharp weapons and to drive home a blow which destroys an opponent's position, it should be with a view of an eventual agreement, and in fulfilment of the divine command to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the Saints.

With these few words I would preface a rejoinder to Mr. Jackson, a gentleman who has done me the honour to reply to an article of mine in the October number of this Review, entitled 'Rome or the Reformation.' In this reply Mr. Jackson attempts to upset my position by appealing to the Prayer-book of the Church of England as justifying all the doctrinal teaching affected by him and his party. He gently hints that I am deficient in the primary conditions necessary for the task I undertook, and I am fain to own that neither previous training nor present attainments can enable me to encounter controversialists on equal grounds. My opponent is right when he speaks of 'the theological equipment and historical accuracy which are necessary in order to deal adequately with so great a theme as the Reformation.' He is less correct when he assumes that all Protestant controversialists are devoid of these characteristics, and I think I may succeed in showing that he himself betrays a somewhat strange deficiency in them.

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One of Mr. Jackson's main objections to the statements I ventured to make is that they are unsupported by any authority. For myself, I confess it seemed to me that the arguments I brought forward and the propositions I stated were of so self-evident a nature that, without wearying the reader with lengthy quotations in support of them, I might appeal to that historical instinct of the nation which is so rarely at fault; and I still believe most Church people are at one with me in the conclusions at which I arrived.

In dealing any further with the questions at issue, I propose still, in the main, to rely on what I must call, for want of a better name, the common-sense point of view, leaving those who are trained in the art of controversy to deal with those intricate doctrinal questions, the defence of which has been the immediate cause of that voluminous theological literature under which a labouring world is groaning. It does not, however, appear to me to be a task involving either great learning or unusual ability to refute some of the mistakes and misstatement with which the article in question literally teems, nor to adduce in support of my position some evidence of a corroborative and practically unanswerable character. The only difficulty under which I labour is to select from the innumerable fallacies of Mr. Jackson's article those which are most glaring and most deceptive, or, without entrenching on the ordinary length of an article and incurring the reproach of tediousness, to cull from the immense wealth of evidence such quotations as will best demolish the case of my opponent.

I began my former article with the question, 'Is there an alternative between Rome and the Reformation?' to which I answered, it is my belief that there is none. I am still of the same opinion; indeed, Mr. Jackson has done me the service of confirming and strengthening me in that view, for he so misunderstands and misinterprets the Anglican position that the drift and tendency of all his arguments go to show that he and his friends occupy a position historically and theologically untenable. For him, and those who think like him, there is no alternative between Rome and the Reformation, though he seems to reject them both. In putting the question, however, I was only thinking of the English Church and its responsible members. It is obvious there are two other alternatives. There are those Eastern Churches which are not under the jurisdiction and supremacy of Rome, and yet are not reformed in the sense of our Reformation, and there is that other alternative to which all liberal thought is being driven in nominally Roman Catholic but really progressive countries—viz., of rejecting the only semblance of Christianity which is prominently before them.

These two alternatives, however, may be dismissed from our consideration, and I propose, in the light of Mr. Jackson's arguments, to inquire how he, and such as agree with him, reconcile to themselves

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their position as members of the Church of England, and in doing so I only wish to deal with him as the representative of a school of thought, and in no sense as a personal opponent.

Mr. Jackson enumerates four points in which he says that I, 'while claiming to interpret the mind and intentions of the Reformers, impute to them teaching which they plainly deny, and repudiate on their behalf beliefs and practices which they, in common with the rest of Catholic Christendom, hold most in reverence.' These points are the Mass, the practice of Confession, the breach with Rome, and the position of the Bible. If such a charge were well founded, I should have been guilty of an outrage on truth and honesty, but I confess that the statements made by Mr. Jackson in support of his accusation seem to me of such a character as to more than justify my main contention as to the illogical position he and his friends occupy. It seems to me not difficult to prove that on every point the arguments he advances can be refuted by every one of our Reformers, by the formularies and laws of our Church, by the practice of more than three centuries of our national Church life. In fact, the impression left on the mind after perusing Mr. Jackson's article is that we are still living in pre-Reformation times. Like some Rip Van Winkle, Mr. Jackson appears to have slept for four hundred years, and awoke expecting to find the Church of England in the same condition in which it was when slumber first overpowered him. 'The Mass is not abolished, the Reformers never dreamt of parting from Rome, confessing priests still ply their trade, the Prayer-book is steeped in Popery—that is to say, it bears witness to those distinctly Catholic doctrines which the Protestant party fondly imagined had been deleted at the Reformation.'

The only losses which he will admit are Prayers for the Dead and Extreme Unction for the Sick; otherwise, to his mind, the Church is precisely what it was before the Reformation, and with a somewhat strange inconsistency he holds that the Ritualist clergy themselves are the true descendants of the Catholic Reformers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, in spite of the fact that they deprived them of the two above-mentioned rites, and of 'all the other losses which,' he says, 'the Church sustained during the period of the Reformation, which must be regained ere they can claim their full inheritance.'

As, in half bewilderment at such an amazing set of statements, we look back over the history of the past, we feel tempted to ask what it was, then, that caused well-nigh two centuries of war, that occasioned the shedding of oceans of blood, if the results achieved were but the deletion of two Romish practices from our Liturgy, and if the Prayer-book of the Reformers is still the mouthpiece of the Church of Rome? Did Cranmer, Latimer, Ridley, Hooper, and a host of other martyrs die merely for an hallucination, or was the cause

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for which they surrendered their lives vanquished at their demise and immolated on their funeral pyres? Three centuries of Protestantism give the lie to the latter explanation, whilst their words re-echo down the ages in condemnation of the doctrines they rejected.

But to take Mr. Jackson's points in detail. It will, I think, be found that the one he places last in the list—viz., the position of Scripture and its relation to the Church—is, in fact, the root of the controversy, and constitutes the crux of the situation. If the position which I claimed as that of the Church of England with regard to Scripture can be substantiated and maintained, the ground is altogether cut from under the feet of those who, while members of our Church, yet refuse this appeal. Mr. Jackson objects to my phrase that 'Scripture is an authority superior to the Church'; to my assertion that 'the appeal of the Reformers was to the Bible, absolute, alone, and unfettered'; that otherwise their action was 'absolutely unjustified,' and their separation from Rome 'a meaningless schism.' This, he says, is the wildest assertion of all. But has Mr. Jackson considered that this is the very position asserted by our Articles, Articles which every member of the Church of England is supposed to accept? Article XX. runs thus:

> The Church hath power to decree Rites or Ceremonies, and authority in Controversies of Faith: And yet it is not lawful for the Church to ordain anything that is contrary to God's Word written, neither may it so expound one place of Scripture that it be repugnant to another. Wherefore, although the Church be a witness and a keeper of Holy Writ, yet, as it ought not to decree anything against the same, so besides the same ought it not to enforce anything to be believed for necessity of salvation.

Again, Article VI. asserts the same thing:

> Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation: so that whatsoever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man, that it should be believed as an article of the Faith, or be thought requisite or necessary to salvation,

and Article VIII., in giving us the Creeds, bases their claim on our acceptance, not on ecclesiastical authority, but on the ground that their doctrines may be proved 'by most certain warrant of Holy Scripture.'

I appealed clearly to those Articles, though I did not quote them. In using the terms 'absolute and unfettered,' what I meant was that Scripture constitutes the final and sovereign court of appeal, that it is the foundation of belief and practice, the arbiter of controversy. I did not mean that a bald and crude appeal to any isolated words of Scripture chosen arbitrarily, and perhaps interpreted with ignorance and fanaticism, was to be our rule of faith. This would be to mis-

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interpret my words and misunderstand my meaning. The name Protestant was early applied to those who protested for the supreme and final authority of Scripture against the rival and superior authority of the Pope and his theologians. The appeal of the Reformation was in principle to Scripture as superior to any Church authority; and the Reformers appealed to Church authority as a witness, within certain defined limits, to the true interpretation of Scripture. But, argues Mr. Jackson, 'the Bible is the child of the Church, the Church existed before the Bible, it is, therefore, as reasonable to appeal to the Bible as overriding the Church as it would be to quote the Reformers in opposition to the first four Ecumenical Councils.' But in what way is 'the Bible the child of the Church, written by the Church,' and in what way is the Church 'the mother and creator of the Bible'? As I have shown, this view is certainly not that maintained by the Church of England as set forth in her Articles. The Church is in them said to be a 'witness and keeper of Holy Writ,' but in the same way a judge is a witness and keeper of the law; not to make the law, but to maintain its authority. The interpretation of the law, as of the Bible, must be that interpretation intended by those who framed it, and understood by those who were governed by it, that interpretation generally accepted by contemporaneous authority, and not that which a subsequent generation may think well to place upon it. This argument of Mr. Jackson's is the stock argument of Papal advocates, and has been used by them in all times to cover any and every divergence from Scripture, and to establish what is called tradition; but it is entirely inconsistent with the appeals to Holy Scripture which I have quoted from the Articles. I will not stop to point out how the Old Testament, the larger portion of the Bible, existed before the Church, but even with regard to the New Testament the argument falls to the ground. The New Testament was not written by the Church in her official capacity. The books of the New Testament were written by individual men, members of the Church of Christ, under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. Gradually these books were accepted by the Churches because they had been written by those who, many of them, were known to have been eye-witnesses and handlers of the Word, Apostles of our Lord or their immediate followers, and because of their intrinsic worth and internal evidence.

In the fourth century two Provincial Councils, those of Laodicea and Carthage, included in their Canons lists of canonical books, but they did not create the canonicity of the books; they only recognised it. All that can be said with regard to the Canon of the New Testament is that it grew up unofficially, and came to be accepted through its own convincing power, and from a general consent of which the early Christians were in a position to appreciate the value. The supreme authority of Scripture was implicitly

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accepted by the Fathers of the Early Church, and the jealous fear which the early Councils had of the introduction into the Creed of a single term not to be found in Scripture may be illustrated by the long and protracted controversy in the Council of Nice before the Fathers would consent to the introduction of the theological term which we translate 'of one substance,' or consubstantial, because, as they said, it was not to be found in Holy Writ.

Mr. Jackson admits that the canon thus selected 'contains all that is necessary for us to know of the faith once delivered to the saints,' and as such it was appealed to by the Reformers. This admission, if granted, is in fact all we ask, but in one breath he admits the appeal, while in the next he disallows and ridicules it. Which view are we to accept as that of him and his friends? If, however, Mr. Jackson is willing to be governed by this appeal, he must abandon many doctrines and practices for which his party are now contending. Those doctrines, not to be drawn from Scripture, not taught by the Early Church, can only be justified by admitting that rival authority of tradition which, in the Mediæval Church, gradually supplanted the authority of Scripture, until a Pope (Boniface VIII.), in the thirteenth century, was found to make the astounding and blasphemous claim that he alone could proclaim what was and what was not Scripture. It was against such claims as these that the Reformers protested, and in appealing from the authority of the Mediæval Church to Scripture, our Reformers appealed to the same authority which the early Councils and the early Fathers recognised, and of which they were such jealous guardians. Those who will not accept this appeal can find no justification for their attitude in that of the Early Church, nor have they any right to consider themselves members of a Church, such as ours, which occupies towards Scripture exactly the same position as the Church of early times.

I have spoken of alternatives. There is no alternative between accepting this position, which is common to our Church and the Early Church, or the Papal authority, which alone, if it be admitted, can override Scripture and make the Church or tradition superior to it; but this alternative has been in so many words rejected by Mr. Jackson. I leave it to him to solve the problem of his own ecclesiastical position.

If I have succeeded in proving the position which Scripture holds in the Church of England, the task of dealing with the other points mentioned in Mr. Jackson's article is comparatively an easy one, for the obvious question must be answered, Is the doctrine of the Mass or the practice of confession to be proved from Scripture, and what is the voice of the Church of England with regard to them? In treating of the Mass, Mr. Jackson falls into hopeless and perpetual confusion. He first accuses me of stating without any authority whatever that the Mass was abolished at the Reformation; he then mixes up the

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name with the interpretation of it in the mind of the Reformers, and finally turns the issue on to a defence of the doctrine of the Real Presence as defined by our Prayer-book—a definition which all are ready to accept, but which is very far from that intended either by the mediævalists in their Mass or by their modern representatives in our Church to-day. To clear the ground, therefore, we will ask, Is it the name, or the doctrine popularly identified with that name, that was excluded from our Prayer-book, and, as I hold, abolished at the Reformation? The name is harmless enough, derived from the Latin words '*Ite, missa est*,' 'Go, it is dismissed'; and the words were used to dismiss the congregation at the close of the service, the catechumens and others who were not allowed to be present at the sacred rite having been previously dismissed. Non-communicating attendance was thus forbidden in the Early Church, and this fact should be noted by those in our Church to-day who are urging the attendance of children at Holy Communion. The term 'Mass' came to be applied to the whole service, but it had no reference to belief or doctrine. This harmless word, however, became gradually identified with those notions of transubstantiation and sacrifice which grew up around the service termed the Mass. To quote Bishop Cosin:

> The word 'Mass' was used by the ancients in the Latin Church with quite a different meaning than that which now prevails among the Papists. But the old Latins used the expression: 'Go, it is Mass,' that is, dismissal, and hence all the sacred acts were called by the one name 'Mass,' from a single act, and that the last of all. But the word, as it is now used by the Papists for a true and proper sacrifice of Christ offered every time to God the Father for the living and the dead, is nowhere found among the ancients. And for this reason the very word 'Mass' in its new, not in its ancient signification, is rejected by the English Church, which desired to abolish that wrong opinion about the sacrifice of the Mass.[1]

Mr. Jackson says the word 'Mass' was used in the First Prayer-book of Edward the Sixth, and was only altered in the Second because of the 'curiosity of mistakers,' and from that slight foundation he deduces that 'the Mass is neither abolished nor condemned.' In the First Prayer-book the term 'Mass' was retained as a sub-title, the rite being termed 'The Lord's Supper, or the Holy Communion, commonly called the Mass,' as the name most familiar to people's ears, just as one leaves an old title until the new one has caught hold of the public mind; but whether or no this is the true explanation of the retention of the word, the First Prayer-book has no validity now, and in the Second Prayer-book neither the word 'Mass,' nor indeed the word 'Altar,' are to be found, and for a very good reason—viz., that the mediæval notion of the Mass was definitely rejected. That notion was the material and literal sacrifice of Christ, involving the doctrine of transubstantiation.

[1] 'Notes on the Prayer-book.' Genuine Series.

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Of this doctrine Ridley says:

> The Mass is a new, blasphemous kind of sacrifice, to satisfy and pay the price of sins, both of the dead and of the quick, to the great and intolerable contumely of Christ our Saviour, His death and Passion, which was and is the only sufficient and everlasting and available sacrifice, satisfactory for all the elect of God, from Adam the first, to the last that shall be born to the end of the world.[2]

Again Bishop Cosin:

> A true, real, proper and propitiatory sacrificing of Christ *toties quoties* as this Sacrament is celebrated, which is the Popish doctrine, and which cannot be done without killing of Christ so often again, we hold not; believing it to be a false and blasphemous doctrine; founding ourselves upon the Apostle's doctrine that Christ was sacrificed but once, and that He dieth no more.[3]

It was in this sense the Mass was abolished at the Reformation. Mr. Jackson quotes Cranmer as an upholder of the Mass, a strange witness when he placed his right hand in the flames because he had been led in a moment of weakness to subscribe to this doctrine. His biographer, Dr. Hook, commenting on the document which Cranmer had drawn up at his trial, which is written in Latin, and may still be found in the collection of records transcribed from the official report in the British Museum, writes as follows:

> The great work which he had done was to bring back the Eucharist from the mediæval notion of a Mass to the primitive notion of the Communion, or, as the usual mode of expressing it at that time was, the Reformers had changed the Mass into Communion. This was the real point.

Perhaps one of the Canons of 1640 will serve as a useful illustration of the view taken by the Church of England on this doctrine, and of the great fear which prevailed that it should ever be reintroduced into our Church. It sheds a flood of light on the principles of the Reformation, all the more when we consider that it was drawn up under Archbishop Laud, and not by the so-called Protestant Reformers. It was then laid down that the fixed position of the Communion Table in the chancel, which was an innovation by Laud on Queen Elizabeth's previous arrangement, viz., that the Table should be movable, does not imply that 'it is or ought to be esteemed a true or proper altar, wherein Christ is again really sacrificed, but it is, and may be called, an altar by us in that sense in which the Primitive Church called it an altar, and in no other.' This distinction is most valuable, most historical, and sound.

The mediæval Mass was a literal sacrifice of Christ, and the Mass as such was abolished, but Mr. Jackson then proceeds to turn the issue on to a totally different ground, and devotes two pages to prove the doctrine of the Real Presence, which he implies I deny.

[2] 'Piteous Lamentation.' [3] 'Notes on the Prayer-book.' Genuine Series

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Into the dreary and interminable waste of hair-splitting and unprofitable controversy over the doctrine of the Real Presence as distinct from that of the objective or corporeal Presence, into the doctrine of Consubstantiation or Transubstantiation, I do not propose to enter further than to say that I heartily endorse every word which our Prayer-book uses to express the real spiritual Presence of our Lord in the Holy Communion and the reception of His Body and Blood by *the faithful*. Our Church makes a clear distinction between the Real, though spiritual and sacramental, Presence of Christ in the Eucharist and the presence of His 'natural flesh and blood' in the elements. She accepts a Presence, none the less real because spiritual, but rejects Transubstantiation and anything equivalent to it, and we may quote, as illustrative of the teaching of the Church of England on the nature of the Real Presence which she maintains, those words of Hooker, 'The Real Presence of Christ's most blessed Body and Blood is not therefore to be sought for in the Sacrament (*i.e.*, in the elements), but in the worthy receiver of the Sacrament.'[4]

This view of the Real Presence as expressed by Hooker and taught in our Catechism is, however, hardly that of the members of the English Church Union, as expounded by their memorable and official document.[5] Surely Mr. Jackson and the Neo-Anglicans, if we may judge by manuals, hymns, devotions, and liturgical practices, follow the Mediæval Church in this matter, and go far beyond the limits of our own formularies; and again, on this doctrine, we leave it to Mr. Jackson and his friends to reconcile their views with those of the Church of England. I will only add that the statements on the Real Presence attributed to Bishop Cosin by Mr. Jackson are taken from a document now recognised not to have proceeded from Cosin.[6] In a statement by Cosin 'concerning the differences in the chief points of religion betwixt the Church of Rome and the Church of England'—a brief paper which, as a whole, we commend to Mr. Jackson and his

[4] Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*, v. 67, 2–6.

[5] 'The members of the English Church Union, holding fast to the faith and teaching of the one Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, that Christ our Lord present in the most Holy Sacrament of the altar under the form of bread and wine is to be worshipped and adored, desire, in view of present circumstances, to reaffirm their belief, and to declare that they will abide by all such teaching and practice as follow from it.' Annual meeting of the E.C.U., June 1900.

[6] Mr. Jackson's extract from Bishop Cosin is taken from a work entitled, 'The First Series of Notes on the Prayer-book,' which is now considered not to have been compiled by Bishop Cosin, but, almost certainly, by Mr. Hayward, a nephew of Bishop Overall.

The quotation from Bishop Cosin in the present article is from 'Notes on the Prayer-book. Genuine Series.' *In the edition of Cosin's works*, published at Oxford in 1855, three series of notes are attributed to Bishop Cosin. The Second and Third Series have always been known to be his. The First Series was erroneously assigned to him for the first time by the editor of one of the volumes of that edition. For further information on the point see the *Foreign Church Chronicle* for 1886, p. 160, and *Old Anglicanism and Modern Ritualism*, 93 (Skeffington, 1901).

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friends—he says that we agree 'in acknowledging Christ's sacramental, spiritual, true and real Presence there to the souls of all them that come faithfully and devoutly to receive Him.' 'To the souls of all them'—that is Hooker's doctrine, and, as we maintain, the doctrine of the Church of England.

In treating of the third point, the subject of Confession, we are confronted by the statement that the Prayer-book in three separate places authorises, if not commands it, while we are told that a host of Anglican divines support this view. I am accused of stating that 'confessing priests were abolished,' a statement which, for accuracy's sake, I might point out I never made. What I said was 'that the work of the sacrificing and confessing priests was gone,' a very different statement. They were not abolished by Act of Parliament, but as the appeal to Scripture became more truly grasped, gradually the practice declined. After 1215 and up to the time of the Reformation, confession was universally enforced. The mediæval discipline could not be immediately reversed at one blow. Cranmer's visitation articles are quoted as assuming the prevalence of the practice, and it is probable that for many years some continued to frequent the confessional. In 1540 a Commission was appointed to consider the offices of the Church, and they decided to leave auricular confession an open question. No one was to be compelled to practise it, whilst a public form of confession and absolution was provided. Later on, when the Prayer-book was compiled, in all the places where directions are given on the subject, the same principle is observed. Our Church intends confession to be voluntary, a remedy, not a habit—not the first, nor the best, nor the ordinary means of repentance and reconciliation. But while she treats of confession for the penitent in this manner, leaving every man and woman perfectly free in the matter, she yet authorises her ministers to aid the spiritual difficulties of their people by never refusing the comfort which, through the ministry of God's Word and the pronouncing of His absolution, they could bring. South, one of our English divines in the latter part of the seventeenth century, says:

> The Church denies such Confession to be necessary: rejects it as a Snare and a Burden, groundlessly and tyrannically imposed upon the Church. But so much of Private Confession, as may be of spiritual Use for the disburdening of a troubled Conscience, unable of itself to master or grapple with its own Doubts, by imparting them to some knowing, discreet, spiritual Person, for his Advice and Resolution about them; so much, I confess, the Church of England does approve, advise, and allow of.

In adopting this line of conduct in our formularies, our Reformers were again governed by the appeal to Scripture and the Early Church.

> I dare boldly affirm [writes Hooker] that, for many hundred years after Christ, the Fathers held no such opinion [as that of the Lateran and Trent]:

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they did not gather by our Saviour's words any such necessity of seeking the Priest's absolution from sin, by secret and (as they now term it) sacramental confession.

And again,

That extreme and rigorous necessity of auricular and private confession which is at this day so mightily upheld by the Church of Rome we find not [in the Fathers]. It was not then the faith and doctrine of God's Church, as of the Papacy at present. . . . No, no! These opinions have youth in their countenance; antiquity knew them not; it never thought nor dreamed of them.[7]

A very striking proof of how completely the regular practice of confession was abandoned in the Church of England is afforded by George Herbert's *Priest to the Temple*, or *The Country Parson: His character and rule of Holy Life*. That saintly divine of the seventeenth century whose words come to us as the sweet fragrance from a garden of herbs, who so truly represents the type of the cultured, refined clergyman of the past, in those chapters in which he minutely describes the duties of a country parson towards his flock, makes only one reference to the subject of Confession, and that one is that in visiting 'the sick or otherwise afflicted he *persuadeth*[8] them to particular confession,' following precisely the lines laid down in our Prayer-book. There is no single word in all those chapters on the duties of enforcing the practice on his flock, and it is hardly conceivable that all reference to it would be omitted if it had been one of the great employments and duties of a pastor. Such an omission is eloquent as to the opinion of the Church at that time on the subject.

Mr. Jackson lays great stress on the words in the Ordination service, but that they cannot be strained to the interpretation he would place on them is sufficiently shown by the report of the last Round Table Conference at Fulham, a conference in which numerous members of the English High Church party were represented. The report is as follows:

With respect to the first subject proposed to the Conference, the members were agreed that our Lord's words in St. John's Gospel: 'Whosesoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them, and whosesoever sins ye retain they are retained,' are not to be regarded as addressed only to the Apostles or the Clergy, but as a commission to the whole Church, and as conveying a summary of the message with which it is charged. It is, therefore, for the Church as a whole to discharge the Commission, which she does by the ministration of God's Word and Sacraments, and by godly discipline. But the members of the Conference are agreed that the discipline of Private Confession and Absolution cannot be shown to have existed for some centuries after the foundation of the Church. It grew, in fact, out of the gradual disuse, perhaps about the fifth century, of the 'godly discipline' of public penance, referred to in our Commination service as existing in the Primitive Church. In view of the meaning which

[7] *Ecclesiastical Polity*, vi. 4-6.

[8] The italics are mine.—C. W.

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the Conference agreed was to be assigned to the words of our Lord in St. John, the formula of ordination in our Ordinal could not be regarded as in itself inculcating the duty of Private Confession and Absolution.[9]

In short, our English Church allows confession as a remedy and comfort to her sick children; and, as a consequence, her ministers cannot but be ready to listen to the desired opening of such grief; but no lay person can be required to confess, nor is the practice recommended except in certain special cases, as a medicine, not a food.

To come now to our last point in dispute—viz. the breach with Rome, Mr. Jackson begins by asserting that in our view we owe Rome nothing save hatred. This is an unwarrantable assertion. Not for one moment do we deny the participation of a common Christianity with Rome, nor the debt we owe to Rome in reviving in this land the Christianity which, formerly existent, had been almost destroyed by the inroads of the heathen Scandinavians; but let it be remembered that the Rome of the great Gregory was a totally different thing from the mediæval Papacy of Gregory the Seventh and Innocent the Third. Rome, in the time of Gregory, had not committed herself to doctrines which, in the three following centuries, obscured the primitive and Scriptural beliefs of the Church. Rome, in the time of Gregory, had made no claim to unlimited supremacy for her Bishop. That great Bishop himself declared that whoever allowed such a name as Universal Bishop to be applied to him was a profane, arrogant, blasphemous, superstitious, haughty transgressor of the law, of the gospel, of the canons of the Church, and was worse than Antichrist. Contrast such language as this with that of the later mediæval Popes. We did but appeal from Rome corrupt to Rome pure, we did but assert our right as a National Church to that independence which existed and was exercised in the earlier ages, and also in the Churches of the various Dioceses (secular divisions of the Empire established by Constantine), all of which, though united by a common bond of love and faith, were independent of each other in their internal government.

But Mr. Jackson goes on to say the Reformers 'never dreamt of parting from Rome,' and, in support of his contention, tells us—quoting a canon of the Church—that

> So far was it from the purpose of the Church of England to reject the Churches of Italy, Spain, Germany, or any other suchlike Churches [that] in all things which they held and practised . . . it doth with reverence retain those ceremonies which do neither endamage the Church of God nor offend the minds of sober men, and only departed from them in those particular points wherein they were fallen from themselves in their ancient integrity and from the Apostolic Church which were their founders.[10]

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[9] *Report of a Conference held at Fulham Palace, December 1901*, p. 109.

[10] The original runs thus: 'So far was it from the purpose of the Church of England to reject the Churches of Italy Spain, Germany, or any suchlike Churches

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This extract is from the XXXth Canon of the Canons of 1604, but Mr. Jackson has not quoted it accurately, and by transposing the word 'that' materially alters the sense intended to be conveyed. A comparison of the quotation with the original will readily prove this. But, however this may be, the Canon contains the case in a nutshell and forms a complete justification for the Reformation. In the first place, we may observe the Church of Rome is not mentioned. Her supremacy, her doctrines, had been rejected; she was associated in the public mind with all that struggle from which our Church had but just emerged; but the English Reformers, true to their policy of maintaining their Catholic as well as Reformed position, were determined to retain everything that could be retained without doing violence to their own great principle of the appeal to Scripture. Ceremonies that did not violate that principle were to be retained; Churches, as far as they did not fall from ancient integrity, were not to be abandoned. It is hard to see how this extract, when quoted in its integrity, and with an exactness not found in Mr. Jackson's citation, strengthens his argument that we never dreamt of parting from Rome. The more so as the Canon from which it comes speaks of the Church of England 'as having abolished Popery.' Our XIXth Article tells

that 'the Church of Rome hath erred, not only in their living and manner of ceremonies, but also in matters of faith,' and our separation from Rome was brought about rather by the repudiation on the part of our Church of her doctrines than by any open and formal breach.

Bishop Jewel, in his famous *Apology for the Church of England*, speaks with no uncertain voice on this question:

'We have,' he says, 'truly renounced that Church, wherein we could neither have the Word of God sincerely taught, nor the Sacraments rightly ministered, nor the name of God duly called upon. . . . To conclude, we have forsaken the Church as it is now, not as it was in old times past, and have so gone from it as Daniel went out of the lions' den, and the three children out of the furnace; and to say the truth, we have been cast out by these men, being cursed of them as they used to say with book, bell and candle, rather than have gone away from them ourselves.' [11]

After reading such weighty words from so great an authority as Bishop Jewel, it would seem that further arguments are superfluous, and that Mr. Jackson's statement that the Reformers never dreamt of parting from Rome is one which cannot be maintained or substantiated. There are other points which call for comment in his

in all things which they held and practised . . . *that* it doth with reverence retain those ceremonies which do neither endamage the Church of God nor offend the minds of sober men, and only departed from them in those particular points wherein they were fallen from themselves in their ancient integrity and from the Apostolic Church which were their founders.'—Canon XXX. of the Canons of 1604.

[11] *The Apology of the Church of England*, John Jewel (Bishop of Sarum). Edited by Richard W. Jelf, pp. 111, 112 (S.P.C.K., 1900).

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article, such, for instance, as his claim that the service of the Holy Communion should be restored to its right and proper place as the great service of obligation, which every Churchman must attend in order to offer his service of praise and thanksgiving, and his opinion that the morning and evening services of our Church are monastic offices and nothing more. These services were, indeed, drawn partly from the old services for the seven canonical hours, and partly from the early Sacramentaries of Gelasius and Gregory; but it is plain from the Prayer-book that in the intention of our Church they were not to be relegated to the inferior position to which the Ritualist party of to-day are consigning them. The Morning and Evening Prayer is prescribed as 'daily to be said' and used 'throughout the year,' but various rubrics in the Service for Holy Communion show clearly that that service was not intended by our Reformers as similarly obligatory, even on Sundays and Holy Days; on the contrary, express provision is made for its omission. The first Rubric after the Communion Service says that 'upon the Sundays and other Holy Days (if there be no communion) shall be said all that is appointed for the Communion' down to the end of the prayer for the Church Militant. The next Rubric prescribes that 'there shall be no celebration of the Lord's Supper except there be a convenient number to communicate with the Priest'; but the Daily Morning and Evening Prayers are prescribed without any such exception. But still more striking evidence is afforded by the following Rubric: 'That every parishioner shall communicate at the least three times in the year.' This, according to the Rubric, was the extent to which the reception of Holy Communion was obligatory. Cosin, in his Latin statement of the 'Catholic Religion of the Realm of England,' mentions in his description of our Communion service that, after the prayer for the Church Militant, 'those who are not going to communicate with us are dismissed,'[12] a remarkable testimony to the practice and intention of the Church in his day. In a word, it is clear from the Prayer-book itself that the obligatory service, even on Sundays and Holy Days, was the Morning and Evening Prayer, and not the Holy Communion. Indeed, if we are to judge again by George Herbert as to the mind of the Church of his day, we shall find that the service of the Holy Communion was considered far more in the light of an occasional service than one of constant occurrence. In the chapter entitled 'The Parson on the Sacraments,' after enumerating various matters relating to the service of the Holy Communion, he says, 'Fourthly—Touching the frequency of the Communion, the Parson celebrates it, if not duly once a month, yet at least five or six times in the year'—a statement which reads in rather curious contrast to the constantly repeated Masses in the churches of the extreme Ritualist party to-day, and we can hardly believe that in the mind of George Herbert the

[12] Cosin's *Works*, vol. iv. (Library of Anglo-Catholic Theology) p. 359.

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only opportunity for offering praise and thanksgiving was to be found in the service of the Holy Communion.

There remains yet one more grave misstatement to which attention must be drawn and which deserves to be thoroughly exposed. Mr. Jackson, in pursuance of the present policy of his party to make the Prayer-book cover all the teaching they desire to see developed in the Church of England, quotes a somewhat loose rhetorical phrase of the late Dr. Parker to the effect that the Prayer-book is 'steeped in Popery.' This, in Mr. Jackson's view, means 'that it covers all the distinctive Catholic doctrines which the Protestant party fondly imagined had been deleted at the Reformation.' To such a statement, which could only impose on those whose knowledge of history is of the faintest possible description, an unqualified denial must be given. 'Popery,' or what is popularly understood by that name, and Catholic doctrines are not synonymous terms. The teaching which is identified with Papal authority, and towards which Mr. Jackson's party are tending, consists of a number of doctrines unknown in the Church for many centuries. Catholic sanction cannot be adduced for these doctrines. The Prayer-book nowhere teaches them, while it gives expression to all the doctrines which can be traced to the Primitive Church and to Apostolic times, and which alone have the right to be termed Catholic. Nothing exemplifies more the untenable position which the extreme Ritualist party occupy than the attempt, which would be ludicrous if it were not so lamentable, to perform, for instance, Masses for the Dead while still making use of a Prayer-book which has no provision for them, or to inculcate a devotion to, and worship of, the Virgin Mary while no word in our Liturgy warrants it. The futility of the attempt is proved by the need for the supplemental manuals and offices in use, and the time cannot be far distant when the Prayer-book itself must be discarded by those who use these manuals, in favour of that which more truly expresses their views—viz., the service books of the Church of Rome.

To sum up the whole situation, I think I have proved that I and the party to which I belong are not, as Mr. Jackson would have the world believe, 'out of harmony with the teaching of our Church as set forth in the Prayer-book and the writings of the leading post-Reformation divines,' but that, on the contrary, we endorse to the full the statements of the Prayer-book on all points; that in the views we hold, as well as in our rejection of those against which we contend, we represent no narrow school of puritan thought, but in very truth express the opinions of the Reformation divines, and are prepared to abide by their verdict, confident that in doing so we are in a condition of perfect security against Rome and her teaching. It is the school to which Mr. Jackson belongs which is endeavouring to place upon the Prayer-book a construction which it cannot bear, and which has already led them into a hopeless and impossible position. Mr.

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Jackson can only maintain his arguments by trying to force upon the Evangelical party opinions which they do not hold, and by claiming positions and doctrines which the main body of his party repudiate. He denies transubstantiation whilst his party are to all practical purposes teaching and practising it, and accuses us of denying the Real Presence, which in the sense of the Prayer-book we maintain. In the same way, with regard to Confession, he pleads that permission accorded to it in our Prayer-book to which we are quite willing to subscribe, whilst his party are using every endeavour to make private auricular confession a regular part of the Christian life and practically obligatory on all. In short, the contest is not being carried on in the open, and my appeal to the Ritualist party would be to come forward and clearly and without ambiguity state their position. It would then be seen that the views they hold are altogether incompatible with loyalty to the Church of England, and should compel them to join the communion of the Church of Rome. It is altogether illogical to accept the whole body of Lateran theology, all those beliefs and practices which date in their fulness only from the thirteenth century, which are Papal in their origin, and which can only be justified in the face of Scripture and history by the Papal authority, and yet to reject the Papal claims. The position of the old Anglican divines was a logical one. Their beliefs and practices were Catholic in the historic meaning of the word, but the position of the modern Ritualists is a wholly untenable one, and sooner or later they are bound to accept the Papacy.

As I said at the beginning, Rome and the Reformation are incompatibles. They represent, and must to all time, two different currents of thought, mutually destructive, the one tending to freedom, progress, and prosperity, the other to retrogression, bondage, and decay. I think, also, I am justified in asserting that the dividing line between these two currents of thought will be found to be between those who take the Bible as their standard in matters of faith, and those who accept the unlimited authority of the Church, and that the latter must logically find their home in the Church of Rome, while the former will be ranged on the side of the Reformed Churches. The English nation and Church have taken their stand on the appeal to Scripture; and although Mr. Jackson is not willing to admit the fact, the prosperity and expansion of England synchronised in point of time with the movement with which this appeal is identified. England, as we know it to-day, is the child of the Reformation; born in a period of trial, baptised in a baptism of blood, nurtured under the stress of tumultuous passions, she has developed that character which is the necessary product of such an environment. But if England is the child of the Reformation, she may, in another sense, be said to be its progenitor. The sturdy and virile strain of the Anglo-Saxon race, with its intense love of freedom, its contempt for circuitous and

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hidden paths, its love of truth and reality in religion as well as in everyday life, was bound to revolt against a system which kept men as children in leading-strings, which repressed thought and stifled discussion, and would, if it were possible, prevent the world from either acquiring knowledge or governing itself. The ideal of the Roman Church, an ideal which is commending itself to a numerous party in England to-day, is the lordship of a hierarchy culminating in a single individual, a representative of God on earth, governing autocratically, claiming a jurisdiction over the souls, minds, and bodies of men, entering into possession of every field of action, political, intellectual, and religious—in short, a world in chains. This may be an ideal that suits some of the races on the face of the globe, but that it will ever be realised in the case of the Anglo-Saxon race is an unthinkable proposition. Englishmen must and will be free. Neither kings nor popes could avail to curtail their liberties, and it is not conceivable that in the twentieth century they should suffer themselves to be again deprived of them by a system which, even if it disguise itself by a different name, is the old enemy still. Men cannot fail to see that while clericalism is an enemy to political and national freedom, formalism and a hollow meaningless ceremonial are also enemies of that true religion which, we are sure, our opponents equally with ourselves desire to see reigning in the hearts of men.

CORNELIA WIMBORNE.

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THE MORALITY OF NATURE

I

THE work of Darwin was not limited to biology only. Already in 1837, when he had just written a rough outline of his theory of the origin of species, he entered in his note-book this significant remark: 'My theory will lead to a new philosophy.' And so it did in reality. The application which he made of the idea of evolution to the whole of organic life marked a new era in philosophy;[1] and it led him later on to write a sketch of the development of the moral sense, which opened a new page in ethics. In this sketch so much was done to throw a new light upon the true and efficient cause of the moral feelings, and place the whole of ethics on a scientific basis, that although Darwin's leading ideas may be considered as a further development of those of Shaftesbury and Hutcheson, his work represents, nevertheless, a new departure, on the lines faintly indicated by Bacon. It secured, therefore, for its author a place by the side of the other founders of ethical schools, such as Hume, Hobbes, or Kant.

The leading ideas of Darwin's ethics may easily be summed up. In the very first sentences of his essay he states his object in quite definite terms. He begins with a praise of the sense of duty, which he characterises in the well-known poetical words of Kant: 'Duty! Wondrous thought that workest neither by fond insinuation, flattery, nor by any threat . . . .' &c. And he undertakes to explain this sense of duty, or moral conscience, 'exclusively from the side of natural history'—an explanation, he adds, which no English writer had hitherto attempted to give.[2] That the moral sense should be acquired by each individual separately, during its lifetime, he naturally considers 'at least extremely improbable on the general theory of evolution'; and he derives this sense from the

[1] In his *History of Modern Philosophy* the Danish professor, Harald Höffding, gives an admirable sketch of the philosophical importance of Darwin's work. *Geschichte der neueren Philosophie*, German translation by F. Bendixen (Leipzig, 1896), vol. ii. pp. 487 *sq.*

[2] *The Descent of Man*, chap. iv. pp. 148 *sq.* All quotations after the last (cheap) edition of Mr. Murray, 1901.

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social feelings which are instinctive or innate in the lower animals, and probably in man as well (pp. 150–151). The origin and the very foundation of all moral feelings Darwin sees 'in the social instincts which lead the animal to take pleasure in the society of its fellows, to feel a certain amount of sympathy with them, and to perform various services for them'; sympathy being understood here in its proper sense—not as a feeling of commiseration or love, but as a 'fellow-feeling' or 'mutual sensibility'; the fact of being influenced by another's feelings.

This being Darwin's first proposition, his second is that as soon as the mental faculties of a species become highly developed, as they are in man, the social instinct will necessarily lead, as every other unsatisfied instinct does, to a sense of dissatisfaction, or even misery, as often as the individual, reasoning about its past actions, sees that in some of them 'the enduring and always present social instinct had yielded to some other instinct, at the time stronger, but neither enduring nor leaving behind it a very vivid impression.' For Darwin the moral sense is thus not the mysterious gift of unknown origin which it was for Kant. 'Any animal whatever,' he says, 'endowed with well-marked social instincts, the parental and filial affections being here included, would inevitably acquire a moral sense, or conscience [Kant's "knowledge of duty"], as soon as its intellectual powers had become as well, or nearly as well, developed as in man' (ch. iv. pp. 149–150).

To these two fundamental propositions Darwin adds two secondary ones. After the power of language had been acquired, and the wishes of the community could be expressed, 'the common opinion how each member ought to act for the public good would naturally become, in a paramount degree, the guide of action.' However, the effect of public approbation and disapprobation depends entirely upon the development of mutual sympathy. It is because we feel in sympathy with others that we appreciate their opinions; and public opinion acts in a moral direction only where the social instinct is sufficiently strongly developed. This is evidently an important remark, because it refutes those theories of Mandeville and his more or less outspoken eighteenth-century followers, which represented morality as nothing but a set of *conventional* manners. Finally, Darwin mentions habit as a potent factor for framing our conduct. It strengthens the social instinct and mutual sympathy, as also obedience to the judgment of the community.

Having thus stated the substance of his views in four definite propositions, Darwin gives them some further developments. He examines, first, sociability in animals, their love of society, and the misery which every one of them feels if it is left alone; their continual intercourse; their mutual warnings, and the services they render each other in hunting and for self-defence. 'It is certain,'

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he says, 'that associated animals have a feeling of love for each other which is not felt by non-social adult animals.' They may not much sympathise with each other's pleasures, but cases of sympathy with each other's distress or danger are quite common, and Darwin quotes a few of the most striking instances. Some of them, such as Saintsbury's blind pelican or the blind rat, both of which were fed by their congeners, have become classical by this time, while several similar illustrations have been added since. 'Moreover, beside love and sympathy,' Darwin continues, 'animals exhibit other qualities connected with social instincts which in us would be called moral,' and he gives a few examples of moral self-restraint in dogs and elephants. Altogether, it is evident that every action in common—and with certain animals it is quite habitual—requires some restraint of the same sort. However, it must be said that Darwin did not treat the subject of sociability in animals and their incipient moral feelings with all the developments which it deserved, in view of the central position which it occupies in his theory of morality.

Considering next human morality, Darwin remarks that although man, such as he now exists, has but few special instincts, he nevertheless is a sociable being who must have retained from an extremely remote period some degree of instinctive love and sympathy for his fellows. These feelings act as an impulsive instinct, which is assisted by reason, experience, and the desire of approbation. 'Thus the social instincts, which must have been acquired by man in a very rude state, and probably even by his ape-like progenitors, still give the impulse for some of his best actions.' The remainder is the result of a steadily growing intelligence and collective education.

It is evident that these views are correct only if we are ready to recognise that the intellectual faculties of animals differ from those of man in degree, but not in their essence. But this is admitted now by most students of comparative psychology; and the attempts which have been made lately to establish 'a gulf' between the instincts and the intellectual faculties of man and those of animals have not attained their end.[3] However, it does not follow from this resemblance that the moral instincts developed in different

[3] The incapacity of an ant, a dog, or a cat to make a *discovery*, or to hit upon the correct solution of a difficulty, are not proofs of an essential difference between the intelligence of man and that of these animals, because the same want of inventiveness is continually met with in men as well. Like the ant in one of Lubbock's experiments, thousands of men who had not been already familiar with bridges would spend their forces in the effort of crossing a brook, or a ravine, before they would try to bridge it. And, on the other hand, the collective intelligence of an ant's nest or a beehive—one individual in the thousand hitting upon the correct solution, and the others imitating it—solves difficulties much greater than those upon which the individual ant, or bee, or cat has so ludicrously failed. The bees at the Paris Exhibition, and their devices to prevent being disturbed in their work, or any one of the well-known facts of inventiveness among the bees, the ants, the wolves hunting together, are instances in point.

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species, and the less so in species belonging to two different classes of animals, should be identical. If we compare insects with mammals, we must never forget that the lines of their development have diverged at a very early period of animal evolution. The consequence was that a deep physiological differentiation between separate portions of the same species took place with the ants, the bees, the wasps, &c., corresponding to a permanent physiological division of labour between their females, their males, and their workers—a division of which there is no trace among mammals. Therefore it seems almost impossible to ask men to judge of the morality of the worker-bees when they kill the males in their hive; and this is why the illustration of Darwin to this effect met with so much hostile criticism. And yet the moral conceptions of man and the actions of insects have so much in common that the greatest ethical teachers of mankind did not hesitate to recommend certain features of the ants and the bees for imitation by man. Their devotion to the group is certainly not surpassed by ours; and, on the other hand—to say nothing of our race wars, or of the occasional exterminations of religious dissidents and political adversaries—the human code of morality has undergone such variations in the course of time as to pass from the exposure of children by savages in years of scarcity, and the 'wound-for-wound and life-for-life' principle of the Decalogue, to the profound respect of everything that lives preached by Bodisatta and the pardon of offences practised by the early Christians. We are thus bound to conclude that while the differences between the morality of the bee and that of man are due to a deep physiological divergence, the striking similarities between the two point, nevertheless, to a community of origin.

The social instinct is thus, in Darwin's opinion, the common stock, out of which all morality originates; and he further analyses this instinct. Unfortunately, scientific animal psychology is still in its infancy, and therefore it is extremely difficult to disentangle the complex relations which exist between the social instinct, properly so called, and the parental and filial instincts, as well as several other instincts and faculties, such as sympathy, reason, experience, and a tendency to imitation (p. 163). Darwin felt this difficulty very much, and therefore he expressed himself extremely cautiously. The parental and filial instincts, he suggested, 'apparently lie at the base of the social instincts'; and in another place he wrote: 'The feeling of pleasure from society is probably an extension of the parental or filial affections, since the social instinct seems to be developed by the young remaining for a long time with their parents' (p. 161).

This caution was fully justified, because in other places he pointed out that the social instinct must be *a separate instinct in itself*, different from the others—an instinct which has been developed by natural

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selection *for its own sake*, as it was useful for the well-being and the preservation of the species. It is so fundamental that when it runs against another instinct, even one so strong as the attachment of the parents to their offspring, it often takes the upper hand. Birds, when the time has come for their autumn migration, will leave behind their tender young, not yet old enough for a prolonged flight, and follow their comrades (pp. 164–165).

To this striking illustration I may also add that the social instinct is strongly developed with many lower animals, such as the land-crabs, or the Molucca crab[4]; as also with certain fishes, with whom it hardly could be considered as an extension of the filial or parental feelings. In these cases it appears rather as an extension of the *brotherly* or *sisterly* relations, or feelings of *comradeship*, which probably develop each time that a considerable number of young animals, having been hatched at a given place and at a given moment, continue to live together—whether they are with their parents or not. It would seem, therefore, more correct to consider the social and the parental instincts as *two* closely connected instincts, of which the former is perhaps the earlier, and therefore the stronger, and which both go hand in hand in the evolution of the animal world. Both are favoured by natural selection, which, as soon as they come into conflict, keeps the balance between the two, for the ultimate good of the species.[5]

The most important point in the ethical theory of Darwin is, of course, his explanation of the moral conscience of man and his sense of remorse and duty. This point has always been the stumbling-block of all ethical theories. Kant, as is known, utterly failed, in his otherwise so beautifully written work on morality, to establish why his 'categorical imperative' should be obeyed at all, unless such be the will of a supreme power. We may admit that Kant's 'moral law,' if we slightly alter its formula, while we maintain its spirit, is a *necessary* conclusion of the human reason. We certainly object to the metaphysical form which Kant gave it; but, after all, its substance is equity, justice. And, if we translate the metaphysical language of Kant into the concrete language of inductive science, we may find points of contact between his conception of the origin of the moral law and the naturalist's view concerning the development of the moral sense. But this is only one-half of the problem. Supposing, for the sake of argument, that 'pure reason,' free from all

[4] *Mutual Aid*, 1903, pp. 11 and 12.

[5] In an excellent analysis of the social feeling (*Animal Behaviour*, 1900, pp. 231–232) Professor Lloyd Morgan says: 'And this question Prince Kropotkin, in common with Darwin and Espinas, would probably answer without hesitation that the primeval germ of the social community lay in the prolonged coherence of the group of parents and offspring.' I should only add the words: '*or of the offspring without the parents*,' because this addition would better agree with the above facts, while it also more correctly renders the idea of Darwin.

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observation, all feeling, and all instinct, in virtue of its inherent properties, should necessarily come to formulate a law of justice similar to Kant's imperative, and granting that no reasoning being could ever come to any other conclusion, because such are the inherent properties of *reason*—granting all this, and fully recognising at the same time the elevating character of Kant's moral philosophy, the great question of all ethics remains, nevertheless, in full: 'Why should man obey the moral law, or principle, formulated by his reason?' Or, at least, 'Whence that feeling of obligation which men are experiencing?'

Several critics of Kant's ethical philosophy have already pointed out that it left this great fundamental question unsolved. But they might have added also that Kant himself had recognised his incapacity of solving it. After having thought intensely upon this subject, and written about it for four years, he acknowledged in his *Philosophical Theory of Religion* (Part I., 'Of the Radical Evil of Human Nature,' published in 1792) that he was unable to find the origin of the moral law. In fact, he gave up the whole problem by recognising 'the incomprehensibility of this capacity, a capacity which proclaims a divine origin'—this very incomprehensibility having to rouse man's spirit to enthusiasm and to strengthen it for any sacrifices which respect to his duty may impose upon him.[6]

Intuitive philosophy having thus acknowledged its incapacity to solve the problem, let us see how Darwin solved it from the point of view of the naturalist. Here is, he said, a man who has yielded to a strong sense of self-preservation, and has not risked his life to save that of a fellow-creature; or, he has stolen food from hunger. In both cases he has obeyed a quite natural instinct, and the question is—Why should he feel miserable at all? Why should he think that he ought to have obeyed some other instinct, and acted differently? Because, Darwin replies, in human nature 'the more enduring social instincts conquer the less persistent instincts.' Moral conscience has always a retrospective character; it speaks in us when we think of our past actions; and it is the result of a struggle, during which the less persistent, the less permanent *individual* instinct yields before the more permanently present and the more enduring *social* instinct. With those animals which always live in society 'the social instincts are ever present and persistent' (p. 171). Such animals are always ready to join in the defence of the group and to aid each other in different ways. They feel miserable if they are separated from the others. And it is the same with man. 'A man who possessed no trace of such instincts would be a monster' (p. 162). On the other hand, the desire which leads a man to satisfy his hunger or

[6] Hartleben's edition of Kant's works, vol. vi. pp. 143–144. English translation by Th. K. Abbott: *Kant's Critique of Practical Reason, and other Works*. London, 1879, pp. 425–427.

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his anger, or to escape danger, or to appropriate somebody's possessions, is in its nature temporary. Its satisfaction is always weaker than the desire itself. And when we think of it in the past, we cannot recall it as vividly as it was before its satisfaction. Consequently, if a man, with a view of satisfying such a desire, has acted so as to traverse his social instinct, and afterwards reflects upon his action—which we continually do—he will be driven 'to make a comparison between the impressions of past hunger, vengeance satisfied, or danger shunned at other men's cost, with the almost ever-present instinct of sympathy, and with his early knowledge of what others consider as praiseworthy or blameable.' And once he has made this comparison he will feel 'as if he had been baulked in following a present instinct or habit, and this with all animals causes *dissatisfaction*, or even *misery*' (p. 173).

And then Darwin shows how the primary promptings of such a conscience, which always 'looks backwards, and serves as a guide for the future,' may take the aspect of shame, regret, repentance, or even violent remorse, if the feeling be supported by reflection about the judgment of those with whom man feels in sympathy. Later on, habit will necessarily increase the power of this conscience upon man's actions, while at the same time it will tend to harmonise more and more the desires and passions of the individual with his social sympathies and instincts (p. 177).[7] Altogether, the great difficulty for ethical philosophy is to explain the first germs of the 'ought'—the appearance of the first whisper of the voice which pronounces that word. If that much has been explained, the accumulated experience of the community and its collective teachings will explain the rest.

We have thus, for the first time, an explanation of the sense of duty on a natural basis. True, that it runs counter to the ideas that are current now about animal and human nature; but it is correct. Nearly all ethical writers have hitherto started with the unproved postulate that the strongest of all the instincts of man, and the more so of animals, is the *self-preservation instinct*, which, owing to a certain looseness of their terminology, they have identified, in man, with self-assertion, or egoism properly speaking. This instinct, which they conceived as including, on the one side, such primary impulses as self-defence, self-preservation, and the very act of satisfying hunger,

[7] In a footnote Darwin, with his usual deep insight, makes, however, one exception. 'Enmity, or hatred,' he remarks, 'seems also to be a highly persistent feeling, perhaps more so than any other that can be named. . . . This feeling would thus seem to be innate, and is certainly a most persistent one. It seems to be the complement and converse of the true social instinct' (Footnote 27). This feeling, so deeply seated in animal nature, evidently explains the bitter wars that are fought between different tribes, or groups, in several animal species and among men. It explains also the existence of two different codes of morality retained till now among civilised nations. But this important and yet neglected subject can better be treated in connection with the development of the idea of justice.

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and, on the other side, such derivative feelings as the longing for domination, greed, hatred, the desire of revenge, and so on—this compound and heterogeneous aggregate of instincts and feelings they represented as an all-pervading and all-powerful force, which finds no contradiction in animal and human nature, excepting in a certain feeling of benevolence or mercy. The consequence of such a view was that, *once human nature was recognised as such*, there obviously remained nothing but to lay a special stress upon the softening influence of those moral teachers who appealed to mercy, borrowing the spirit of their teachings and the impressiveness of their words from a world that lies outside nature—outside and above the world which is accessible to our senses. And if one refused to accept this view, the only alternate issue was to attribute, as Hobbes and his followers did, a special importance to the coercive action of the State, inspired by genial lawgivers—which meant, of course, merely to shift the extra-natural inspiration from the religious preacher to the law-maker.

Beginning with the Middle Ages, the founders of ethical schools, for the most part ignorant of nature, to the study of which they preferred metaphysics, had represented the self-assertive instincts of the individual as the very condition of its physical existence. To obey their promptings was considered as *the* law of nature, the neglect of which would lead to a sure defeat and to the ultimate disappearance of the species. Therefore, to combat these egotistic promptings was possible only if man called to his aid the supernatural forces. The triumph of moral principles was thus represented as *a triumph of man over nature*, which he may hope to achieve only with an aid from without, coming as a reward for his humility. They told us, for instance, that there is no greater *virtue*, no greater triumph of the spiritual over the natural, than self-sacrifice for the welfare of our fellow-men. But the fact is that self-sacrifice in the interest of an ants' nest, for the safety of a group of birds, or the security of a drove of cattle, a herd of antelopes, or a band of monkeys, is *a zoological fact of everyday occurrence in Nature*—a fact for which hundreds upon hundreds of animal species require nothing else but natural sympathy with their fellow-creatures, the sensation of full vital energy, and a constant habit of mutual aid. Darwin, who *knew* nature, had the courage boldly to assert that of the two instincts—the social and the individual—it is the former which is the stronger, the more persistent, and the more permanently present. And he was right. The instinct of mutual aid pervades the animal world, because natural selection works for maintaining and further developing it, and pitilessly destroys those species which lose it. In the great struggle for life which every animal species carries on against the hostile agencies of climate, surroundings, and natural enemies, big and small, those species which most consistently carry

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out the principle of mutual support have the best chance to survive, while the others die out. And the same great principle is confirmed by the history of mankind.

It is most remarkable that in representing the social instinct under this aspect we return, in fact, to what Bacon, the great founder of inductive science, had perceived. In his programme of the work to be done by the next generations with the aid of the inductive method, in *The Great Instauration*, he wrote:

> All things are endued with an appetite for two kinds of good—the one as a thing is a whole in itself, the other as it is a part of some greater whole; and *this latter is more worthy and more powerful than the other, as it tends to the conservation of a more ample form.* The first may be called individual, or self-good, and the latter, good of communion. . . . And thus it generally happens that the conservation of the more general form regulates the appetites.[8]

It may be asked, of course, whether such a conception agrees with the theory of natural selection, according to which struggle for life, within the species, was considered a necessary condition for the appearance of new species, and for evolution altogether? Having already touched elsewhere upon this question, I will not enter here into its discussion, and will only add the following remark. Immediately after the appearance of Darwin's work on the origin of species we were all inclined to believe that an acute struggle for the means of existence between the members of the same species was necessary for accentuating the variations, and for the development of new species. But the deeper we go into the study of the facts of nature, and realise the *direct* influence of the surroundings for producing *variation in a definite direction*, as also the influence of isolation upon portions of the species separated from the main body in consequence of their migrations, we are prepared to understand 'struggle for life' in a much wider and deeper sense. We see more and more *the group of animals*, acting as a whole, carrying on the struggle against adverse conditions, or against some such an enemy as a kindred species, by means of mutual support within the group, and thus acquiring habits which reduce the struggle, while they lead at the same time to a higher development of intelligence amongst those who took to mutual support. The above objection falls through in proportion as we advance in our knowledge of the struggle for life.

Nature has thus to be recognised as *the first ethical teacher of man.*

[8] *On the Dignity and Advancement of Learning*, Book VII. chap. i. (p. 270 of J. Devey's edition in Bohn's Library). We certainly find Bacon's *arguments* in favour of this idea insufficient; but he was only establishing the outlines of a science, which had to be worked out by his followers. In another place he returns to the same idea. He speaks of 'two appetites [instincts] of the creatures,' (1) that of self-preservation and defence, and (2) that of multiplying and propagating,' and he adds: 'The latter, which is active, seems *stronger* and more worthy than the former, which is passive.'

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The social instinct, innate in men as well as it is in all the sociable animals, is the origin of all ethical conceptions and all the subsequent ethical development.

II

The starting-point for a work on ethics, from the evolution point of view, was thus given by Darwin. Taking the social instinct as a basis for the further development of moral feelings, we had, first, to consolidate that basis, and then to build upon it the whole structure of ethics. Such a work, however, has not yet been carried out; those evolutionists who dealt with the question of morality having mostly followed, for one reason or another, the lines of pre-Darwinian ethical thought, but not those which were indicated—perhaps too briefly—in *The Descent of Man*.

This applies, as is known, to Herbert Spencer. It would certainly be out of place here to discuss his ethics as a whole, the more so as it contains portions of great value, which could not be dealt with incidentally. But it is only the more necessary to mention that the ethical philosophy of Spencer was constructed on a different plan. The ethical and sociological portions of his *Synthetic Philosophy* were worked out, in the main, long before the appearance of Darwin's essay on the moral sense, under the influence, partly of Auguste Comte, and partly of Bentham's utilitarianism and the eighteenth-century sensualists.[9] It is only in the first chapters of *Justice* (published in this Review in March and April 1890) that we find in Spencer's work a reference to 'animal ethics' and 'sub-human justice,' to which Darwin had attributed such an importance for the development of the moral sense in man. However, this reference stands in no organic connection with the rest of Spencer's ethics, because he does not consider primitive men as sociable beings whose societies would have been a continuation of the animal clans and tribes. Remaining true to Hobbes, he considers them as loose aggregations of individuals, continually fighting each other, and emerging from this chaotic state only after some superior men had imposed social bonds upon

[9] Spencer's *Data of Ethics* appeared in 1879, and his *Justice* in 1891; that is, long after Darwin's *Descent of Man*, which was published in 1871. But his *Social Statics* had already appeared in 1850. Spencer was, of course, quite right to insist upon the differences between his philosophical conceptions and those of Auguste Comte; but the influence upon him of the founder of Positivism is undeniable, notwithstanding the deep contrast between the minds of the two philosophers. To realise the influence of Comte it would be sufficient to compare Spencer's views on biology with those of the French philosopher, especially as they are expressed in chap. iii. of *Discours préliminaire*, in vol. i. of *Politique positive*. In ethics, the influence of Comte is especially apparent in the importance attributed by Spencer to the distinction between the 'militant' and the 'industrial' stages of mankind, and the opposition between 'egoism' and 'altruism.' This last word is used in the too wide, and therefore indefinite, sense in which it was used by Comte when he had first coined it.

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them. The chapters on animal ethics are thus a superstructure in Spencer's ethical system. The moral sense of man is not a further development of the social feelings which existed amongst his remotest prehuman ancestors. It made its appearance at a much later epoch, originating from those restraints which were imposed upon men by their political, social, and religious authorities (*Data*, § 45). The sense of duty, as Bain had suggested after Hobbes, is a product, or rather 'a reminiscence,' of the *coercion* which was exercised at the early stages of mankind by its temporary leaders.

This admission—which, by the way, it would be difficult to support by modern investigation—puts its stamp upon all the further developments of Spencer's ethics. The history of mankind is divided into two stages: the 'militant,' which has prevailed till now, and the 'industrial,' which is slowly coming in at the present time, and both of which require their own special morality. Under the militant stage coercion was more than necessary: it was the very condition of progress. It was also necessary during that stage that the individual should be sacrificed to the community, and that a corresponding moral code should be elaborated. And this double necessity of coercion and sacrifice of the individual must continue to exist so long as the industrial state has not entirely taken the place of the militant state. Two different kinds of ethics, appropriated to these two different states, are thus admitted (*Data*, §§ 48–50), and such an admission leads to many conclusions which stand or fall with it. Moral science appears, therefore, as the search for *a compromise* between a code of enmity and a code of amity—between equality and inequality (§ 25). And as there is no issue out of that conflict—because the coming of the industrial state will only be possible after the cessation of the conflict—there remains nothing to be done but to add a certain *benevolence* (some, but not too much) to the strictly individualistic principles which Spencer considers the embodiment of retributive justice. Therefore all his attempts to establish a standard of morality necessarily fail, and he finally comes to the unexpected conclusion that all the moral systems, philosophical and religious, *complete each other*; while Darwin's idea was, on the contrary, that sociability and the power of the social instinct are the common stock, out of which all systems and teachings of morality, including the ethical portions of the different religions, have originated.

It may be added, in conclusion, that although Spencer's conception of the struggle between egoism and altruism bears a great resemblance to Comte's treatment of this subject, the views of the Positivist philosopher concerning the social instinct—notwithstanding all his opposition to the transmutation of species—were nearer to the above-mentioned views of Darwin than to those of Spencer. Discussing the relative value of the two sets of instincts, social and

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individual, Comte did not hesitate to recognise the preponderance of the former. He even saw in the recognition of this preponderance of the social instinct the distinctive feature of a moral philosophy which had broken with theology and metaphysics.[10]

As already said, none of the immediate followers of Darwin ventured to further develop his ethical philosophy. George Romanes probably would have made an exception, because he proposed, after he had studied animal intelligence, to discuss animal ethics and the probable genesis of the moral sense; for which purpose he was already collecting the materials.[11] Unfortunately, we lost him before he had sufficiently advanced in his work. As to the other evolutionists, they either adopted views in ethics very different from those of Darwin—such was the case of Huxley in his lecture, 'Evolution and Ethics'—or they worked on quite independent lines, after having taken the central idea of evolution as a basis. Such is the moral philosophy of Marc Guyau,[12] which deals mainly with the higher aspects of morality without discussing the ethics of animals.[13] This is why I thought necessary to discuss the subject anew in a work, *Mutual Aid: a Factor of Evolution*, in which the effect of the mutual aid instincts and habits was analysed as a factor of progressive evolution, both in the animal world and in human history. The same social habits of animals have to be analysed now from the double point of view of the ethical inclinations which our primitive ancestors have inherited from the prehuman stage, and the ethical lessons which they gained later on from the observation of nature; and I must, therefore, ask the reader's indulgence if I briefly allude here to facts already mentioned in my mutual aid studies. Sociability in animals has a double significance, and therefore has to be considered under a double aspect. It is the weapon to which the group resorts in its struggle for existence, and as such it interests the naturalist. And it is the stock from which the ethical feelings of man have sprung, and as such it offers the deepest interest for the ethical philosopher. From this last point of view we have to analyse it now.

[10] 'Positive morality thus differs, not only from metaphysical, but also from theological morality, in taking *for a universal principle the direct preponderance of the social feelings*' (*Politique positive, Discours préliminaire*, 2nd part, p. 93, and in several other places). Unfortunately, the flashes of genius which one finds scattered throughout the *Discours préliminaire* are often obscured by Comte's ideas of his later period, which hardly could be described as a development of the positive method.

[11] He mentions it in his *Mental Evolution in Animals* (London, 1883, p. 352).

[12] *A Sketch of Morality*; English translation by Mrs. G. Kapteyn, London, 1898 (Watts).

[13] The work of Professor Lloyd Morgan, who has lately rewritten his earlier book on animal intelligence under the new title of *Animal Behaviour* (London, 1900), is not yet terminated, and can only be mentioned as promising to give us a new and full treatment of the subject, especially from the point of view of comparative psychology. Other works dealing with the same subject, or having a bearing upon it, and of which *Les Sociétés animales*, by Espinas, deserves special mention, are enumerated in the preface of my work on mutual aid.

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III

Primitive man lived in close intimacy with animals. With some of them he probably shared the shelters under the rocks, occasionally the caverns, and very often food. Not more than a hundred years ago the natives of Siberia and America astonished our naturalists by their thorough knowledge of the habits of the most retiring beasts and birds; but primitive man stood in still closer relations to the animals, and knew them still better. The wholesale extermination of life by means of forest and prairie fires, poisoned arrows, and the like, had not yet begun; and from the bewildering abundance of animal life which was found by the white settlers when they first took possession of the American continent we may judge of the density of the animal population during the early Post-glacial period. Palæolithic and neolithic man lived closely surrounded by his dumb brothers—just as the shipwrecked crew of Behring lived amidst the multitudes of polar foxes, which were prowling in the midst of their encampments and gnawing at night at the very furs upon which the men were sleeping. Our primitive ancestors lived *with* the animals, in the midst of them. And as soon as they began to bring some order into their observations of nature, and to transmit them to posterity, the animals and their life supplied them with the chief materials for their unwritten encyclopædia of knowledge, as well as for their wisdom, which they expressed in proverbs and sayings. Animal psychology was the first psychology which man was aware of—it is still a favourite subject of talk at the camp fires; and animal life, closely interwoven with that of man, was the subject of the very first rudiments of art, inspiring the first engravers and sculptors, and entering into the composition of the most ancient epical traditions and cosmogonic myths.

The first thing which our children learn in natural history is something about the beasts of prey—the lions and the tigers. But the first thing which primitive savages must have learned about nature was that it represents a vast agglomeration of animal clans and tribes: the ape tribe, so nearly related to man, the ever-prowling wolf tribe, the knowing, chattering bird tribe, the ever-busy insect tribe, and so on. For them the animals were an extension of their own kin—only so much wiser than themselves. And the first vague generalisation which men must have made about nature—so vague as to hardly differ from a mere impression—was that the living being and his clan or tribe are inseparable. *We* can separate them—*they* could not; and it seems even doubtful whether they could *think* of life otherwise than within a clan or a tribe.

Such an impression of nature was unavoidable. Among his nearest congeners—the monkeys and the apes—man saw hundreds of species living in large societies, united together within each group by

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the closest bonds. He saw how they supported each other during their foraging expeditions, how they combined against their common enemies, and rendered each other all sorts of small services, such as the picking of thorns from each other's fur, the nestling together in cold weather, and so on. Of course they often quarrelled; but there was more noise in these quarrels than serious harm, and at times, in case of danger, they displayed the most striking mutual attachment; to say nothing of the strong devotion of the mothers to their young ones, which they have in common with all the animals. Sociability was thus the rule with the monkey tribe; and if there are now two species of big apes, the gorilla and the orang-utang, which are not sociable, and keep in small families only, the very limited sizes of the areas they inhabit are a proof of their being now decaying species—decaying, perhaps, on account of the merciless war which men have waged against them in consequence of the very resemblance between the two species. [14]

Primitive man saw, next, that even among the carnivorous beasts, which live by killing other animals, there is one general and invariable rule: *They never kill each other*. Some of them are very sociable—such are all the dog tribe: the jackals, the dholes or kholzun dogs, the hyænas. Some others prefer to live in small families; but even among these last the more intelligent ones—the lions and the leopards—occasionally join together for hunting, like the dog tribe. And as to those few which lead—nowadays, at least—a quite solitary life in small families, so that even the females with their cubs will often keep separate from the males, the same general rule of nature prevails among them: they do not kill each other. Even now, when the myriads of ruminants which formerly peopled the prairies have been exterminated, and the tigers live mainly on man's herds, and are compelled, therefore, to keep close to the villages, everyone to its own domain—even now the natives of India will tell us that somehow the tigers manage to keep to their separate domains without fighting bloody internecine wars for securing them. Besides, it appears extremely probable that even those few animals which now lead a solitary existence—such as the tigers, the smaller species of the cat tribe (nearly all nocturnal), the bears, the genets, most weasels, the marten tribe, the hedgehog, and a few others—were not always solitary creatures. For some of them we have positive evidence that they remained sociable so long as they escaped extermination by man, and we have reason to believe that nearly all of them were in the same conditions in times past. [15] But even if there always existed a few unsociable species, the fact is that man has always considered them an exception.

The lesson of nature was, thus, that even the strongest beasts are

[14] Several African travellers speak of that enmity and signal its causes.

[15] See *Mutual Aid*, chaps. i. and ii., and Appendix.

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bound to combine. And that man who had witnessed once in his life an attack of wild dogs, or dholes, upon the biggest beasts of prey, certainly realised, once and for ever, the irresistible force of the tribal unions, and the confidence and courage with which they inspire every individual. Man made divinities of these dogs, and worshipped them, trying by all sorts of magic to acquire their courage.

In the prairies and the woods our earliest ancestors saw myriads of animals, all living in clans and tribes. Countless herds of red-deer, fallow deer, reindeer, gazelles and antelopes, thousands of droves of buffaloes and legions of wild horses, wild donkeys, quaggas, zebras, and so on, were moving over the boundless plains, peacefully grazing side by side. Even the dreary plateaus had their herds of llamas and wild camels. And when man approached these animals, he soon realised how closely connected all these beings were in their respective droves or herds. Even when they seemed fully absorbed in grazing, and apparently took no notice of the others, they closely watched each other's movements, always ready to join in some common action. Man saw that all the deer tribe, whether they graze or merely gambol. always keep sentries, which never release their watchfulness and never are late to signal the approach of a beast of prey; he knew how, in case of a sudden attack, the males and the females would encircle their young ones and face the enemy, exposing their lives for the safety of the feeble ones; and how, even with such timid creatures as the antelopes, or the fallow deer, the old males would often sacrifice themselves in order to cover the retreat of the herd. Man knew all that, which we ignore or easily forget, and he repeated it in his tales, embellishing the acts of courage and self-sacrifice with his primitive poetry, or mimicking them in his religious tribal dances. Still less could he ignore the great migrations of animals, because he followed them—just as the Chukchi follows still the herds of the wild reindeer, when the clouds of mosquitoes drive them from one place of the Chukchi peninsula to another, or as the Lapp follows the herds of his half-domesticated reindeer in their wanderings, over which he has no control. And if we, with all our book-learning, feel unable to understand how animals scattered over a wide territory can warn each other so as to bring their thousands to a given spot before they begin their march north, south, or west, our ancestors, who considered the animals as beings so much wiser than themselves, saw no difficulty in explaining that intercourse. For them all animals—beasts, birds, and fishes alike—were in continual communication, warning each other by means of hardly perceptible signs or sounds, informing one another about all sorts of events, and thus constituting one vast community, which had its own habits and rules of propriety and good behaviour. Even to-day deep traces of that conception of nature survive in the folklore of all nations.

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From the populous, animated, and gay villages of the marmots, the prairie dogs, the jerboas, the hamsters, and so on, and from the colonies of that silent sage, the beaver, with which the Post-glacial rivers were thickly studded, primitive man, who himself had begun as a nomad forest-dweller, could learn the advantages of settled life, permanent dwellings, and labour in common. Even now we can see how the nomad cattle-breeders of Mongolia, whose improvidence is phenomenal, learn from the striped marmot (*Tamias striatus*) the advantages of agriculture and foresight when they plunder quite regularly every autumn the underground galleries of this rodent, and seize its provisions of eatable bulbs. The granaries of many smaller rodents, full of all sorts of eatable seeds, must have given man the first suggestion as to the culture of cereals. In fact, the sacred books of the East contain many an allusion to the foresight and laboriousness of the animals, which are set up as an example to man.

The birds, in their turn—almost every one of their species—gave our ancestors a lesson of the most intimate sociability, of the joys of social life, and its enormous advantages. It certainly did not escape the attention of man that, even among the birds of prey, many species of falcons are extremely sociable, and that even some eagles combine for hunting; while the flocks of kites will sometimes chase the strongest eagle and get hold of its spoil. And they saw, of course, many a time, how the smallest birds, if they are numerous enough, overcome their first terror at the sight of a hawk, and chase it, immensely enjoying this kind of sport.

The nesting associations of aquatic birds, and their unanimity in defending their young broods and eggs, were well known to man. He knew that as soon as he approached the shore of a lake where thousands of birds belonging to different species were nesting, his appearance would be signalled at once; how, the moment he would set his foot upon their grounds, hundreds of birds would circle and fly round him, skim over his face, bewilder him by the flapping of their wings, deafen him by their cries, and often compel him to retreat. Man knew this only too well, for his very existence in the early summer depended upon his capacity to resist such a combined attack of the winged tribe. And then the joy of life in the autumn societies of the bird-youngsters was certainly familiar to people who themselves lived in the woods and by the side of the forest brooks. Who knows if the very idea of wide tribal unions, or, at least, of those great tribal hunts (*abà* with the Mongols, *kadà* with the Tunguses), which are real *fêtes*, lasting a couple of months every autumn, was not suggested by such autumn gatherings of the birds, in which so many widely different species join together, spending a few hours every day in providing their food, and then chattering and fluttering about the remainder of the time?

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Man knew also, of course, the gay play of animals, the sports in which several species delight, the concerts and dances of some others; the flights which certain species perform in the evenings, sometimes with a wonderful art and elaboration; the noisy meetings which are held by the swallows and other migrating birds, for years in succession, on the same spot, before they start on their long journeys south. And how often man must have stood in bewilderment as he saw the immense migrating columns of birds passing over his head for many hours in succession. The 'brute savage' knew and meditated on all these beauties of nature, which we have forgotten in our towns, and which we do not even find in our 'natural history' books, compiled for teaching anything but life; while the narratives of the great explorers—the Humboldts, the Audubons, the Azaras, the Brehms, of which every page was a picture of the real life of nature, are mouldering in our libraries.

In those times the wide world of the running waters and lakes was not a sealed book for man. He was familiar with its inhabitants as well. Even now many semi-savage natives of Africa and Polynesia profess a deep reverence for the crocodile. They consider him a near relative to man—a sort of ancestor. They even avoid naming him in their conversations, and if they must mention him they will say 'the old grandfather,' or use some other word expressing kinship and veneration. The crocodile, they maintain, acts exactly as they themselves do. He will never finally swallow his prey without having invited his relatives and friends to share the food; and if one of his tribe has been killed by man, otherwise than in due and just blood revenge, he will take vengeance upon any one of the murderer's kin. Therefore, if a negro has been eaten by a crocodile, his tribe will take the greatest care to discover the real culprit, and when he has been discovered and killed, they will carefully examine his intestines, in order to make sure that there has been no mistake; but if no proof of the beast's guilt is forthcoming, they will make all sorts of expiatory amends to the crocodile tribe, in order to appease the relatives of the innocently slaughtered individual, and continue to search for the real culprit. Otherwise the kinsfolk of the former would take revenge. The same belief exists among the Red Indians concerning the rattlesnake and the wolf, and its bearing upon the subsequent development of the idea of justice is self-evident.

The fishes, their shoals, and the ways they play in the transparent waters, exploring them by their scouts before they move in a given direction, must have deeply impressed man from a remote antiquity. Traces of this impression are found in folklore in many parts of the globe. Thus, for instance, Dekanawideh, the legendary lawgiver of the Five Nations of the Red Indians, who is supposed to have given them the class organisation, is represented as having retired first to meditate in contact with nature. He 'reached the side of a smooth,

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clear, running stream, transparent and full of fishes. He sat down, reclining on the sloping bank, gazing intent into the waters, watching the fishes playing about in complete harmony....' Thereupon he conceived the scheme of dividing his people into gentes and classes, or totems.[16]

Altogether, for the primitive savage, animals are mysterious, problematic beings, possessed of a wide knowledge of the things of nature. They know much more than they are ready to tell us. In some way or another, by the aid of senses much more refined than ours, and by telling to each other all that they notice in their rambles and flights, they know everything, for miles round. And if man has been 'just' towards them, they will warn him of a coming danger, as they warn each other; but they will take no heed of him if he has not been straightforward in his actions. Snakes and birds (the owl is a leader of the snakes), mammals and insects, lizards and fishes—all understand each other, and continually communicate their observations to one another. They all belong to one brotherhood, into which they may, in some cases, admit man.

Inside this vast brotherhood there are, of course, the still closer brotherhoods of beings 'of one blood.' The monkeys, the bears, the wolves, the elephants and the rhinoceroses, most ruminants, the hares and most of the rodents, the crocodiles, and so on, perfectly know their own kin, and they will not tolerate any one of their relatives to be slaughtered by man without taking, in one way or another, honest revenge. This conception must have had an extremely remote origin. It must have grown at a time when man had not yet become omnivorous (which, I am inclined to think, must have happened during the Glacial period), and had not yet begun to hunt animals for food. However, the same conception has been retained down to the present time. Even now, when a savage is hunting, he is bound to respect certain rules of propriety towards the animals, and he must perform certain expiatory ceremonies after his hunt. Most of these ceremonies are rigorously enacted, even nowadays in the savage clans, especially as regards those species which are considered the allies of man.

It is well known that two men belonging to two different clans or tribes can become brothers by mixing the blood of the two, obtained from small incisions made for that purpose. To enter into such a union was quite habitual in olden times, and we learn from the folk-lore of all nations, and especially the sagas, how religiously such a brotherhood was observed. But it was also quite habitual for man to enter into brotherhood with some animal. The tales continually mention it. An animal asks a hunter to spare it, and if the hunter accedes to the demand the two become brothers. And then the

[16] J. Brant-Sero, 'Dekanawideh,' in *Man*, 1901, p. 166. In other legends the wise man of the tribe learns wisdom from the beaver, or the squirrel, or some bird.

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monkey, the bear, the doe, the bird, the crocodile, or the bee—any one of the sociable animals—will take all possible care of the man-brother in the critical circumstances of his life, sending his or her animal brothers of different tribes to warn him or help him out of a difficulty. And if the warning comes too late, or is misunderstood, and he loses his life, they all will try to bring him back to life, and if they fail they will take the due revenge, just as if the man had been one of their own kin.

When I journeyed in Siberia I was often struck, without understanding it, with the care which my Tungus or Mongol guide would take not to uselessly kill any animal. The fact is that *every life* is respected by a savage, or rather it was before he came in contact with Europeans. If he kills an animal, it is for food or for clothing; but he does not destroy life, as the whites do, for the mere excitement of the slaughter. True, the Red Indians have done that with the buffaloes; but it was only after they had been for a long time in contact with the whites, and had got from them the rifle and the quick-firing revolver. Of course, there are rascals among the animals—the hyæna, for instance, or the shrew-mouse, or the man-eating tiger; but these do not count: they are outlaws. As to the great animal world as a whole, savage children are taught to respect it and to see in it an extension of their own kin.

The idea of 'justice,' conceived at its origin as revenge, is thus connected with observations made on animals. But it appears extremely probable that the idea of reward for 'just' and 'unjust' treatment must also have originated, with primitive mankind, from the idea that animals take revenge if they have not been properly treated by man, and repay kindness by kindness. This idea is so deeply rooted in the minds of the savages all over the world that it may be considered as one of the most primitive conceptions of mankind. Extended from a few animals to all of them, it soon embodied the whole of nature—the trees and the forests, the rivers and the seas, the rocks and the mountains, which are all living. Gradually it grew to be a conception of the great whole, bound together by certain links of mutual support, which watches all the actions of the living beings, and, owing to that solidarity in the universe, undertakes the revenge of wrong deeds. It became the conception of the Eumenides and the Moirai of the Greeks, the Parcae of the Romans, and especially the Karma of the Hindoos. The Greek legend of the cranes of Ibikus, which links together man and birds, and countless Eastern legends are poetical embodiments of the same conception.

This is what primitive man saw in nature and learned from it. With our scholastic education, which has systematically ignored nature and has tried to explain its most common facts by metaphysical subtleties, we began to forget that lesson. But for our Stone Age ancestors sociability and mutual aid within the tribe must

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have been a fact so general in nature, so habitual, and so common, that they certainly could not imagine life under another aspect. The conception of an isolated being is a later product of civilisation—an abstraction, which it took ages to develop in the human race. To a primitive man isolated life seems so strange, so much out of the usual course of nature, that when he sees a tiger, a badger, a shrew-mouse, or a kingfisher leading a solitary existence, or when he notices a tree that stands alone, far from the forest, he creates a legend to explain this strange occurrence. He makes no legends to explain life in societies, but he has one for every case of solitude. The hermit, if he is not a sage or a wizard, is in most cases an outcast of animal society. He has done something so contrary to the ordinary run of life that they have thrown him out. Very often he is a sorcerer, who has the command of all sorts of dangerous powers, and has something to do with the pestilential corpses which sow disease in the world. This is why he prowls at night, prosecuting his wicked designs under the cover of darkness. All other beings in nature are sociable, and human thought runs in this channel. Sociable life—that is, *we*, not *I*—is, in the eyes of primitive man, the normal form of life. *It is life itself.* Therefore 'We' must have been the normal form of thinking for primitive man: a 'category' of his understanding, as Kant might have said. And not even 'We,' which is still too personal, because it represents a multiplication of the '*I's*,' but rather such expressions as 'the men of the beaver tribe,' 'the kangaroo men,' or 'the turtles.' This was the primitive form of thinking, which nature impressed upon the mind of man.

Here, in that identification, or, we might even say, in this absorption of the 'I' by the tribe, lies the root of all ethical thought. The self-asserting 'individual' came much later on. Even now, with the lower savages, the 'individual' hardly exists at all. It is the tribe, with its hard-and-fast rules, superstitions, taboos, habits, and interests, which is always present in the mind of the child of nature. And in that constant, ever-present identification of the unit with the whole, lies the substratum of all ethics, the germ out of which all the subsequent conceptions of justice, and the still higher conceptions of morality, grew up in the course of evolution.

But these further steps, as well as the various aspects of sociability itself, and their teachings, will have to be discussed separately on some other occasion.

P. KROPOTKIN.

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GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS

'FROM THE UTMOST TO THE HIGHEST'

PASSING out of the turmoil and congestion of the highway of Piccadilly, visitors stream into the court of Burlington House, the quiet abode of votaries and representatives of Art, Science, and Antiquarian researches—the Royal Academy, the Royal Society, and the Society of Antiquaries. In the centre of this court there stands an impressive monument to 'Vital Energy;' this original creation serves as a prologue, as an epilogue also, to a considerable portion of the life-work of a great man, the Æschylus of English artists, George Frederick Watts. It is an embodiment in bronze of the symbolic thoughts, impressive and noble delineations of humanity, of a singularly original as well as restrained genius, interpreting many and various aspects of Design, which we shall presently see expressed in colour and shape.

As we examine this intense and rugged achievement, strong in its realisation of a far-reaching conception, a desire rises that it might remain for all time where it now stands as a protest against ephemeral and useless art, an incentive to elevated endeavours, a symbol of a strenuous life, and of the march of all that is most true and permanent to a final issue of perfection. It serves as a type of the creative mind, full of hope and endurance, of faith also that, however dark a veil may momentarily obscure it, the eternal light of intelligence beams, ready to break forth and illumine darkness with enduring streams of light. It is a fitting monument to a great artist whose 'vital energy' was phenomenal, whose progress was sure, whose courage was unflinching, and whose inspiration derived its source, as Phidias, Titian, and Tintoretto derived theirs, from the divine spirit of Intelligence.

Annual exhibitions have been held within the walls of the Academy containing masterpieces of ancient and modern art. Since 1868 some, if not all, of the productions of the best artists have been enjoyed or criticised. The life-work of two great painters, Leighton and Millais, has been shown herein, enjoyed, appreciated, or criticised. The intelligent public has been given the chance during every winter season of becoming conversant with the astounding wealth of 'Old Masters' contained in private collections, being masterpieces of the

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art of Italy, Flanders, and Holland. In this respect the members of the Royal Academy have been benefactors; they have given to the public opportunities to derive pleasure and cultivation. How far the public has accepted or secured advantage from such a stimulus remains with them to show by a higher standard of good taste; the opportunity has been given to them!

This winter we are regaled with a splendid feast indeed, rare in all it offers to us, and singularly opportune. Comparison would be as futile as it would be unseemly. Let us partake of this feast, appreciate its luxury and variety, and try to digest all that is offered us, and come away certain that we have been feeding on the mind of a great thinker, and have been admiring the consummate excellence of a great craftsman. And may we hope that this inspiring work of a great master may kindle enthusiasm and illumine emulations?

Not only are the thoughts great, the art with which they are clothed is adequate. The spirit as well as the matter are in complete harmony. The painting is as thorough and rare in quality as the inspiration is elevated and serene; if it were not so the value of these works would be only that of transcendental, inchoate dreams; but it is not so, Watts fulfilled in his art that admirable saying of Charles Lamb's, 'The poet dreams awake.' The dream is there, and the vision of it is portrayed with enough resemblance to nature, but not too much. Essence and structure are expressed with dignified restraint, the thought being never degraded by the 'fleshy' appearance of superficial reality, so unwholesome and depressing in much of the art at present in transient vogue.

While passing swiftly through the galleries of the Royal Academy we are arrested by a thought and exclaim, 'How consistent is the purpose, how similar in vision is the first promise to the latest achievement, and how welded together are the links of the chain which binds the enterprise and accomplishment of sixty-eight years of strenuous and tranquil labour!' There is no hint of hurry, no halting by the way. The calm atmosphere which surrounds the art of Watts is attractive and appealing, and yet is redolent with an intense conviction that the problem to be solved was worth an infinity of pains to illumine by technical perfection. Laborious, yes, but simple too, and often singularly spontaneous, are the means employed to balance an impression with judicious handling. There is no 'smear' or ambiguity, no nebulous chance in the technique, which is elaborate but simple in its final aspect.

A feeling for 'the grand style' and all the noble traditions of it is evident from the first; a certain bigness of aspect and treatment of both form and colour were inherent. Watts was born with big ideas. Although the surviving portions of the noble cartoon *Caractacus* evince some mannerisms caught from the study of the later work of Raphael and the manly, if sometimes exaggerated, forms of Giulio

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Romano, the 'style' of drawing is impressive and interesting, if superabundant; such overstatements were chastened as time went on, as the purity and restraint of Greek art grew more and more to be an essence in the master's education. But the intensity of conviction, the virility of purpose, the subjugation of the unnecessary to the essential never weakened. Thus, in some cases, notably in the superb conception of *Cain's Repentance*, though there is exuberance of form and something outside nature, it is justified by an impressive result.

Of self-conscious Academic correctness there is little to be seen in the whole collection; it was not the aim of Watts to be accurate for the sake of accuracy. Any commonplace counterpart of a model is entirely absent; 'style,' as a means to express an emotion or conception, and to be in harmony with either, is always present. Wherever deviations from canons of proportion or formulas of construction occur, they are not the results of haste or ignorance: they are deliberately accepted, and are never ignoble or unreasonable. Phidias was purposeful when he deviated from matter of fact. The sculpture of Michael Angelo exhibits structural exaggerations and intentional divergence from Academic canons and rigid compliance with measurable proportions. Both Titian and Tintoretto, although they never drew weakly or meanly, can be justly accused of deviations from 'matter of fact,' but somehow these do not matter, because the design of those great masters was always intelligible and consistent.

The foregoing atmosphere of approach has been chosen by the writer of this article: to appreciate, to understand, and not to carp or criticise, which is easy to do and also obvious. Watts's words, once spoken to the writer, sum up his desires: 'I would like my work to appeal to the eye and mind as music appeals to the ear and heart. I have something that I want to say which may be useful to and touch mankind, and to say it as well as I can in form and colour is my endeavour; more than that I cannot do.'

The first portrait in the collection was painted and exhibited in 1836; it is of Watts's father. The last two pictures painted in 1904 are also portraits, one of *Lilian*, the other of *The Painter*. Although the technique employed upon all three differs, there is the same breadth of vision, large interpretation of details, and noble drawing evident in the early as well as in the late work; development and mastery are achieved, but no change of conception or of presentment of either character, beauty, or colour is evident. The *Lilian* is nobly designed and delightfully painted; it achieves the high standard which the painter conceived and pursued. For maidenly and frank outlook and dignified grace there is no portrait in the exhibition more attractive than this.

If the hand of the painter was less certain in these last than in earlier hours of his career, the nervous and refined vision is as active,

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perhaps more so than heretofore. The spirit of the great artist shines through a sympathetic if tentative language, singularly pure and moving. Within the boundaries of the periods marked by those three works, we find an infinite variety of effort and achievement, ranging from that marvel of atmosphere and light, painted without artifice or trick, the little seascape, *The Island of Cos*, to the near-at-hand, highly abstract allegorical canvas entitled *Progress*.

We may systematically differentiate the Abstract from the Real, the Remote from the Romantic, the Lyric from the Epic. In Watts's portraiture the Ideal reigns, but at no expense of the Real. In the abstract designs the material is there, clothing the spirit; Hebrew in intensity of vigour, Æschylean in its force and mystery, Watts's design is never ambiguous. However occult may be the conception, it is translated into an articulate language by the logical use of painter's materials, pigments and pencils. The thought is crystallised, anthropomorphised as ancient myths became to be as they passed from the region of instinctive and vague symbols into the atmosphere of significance and history; the end being an embodiment of an idea, consistent and within the limits of adaptation peculiar to the implements of a painter.

We are carried directly to the conception of the artist, whose pigments are for him not the final object, but indispensable adjuncts to be used rationally but not obtrusively within the limits of their capacity to interpret intelligibly. The technique adopted by Watts was not facile, flowing, artificial or dextrous; it was but little open to chance, it is thorough and elaborately constructed; thus it is in harmony with the subjects it is called upon to inform, contrary to present fashion, but in agreement with this statement of Titian: 'L' improvisatore non fa mai la bella poesia.'

As an interpreter of a romantic dream of some of Nature's most calm and enchanting moods, Watts is unique. Pathetic and simple are the rolling waves of the deserted ocean, green, even muddy in colour, symbolising all that has been lost, and how, for the moment, light and energy have vanished; one, and one only, accent of created life, *The Dove that Returned in the Evening*, a picture that cannot fail to move the most insensitive spectator. In a design as unpretentious and impressive as a Japanese artist might have adopted, queer even as arrangement of line, the story of *The Dove that Returned Not* is told as only a great poet could have depicted it. The shivering little bird, weary of flight, is finishing its course in the arms of an ancient tree overgrown with ivy. A remarkable instance is this of the painter's decorative feeling, for while the impression of entity is maintained, every exquisite detail has received the loving care of a true artist, who knew how to combine breadth of aspect with complicated elaboration. *Patient Life and Unrequited Toil* is another instance, and there are many such, of the deep poetry seen by the painter in

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episodes which might have been rendered 'banal' and commonplace. After the message of this pathetic episode has been delivered to the spectator, there still remains an endless field for enjoyment to be obtained by the faithful and sincere rendering of every herb and plant which in no wise detracts from, but rather enhances, the pathos of approaching death surrounded by growing life.

It would be unreasonable to demand of an artist more than he has given us—perhaps our appetites are insatiable; so while we are grateful for these and other visions in which inanimate Nature plays a distinguished part, we may regret that he did not give us more. But traceable in the majority of symbolic pictures is a deep love of Nature. Flowers, leafage, tangle, boles of trees, sea, luminous clouds are hardly treated as accessories by the master, but rather as the chorus is used in an Athenian drama; they are, as it were, notes of Nature's ever-recurrent resurrection and fertility, scattered with reserve and felicity in the very pathways of imaginative symbolism. The most abstract allegory, the portrayals of Destiny, of Love, of Death, of Life, are brought within the sphere of the moment by allusions to the voices of Nature vibrating and palpitating in a manner common to the sympathies of everybody. A human note is struck in the very centre of an epic abstraction.

It is possible that the scientific observation of a botanist might not be satisfied with Watts's rendering of flowers and leafage; scientific deficiencies may be evident, but the essence, the mystery, colour, and texture are illimitably suggested, and complicated reflections of light and colour are rendered by magical touches. In his drawing and handling of leafage, for nobility of impression combined with reserve of insignificant details, Watts found the narrow way lying between the efficient and the unprofitable, given only to the sincerest artists to discover and hold, implying a mind and eye in concert, accustomed to discern the thin line dividing capacity from inefficacy, to maintain spontaneity and reserve, retention and surrender.

Doubtless it is that the Pre-Raphaelite movement influenced the painter, and its example fostered his attention to the manifold structure and minute design of animate as well as inanimate Nature, but in no wise did an intimacy of observation withdraw his instinct from broader issues. While the Impressionist school might claim Watts, it could do so only under reservation, because a desirable surface and abhorrence of 'tricks' formed a not inconsiderable place in his creed. The essence of every object is its life; but not only that: it must be well and delightfully transmitted, pleasurably and sincerely obtained by a mental operation of selection. Hence, while details are not evaded or 'smirched,' they are delightfully presented, but in no wise impertinently obtrusive; they serve as aids, either pictorial or poetical, to a dominant design. All ornament in Watts's work grows out of his design, and bears relation to its main structure.

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Just as real Greek and real Gothic ornament is controlled under the laws of structural fitness, so Ornament was treated by Watts in no elemental fashion, but as an important growth out of a still more important stem. Probably this balance was adjusted unconsciously; it was the result of an artistic instinct at once comprehensive and logical.

The portraiture of the master presents the idiosyncrasies of physiognomy, typical or moulded by temperament or occupation. The man is there seen at his best—not a passing social best, but under the permanent influence of his life of study, action, or emotion. Every furrow tells its story, and is related to wear and tear of effort, intellectual or emotional, while in some instances they are combined. No one would doubt but that the portrait of the celebrated oculist, *Sir William Bowman*, represented a keen and minute observer in whom strength and sensibilities were in union. The eyes of a man, teeming with intelligence, have never been registered for ever with greater subtilty by any painter, ancient or modern.

The portrait of *Sir John Hawkshaw* is among the most resolute and intimate delineations of a man of thought and action ever painted. The whole character is there, strong, almost inflexible; and while the breadth of view is entirely unmolested as in any Titian portrait, Holbein even never executed finer or more delicate details. Here is indeed true impression, parts *plus* the whole!

The portrait of *John Stuart Mill* is a study of character different, of course, but quite equal to the *Sir John Hawkshaw*. It gives the very essence of a thoughtful and sensitive man, cold, perhaps, and highly introspective. Sensitiveness lurks about the mouth and nostril, which slightly contradict each other. The former is compressed, contracted; the latter explains a contrast by an ardent expansion. Watts discovered a sympathy with his most abstract designs in the great political economist—that kind of sympathy related afterwards in the autobiography of Mill.

The portrait of *Burne-Jones* is simply 'the man,' nervous, retiring, almost timid, and, of course, highly imaginative; but under those gentle and far-reaching grey eyes there lies a latent fire which flashed with indignation at times with unexpected force. The portrait of *Lord Lawrence* is instinct of patient activity, strong self-reliance, daring, resolute, but gentle. Watts has not neglected the scar of a sabre-cut upon the cheek of the great warrior. *Dean Liddell* is represented as he was, an aristocratic Greek scholar whose kindness could be as sustained and gentle as his irony could be piercing.

We see the masculine and refined nature of *Leighton*, his intellect and strength, his good heart and generosity, in a portrait which, for purely pictorial qualities, ranks among Watts's greatest achievements. The *Millais* is perhaps less satisfactory, the delicate cutting of whose features has been a little blunted by the painter's handling. But the

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Calderon is superb—alert, clever, ironical, a real creature of the South.

We must not omit the portrait of *Dr. Joachim*, painted, we believe, by gaslight. Sensitive and strong, the king of violinists caresses his instrument with that sustained emotion which has given to his interpretation of the symphonic epics of Beethoven such dignity and profound feeling. Among the portraits of living men there is none finer than that of *Walter Crane*. The friends of that delightful artist, who has given pure and true pleasure not only to children but to men and women, must rejoice that his refined personality is handed down in a sympathetic rendering by a brother artist.

If there were no name affixed, could the portrait of *Tennyson* painted in 1859 be other than that of a great poet? Here poet meets poet on common ground, only the implements of design are different, the pen and the brush. Tennyson somewhere remarks in substance: 'The only art that lives is highly wrought and absolutely finished.' Watts has put this aphorism into practice on the portrait of our great poet, who rivalled Virgil and Horace in his masterly and elegant verse.

There are many more male portraits by Watts which merit prolonged study, in the Academy and elsewhere, of equal merit with those alluded to. The limited space necessarily accorded to a single article prevents further comments.

This seems to be the right moment to example the influence of Tennyson's verse upon the romantic side of Watts's temperament. The very heart of the noble poem, *Sir Galahad*, is written in colour on canvas in a picture which surely was inspired by the same 'genius' that evoked the poem by Tennyson. More than an illustration of the creation of another mind, it is a translation into another language, an embodiment of a mysterious ideal, a very portrait of the blameless knight; so vivid the impression, it is as if the knight had sat for it. It is a vision realised! For sheer beauty and manly vigour of the most refined and ardent type, the art of the painter can mount no higher, nor has a blameless life ever received a finer tribute. For freshness of colour, subdued yet brilliant tone, for the painting of flashing armour, sunlit sky, woodland and bramble, where is to be found the superior of this lovely picture, even among the masterpieces of ancient art?

In some of the portraits of women an analogous poetry underlies a verisimilitude. From these we single out three whole-lengths—*The Hon. Mrs. Percy Wyndham*, *Miss Nassau Senior*, and *Lady Margaret Beaumont with her Child*. These three pictures, for dignity of design, strength as well as delicacy of execution, and by reason of the luminous quality of their colour, are rare masterpieces. For certain qualities, we know of no portrait of a woman more distinguished upon all accounts, design and execution, than the *Mrs. Percy*

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Wyndham. One might compare it with the finest work of the best time of Venetian art, but only by generalities. Yet it has more kinship there than with the English school of portraiture. It is different from either. The design, the pose, environment, treatment, and handling are all Watts at his best, inspired by a very noble subject. This is historical portrait-painting, epic in its beauty and calm, which could only have been achieved by a man whose mind was inspired by the highest ideals of design and execution, who had sat at the feet of great masters. Nothing that is momentary or suggestive of change or caprice mars the serene dignity of this monumental masterpiece. Surrounded by objects of unobtrusive beauty, but dominating them, the lady, the summit of enduring nobility, reigns. The most impressive and therefore the most enduring portraiture is restrained as to gesture, and presents 'the person' rather than a passing mood or moment. As the sculpture of Phidias remains the greatest because of its big resemblance to a type, so the greatest portraits, those which will stand the test of time, are monumental in their severity as well as delightful in their enrichments. Among these the portrait of Mrs. Percy Wyndham ranks.

More elaborate, and in a lighter mood, is the portrait of Miss Nassau Senior, painted in 1858, where one may trace some influence from the work of a great colourist, Gabriel Rossetti; but indirect only, for the picture is remarkable for its daringly unaffected originality of design. With all the distinguished daintiness of details, and extraordinary variety of coloured planes, the head maintains conquest, being the climax concentration of broad light, diffused over a multitude of interests. Yet the effect is not forced; Nature has not been roughly handled, but treated without trick or affectation. Watts realised' his backgrounds, he did not hint them; he overcame each difficulty as it arose, giving to every portion of his work his equal affection, which would be presently reasonably adjusted and placed within its proper plane by elimination of intrusions.

In quite another vein is the portrait of *Lady Margaret Beaumont with her Child*. Maybe that one is reminded of Gainsborough, but there is no plagiarism, only that Watts was in a Gainsborough mood when he painted it, for it is Watts all over. As the *Mrs. Percy Wyndham* and the *Miss Nassau Senior*, so was this picture a long time—years, we believe—upon the easel. This fact shows that, however different the three pictures are, each was started with a motive which was not weakened in its force by the elaborate, even laborious, pains taken in the progress of achievement. Good painting is often slow painting. One might venture to hope, however groundlessly, that the three noble portraits should arrest the flight of many an honest but ill-directed student into nebulous regions, from which extrication is difficult, where Vanity and Notoriety have, for the moment seized the thrones of Industry and Sincerity!

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When Gainsborough was about to paint his *Blue Boy*, discussion took place as to whether a figure entirely vested in blue could be harmonious or agreeable. The picture is harmonious and beautiful, but the figure is not blue: it is of a dark steel-grey. In the portrait of *Miss Prinsep*, as, indeed, in many of Watts's finest pictures, real blue is a feature exalted and not depressed by contrast with red; thus, while the force and full value of local colour holds supreme, it has been brought into harmony by opposition. Here we may note that one of the severest tests for a colourist is to harmonise blue with red. Watts did it as the great Venetians did, and as Gainsborough and Turner have done. One remembers the colour of a Titian and of a Watts when blue and red are dominant notes, but one rarely remembers a Reynolds for its colour, it is impressed upon the memory as a splendid essay in black or brown and white.

The decorative effect produced upon the walls of the Academy by individual harmonies generalised into what appears a spontaneous scheme must make us deplore the fact that Watts was given so few opportunities of employing his genius upon the walls of public buildings. That it was his great ambition to do so we all know, and now that again are seen for the third time the force of his design and the splendour of his harmonies, all who care for permanent art in the form of decoration must regret that England has once more failed to make use of a great opportunity.

It is by no means always that an artist's reputation survives the ordeal of solitary exposure, perhaps never, unless his schemes are decorative. The success of such a venture is dependent upon the variety as well as the excellence of his productions; not necessarily the variety of technique, which might be wearisome and suggest constant experiment, but of that spontaneity of motives which take in a large area of sympathy, from those which are simplest to those which are highly complicated. There is a restfulness of mind produced, a sense of concentration singularly attractive, in the pictures of an artist who scamped nothing, who whatever he did he did it with his whole heart, and, however obvious was the object of his admiration, he gave to it his highest skill. The little 'haystack picture,' painted in the 'environs' of little Holland House, is no sketch of a swiftly vanishing impression; it is big with thought and as immense in style as any of the large abstractions. There is an undeniable note of deep poetry in this grand little work. Other painters have 'seen' haystacks from the outside; this painter has seen their very soul. Indeed, all the landscapes of Watts breathe of the essence of Nature, whose very core has been found, painted, too, with a fidelity of 'tone and values' which is often to be missed in the exponents of those qualities.

Every picture in the exhibition is a note on a magnificent colour scheme, and here we may congratulate those who hang the exhibition.

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One passes from picture to picture without a single jar to one's sense of harmony and tone. Each instrument is in tune, the whole is as a full orchestra that vibrates on one's senses, as a perfect combination of wood, string, and brass instruments. Discords there may be, but intentional, not accidental, which enhance the serenity of concords. One looks in vain for 'the pretty,' one looks in vain for the lower elements of sensuous emotions; instead, deep feeling and an uplifting vision enthrone the nude form in all the stateliness and grace unconscious of beauty it occupied at the moment of pristine freshness. Nudity for the sake of nudity is absent! Man or woman unclothed has been reverently seen and depicted, because the human form is the noblest of God's creations, because God made men and women so, and the artist has searched for a 'type' in an 'individual,' that which lasts and is eternal. The all-beautiful *Psyche*, 'Breath or Soul,' is no copy, but a rendering of a beautiful girl, the very poetry of youth. *Daphne* is another type; in the full bloom of womanhood, unconscious of her beauty, she is submissive to the part she plays in the mysteries of transformation. Each figure in the splendid childhood of Zeus is a type; there is no monotony of forms, no irksome generalities, but carefully selected individualities. These qualities contradict every aspersion of 'Academic propensities,' of which there are none. Redeeming from such charges are the instances of 'strangeness' of form, as if Watts had drunk deeply of the words of Bacon, 'There is no beauty which has not some strangeness;' and, as we have before stated, the contravention of canons of beauty, whether of proportion or custom, is an important element in the 'character' of the painter's genius, which wholly removes him from a self-conscious or academic artist. It is by his fine sense of fitness that Watts impresses us. Every allegorical picture is complete in itself; the style, the manner, the execution are homogeneous; no contradictions of means as expressive of ends mar the sincerity of the work; and this is one of the causes of the 'restfulness' which has been alluded to before. One feels that such pictures as *Love and Death*, *Love and Life*, *Charity* (for colour, one of the most splendid in the exhibition), *Cain Repentant*, *The Birth of Adam*, *The Birth of Eve*, and many others are, as statements of an idea in form and colour, absolutely convincing, even if an unduly critical propensity may find things at which to cavil. They are so intense, so adequate in every relation of component parts to the whole, so free from every element of self-assertion or pretension, that the very mind of their author is written upon them in all its grave simplicity.

It is true that what is called 'the literary element' is present, and, if we may say so, is always present in the most enduring works of Art. Not so much in the form of illustration as an inspiring cause for the artist's own creation, have the Bible, especially the first chapter of Genesis, the Apocalypse, and Greek mythology offered a literature of

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inspiration to the painter. The most insensitive, if they cannot analyse or know why, are struck with awe, if not with admiration, by the frescoes of Michael Angelo in the vault of the Sixtine Chapel. The artist is unconsciously irresistible, even to the commonplace, who has been dominated by a sublime idea; as Milton was when he spoke it in words and phrases, as Michael Angelo in shapes and colours. The difference between the writer and the painter resides in their instrument, not in their motive, which may be identical. While the painter's ideas are inevitably *within* his forms and choice of pigments, the spirit, the impulse to use them in a certain manner, is behind them. 'Style' is the matter as well as the matter is the 'style.' The greatest works of architecture, of sculpture, as of painting, of poetry, or of prose, of music also in a less marked degree, represent the condition of a mysterious conception which happens to have been lodged in a certain brain. And behind what we see or hear there is something unseen or unheard; it is this 'still small voice' which appeals to so many people who may be sensitive enough to an emotion, but are not sufficiently trained to know why they are moved one way or the other. This is the unwritten word which lies behind all the greatest of creative efforts. It may, of course, be called a 'literary process' to put down a thought at all in any material, and to say that an idea ill expressed loses much of its force is a truism, but these statements do not refute the fact that the greatest and often simplest ideas are at the root of the most complicated achievements. There is little that words can express in an emotional sense that colour and line cannot also interpret. The greatest art can be read as well as seen, and it is upon the underlying motive that the most elaborate technical structures have been erected. The most complicated symphonies of Beethoven are erected upon themes which, standing alone, are often childlike in their simplicity, but it is out of these themes, as well as in them, that the propelling force of the emotion arises and resides.

Literature has supplied themes to painters, and sculptors, and architects; it has given rise to emotions which have been translated into many materials, and justifiably, so long as the material is used regardful of its limitations. Therefore the arts of literature and painting can never be divorced, except by narrowing each art down to a technical or dexterous handling of phrases or shapes, which may or may not be attractive, but which is certainly superficial, and which would be a process of eliminating all that is noblest, which time has proved to be essential. Dexterous technique is to the painter what evenly played scales and arpeggios are to the performer on any instrument. The greatest art (art in its broadest sense) does not only tickle the ear or gratify the senses: it appeals to something in us far deeper; its real home is in the heart and soul, which continue to vibrate long after the senses have ceased to be immediately operative. The memory of a great book, of a building, statue, or picture retains the

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essentials; it retains the impression of all that has been vividly felt by its author, whose soul, deeply moved, is constantly moving others from generation to generation. Such is the art that has lived and will live through every process of ephemeral fashions. All other may have, and doubtless has, passing value; but it is doomed inevitably to find its final place in oblivion. Interesting or disgusting while they are in vogue, all things which are not reaching out towards the highest perfection to which mankind is automatically aspiring are unimportant by the side of the eternal truth which raised man to his dignity, the inspiring cause of all progress, 'Truth and Beauty.' Therefore, while it awakens some, and momentarily touches all who are not debased, the greatest art *is* a moral stimulus, and gives rise to emotions perhaps hitherto unexperienced, in a measure inchoate, and the spectator or hearer may be insensibly better for what he has heard or seen, and he tries to soar. Ignoble art is as the unruly horse in Plato's grand allegory: it clings to the earth, it is material only, and therefore rotten.

It is remarkable that, in a swiftly fluctuating age, so full of changes often falsely called developments, change of aspect, worship of Plutus, and eminently material in its directions, an artist should have lived so long within its clutches, and have maintained throughout a dignity of thought and living, separate also in a measure from current influence, yet strongly alive to many lapses and shortcomings. In common with all great men, Watts was keenly alive to whatever remains of nobility of direction, indignant also at any deviation from the highest standard of life and art. He preaches in form and colour as the Hebrew prophet preached in words, and his art does not suffer. However occult the hidden meaning may be, it is splendidly delineated. Noble is the diction of Jeremiah and Isaiah, noble is the diction of the great painter. While inefficacy prevails, or the falling away from the great tradition of the past prevails, the ideal of life, of art, must remain inviolate, even if it is only among a few. There is no pessimism in Watts; when he scourges it is with a golden rod, and even in such pictures as *For He had Great Possessions*, *The Curse of Cain*, *The Minotaur*, the *Mammon*, wherein the allegory is prominent or the subject repulsive, Watts does not degrade his art; if strange or even ugly are the forms, no symptom of caricature debases their grandeur. Every true artist retains the dignity of his art, even if it is employed upon a theme which is only permissible if well done. This is a great strength in Watts's art; he ennobles noble themes, and does not degrade his genius when he tells an appalling story. He is never melodramatic, always epic or lyrical, and that is why we have called him the Æschylus of modern painters as well as an interpreter of the more gentle Tennyson.

It remains to gather together the fragments of this article; fragmentary it needs must be, because only a few characteristics of the great

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painter have been dwelt upon. That Watts's art is the expression of a great mind there can be no doubt. Divergence of opinion exists concerning the achievements of all great men. It has been said but recently, 'We have got beyond Beethoven now'; that Michael Angelo's work, as compared with a modern clever French painter, is 'empirical'; that Velasquez and another are the only painters about whom we may concern ourselves. Such broad expressions, which are wholly empty, are only worth considering for their folly. They are experiments in aphorisms, while they label the class from which they emanated.

Final judgments about the greatest men of philosophy, art, or politics are subject to perennial discussion; their positions are being constantly attacked or guarded in view of the fashion of the moment, and what is uppermost in the minds of a generation. Therefore it is hopeless to predicate of the future. A time may come when the Bible will be regarded as a rather foolish book; Plato and Aristotle as vague thinkers; Michael Angelo and Titian as only experimentalists. One thing, however, remains: high thinking and sincere workmanship, if attained, are indestructible; and, even if every great canvas were destroyed, the name of a man who has made a deep impression in his time is 'Immortal.'

W. B. Richmond.

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THE EXPERIMENT OF 'IMPRESSIONISM'

ABOUT forty years ago a little band of painters in Paris, dissatisfied with what they considered Academic convention and the sterile condition of contemporary art in general, raised a standard of revolt by inventing an original form of technique, by which they hoped to express something absolutely new. In their reaction against Classic or Romantic tradition they determined to eliminate from their work almost all those qualities which the experience of Time, no less than the noblest achievements in the Art of the Past, have proved to be essential to the making of a good picture. Subject, form, tone, colour, quality, and composition—all these in turn were sacrificed to the limited ambition of perpetuating *light* or realistically reproducing the fleeting effects of everyday life.

It was an experiment which was, perhaps, worth trying. Whether the results were sufficiently important or successful to justify the extravagant claims that have been made on its behalf may be open to question. Much—very much—of late has been said and written in its praise; but in spite of this there are many to whom this work and that of its imitators gives little or no pleasure, and it is on behalf of these that I venture to speak.

As is usually the case with any new departure, whether in the field of Art or elsewhere, the rebellious coterie was looked upon with disfavour by the more conservative element in the community, while their pictures were received with ridicule and abuse by the artists and critics of the time, as well as by the wider public beyond the artistic pale; when they were submitted to the jury of the Salon they were rejected.

Prominent among the set of malcontents was one Claude Monet, an artist whose work had not hitherto been publicly seen. He had painted, in a very peculiar and unusual style, a sunset effect, which he called *Impressions*, and this, when it was not accepted by the Salon in 1863, he exhibited, in company with the work of other men who were in sympathy with his aims, in the Salon des Refusés, where it attracted a certain amount of attention not altogether complimentary. It was from this painting that the nickname of

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'Impressionists' was given to all those who seemed to identify themselves with the tenets of the new faith.

The unfavourable reception of this work by the critics and public at large of those days will not be surprising to the student of art who is familiar with the hostility displayed by official orthodoxy at all times towards innovators of any description. That fact alone, on the face of it, might even serve as an argument in its favour; but in the present instance it happens that official orthodoxy did not stand alone. Behind it, a mighty ally, loomed the grave spirit of 'the everlasting Art of the World,' which, speaking through the mouths of those who, dead and alive, had faithfully followed her traditions and inexorable laws, also voiced a verdict against the new departure. With this verdict I for one venture most humbly to register my unqualified agreement.

Lest I be charged with intolerance, let me state at once how fully conscious I am that in the House of Art there are many mansions, each ready for worthy occupation. All I would submit is that the credentials of would-be tenants must be unexceptionable. With some of those already installed I have personally little or no sympathy; but this does not prevent my seeing in them qualities which I recognise as worthy of respect even if they cannot command admiration, and I pass them by with the courteous salute one extends to an acquaintance rather than the more intimate greeting which one offers to a dear friend. But with the 'Impressionists,' and all that their name implies, I regret to say that I cannot even feel that I am upon bowing terms. Their admission to any apartment of the Great House more exalted than the cellar would seem to me an offence against proportion.

But, before proceeding further, it might be advisable to inquire just what it is that the gospel of 'Impressionism' wishes to say to us, and how far it succeeds in saying it. Edouard Manet—another of the little group—once gave utterance to the following aphorism: '*The principal person in a picture is the light.*' I quarrel with this confession of faith at once; so many other things seem to me to be more important: for instance, the objects in the picture upon which the light happens to fall. Still, if that is their point of view, let us grant them their light. Now what will they do with it? What they have done with it so far is to allow it to dominate them completely—to the exclusion of pretty nearly everything else which one associates with the idea of a picture. They have instituted a series of experiments with light, the results of which are, as a rule, most unpleasant to look upon. Large expanses of bright colour, in which a particularly sour emerald green often predominates, with vaguely indicated objects—trees, houses, &c.—apparently placed upon the canvas without any system (for judicious 'selection' in no way enters into their scheme), produce upon the spectator at first a feeling

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of repulsion, followed later by a mild curiosity as to why it is done.

Now I maintain that the first impression which a picture produces upon one should not be overshadowed by a sense of the technical process by which it was achieved. Its subject should be breathed, as it were, upon the canvas, one hardly knows how. The pictures of the 'Impressionists' simply smell of paint.

But to return to their struggles with light. To gain their object they would seem, according to their apologists, to have launched out upon a course of quasi-scientific investigation, more suitable for the laboratory than the studio, in which disquisitions upon 'waves of light' and 'prismatic' colours figure largely. 'The painter will have to paint,' says M. Camille Mauclair, a sturdy champion of the cause, 'with only the seven colours of the spectrum, and discard all others. . . . He will, furthermore, instead of composing mixtures on his palette, place upon his canvas touches of none but the seven colours juxtaposed, and leave the individual rays of each of these colours to blend at a certain distance, so as to act like sunlight itself upon the eye of the spectator.' This sounds all very well in theory and upon paper, but how does it 'work out' in practice? Poorly enough, I am afraid, as a rule. Most disagreeable surfaces are produced by this 'direct brushwork' (I believe this is the correct term according to the neo-criticism), and the canvases which are the result of these experiments are, as a rule, but doleful travesties of the light of the sun. In the course of their research, the following interesting conclusions have also been arrived at: That 'what is called "local colour" is an error; a leaf is not green, a tree-trunk is not brown,' &c. This, of course, is no news to any art student. The colour of objects is naturally affected by their position with regard to the light, or the quality of the light itself, and the hill which looks green at midday with the rays of the sun in front of it may assume a purple hue at evening in the light of the setting sun. My complaint is that the 'Impressionists' greatly overdo this theory, and that, with the bogey of the spectrum ever before them, these earnest seekers after truth strain every optic nerve to see unexpected colours everywhere. How much of this is due to conviction, and how much to a desire to *épater le bourgeois*, might be an interesting matter for speculation. Upon harmless shadows and innocent reflected lights they direct a perverted vision, which appears to be rewarded at last by encountering all the colours of the rainbow in a hand or cheek. If 'a leaf is not green' we may yet be of good cheer, for green is not to be banished from our 'Impressionist' palette altogether. If forbidden to the forest leaf, it may reappear upon the human nose.

Listen once more to what M. Mauclair has to say on the subject. 'If a head receives the orange rays of daylight from one side, and the bluish light of an interior from the other, green reflections will

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necessarily appear upon the nose and upon the middle region of the face.' I have seen such a nose—we have all seen such noses—painted by one of the elect, but that such treatment produces a pleasant appearance, or that the effect, if anything like it ever actually occurred in nature, was worth while going out of one's way to record, except for the sake of experiment, I steadfastly refuse to believe. 'Light is certainly the essential personage,' continues the apologist, 'who devours the outlines of the objects'—O convenient light!—'and is thrown like a translucent veil between our eyes and matter. One can see the vibration of the waves of the solar spectrum drawn by the arabesque of the spots of the seven prismatic hues'—whatever that means—'juxtaposed with infinite subtlety; and this vibration is that of heat, of atmospheric vitality. The silhouettes melt into the sky; the shadows are lights, where certain tones, the blue, the purple, the green, and the orange, predominate, and it is the proportionate quantity of the spots that differentiates in our eyes the shadows from what we call the lights, just as it actually happens in optic science.' And so on, and so on. One almost blinks as one reads. 'There are some midday scenes by Claude Monet,' the same writer continues, 'where every material silhouette, tree, hayrick, or rock, is annihilated, volatilised in the fiery vibration of the dust of sunlight, and before which the beholder gets nearly blinded, just as he would in actual sunlight. Sometimes, even, there are no more shadows at all—nothing that could serve to indicate the value or to create contrasts of colours.' If ever periphrastic eloquence described a blank canvas, surely we have an instance of it here!

M. Monet has, it is true, now and then succeeded in producing effects of light which are tolerably truthful. I remember certain paintings of haystacks, for instance, where this was the case. My contention is that this result has been achieved at the expense of so many other more valuable qualities, essential to the making of a picture, that it is hardly fair to consider these effects as more than experimental studies—occasionally successful, generally the reverse. To speak of them as pictures seems to me to argue a lack of appreciation of the true meaning of the word.

Many of them are deplorably barren of incident, and this paves the way for a comfortable vagueness, which, in the hands of a less scrupulous painter than the 'master,' might deteriorate into common shirking. A dangerous enough doctrine, this, for the idle apprentice, but it may partially account for its popularity.

It will be observed, also, that part of the new creed involves the exclusion of what its practitioners refer to, with sublime contempt, as '*the literary idea*.' This means that a picture must be about nothing at all—that it must tell no story, and, above all, preach no moral. 'Art for art's sake' is, I believe, the correct formula for this particular

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injunction of the 'Impressionist' decalogue. Allegorical art of all kinds, historical subjects, and those taken from classical mythology, or in any way dealing with romance, are equally anathema to these champions of the commonplace and the obvious.

Speaking of the 'Impressionists,' one who cannot be accused of any lack of sympathy with all that is best and most serious in the development of contemporary art has said:

> I never saw any set of people so destitute of ideas—who are so bent on making painting a stupid art—who constantly justify Byron's cruel saying that it is a stupid art. . . . They *do* make atmosphere, but they don't make anything else: they don't make beauty, they don't make design, they don't make ideas—they don't make anything else but atmosphere, and I don't think that's enough—I don't think it's very much. . . . They get breadth and a pleasant sense of flatness, it is true, but that is not by any means a new thing in the world—it has been done before, most distinctly, and of itself is nothing to make a fuss about. Other men are hard at it trying to do their work without a fuss, but they seem to be a lot of young men setting out to take painting from its most agreeable side, and to have the least trouble over their work, or getting things or ideas together for it. They express the human figure badly, never make a beautiful face or put a desirable sentiment into it . . . they are completely in the hands of their models, and there is no class so undesirable to be in the hands of.

The truth of this last criticism is borne in upon one abundantly while examining the work of one of the fraternity who seems to be held in special veneration by the apologists—M. Edgar Degas. Undeniably clever as his drawings are, the chief effect of them produced upon an impartial spectator, who is not enslaved by hopeless prejudice, must be one of profound depression and regret at the expenditure of such uncommon talent in so unworthy a cause.

M. Degas is chiefly known as the painter of racecourses and ladies of the chorus, and I believe it is in his latter capacity that he finds especial favour in the eyes of the rising generation. An enthusiastic admirer thus describes his work: 'He shows, with cruel frankness, with a strange love of modern character, the strong legs, the thin shoulders, and the provoking and vulgar heads of these frequently ugly girls of common origin. With the irony of an entomologist piercing the coloured insect, he shows us the disenchanting reality in the sad shadow of the scenes of these butterflies who dazzle us on the stage.' A truly noble ambition for an artist! I have heard him also referred to as a species of pictorial Maupassant, and the reputed 'cynicism' of some of his less edifying efforts is spoken of with undisguised admiration by those who should know better. The most charitable explanation of this is that they are absolutely carried away by the cleverness of his technique, and lose all sense of artistic fitness. Whether he is cynical or not in his representations is a matter of no possible moment to any one; that he produces unpleasing pictures—however dexterous they may be—is quite another matter, and is

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fair cause for complaint by those who are unfortunate enough to come across them. Ballet girls, with faces of apes and the bodies of lay figures, posture and gambol or sit in every ungraceful attitude which ingenuity can devise. Resting with legs straddled, or standing with calves tortured out of all semblance to human limbs, their legs often raised shoulder-high or above their heads, these parodies of womanhood are displayed upon a hundred canvases by loving hands which never seem to tire of their task.

If I were writing a merely critical estimate of the technical qualities of this work, I should at once admit that there is much in it which calls for high praise. The light is often most dexterously managed, and skill of a very high order has been necessary for the production of many of these drawings—but at what a cost!

It is difficult, again, to understand the enthusiasm which is apparently aroused in certain quarters by the work of M. Edouard Manet. His work appears to be a weak echo of Goya and Velasquez, at times woefully deficient in draughtsmanship, though frequently in better tone than that of his companions. To say, as has been said, of such a man that he is 'the direct heir of the great Spaniards' is, of course, to talk nonsense. Were these great men living, they would be among the first to repudiate such a claimant to their legacy. Of these often childish canvases the apologist writes with enthusiasm: 'He had all the pictorial gifts which make the glory of the masters: full, true, broad composition, colouring of irresistible power, blacks and greys which cannot be found elsewhere since Velasquez and Goya, and' [of course] 'a profound knowledge of the' inevitable 'values.' This is a fair sample of the ridiculous hyperbole lavished upon the fraternity by its injudicious friends. Indeed, if ever men needed prayer for deliverance from their friends, it is surely the early 'Impressionists.'

Of the work of M. Auguste Renoir it is hard to speak with gravity. A glance at some of the canvases which bear his name will explain more fully than any words of mine the difficulty one might experience in taking such work seriously. But I will let his own apologist speak for him. Of M. Renoir he writes: 'He searches for certain accords and contrasts almost analogous to the musical dissonances. He realises incredible "false impressions." He seems to take as themes Oriental carpets; he abandons realism and style, and conceives symphonies. He pleases himself in assembling those tones which one is generally afraid of using: Turkish pink, lemon, crushed strawberry, and viridian. Sometimes he amuses himself by amassing faded colours which would be disheartening with others, but out of which he can extract a harmony. Sometimes he plays with the crudest colours. One feels disturbed, charmed, disconcerted, as one would before an Indian shawl, or a barbaric piece of pottery, or a Persian miniature.' Lest this fascinating description of the 'master's' work should fail to attract us, he continues, 'Now

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and then the harmonies are false and the drawing incorrect, but these weaknesses do at least no harm to the values' (blessed word!), 'and the character and the general movement of the work, which are rather accentuated by them.' If this criticism—by a zealous partisan, be it noted—gives the reader an impression of agreeable workmanship, I need say no more.

The street scenes of M. Pissarro have much that is attractive about them, and possess form in addition to atmosphere and distance and a certain quality of selection—virtues conspicuously absent in the case of the other painters I have mentioned.

It is impossible, in the space at my disposal, to do more than refer to a very few of the original adherents to 'Impressionism;' and there would have been no need to have discussed them, even at the length at which I have done, if their work had not been thrust down our throats by certain organs of the Press with such insistence. For men who profess so thoroughly to despise the 'literary note' in painting, none surely have ever been so dependent upon literature for the explanation of their aims. Tons of explanatory and apologetic eloquence are poured forth yearly on their behalf, and splendid and interesting their work sounds—on paper. To read a tithe of what has been written about them one would imagine that the world of Art had witnessed a revolution unequalled in importance since the early Renaissance.

Let those who think I may have overstated the case against the 'Impressionists' visit any gallery where there is a fairly representative collection of their work, and judge impartially for themselves. If, putting on one side all desire to be in the newest fashion, and dismissing from their minds all the printed special pleading and puffing, they can honestly say that they have derived any real pleasure from the sight of the majority of the paintings, I shall be very much surprised. Such an attitude, on the part of the public, is the only way in which an independent opinion can be formed as to how far antipathy to this work is justified, and also as to whether the recent reaction in its favour (such as it is) is altogether to be accepted as a sincere gauge of public opinion, or whether it does not rather owe its origin and encouragement to artificial causes, fostered by outside influences and interests.

The wide publicity which is given to the opinions of writers in the Press makes them sometimes a dangerous influence for the moment in the Art world, and their utterances should be received with extreme caution.

But the British public, however ignorant and bewildered it may be in matters of Art, knows its mind about one thing. It will not be persuaded, against its will, by the most plausible eloquence, to admire the picture which in reality gives it no sort of pleasure. Herein lies safety. There is always a limited number of men and women, with

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no particular opinions of their own, who approach the subject of Art with a mind so open and vacant that they are glad to welcome anything in the shape of a thought to furnish it—more particularly if they have a fancy that it is likely to be a fashionable one. These, like the populace in the fairy story, who exclaimed in admiration of the emperor's new clothes, are always prepared, at the bidding of others, to see what is invisible. So, urged by a little clamour in the Press, they stand open-mouthed before the pictures of the 'Impressionists,' and help to swell the volume of praise. What is in their thoughts the while it would be idle to speculate, though it might be amusing to know. They pass the parrot cry of a new criticism from one to the other—talk glibly of 'values' and 'direct brushwork'—but for the most part they do not buy.

Meanwhile the doctrines of 'Impressionism' are exerting a bad influence upon the rank and file of the artistic profession to-day, as well as upon students. Its theories find ready acceptance among those to whom talking is easier than painting—and their name is legion.

To stop painting when the real difficulties begin—not to touch the first tentative sketch for fear of spoiling it, but to leave almost everything to the imagination of the spectator, is to give up trying to solve one of the greatest problems which a painter is called upon to face—*when exactly to leave off*—and it is too easy a way out of the difficulty. No doubt the earliest sketches for a picture often possess a freshness and contain suggestions which are to a certain extent lost in the finished work, but let them be frankly exhibited as incomplete sketches. Suggestions and impressions alone are too slight a basis upon which to attempt to rear a new religion of Art; and disaster, slow perhaps, but sure, awaits the faith built upon such nebulous foundations.

PHILIP BURNE-JONES.

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THE ZODIACAL LIGHT

BETWEEN sixty and seventy years ago Arago described the Zodiacal Light as 'a stone of stumbling, against which so many fancied theories had broken themselves'; while of the problem which it presented he said: 'Let no one flatter himself that he has definitely solved it.'

Arago's words are still true, not only because of the innate difficulties involved in the observation and study of the Zodiacal Light, but also, I think, because sufficient attention has not of late been paid to it. Discouraged by their previous unsuccessful investigations of it astronomers have been the more disposed to neglect it, in recent years, owing to the all-absorbing interest of the 'New Astronomy.'

I ask, therefore, in this article to be allowed to plead, on behalf of the Zodiacal Light, that more systematic and continuous observation of it may be undertaken, with the hope that a better knowledge of its nature and extent may thus be attained. And, if this be done, I believe that we shall thereby also learn much that we know not yet as to the Solar Nebula—that one of all the Nebulæ in the heavens which demands our most careful study, since the Sun itself, the Earth, the Moon, and all the other Planets and Satellites of our system have probably originated in it.

Such observations must doubtless be made to a great extent by professional astronomers. Nevertheless many details as to the general appearance, and especially as to the varying form, and extent, and brightness, of the Zodiacal Light may be easily noticed by amateur observers, whose records, if continued for a sufficient length of time, may be of much value. In fact the Zodiacal Light is a feature of the heavens which ought to interest every one. No telescope is needed to view it—only a clear sky and atmosphere, and the absence of moonlight, combined, it must be confessed, with a latitude considerably nearer to the Equator than that of London, if it is to be well and easily seen, as I have myself seen it in Egypt, night after night.

It is, however, from time to time distinctly visible in England in the open country away from the glare of the lights of a town, and in some years very clearly indeed. Observations made at such times in

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our own latitudes may be of especial use for comparison with others simultaneously made in the more tropical parts of the Earth. Every one, therefore, should always be on the alert to notice it, and to record what he may see.

The Zodiacal Light, so called because it lies along the Zodiac, rises from the horizon in a conical form, sometimes with a rather pointed summit, but generally with the apex, or top, of the cone rounded off. It is brightest near to the horizon, where it may be as much as twenty, or thirty, or even more, degrees in breadth. It is seen as soon after Sunset as the twilight has sufficiently faded; and, in like manner, before Sunrise, until the advance of the dawn overpowers it.

In our latitudes it is most noticeable in the *evening* time in Spring, when the Ecliptic, near to the date of the Equinox, is elevated at its greatest inclination above the horizon; and before, rather than after, the Equinox, because the amount of twilight is then less. In like manner, in England, the position of the Ecliptic brings the Light into its most favourable position in the early *morning* near to, or soon after, the Autumnal Equinox. In southern latitudes the most suitable months for morning and evening observations are, of course, interchanged.

As the Sun, after setting, sinks further and further below the horizon, the apex of the Zodiacal Light follows it at an approximately equal pace. The apex of the morning Light similarly precedes the rising Sun. Its behaviour clearly indicates that it is not anything situated in the Earth's atmosphere. The whole appearance and the conical form of the Light suggest the existence of an appendage, attached to the Sun, of the form of a flattened lens, or disc, with its principal section nearly in the plane of the Ecliptic. Such an appendage would show itself, when illuminated by the Solar rays, in that region of the heavens, embracing a few degrees on both sides of the Ecliptic, which is called the Zodiac. Its extension would need to be such that the summit, or apex, of the Light should rise considerably above the horizon, even when the Sun might be some hours from rising or setting. Indeed it must be sufficient to allow the cone of the morning Light sometimes to begin to be visible before that of the evening Light has altogether disappeared.

When the Zodiacal Light is clearly seen, especially in tropical latitudes, an inner and brighter cone may be discriminated in it, surrounded by a fainter and more extensive outer portion of similar form. The inner and brighter light fades almost indefinably into the fainter extension, which in its outermost parts is so delicate and difficult to see that Dr. Doberck, of the Hong Kong Observatory, states that he often best determined its utmost boundary thus: He stood with his back to the brighter Light, lest it should in any wise dull his vision; then, inclining his head backwards, he received the image of the highest and faintest portion of the outer cone sepa-

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rately upon the upper and most sensitive part of the retina of his eye.

I will refer presently to one or two further appendages, or extensions, of the main Light. Meanwhile, as I believe that many, even of those who live in the open country in our own and similar latitudes, fail to notice the Zodiacal Light, or attribute it, when seen, simply to some twilight effect, I will now recount a few observations of it both in earlier and more recent times.

Observations of the Zodiacal Light

The Ancient Egyptians saw it as a glowing 'sheaf,' or 'pyramid,' before sunrise and after sunset, and are said to have worshipped it. A reference to it may perhaps be found, some eight hundred years ago, in the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, the Persian astronomer and poet, in the words 'before the phantom of the *False Dawn* died.'[1] It is possibly identical with that which Pliny calls 'trabes,' or the beam. Probable references to it are also met with in certain Greek authors earlier than the Christian era. Later on it is stated by Nicephorus to have been visible from the middle of summer to the end of autumn, A.D. 410. Its title of *False Aurora*, or *Dawn*, is again found in the Koran. Humboldt says that the Aztecs saw it, and that it is mentioned in Mexican records, A.D. 1509.

It is, however, by no means surprising that such references are comparatively few and meagre and occasionally rather dubious, since somewhat similar descriptions, if vaguely expressed, might apply to the tail of a comet having its head below the horizon, or to twilight phenomena, or possibly to Auroras in the upper air.

Later on, in the latter part of the sixteenth century, Tycho Brahé terms it an abnormal 'Spring-Evening Twilight.' It was perhaps noticed by Kepler and Descartes between A.D. 1600 and 1630. But, as Humboldt states,[2] the earliest explicit description is given about A.D. 1661 in Childrey's *Britannica Baconica*, p. 183, as follows:

> There is another thing which I recommend to the observation of mathematical men, which is, that in February, and for a little before and a little after that month (as I have observed several years together), about six in the evening, when the twilight has almost deserted the horizon, you shall see a plainly discernible way of the twilight[3] striking up towards the Pleiades, and seeming almost to touch them. It is so observed any clear night. There is no such way to be observed at any other time of the year (that I can perceive), nor any other way at that time to be perceived darting up elsewhere.

In connection with the above quotation a lecture by Dr. Hooke, the celebrated Gresham Professor of Geometry, has been brought

[1] *Journal of the British Astronomical Association*, vol. xiii. p. 28.

[2] *Cosmos*, vol. i. p. 127.

[3] That is, ascending from, or rising above, the twilight, but not a part of it. The word 'way' is used as in 'the Milky Way.'

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to my notice. It was delivered before the Royal Society, on the 3rd of June 1685, upon 'the Glade[4] of Light, first observed,' as he says, 'in the heavens by Dr. Childrey, about the time of the Vernal Equinox, and by Mons. Cassini and others.' The explanation of the phenomenon given by Dr. Hooke is, as is usual with him, very ingenious and suggestive. He imagined that the extra heat received by the Earth from the Sun when in, or near, Perihelion (in the months of December and January) might cause its atmosphere during that time to throw off an ethereal emanation, or a tail such as comets possess, which might be left behind by the Earth, owing to its increased speed in that part of its orbit. This terrestrial atmospheric matter, thus cast off year by year in that region of the Ecliptic, would, he supposed, be seen as a Zodiacal Glade (or Light), when looked back upon in the evening hours, two or three months afterwards, *i.e.* near to the time of the Vernal Equinox.

It is, however, to J. D. Cassini that we owe the first really important study and discussion of this Light, begun by him on the 18th of March, 1683. He it was who named it 'the Light which appeared in the Zodiac,' because he saw it in or near to that belt of the heavens. But he finally concluded that its central plane was not connected so much with the Ecliptic (or plane of the Earth's orbit) as with that of the Sun's Equator, which is inclined to it at an angle of about seven degrees.

Passing by various other interesting observations, and especially those of Humboldt, in South America, in the earlier part of last century, we come to an elaborate series, of much importance both in regard to number, continuity, and accuracy. They are published in a volume with nearly three hundred and fifty diagrams, all most carefully drawn, which give the limits and positions, night after night in the years 1853, 1854, and 1855, of the fainter and outer, as well as of the inner and brighter, portions of the Light. They are due to the Rev. George Jones, chaplain on the U.S. frigate *Mississippi* during an expedition to and from Japan. Such painstaking observations as these (apart, however, from a certain theory which he also formulated) might, I think, have gone far towards solving the problem of the nature and cause of the Zodiacal Light, had they been made, not by one person only (passing at intervals from one side of the Equator to the other), but by two observers, who should have changed their positions simultaneously, by previous agreement, so that every observation in a northern latitude should have been supplemented by another, made at the same time, in a corresponding latitude south of the Equator.

During four consecutive years 1875 to 1879 a further notable investigation of the Light was carried out by Father Paul Dechevrens

[4] 'Glade,' *i.e.* Brightness, akin to the meaning of Glad, or Bright; or, as in 'Glade,' a bright passage through the trees of a wood.

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at the Jesuit Observatory of Zi-Ka-Wei, in China, not far from Changhai, in a latitude of about 31° N. He frequently found it to extend to as much as 110, or 120, degrees from the Sun's place, and occasionally considerably farther. It reached to its maximum distance, both in the mornings and evenings, in the months of December and January. It also seemed to him to be practically invisible, year after year, in the evenings of July, August, September, and October, and in the mornings of April, May, June, and July. From such observations as a whole he drew certain conclusions as to the extension, in different longitudes, of the matter surrounding the Sun to the illumination of which he attributed the Light. In fact he assigned to such a collection of matter a shape which would bring its boundary at certain times of the year well within, and at other times considerably beyond, the Earth's orbit. It is, however, by way of contrast, very important to notice, in the long course of observations previously recorded by the Rev. G. Jones, that no such remarkable failure of the Light was then met with in any part, much less for about one-third part, of each year.

Passing on for a few years we meet with a number of accurate observations by Mr. Maunder, of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich (in some of which he was also assisted by Mrs. Maunder), while journeying on Solar Eclipse expeditions, and especially when *en route* to and from India in the winter of 1897 and 1898. His results, communicated to the Royal Astronomical Society in March 1898, are very valuable, although they refer mainly to a period only of about two months in duration. He found the Light to be extraordinarily bright in the winter just referred to. It was then sometimes even three times as luminous as the Milky Way; and also of great extent. Its central plane decidedly approximated to the Ecliptic.

Important records have also been published and exhaustively discussed by Professor Searle of the Harvard College Observatory. Others, by Mr. F. T. Bayldon, R.N.R., made at sea in latitudes varying from 55° N. to 55° S. in the years 1877, 1878, and 1879, were presented to the New South Wales Branch of the British Astronomical Association on the 19th of June, 1899. In *Astronomische Nachrichten*, vol. cl., there is an interesting series, by Dr. Doberck, extending from the Spring of 1895 to March 1899, but chiefly belonging to the last two of these years. He at Hong Kong, like Father Dechevrens at Zi-Ka-Wei, saw the greatest extension of the Light year by year in the middle parts of December and January. He found it at times decidedly brighter than the Milky Way. In agreement with Mr. Maunder he noticed it to be unusually bright in December 1897 and January 1898; but also brighter still in February, May, and November 1898. It was not, however, in his opinion, wanting, as Dechevrens thought, in any special part, or parts, of the year.

Not only have such ocular observations been made, but it is of

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the greatest interest to find that thoroughly satisfactory photographs of the Light have also been taken by Mr. A. E. Douglass, at the Flagstaff Observatory in Arizona, with exposures varying from seven and a half to thirty minutes, and that in one of these the distinction between the inner and outer Light is clearly shown.

Two or three additional points deserve a brief mention. A flickering, or wavy movement, has occasionally been suspected in the Zodiacal Light. This, however, is most likely to be due to disturbances, or differences of density, in portions of the Earth's atmosphere, similar to those which cause the scintillation of the Stars. Another effect, probably also atmospheric, is a slightly brownish tint of colour which has been sometimes seen. Neither the one nor the other feature, however, is of much importance. But more attention should be paid to an additional and marked increase of brightness, decidedly exceeding that of the inner cone, which is now and then present in the Light quite near to the horizon.

The Zodiacal Band

So far, then, I have spoken of what may be termed the main, or chief, body of the Light, of a conical form with a rounded top. Several observers, however, have seen something further, still more mysterious in its nature, and much more difficult to explain. It is termed the Zodiacal Band, and appears like a comparatively narrow extension running from the highest part either of the eastern or of the western cone of the main Light. It is of fairly uniform breadth, and reaches, at times, from one cone to the other, or from either cone as far as the opposite horizon; so that, if it be actually connected with the main portion, it makes our view of the Light continuous round the whole circuit of the Zodiac.

This Zodiacal Band is only perceived with such difficulty, and under such favourable atmospheric conditions, that the reality of its existence was hardly accepted even by those who first announced that they thought they saw it. It has, nevertheless, I believe, been occasionally noticed all through the night, and may, I think, now be reckoned amongst the known features of the heavens, although observations at the Harvard College Observatory indicate that there are certain other *very* faint luminosities running about the Zodiacal region which are confusing and deceptive to an unpractised observer. In the opinion of Professor Barnard its distinctness varies in different months of the year, so that it is hardly, if at all, noticeable in March, and August, and September.

The Gegenschein

But this is not all. There is something still more important and mysterious yet to be mentioned; something that looks like,

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although it may not actually be, a brightening or enlargement of a limited portion of the Band. It is very faint, but is more easily seen than the Band itself, and is at times of a rounded, and at other times of a more oval-shaped, form. Its existence is fully confirmed by the fact that at least three different observers have made independent discoveries of it at considerable intervals of time. In apparent size it is by far the largest of all celestial objects, since its diameter varies from ten to fifteen or even to twenty degrees. But it is to its *position* that it owes its exceeding interest and importance, its place being always almost, if not absolutely, opposite to that at any moment occupied by the Sun.

The history of its recognition is as follows. About fifty years ago the German astronomer Brorsen first definitely described it, and located its position as opposite to that of the Sun. Therefore it received the German name of '*Gegenschein*'—*i.e.* the 'Opposite' or (as it is sometimes termed) 'Counter Glow.' After a considerable number of observations of it had been made by Schmidt in 1867 and 1868, and a few by two other observers, it was independently rediscovered by Mr. Backhouse, at Sunderland, in 1871; and, for the third time, in 1883, by Professor Barnard, now of the Yerkes, but then of the Vanderbilt, Observatory in North America. It at first occurred to him that what he saw might be some extraordinary and enormous kind of cometary formation, until he was informed that it was the same 'Gegenschein' which others had already noticed.

A full discussion by Professor Searle of all the observations of it up to about ten years ago is given in vol. xix. of the *Annals* of the Harvard College Observatory. Since that time Professor Barnard; Mr. J. Evershed of Kenley (of spectroscopic fame, especially in Solar work); and others have given much attention to it.

A faint image of this Gegenschein has been suspected upon some photographic plates exposed by Professor H. C. Wilson at the Goodsell Observatory, Minnesota; while, in January of the present year, Professor Barnard, in describing the large new Bruce photographic telescope of the Yerkes Observatory, has stated that he expects it 'to be of the greatest possible value in the study of the Zodiacal Light and the Gegenschein—two mysteries,' as he says, 'which, perhaps, for their explanation are only awaiting such a photographic investigation.'[5]

Theories of the Zodiacal Light

It is very notable, I think, that so high an authority as Professor Barnard, in the above recent utterance, still calls Arago's 'unsolved problem' 'a mystery.' So also, as Arago further termed it a

[5] The *Astrophysical Journal*, January 1905, p. 35.

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'stumbling-stone,' it should be noticed how one theory after another put forward to explain the Zodiacal Light, or Band, or Gegenschein, has failed to do so. Time after time all that has been left of such explanations, after due criticism, has been so vague and hypothetical as to be little less than irritating, and certainly has indicated that very much further study and observation are needed.

For instance, J. D. Cassini, who supposed the central plane of the Light to coincide with the Sun's Equator, suggested that, in some way or other, the Sun might emit, as a consequence of its rotation, matter intermediate in character between the denser vapours which he assigned to its atmosphere and that 'emanation of exceeding fineness' to which he thought its brilliant light was due; and that this intermediate form of matter, either by reflection or by its own luminosity, produced the Zodiacal Light. To say the least of it, this hypothesis is exceedingly vague.

Mairan, in 1731, attributed the Light to a lens-shaped atmosphere belonging to the Sun and revolving with the same axial rotation—a supposition which Laplace soon proved to be impossible on dynamical grounds.

The Rev. G. Jones considered that his very numerous observations showed it to be due to a ring of more or less transparent nebulous matter surrounding the *Earth*, and lying between it and the Moon. This, he thought, was indicated by changes in the apparent boundaries of the Light when the Ecliptic occupied different positions in the sky, or when its position relatively to himself was gradually altered, in the course of a few hours, by the Earth's rotation. It must suffice to say that he does not seem to have made sufficient allowance for the effects of atmospheric absorption, and that his arguments as a whole are not generally considered satisfactorily to account for what he noted. This is especially the case with regard to the quantity of incident light which he supposed would be reflected from the transparent *surface* of that part of a ring of some sort of nebulous matter which might at any time be on the same side of an observer as the Sun. It also seems to me impossible to justify his statements as to the limits by which he thought that the portions of the Light visible from any given place would be bounded.

The crucial question is, however, in any case, involved in the one word 'nebulous.'

It is evident that this term was intended by him to denote a *continuous* mass of matter which had passed from a gaseous into a more or less solidified or liquefied condition, such as was then supposed to exist in the Rings of Saturn. But it has since been demonstrated that any such ring-formations would soon be destroyed by their own internal strains unless they were composed of myriads of *separate* bodies or particles. In fact, the Rings of Saturn, as we now know, must consist of countless minute satellites, each revolving in its own

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orbit around the planet, while their joint effect in reflecting the Sun's light produces the appearance of a continuous Ring.

If, therefore, we attempt to explain the Zodiacal Light by any nebulous appendage of matter, ring-formed or otherwise, surrounding the Sun, or even (although I think most improbable) surrounding the Earth, great care must be taken as to what may be meant by the term 'nebulous.'

It must be allowed that it is not as yet possible adequately to answer the question as to any of the multitudes of Nebulæ around us—What is a Nebula? The light of some, it is true, is known to be mainly that of luminous gas, while that of others seems to come from matter in a much more compressed or solidified condition. But there are, I think, in all probability countless masses of solid matter in them all—masses, it may be, measurable very frequently only by grains, or by a small fraction of a grain, or, on the other hand, occasionally by tons; masses which may be described as finer, or coarser, dust. In any explanation of the Zodiacal Light, or of the Band, or of the Gegenschein, this abundant distribution of Meteoric Matter must always be kept in view.

It is certainly, I believe, most probable that much of the luminosity which we are considering in this article is due to Sunlight reflected by such matter. This statement has been supported by certain polariscope observations. Nor have spectroscopic results indicated otherwise: since anything of an Auroral constitution, which has sometimes been supposed to have been seen in the spectrum of the Zodiacal Light, seems only to be superposed, without really belonging to it; and is probably due to the fact that the chief auroral line is frequently present in the spectrum of the general light of the sky, even when no Aurora may be visible to the eye.

But if the Zodiacal Light be considered to be mainly that of the Sun, reflected by myriads of solid particles constantly revolving round it, the question of the phase of any such particles (as well as the important investigations of Geelmuyden and Searle, as to the amount of light that will probably be reflected by any given phase) must be duly considered. The reflecting bodies may doubtless be far too small to be individually visible in the largest telescopes. Nevertheless, each one which may be revolving in an orbit lying *between* that of the Earth and the Sun (or possibly in an orbit round the Earth) must successively occupy positions in which it will, like Venus or Mercury, or the Moon, be seen from the Earth at different times in new, or partial, or full phase. Or, if any such body revolve in an orbit *further* from the Sun than that of the Earth, its phases will vary like those of Mars, but it will never show less than one-half of its full phase.

It follows that if there be a flattened ring, between the Earth and the Sun, of such cosmical matter strewn more or less profusely,

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and having its outer boundary not far within the Earth's orbit; or (as, I believe, is much more probable) if a disc-like or lens-shaped aggregation of this matter occupy the whole region from the surface of the Sun outwards nearly to the Earth; then, supposing the ring or the disc to lie approximately in the plane of the Ecliptic, we shall look at the dark, or nearly dark, side, or phase, of all those particles in it which are at any time almost directly *between* us and the Sun. On the other hand, those at any time *beyond* the Sun will always be in nearly full phase, although much farther away. At the same time, as our line of sight approaches the Sun it will meet a very much greater number of the bright particles; while, with increasing nearness to the Sun, they will also show a very greatly increased degree of illumination.

Altogether (in spite of the way in which some particles, seen in their dark phase, and nearer to us, might hide the view of others brighter but farther off) it seems that the result would be, that Sunlight so reflected would produce the appearance of the main part of the Zodiacal Light, and account for its increasing brightness in proximity to the Sun.

The flattened-disc form would also cause the Light to appear of a conical shape, while a fairly definite apex (the rounding off of which could be easily explained) would also be seen in the direction of the tangent line from the eye to the outside edge of the disc—*i.e.* provided the disc were *within* the Earth's orbit.

In the inner parts of the disc the Sun's attraction would of itself doubtless aggregate the matter more densely, so that it has even been considered likely that this cosmical, or meteoric, stuff may be sufficiently abundant within the orbit of Mercury, as, at any rate in part, to account for that small discrepancy between the calculated and observed movements of the planet which Le Verrier proved would be due to the attraction of something between itself and the Sun. The same increased abundance, and probably increased size, of particles nearer to the Sun would also cause the difference of brightness in the inner and outer cones of the Light.

It is, however, in any attempt to explain the extension of the Zodiacal Light, when it is seen to reach to more than 90° from the Sun, that difficulties are at once met with which more especially defy any satisfactory solution.

Such a prolongation of the Light, if due to reflected Sunlight, must necessarily come from matter located *outside* the orbit of the Earth. But if the disc-shaped aggregation be supposed to be so extended that it passes somewhat *beyond* the Earth, either in certain parts or along the whole of the Earth's orbit, the Earth must traverse it and be enveloped by it, either always or at times. The Earth at such times would be in a sort of cosmical fog; and it would

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seem probable that the Light would appear in all directions, and be in no wise of the limited shape which it constantly exhibits.

At any rate, it is hard to calculate or to explain, upon the hypothesis of a disc of matter thus extended *beyond* the orbit of the Earth, why the main Light should show any definite apex or summit, or why it should continue from that apex in the form of a narrower Zodiacal Band of approximately constant width. Moreover, in this case the light of the Gegenschein, if due to particles in their fullest phase because of their opposition to the Sun, might be expected to be darkened by the Shadow of the Earth in its central part. But this effect is not seen.

Again, if it be attempted to solve the difficulty of the great extension of the Light by another hypothesis—viz. that there may be a ring of matter, *with the Sun for its centre*, so situated *not far beyond* the Earth's orbit as to leave a certain amount of empty space for the Earth to move in between the ring and an inner aggregation or disc—then, as our line of sight might approach the point opposite to the Sun, the particles seen would not only be increasingly bright, because of their fuller phase, but they would be actually nearer and nearer to us, and therefore also so much the brighter. They would cause us to see a band of light which would become broader (owing to its diminished distance) as well as by slow gradations brighter, on its way to the point in question, whereas the Zodiacal Band exhibits a nearly constant breadth and brightness, until it is somewhat suddenly developed into the augmented size and light of the Gegenschein.

Yet another suggestion has, therefore, been put forward. It is, that the necessary amount of meteoric matter exterior to the Earth's orbit may be much further away, and consist of multitudes of exceedingly small members of the Planetoid group between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter. With the growth of telescopic power, and by the help of photography, more and more of these Planetoids are found year by year, of continually diminishing size. It is not, therefore, in the least unreasonable to suppose that hundreds of thousands, or possibly millions, may exist, far smaller still—mere celestial dust.

It may be allowed that such a supposition (with certain additional modifications) might, perhaps, account for the appearance of the Zodiacal Band and the Gegenschein. But, as regards the main Light, I have not met with any proof that this hypothesis, any more than the previous one, would cause it to exhibit any definitely located apex, or top, at the times when it is extended to more than 90° from the Sun, and in its furthermost portion must, therefore, be caused by something outside the Earth's orbit. Yet, when the Light is so extended, such an apex may often be distinctly noticed in contrast to the much fainter Zodiacal Band that appears to run on from it.

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Special Theories of the Gegenschein

It would, I should imagine, seem most natural to suppose the Zodiacal Light, the Band, and the Gegenschein to be all connected together. Nevertheless, it is so difficult, upon that assumption, to formulate any theory, consistent with the results of observation, that several other hypotheses, to account for the Gegenschein as a *separate* phenomenon, have been recently put forward. Mr. J. Evershed, for instance, only about six years ago, elaborated a theory which assigns to the Earth, not (as Dr. Hooke vaguely suggested) a temporary, but a permanent tail, composed of molecules of gases such as Hydrogen and Helium, which, according to Dr. Johnstone Stoney, are constantly flying off from the outer regions of our atmosphere, and may thence be repelled by the same Solar repulsion which drives the tail of a comet away from its nucleus. Mr. Evershed thinks that the Earth's tail, thus formed, would be seen as a Gegenschein.

In this connection I may mention, in passing (although it has more especially to do with the main Light), that it has also been suggested that such a tail might perhaps be similar to that seen in the great Southern Comet of 1901, and in some other comets—a tail apparently repelled in a *double* stream and very much flattened into the plane of the orbit of the body to which it belongs. It has been said that one division of such a tail, if attached to the Earth, might be seen as the Zodiacal Light in the evening, and the other division, or stream, in the morning. Consequently, according to this hypothesis, the whole Zodiacal Light, as well as the Gegenschein (which it is conceived might possibly be produced by a perspective view of the intersection of the two tails), would be a terrestrial appendage.

There would, however, be very great, and I think insuperable, difficulties involved, both as regards the flattening of the tail, and also as to the appearance which its two branches would present (even if it were of the shape supposed) when viewed from different parts of the Earth's surface. These difficulties would be almost equally great, whether the tail were rendered visible by its reflection of Solar light, or in any other way.

Mr. Evershed's hypothesis has in like manner been controverted by those who say that the shadow of the Earth would much interfere with the view of such a tail as is suggested by him; and also that a very perceptible parallax, or difference of direction in the observer's line of view, should be noticed when the Gegenschein, if so caused, is seen from different places. But simultaneous observations North and South of the Equator, by Professors Bailey and Searle, have shown that no such parallax can be detected.

Yet one more theory of the Gegenschein, developed by the Swedish Astronomer Gyldèn, and by Dr. F. R. Moulton,[6] Instructor in

[6] *Celestial Mechanics*, by F. R. Moulton, Ph.D., p. 209.

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Astronomy in the University of Chicago, must not be passed by unmentioned. It depends upon high mathematical calculations, relating to what is known as the problem of three bodies, when applied to the case of a great number of meteoric particles moving under the mutual attractions of the Sun and the Earth. Supposing certain initial conditions of motion to exist in the case of some of them, it is shown by these calculations that such particles would pause, to make one or more small curved circuits round a point, at any moment, about 900,000 miles directly beyond the Earth (in the continuation of a line drawn from the Sun), before they would pass on to continue the main part of their orbits. If, therefore, the number thus successively pausing and performing their temporary oscillations should be sufficiently great, we should constantly see in the direction opposite to that of the Sun such an additional aggregation of particles as might produce the appearance of the Gegenschein. This suggestion is of much interest owing to its sound mathematical basis; but Dr. Moulton himself says that the question whether a sufficient number of particles could be expected so to act is one to which 'no certain answer can be given.'

In addition to all the hypotheses previously mentioned, or to avoid the necessity for any of them, it has often been wished that the Zodiacal Light could be identified with some of the immense equatorial extensions frequently seen in the Corona of the Sun during a total Solar Eclipse; as, to mention only one very notable instance, in that of July 1878. But, in a number of recent Eclipses, the most remarkable rays and extensions of the Corona have been found in directions in which they could not possibly have had any special connection with the Zodiacal Light.

If, however, in accordance with some other observations, and especially with those of M. Marchand made during the years 1892, 1893, and 1894, in the clear air of the Pic du Midi, we could definitely connect the Zodiacal Light with the plane of the Sun's Equator, instead of, as I believe most Astronomers hold, with the Ecliptic, there might be more reason for attributing at least some part of it to a considerable amount of Coronal matter, which it is thought may be electrically ejected from the so-termed 'aigrettes,' frequently seen around the polar regions of the Sun during an Eclipse. For it is likely that such matter might find its way to equilibrium in the neighbourhood of the Sun's Equator, and be collected there, where it would be in a region of 'zero potential.' But any such supposition must remain for the present quite doubtful, while it seems almost certain that the Gegenschein, at any rate, is localised on, or very nearly on, the Ecliptic.

Indeed, all that can be said is that nothing has been satisfactorily settled, either by observation or theory, as to any one of the three

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divisions of this baffling Light. It may be connected with the Sun's Equator, or with the Ecliptic—with matter ejected from the aigrettes, or from the eruptive prominences of the Sun—or with meteoric matter circulating round the Sun, and aggregated more densely in its immediate vicinity. The main Light, and the Band, and the Gegenschein may be one phenomenon, or they may be two, or even three, independent phenomena. All of them are full of mystery still.

Nevertheless, what has thus far been accomplished gives good reason to hope that continued observations, if well arranged and carried out in suitable localities, may ere long afford some basis for a far more satisfactory theoretical study of this puzzle in our Solar System. But I believe that such observations, and plenty of them, will best precede any further theorising.

At present, so far as I can judge, the balance of probability, upon the whole, inclines to the opinion that the main Light, at least, arises from such a lens-shaped region, spreading out from the Sun, as I have repeatedly spoken of in this article. And that this region is not to be considered as occupied by any *continuous* matter, but by myriads upon myriads of meteoric particles, separated from one another by distances immensely great in comparison with their individual sizes; some as fine as that which we ordinarily term dust, some more like the rocky or metallic masses which frequently fall upon the Earth (at the rate, indeed, of about two a day), and which, when of greatest size and weight, are still but as dust in comparison with the bulk even of the smallest Planetoid yet known.

A view of such matter, mostly in a state of minute subdivision, is afforded to us in the millions of shooting stars which day by day enter the Earth's atmosphere. An effect of it is almost certainly felt by the planet Mercury in the perturbation of its orbital motion. The rings of Saturn are to be considered as regions of its special abundance. Comets are masses of it so loosely aggregated together that, as they journey onwards, they are constantly leaving some of it behind, until by degrees it is strewn along the whole of each Cometary path.

In addition, however, to its affording an explanation of the main Light, I cannot but hope that some such extension of this hypothesis as was published by the late Mr. Wm. Anderson in the June and August numbers of *The Observatory* in 1899, as the result of his many observations in Madeira, and in continuation of a paper presented to the Royal Astronomical Society in the previous year, may presently be found to show that all the three phenomena—the Zodiacal Light, the Zodiacal Band, and the Gegenschein or Counter Glow—may be attributed to one and the same disc-like collection of such matter as I have just described.

There are indications, I think, that if this disc should extend as he supposed beyond, but only to a moderate distance of some four or

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five millions of miles beyond, the Earth's orbit, and if it be, as he also suggested, especially thin and sparsely constituted in its outermost parts, it may be possible to get rid of those difficulties, which have hitherto been thought to be almost insuperable, connected with the question of the Earth's immersion in it; or, if its boundaries are somewhat irregular, with the effect of the Earth's passing from time to time into and out of it.

There is, however, one remaining and important point in regard to such a collection of matter revolving round the Sun, which I venture to suggest may not hitherto have been fully considered. It is its want of homogeneity. We should naturally anticipate that the distribution of the matter would be very far from uniform. Also everywhere, even very near to the Sun, it must be allowed that it would be very sparsely scattered, otherwise it would have hindered the movement of comets, such as those of 1843 and 1882, which passed, in their perihelion passage, exceedingly near to the Solar surface. But, at intervals, groups, or streams, of particles, or meteorites, very appreciably more condensed, would almost inevitably occur. Such groups might, indeed, be comparable in character with Comets of exceeding diffuseness. At any given time such a condensation, if somewhat near to the Earth, might be revolving round the Sun with a velocity nearly the same as the Earth's. And if so, it might change its distance from the Earth quite slowly, and remain at a moderate distance from it for several consecutive months. Such a group, if of wide extent and outside the Earth's orbit, might perhaps help from time to time to give that somewhat definite apex to the main Light, which, when the Light attains to more than 90° from the Sun, is a feature for which it has been very difficult to find a cause.

In fact, the disc-shaped region around the Sun must, I think, be occupied by multitudinous interlacing orbits of such groups of matter; some groups, no doubt, being very much smaller and sparser than others. Their varying positions and changes of aggregation may, I think, also have much to do with great differences of brilliancy in the Zodiacal Light in different years. The orbits in question need not necessarily be supposed to be circular, but might often be of a more oval form; and somewhat inclined, although probably at quite a moderate angle, to the plane of the Ecliptic.

All these considerations, and especially the apparent tendency of such matter towards the plane of the Ecliptic, lead on to one more thought of deepest moment. May we not see in this matter a remanet of our own Solar Nebula? The matter of Saturn's Rings may well be the remanet from that part of the Solar Nebula from which the planet itself has condensed. So in like manner may that of the Zodiacal Light be a remanet of the Solar Nebula as a whole, still undergoing a process of indraught towards the Sun.

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Even if, apart from its reflection to us of the Solar rays, there should be some other luminosity in all this matter, due perhaps to electrical action, such as may possibly generate much of the light of comets; or even if emanations from the Sun until recently unsuspected, such as those of Radium, may help to brighten it (as to which, however, we know very little at present); still, if this matter is the last piece of the original Solar Nebula left, its study, if successfully achieved, will teach us much as to what that Nebula is made of and what the successive stages of its past history have been. This being so, it follows that we shall thereby be the better enabled to realise what the constitution, or condition, of other Nebulæ, vaster and far more important, is, or has been, or shall be; how stars, now it may be gradually fading, have come forth in past ages from them; or even how fresh Nebulæ may still be evolved around us.

It is for this reason, above all others, that, as in the beginning of this article, so in concluding it, I plead that more attention may be given to the Zodiacal Light. I believe that in the very highest realm of Astronomical study, that of the Stars and Nebulæ, the Zodiacal Light may, in due course of time, prove to be no more a stumbling-stone, but a stepping-stone of the utmost help and value in the path by which 'knowledge grows from more to more.'

E. Ledger.

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THE STORY OF THE GOLDEN MIST[1]

Phusis = Nature.	Thauma = Wonder.	Baros = Gravity.
Episteme = Science.	Boulesis = Will.	Anemos = Wind.
Sunesis = Intelligence.	Katanoesis = Observation.	Tripsis = Friction.
Logos = Thought.	Peira = Experiment.	Ametros = Space.
Sophia = Wisdom.	Chronos = Time.	Helios = Sun.
Gnosis = Knowledge.	Selas = Light.	Selene = Moon.
Phantasia = Imagination.	Therme = Heat.	Ge = Earth.

In the kingdom of Ametros rules Phusis, the Queen of the Immortals; at the birth of Chronos her reign began, and not till Chronos dies shall her empire end. She is Queen alone, supreme; the Immortals love her and men too have loved and worshipped at her shrine; but love and worship move her not, she claims obedience: all living things obey her will and all that have lived in the past have done her bidding; things without life also, the rocks and the earth and the sea, keep her laws: all worlds likewise, the moons and the far off stars, continually obey the commands of Phusis and acknowledge her as Queen.

Through all her realm pass Baros and Therme and many more of the Immortals, and as they pass they carry out her will; but they do not understand it; why she bids them do the things they do they mostly neither know nor care, they only do her bidding and none may interfere.

From the birth of Chronos until now the laws of her kingdom have known no change; nowhere are they written and Phusis only knows them all; yet does she never change them nor let others, Mortal or Immortal, change them either.

Boulesis even, that seems sometimes to control or to direct some of the servants of Phusis and to be changeful and inconstant often

[1] The Story of the Golden Mist is the story of the Nebular Hypothesis. The reference to Selas writing the story 'line after line,' is to Spectrum Analysis. 'The transformations of the Mist' trace the changes in a Nebula till it becomes such a system as that of the Sun and planets. Selene placed in front of Helios describes a solar eclipse, and the 'daily news of the crown of faint radiance' anticipates seeing and photographing the solar corona at other times than during eclipses, a feat which has not yet been accomplished. The traces of Therme's vigour in Selene are lunar craters.

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like a summer wind, yet does, and can do, nothing that opposes Phusis's laws.

Hers are strange servants who quietly and surely do their work with a power that none can resist; for the most part there is but little show of strength or force; you go by and notice nothing; Therme or Baros, Selas or Tripsis, are not seen; you return, and by the work that has been done you see the servants of Queen Phusis have been there: mighty work they do, beyond the powers of Mortals to accomplish: patient are they and tireless in their task; hours and days, years and centuries, they work; to Mortal eyes the work is sometimes little, sometimes great, but to Phusis and the Immortals great and little are the same.

Some there are among the servants of the Queen of Ametros who seek to understand her laws: some care not at all to know. Among those who would know her will more fully are Gnosis and Logos, Phantasia and Episteme, and many another one besides who are highest among the Immortals; for there are grades and ranks in the court of Phusis.

Baros does much work in many places and labours in many worlds. Therme too does many things; Mortals can tell when she is present, and the wise among them have made Therme their friend; she does many things for them when and where they will, but always in obedience only to the higher laws of Phusis that Therme and all Mortals and Immortals alike must keep. Selas is her kinsman and fellow-worker; brightness and joy flow from him, and he gladdens the lives of Mortals: swift is he of wing and flies from world to world faster even than Anemos in his anger. Mortals have learnt his ways, and when their wise men talk together of the far off stars they tell to one another how long Selas the Immortal would take to journey from one to another.

But none of these are of the greatest in the court of the mighty queen; as Episteme and Thauma, Sophia and Phantasia are. These are they who ponder often the mighty works that are performed in Ametros by the command of Phusis. These have sought continually to learn the ways of Phusis and to know her mind; though she is too mysterious and too supreme for them to question her as to her will and the reasons for her laws; but at her court are two favourites, Peira and Katanoesis, and when the Immortals ask of them, Phusis always sends them answers when the questions are wisely and rightly asked.

For many years Episteme had looked upon a strange thing called Kosmos and had communed with Thauma and Phantasia and taken counsel with Gnosis and Sophia and others of the greatest in the company of the Immortals as to the beginning of its life and how it grew and whither it would go in the far off days of the future. Many questions had been asked of the favourites of Queen Phusis, and

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though some were wise, many were foolish; and to the foolish questions they got foolish answers that led them far astray from the truth, but as time went by they came to know how to ask wise questions, and Katanoesis and Peira gave them wise answers and showed them clearly what Baros and Therme, Selas and Tripsis and many other servants of Queen Phusis did in Ametros as they fashioned Kosmos.

Little by little was the story told, and all the story is not known even now; in strange ways was it learnt: the middle of the story was known before the beginning, and the middle of the story was not known till parts of the end of it were told. What Peira and Katanoesis told was not always clear, and Episteme would have learnt wrongly many times but Phantasia showed her the true meaning, and Thauma would have often gone astray but for the guiding of Sunesis; and so with help from one and from another was the story learned, and for the greater clearness in the telling Sophia has put it into the order of its happening, not the order in which the Immortals learnt it, and they call it now 'The Story of the Golden Mist,' for they have learnt that such was the beginning of Kosmos that they wondered at so long.

The Tidings of the Golden Mist

Once upon a time, ages and ages ago, there was a Golden Mist. So far back does the story start that none can tell the time of its beginning; the life of the Golden Mist is not reckoned by years or centuries, and no man knows its age.

Before the birth of men, before the growth of the old world itself there was the Mist; far off in the depths of the sky it sailed along, shining with a glowing light against the dark background of the space beyond.

Could we have seen it from some distant world, it would have looked a small and shining path of hazy cloud, less bright than a tiny cloud wisp touched by the light of the sunset on a summer day.

Like shining phosphorescence floating in the waves of ocean would have seemed the Golden Mist when seen from far; lonely it was in the silence and the darkness of the spaces of the stars; no life, no world, no other mist was near; like a shipwrecked sailor floating on a spar wherever the tides and waves might drift him, with no land near, no boat in sight, the Golden Mist was floating in the far off blue.

The swift-winged Selas brought the tidings of its being, and Episteme learned that even Selas travelled many years in passing through the Golden Mist from its beginning to its end; and many

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years he journeyed after leaving it before he reached Phantasia and Gnosis to whom he told the news.

But they found his story not an easy one to understand; the message that he brought from the distant parts of Ametros was very different from anything that they had seen or heard before, and Selas could tell but little of what they wanted to know; he only knew that the Golden Mist was very far away, and stretched out mile on mile across the sky; Episteme mused upon his tidings and Thauma marvelled at his news, and even Sophos the Wise puzzled and was silent. But at last Episteme who held converse often with Katanoesis and Peira told Phantasia of something that Peira had revealed; and Episteme and Phantasia sent Peira to Phusis, the great Queen, to question her about the tidings that Selas had brought. Sometimes they asked foolish questions, and then Phusis sent them answers that they could not understand; but little by little they asked wiser questions, and then Phusis began to tell them the true story of the Golden Mist, and every time after Phusis had answered a wise question they were better able to ask another question that was sensible and wise; until they learnt so much from Phusis through Katanoesis and Peira that they could make Selas write the story of the far off Mist in a language they had learnt to read. At first the story was confused, as if a blind man had been writing his words one upon the top of another, so that each one blotted out the other and none were understood, but by-and-by they made Selas spread his story out line after line, so that his writings became clear; and Peira got Selas to write out the story of familiar things in the same language, and the Immortals put the stories of the known and of the unknown side by side, so that by reading things they knew, they learnt to understand the writing about things unknown.

And whereas from the first tidings that Selas brought and wrote Episteme had learnt something of the shaping of the Golden Mist and that its boundaries were very far apart, now that Peira had taught Selas to write his story out plainly line after line, Episteme began to learn something of the nature and condition of the Golden Mist; and as she learnt, and as slowly, like a little child, she spelled out the story that Selas told to Phantasia and Thauma, their interest in it grew more and more; there was much in the writing of the tale that they could not read, and much that they seemed to read clearly that they could not understand.

Episteme was weary often and would have tired of the task but Thauma urged her on, as an eager maiden listening to a fairy story ever cries out for more. And often when Episteme seemed at fault Phantasia would listen to her reading and make guesses at the meaning of the words she spoke, joining into sentences of wondrous beauty the scattered syllables that Episteme formed.

But only sometimes was Phantasia right, and many times as

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Episteme tried to see if what Phantasia guessed was to be found in the writings of Selas, she saw that she was sometimes wholly wrong and sometimes only partly right, and often Episteme went astray, led from the true story by the guesses of Phantasia; but, little by little, Episteme and Phantasia came to work better together: Phantasia helped Episteme more and more as she came to understand the story that she was reading, and her guesses were more often right, though seldom so full of wonder and of beauty as the real story that Selas wrote.

The Transformation of the Golden Mist

And so the tidings of the Golden Mist were brought by Selas to Episteme and Phantasia. The first news that Selas brought of the Mist told them that the shape of it was curled and twisted like masses of angry cloud; the different parts of it seemed to have but little contact with one another—like an angry sea it was swept from end to end by storms and gusts that changed its shape suddenly, from time to time. But the later news that Selas brought seemed to say that gradually some sort of order was dawning on the chaos of its early days. Parts that had been far apart were drawn together and in curious wisps and curls it turned within itself as it traversed its strange journey through space.

Therme and Baros were there, quietly doing the tasks that Phusis the great Queen had set them. They were not seen, and only the changing news that Selas brought told of their presence, but they did their work surely and without ceasing. The scattered parts of the Golden Mist came together in little clusters and from time to time attracted to them other portions of the Mist, and between the clusters there were sometimes continuous streams of cloud, sometimes thin filaments of hazy light; but as age after age Baros kept on his work, the streams and filaments joined one or other of the clusters, and then the clusters, too, seemed to come closer together, and many little groups changed into one larger whole, and all the while Therme was there, tending in some degree to separate the portions of the Golden Mist that Baros drew together. It seemed as if Phusis must have told Baros to draw the different parts irresistibly together and put them in the smallest space he could, and it seemed as if the great Queen must have told Therme to separate the particles that Baros drew together, making them occupy as large a space as possible; and though the work of Therme and Baros thus seemed opposed the one to the other, both of them were doing the bidding of Queen Phusis and together were accomplishing her will. And all the while the Golden Mist, that was transforming into golden clusters, lit up by the efforts of Therme, and made more brilliant by the work of Baros, was revolving constantly in its course, and the places of the clusters were growing more and more constant and changing less and

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less as towards the centre of the Golden Mist the clusters grew larger and more large. The little groups, wearied as it seemed of living in solitude and change, sought refuge in the larger group that was the centre of the Golden Mist, and as the clusters attracted to themselves the isolated streams and cloud wisps that were scattered round them, so the larger groups drew towards themselves the smaller clusters that had hitherto been circling isolated and alone; and as Baros continued his work of drawing the smaller clusters into the larger ones, there seemed to come a greater distance between the clusters that were left; in rings sometimes, sometimes in shining globes, the outer parts were left behind as the centre cluster drew its scattered parts more closely together and formed itself by the work of Baros into a larger whole, and then the rings or clusters that were left behind in their turn changed from rings to clusters, from clusters loosely held together to balls of shining mist more closely knit, and as Baros was gradually completing his work Therme was called away. The work that she had done, in opposition as it seemed to that of Baros, left fewer signs behind it of the labours that Therme had done by command of Phusis the great Queen, but the work was not wasted: much of it that had been traced through the tidings of Selas and that had shown on the outer parts of the golden clusters passed to the parts that were not seen and helped to make the life of the clusters brighter and more beautiful in the days that were to come.

And so as Episteme read the tidings brought by Selas and as Phantasia listened to the story and wondered at the news, they learnt that from the time that Selas first journeyed from the Golden Mist many changes had been taking place.

Like a transformation scene when one strange thing or beautiful passes out of sight and another picture no less beautiful or no less strange comes into view, so the transformations of the Golden Mist had been quietly taking place; the Mist, at first a strange distorted mass, shapeless almost in outline, and with no seeming harmony in its parts, changed little by little into a more shapely mass shining in greater brilliance, glowing more in its central parts and shading off by delicate gradations till it was almost imperceptible against the dark background of the space beyond; and then in later changes the centre part grew brighter and more bright and the outer parts also grew brighter and more definite in outline until they too drew together into brilliant clusters separated from the central globe and seeming only to owe allegiance to the other portions of the Mist by moving as they moved and turning as they turned.

The Golden Mist that became the Sun

And so little by little the Golden Mist became a golden globe that the Immortals called Helios sometimes, and sometimes Phœbus,

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and the poets of a long past age told charming stories of its birth and daily life which Phantasia whispered in their ears while Episteme slept.

But Episteme arising from her slumbers found news of Helios brought to her by Selas and by Therme; and as Episteme and Sophia, Thauma and Phantasia communed on the news, Phantasia learnt that her whispered poems about Helios were not half so beautiful as the real story that she was helping Episteme to read.

It happened that one day Baros called Selene and placed her in front of Helios, so that where before there was the shining of the golden light there now was darkness; only round the darkness glowed a roseate crown too faint, too delicate, to trace when Helios gave forth his undimmed radiance.

For a few moments Episteme gazed and Thauma wondered while Selene passed before Helios, and then again the golden rays burst forth and the roseate crown was lost in too much brightness. And so it happened many times, and Episteme yearned for longer visions of the tender radiance that passed so soon. At last Episteme called to her Katanoesis and Peira, the favourites of Queen Phusis, and through them questioned the great Queen, so that she taught them how Selas might be got to bring them daily news of the crown of faint radiance that in the past they only saw when Selene, led by Baros, passed before Helios.

Episteme knew that the shaping and the changing of the crown of light was caused by Therme and by Baros working together as commanded by Queen Phusis, and she learnt also of much other work besides that was done in Helios, and as Episteme looked more closely at the tidings Selas brought, she learnt of mighty struggles between Baros and Therme. In the fierceness of her anger Therme would rend all things asunder; in the quietness of his might Baros would join together what Therme scattered. Episteme watched the struggle and Phantasia made guesses at its issue till once more they sought aid from Katanoesis, who taught them that, elsewhere than in Helios, Baros and Therme had struggled and that in other globes and clusters the battle had been finished and the victory won by Baros. In Ge, they learnt, and in Selene was the battle waged; they too had been parts of the Golden Mist from which Helios was formed: as smaller clusters and as tinier globes they had lived their life; Baros was less mighty in smaller worlds, and Therme too found her powers less enduring than in the mighty Helios. In Selene, so Episteme learnt, Baros had made Therme captive; gradually she had been enclosed in a vast cell that Baros made, from which through many centuries Therme struggled to escape; often she broke her bonds and partially got free, and even the outside of the prison bore traces of the vigour of her life: but closer and more close Baros drew the limits of her cell until at last Therme ceased to struggle and Selene grew cold and

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dead; the power of Therme passed away and Baros was alone supreme.

Episteme helped by Phantasia saw that what had come to pass in Selene was happening also in Ge, but because Selene was much smaller the struggle was ended sooner, and Episteme came to see that because Helios was far vaster than Ge the fight of Therme against Baros would last longer in Helios but that the issue would be the same.

The Immortals learnt that the radiance of Helios would grow less and less; that, as long ages passed, the news that Selas brought would grow fainter and more faint, and that in the end, in Helios as in Selene, Therme would be made captive and Baros at last become supreme.

New Beginnings of the Golden Mist

But not yet were the Immortals satisfied. Thauma asked in sorrow if that was all, and Phantasia imagined new beginnings and her guesses were wild and strange till Logos and Sunesis, Sophia and Episteme brought their aid.

They learnt from Katanoesis that in the farthest parts of Ametros were dull worlds ruled by Baros of which Selas brought no news except that once and again came tidings of a bright effulgence heralding the rule of Therme in parts of the kingdom of Queen Phusis whence Selas brought no messages before.

Phantasia guessed at the meaning of these fresh tidings while Episteme listened to her words and remained silent; she knew not if it was not, or it was, as Phantasia supposed, but the story was entrancing and Sophia lent a willing ear, although not wholly sure that what Phantasia guessed was true; for she imagined that Baros reigning alone in Helios, in Selene or elsewhere, was told by Queen Phusis to draw together lonely globes, that, journeying to one another through the depths of sky, met at Baros's bidding in a close embrace, and at their meeting Therme was born anew and again a Golden Mist was seen by the Immortals, and they guessed that they had seen the new beginnings of the Golden Mist.

And so from age to age, now here now there, in endless cycles of immortal life the Golden Mist is born, transformed and dies, and once again there is a new beginning and other transformations; and Episteme watches still, learning ever more and more; still Phantasia helps her thinking; and Thauma aids her when her thoughts seem cold and dull; while over all, alone, supreme in her kingdom of Ametros, reigns Phusis the mighty Queen.

William Schooling.

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WAR DOGS

THE extraordinary characteristics of the dog—his watchfulness, docility, the acuteness of his senses, his affection for mankind, and his speed, enable him to be of immense value for military purposes, and the employment of dogs for such purposes can hardly be called an invention of modern times. Far back in the mists of antiquity we gather that the usefulness of the dog as an auxiliary in war was known, and to the ancients belongs the honour of having first used dogs in this connection. They used them for the purposes of defence and attack, but the war dog of to-day, in consequence of a completely different method of warfare, has to fulfil totally different duties, and, as a means of actual attack or defence, is out of the question. It may not be without interest to recall a few of the historical dates, referring to the many-sided use of war dogs and the many people who used them.

Plutarch and Pliny both mention war dogs in their writings. At the siege of Mantinea, Agesilaus employed dogs, as did also Cambyses in his campaign in Egypt 4,000 years B.C. Æneas mentions dogs as being used to carry despatches in their collars. The Cymbrians and Teutons had their battle dogs, who inspired fear in the Roman legions. Vegetius, the Roman military writer, informs us that dogs were posted in towers on fortifications to give the garrison timely warning of the enemy's approach by barking, and on a relief at Herculaneum is a representation of a war dog, clad in armour, defending a Roman post against barbarians. The Gauls had also large packs of war dogs clad in armour, and Attila, King of the Huns, had immense ferocious hounds to guard his camp.

In mediæval times the war dog often appears defending convoys and luggage; and dogs clad in mail, with scythes and spikes jutting out, were used to distract the enemy's cavalry and bring confusion in his ranks. Even port-fires were placed on the dogs' backs to set fire to the enemy's camps. The Knights of St. John always used dogs on outpost duty, and no patrol was allowed to go out without them. In 1476 the Swiss dogs fought the Burgundy dogs in the battle of Grandson; and at the battle of Merten they destroyed the Burgundy dogs. After the discovery of America by the Spaniards,

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many of the natives were tracked and worried by the fierce blood-hounds of the invaders. In 1518 King Charles the Fifth of Spain had 4000 dogs and 4000 mercenaries placed at his disposal by the King of England to fight against Francis the First of France. The French and the Spanish, or rather the English, dogs, which acted as skirmishers on both sides, met in fierce battle, but the Spanish dogs came off victoriously.

The Turks also used dogs as scouts. Napoleon, in his campaign in Italy, used dogs as scouts, and one, by name Moustache, became famous for tracking spies. In 1822, when the Greek insurgents attempted to scale the ramparts of the Acropolis, the attempt failed through the dogs giving timely warning to the Turks. The French learned the use of dogs from the Kabyle tribes of Tunis, and by using them were saved from many ambushes. In the beginning of 1882 the Austrians trained Dalmatian dogs to scent out ambushes, and these dogs hunted out the outlaws like game. In the famous expedition of General Scobeleff against the fortress of Geok Tepe, the Russians were so often surprised by the Turkomans, that General Scobeleff ordered dogs to be trained as a preventive of surprise. Then the Germans, always practical, have devoted nearly twenty years to training and experimenting with dogs. Italy, Russia, and France have also taken them up, and the last two countries to be interested in the matter are Spain and Holland, not to mention the use of dogs in the Philippine war by the Americans. England appears alone, although knowing more about dogs than any other country in the world, to have left them in this respect severely alone.

Let us now consider the duties and qualifications of the war dog. First, the dog should act as a scout to the body of troops to which he is attached on the march, with the advance guard, rear guard, or flank guard, and keep up communication with the different units of the column. Secondly, he should act as an outpost to the outposts, and establish communication between pickets, supports, and reserves, bring in messages from the patrols, and should render especially good service at night. Thirdly, in an engagement, he should be used for transporting reserve ammunition to the firing line, and establishing communication between the different units in the attack. Fourthly, in sieges or investments, he should reduce the number of sentries on both sides, and protect defenders and attackers from surprise. Also, he should carry messages to or from the besieged through the enemy's lines. Fifthly, and one of the most important duties, he should seek for the missing and wounded, after an engagement, in difficult ground, and render aid until medical assistance arrives. Dogs trained up to this standard must necessarily be an invaluable adjunct to the soldier; but it would be unwise to overburden the dog's intelligence by additional work.

We now come to the necessary qualifications of the war dog.

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The stamp of dog is one of the most important points. The varied lines on which the different breeds are built, their coats, powers of endurance, intelligence, &c., offer us a large selection, but not every breed is fit for this work. Some show excellent and unmistakable qualities, but again fail in bodily requirements. Some lack intelligence; with mixed breeds it is an acknowledged fact that the progeny of such cross breeds is not as likely to maintain the qualities of the parents as impure stock, where the qualities required can be produced. What is required is a medium-sized dog—very intelligent, which will do his work quietly; reliable, watchful, and not easy to be led away. He must be able to stand all weathers, his feet must be hard; he should come of a working stock, and be able to stand any privations. In Russia the dog of the Caucasus has been adopted; Austria has made use of Dalmatians; Turkey of Asiatic sheep-dogs; Germany of collies, pointers, and Airdales; France of smugglers' dogs (as used on the Belgian frontier), which are for the most part hardy crossbreds. But at the present time Germany, the most painstaking and methodical military nation, seems to be giving the precedence to collies or sheep-dogs—not show dogs, which, as far as my own experience goes, are useless for this purpose, but dogs which come from a hardy working stock. In my humble opinion, I should say that sable collies with black backs, or dogs with some collie in them, are the best fitted, at any rate for infantry. For cavalry, perhaps, a type with more speed might be employed.

Let us review some of the breeds which are not suitable. Pointers and sporting dogs generally cannot eradicate their love of chase, which, however well trained they may be, might lead to the gravest consequences in military employment. Greyhounds have little intelligence, bad noses, are difficult to teach, and are all born hunters. Fox-terriers and the other terriers are too small. Bulldogs and bull-terriers are difficult to manage on account of their pugnacity. The poodle has plenty of intelligence, but is not fitted for the work. Newfoundlands, St. Bernards, mastiffs, and Danes would soon tire on a hot march in summer, and through their size are more in the way than helpful. For draught purposes they could be used, as is done in the Italian army, but they lack endurance and staying power. We now come to collies or sheep-dogs; a pure-bred collie is too highly strung, but the working collie or sheep-dog, which for generations has carried on his daily work, often in most difficult country, in all weathers, with little food, with inimitable affection, and continuous watchfulness and almost human intelligence, comes nearest to the standard required. The smooth collie is also an excellent subject.

Now as regards colour. In reconnoitring, dark-coloured horses would be employed instead of grey or light-coloured ones. War dogs should therefore also be of a non-conspicuous colour, and white should be avoided. The sex ought to be taken into consideration,

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owing to the laws of Nature; it is a mistake to have the sexes mixed. For these reasons it is advisable to use only bitches; bitches are much more affectionate, and much easier to train.

Scouting and Messenger Service by Dogs

The chief work of war dogs on the march is scouting. In a column without cavalry the duties of infantry are so severe that it is almost impossible for them to execute the work; enormous fatigues are imposed on the advance guard, the scouts being obliged to double out continually and reconnoitre bushes, streams, woods, swamps, &c., and then rejoin the main body, probably stale already, owing to forced marches and short rations. The fatiguing work causes many casualties. Moreover, the scouts are so much taken up with the difficulties of the ground that they cannot properly look out for the enemy; hence grave consequences are probable, and an ambuscade of the enemy, not properly reconnoitred, may suddenly fall on the column with serious results, especially in wooded districts and in hilly country, where obstacles hinder scouting. It is here where the war dog, while performing the duties at greater speed, would secure the safety of the troops and inspire the scouts with confidence, being able to negotiate the difficulties of the ground much better than an infantryman. The war dog should assist the advance guard, scour the country, and scent the enemy's ambuscades from afar; and a dog so trained in peace should be invaluable in time of war. For instance, take the services he renders to the Customs officials on the various Continental frontiers, where the smuggling by means of dogs loaded with contraband has to be kept down.

The war dog should scout out by word of command, and his movements and demeanour should be an easy index of the whereabouts of an enemy, just as the sportsman, by watching his dog, knows when he may expect game; the smallest indentation of ground should therefore no longer serve for an enemy's ambuscade when war dogs are employed. The latter can also scent out tracks of the enemy and bring him to bay; but the rule must be strictly observed that the eyes of a scout are fixed only on the dog to watch his movements, and on nothing else. In reconnoitring hills the scouts should remain at the bottom and put out the dogs over the top. Two dogs would easily run through a small covert and reconnoitre, but for a large wood five to ten would be necessary; a forest would have to be reconnoitred a certain distance round by putting out the dogs 500 or 600 yards round. In reconnoitring defiles the dogs should be sent up both sides and through the centre. In examining villages the dogs should be sent up the principal streets, and all haystacks, gardens, &c., should be visited while looking out for lurking enemies; in fact, dogs do this work far quicker than dismounted men. Also, if

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posted with flank guards defending the flanks of marching columns, dogs ought to be of the greatest service. By night marches during fog and rain it is necessary to secure the troops from attacks as much as by day, but night is specially favourable to surprises, and, moreover, surprises at night frequently cause panics, these results being far more serious than attacks by day. At night-time the senses of man are continually at fault, failing to distinguish objects at short distances, and creating very great mistakes. The dog is more gifted than mankind in the respect of nose and ears, and should prove more indispensable by night than by day; and scouts going out at night should be accompanied by dogs, who would give confidence and calmness and protect them from surprises and ambuscades. A lost dog can also find the way when a man is at fault on a pitch-dark night, and a dog should be able to scent out a missing party, for example, in a terrific snowstorm, when the blinding and driving snow renders forward movement impossible. In Switzerland the monks of St. Bernard send forth their noble dogs to find the lost when all other means would be useless. Moreover, as they find their way and avoid precipices and crevasses with extraordinary intelligence, their use with a rear guard or a retreating army would be invaluable. Independently of his duties in securing the safety of a column from surprise, the war dog can be used for scouting with the infantry patrols. As a matter of routine, this is always the natural duty of cavalry, but if there happened to be no troops, a lack of reconnoitring would probably lead into an ambuscade. Of course, infantry in scouting holds only second place to cavalry. But sometimes it happens that infantry has to reconnoitre; the greatest dangers for infantry scouts are ambuscades, and they are liable to be captured even by smaller numbers. If surprised, the cavalryman has his horse to escape on; not so the infantryman, in scouting, whose safety could be doubly assured by having war dogs with him.

We now come to another use of the dog to a body of troops on the march—namely, as a means of connection with the different parts of the column. For long distances the telegraph or heliograph, but for short distances cavalry, is best fitted; if there is no cavalry, and if the duties of cavalry are very severe when reconnoitring, the infantry may be left to its own resources. Then war dogs would prove invaluable for sending in news from patrols, and save them much fatigue; while the risk of having a verbal message misunderstood would be avoided. Flag signalling comes first, but as an auxiliary to flag signalling the dog should render great assistance, and, moreover, in foggy weather, driving snow, and very dense country, flag signalling would be of no use. For this purpose, the French and Germans employ dogs to keep up communication between the outposts. The message given to the dog should always be written and placed in a small despatch case fastened on to the dog's collar, stating

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time of departure, address, &c., and the dog should be despatched in the required direction. The dog at short distances thus performs the part of the carrier pigeon at long distances; but the dog also fulfils numberless valuable duties which the pigeon cannot, although superior in powers of flight, and the pigeon cannot take back an answer, which the dog can. Thus the messenger dog saves fatigue to orderlies and men, and makes journeys over the worst country and in mountainous districts at great speed. A river is no obstacle, as the dog easily swims across, and thus can establish a connection between two bodies of troops.

The value of war dogs to the sentries is to be considered, especially as in modern warfare the night attack appears to be taking a foremost place, because the attacking force can reach the objective without the enormous losses from modern firearms if it can come up unobserved in the darkness. In the modern system of double sentries, although one man may to some extent inspire confidence in the other, their powers of hearing and seeing are no more increased than with the single sentry; and darkness, storms, and fogs would easily enable the enemy, led by a daring leader and crawling along the ground, to seize the sentries and then fall on the main body, more particularly if the sentries were fatigued with marching, or suffering from severe cold, or in foggy weather. Therefore, it is necessary, as in Germany and elsewhere, to provide all sentries with an auxiliary who will hear anything at a long distance, and protect them from any surprise. This auxiliary is a trained war dog. A war dog should be attached to each double sentry. A dog can hear anybody coming at night when 400 or 500 yards away, according as the wind is favourable or not, if the night is absolutely calm. But, whatever the night may be, he can hear persons approaching at 200 yards or rather more, and within this range nothing escapes him. This has been the experience of the frontier Custom House officials on the Continent, where dogs give warning of smugglers or their dogs without any mistakes by night at 200 yards. The dogs, therefore, attached to the sentries would watch the 200 yards in front of the sentries, and also the ground between the different groups, generally about 400 yards, each dog's hearing powers being 200 yards naturally; therefore, the main body should be perfectly protected by the double sentries thrown out in front, each provided with a war dog, rendering a surprise or *coup-de-main* by the enemy a very difficult undertaking. It may be therefore repeated that at the outposts the dogs not employed on sentry can accompany visiting and reconnoitring patrols, and be of the greatest assistance, able to detect the presence of an enemy in the darkest night; they also can be used as messengers to pickets, supports, and reserves, sparing infantry and cavalry from fatigue.

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Ambulance Dogs: The Object and Employment

The employment of dogs for ambulance work has latterly, on the Continent, become the subject of the most exhaustive experiments. Whoever is acquainted with the medical organisation of an army will recognise what an important part the ambulance dog has to play, especially owing to the improvements and perfection of modern fire-arms, which have in like manner made increased demands on the powers of the Ambulance Corps, Army Medical Staff. The area of a modern battlefield, owing to the innovations in long-range weapons as means of attack and defence, is enormously increased, and if in this area there are difficult places, such as declivities, woods, etc., the work of the stretcher-bearers is greatly hindered and delayed. Indeed, it will be even possible that wounded men, through loss of blood and weakness unable to call for aid, and unable to move, will be overlooked by the stretcher-bearers, and will only be found when too late. Of what use, then, are the latest discoveries of medicine and surgery when the subjects cannot be found? The German General, Von Herget, expressed himself as follows at a display of ambulance dogs: 'However great the progress of medical science, these modern discoveries can only be employed when the wounded are found'; and this finding of the wounded in modern war—as most actions are fought at night, namely, night attacks, owing to the terrible fire of modern rifles which necessitates taking 'cover'—is made exceedingly difficult, and in many cases absolutely impossible, for the ambulance, and the only help that can be of any avail will have to be got from ambulance dogs.

How necessary it is to have dogs attached to ambulance corps we can see by examining the lists in the Franco-German war after the battle of Gravelotte, where there was an enormous number of missing. Some of our leading general officers who have returned from the Cape have informed me that, without doubt, dogs would have been of the greatest service for ambulance work. How many poor wounded, who had instinctively dragged themselves away to escape the enemy or from being trampled upon by mounted troops, had waited hopelessly in their hiding-places for medical aid, which they would never get! The stretcher-bearer, however capable and good-hearted, is only human, and the continuous exertion which a long campaign demands from him is apt to blunt his feelings and render him callous and indifferent in his work. We must also reckon that in modern warfare the number of wounded will be much larger, and the work of the stretcher-bearers rendered much more difficult, as the dressing stations, owing to modern rifle fire, have to be located at a much further distance than formerly, and these distances have to be traversed. These circumstances have evolved the ambulance

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dogs, whose duties are to aid the whole ambulance work, but more especially the individual stretcher-bearer, whose duty it is to scour the field after the action. By the aid of the ambulance dog, it will be possible to decrease the number of missing on the field of battle, and it can be hoped almost entirely to do away with it; and the chief duty is to find the wounded in difficult ground, almost inaccessible to the stretcher-bearers, and especially in actions by night. With this object the dog is equipped with bandages, so that the wounded who find themselves still able to use their arms can take out of the equipment bandages to stop their wounds, and stimulant, before the keeper of the dogs actually reaches the spot. People may ask, 'Can the dog do this?' The best answer to this is the result of the work done in Germany every year at the grand manœuvres.

Miscellaneous Duties

There are various other uses to which war dogs can be put. In investing a fortress an enormous number of sentries have to be thrown round it, who would be liable to sudden sorties of the enemy in squally weather, fogs, &c. The hearing powers and scent of the dog would render the blockade much more certain, and diminish the number of sentries. On the other hand, the employment of dogs in an invested place would be useful, as they, by their nice sense of hearing and scent, would be able to give such warning as would guard against assaults, and render valuable assistance to tired sentries in severe weather. They can also be used as messengers at short distances. Regimental dogs, when not on outpost duty, are employed to guard wagons, gun-carriages, ammunition, &c., with convoys for scouting in front, and in connecting the sentries by night. In savage warfare they are extremely useful, and have been used by both French and Russians. The general system of savage warfare lies in ambuscades. In Mexico, in the guerilla war, a colonel of volunteers trained some dogs, who gave the guerilla insurgents a warm time. If they tried ambushes they were scented out, and their plans failed; if they retreated into the depths of the woods they were tracked out by the dogs, and attacked when preparing to camp for the night. War dogs ought thus to be able to prevent the enemy from creeping up in the grass and surprising, giving timely warning; and the march of troops in thick country should be covered by dogs, and they should also follow up the scent of the retreating foe. In action dogs are also trained to carry ammunition to the firing line, their size rendering them a smaller target than a man.

The following notes are interesting regarding work being actually performed now at the seats of war in various parts of the globe.[1]

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Sentry Work, Scouting, Prevention from being rushed, and Detection of Ambuscades

Two hundred dogs, chiefly sheep dogs, are at present attached to the German forces operating in Herrero Land under General von Trotha. One of them, 'Flock,' has been sent home to Kiel invalided. He was wounded by a bullet in the engagement of Opajbo, while scouting in front of the skirmishing line. He displayed the greatest fearlessness under fire, and worked faultlessly until disabled. The Japanese are using a number of dogs for reconnoitring purposes; they are attached to long ropes and well trained. The Russians are employing dogs for sentry and messenger work.

Ambulance Work with Russians

Captain Persidsky, of the late Count Keller's staff, writing from Odessa, says: 'In finding the wounded men with which the millet fields are strewn, nothing has succeeded like our seven dogs; their intelligence, especially the English-bred ones, is extraordinary.' Surely, instead of the weird specimens of the canine race which wander aimlessly about our barrack squares and haunt the purlieus of the ration stand, some well-trained ambulance and war dogs would give as much satisfaction to our Tommies, who dearly love dogs; and, kennelled in barracks and fed on the refuse from the cook-house, as in the German Army, the cost to the country would not be ruinous. I have been asked several times to supply dogs to the Russian Army, and only quite recently was commissioned to purchase sheep-dogs in the Highlands for the German ambulance dog-training establishment. At the Naval and Military Exhibition, the Crystal Palace, Glasgow Exhibition, and Netley, with Colonel Beatson, C.B., of the Central British Red Cross Committee and Glasgow Volunteer Medical Staff Corps; at Stobs Camp, 1904, with the 42nd (Black Watch), before H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught and Sir Charles Tucker, K.C.B.; at Wimbledon, with Dr. Cantlie, commanding the London Volunteer Medical Staff Corps, and elsewhere, I have essayed to demonstrate the military side of the dog's character, long since recognised by leading Continental Powers; and I trust my efforts may not be unavailing in calling the attention of those whom it concerns. Perhaps, instead of breeding and exporting dogs for foreign armies, we may some day find our dogs of service to their own country.

E. Hautonville Richardson, F.Z.S. (Major).

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PORTRAITS OF SOME INDIAN WOMEN

THE very attractive gallery contributed by the late Sir William Rattigan to the last August number of this Review has set me wondering whether a few portraits of Indian women might not be useful as pendant.

Writing thirty years ago one would have divided the portraits into two simple groups—

Indian wives,
Indian widows,

and the division would have been exhaustive. But the old order changeth, here as elsewhere; and now one enumerates individuals rather than types—although, in a way, these are themselves, alas! crystallising into types, and into types rough-hewn, transitional.

Still, the division is as good as any, and will suffice, with additions—extra rooms in our gallery for the products of an alien culture.

Take first, then, the Indian wife. Was there ever the world over a like conception of the married state? Chief priestess of her husband, whom to serve is her religion and her delight. One with him in the economy of the household, certainly; but moving in a plane far below him for all other purposes—religious, mental, social; gentle and adoring, but incapable of participation in the larger interests of his life, incapable of participation even in his games.

'We are richer,' 'we are poorer'—*that* the bounds of a joint intelligence. To please his mother, whose chief handmaiden she is in things domestic, and to bring him a son—these her two ambitions; but the latter chiefly, for to the mother of a son will a husband forgive even wrangles in the house-place.

O the worshippings of gods, the consultings of oracles, the stealthy working of charms to this end! And if the gods prove gracious, proud indeed is the little lady—a creature of good omen, a being to be welcomed at feasts, to be invoked by the childless. No longer is she a failure; even widowhood would leave her with the chastened halo of that son who is worthy to offer sacrifices.

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Such an attitude of mind may seem irrational to the alien, but it should be remembered that the whole idea of marriage in the East revolves simply on the conception of Life; a community of interests, companionship—these never enter into the general calculation. Nor is this strange when one reflects on how large a place *life* must fill in the thoughts of a people believing in reincarnation. As a life-bringer alone has a woman her place in the scheme of Hindu philosophy. For life and religion are inextricable in the loom of time; and woman never did have a Vedic value.

Look at her, then, our little Hindu type of wifehood—gentle, submissive, a perfect house-mistress, moving softly about the women's domain, 'the inside.' Up with the dawn, she bathes and worships; worships her own special godling and tends her sacred plant, then draws from some ancestral well the water for the household needs, scorning no domestic duty. A picture good to see is she on these occasions—her pretty red draperies girt out of harm's way while she heaves aloft the shortening rope with subtle grace. Mark the poise of head, the turn of slender wrist, as the first shafts of daylight strike brilliance from mystic amulet or jewelled armlet. Further domesticities occupy the day, with perchance a little gossip in the house-place ere the evening meal brings fresh need for a skilful house-mother. She waits upon her husband while he feeds; silent in his presence with downcast eyes, to look him in the face were bold indeed. Perhaps he talks to her of village or family interests; she would not think it strange did he not.

The boy? Ah! yes; he is a tie. Encouraged by her husband, she will quote his sayings or boast his feats and feignings. But there is no evening home life as in the land across the seas. After feeding the man seeks his men companions, with their talk or their gambling. So, watch the little lady clean her pots and hie her safe to bed—content.

I would not have you think the picture one of shadows. Often, and especially where love has entered into the contract, 'tis a twilight study, softly lustrous. A wife respected as competent housewife, as counsellor, as triumphant mother—sharing her husband's anxieties for the upkeep and shepherding of their little family, aware of his ambitions, if little understanding them, and happy in their joint observance of orthodoxy—that sheet-anchor of safety to her conservative soul. You must be careful how you dress this lady in your picture. Wind her garments about her in established fashion, even to the smallest fold; make the red mark of wifehood on her ample forehead; oil her hair and plaster it tightly down behind her ears; forget not the ornaments for ear, for nose; and never, pray, forget that gold and ivory bangle—'marriage lines' to her. About her toe rings you may suit yourself. Some find them irksome, and anklets jingle pleasingly in any case. You must make her plump: there

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has been no chance of exercise to tone down outlines, uxorious, too selfless for vanity; placid, never roused except in defence of her man or her brood; but with a reserve of obstinacy which all the wild horses in the empire would fail to move. She is the true guardian of the past; and uneducated, the true enemy of progress in India. This is our lady of the middle class. The peasant's wife has compensation, for often she shares her husband's work in the fields, and that makes common topic. Moreover, being unlettered, he has fewer temptations than his wealthier brethren to live an individual life.

For our studies in sad monotone we must go to the wives of one section of the 'England-returned,' as they are called.

Try to picture this lady. She can speak her own vernacular, perhaps read it; but Western influences have passed her by. Greatly skilled is she in things domestic. She has watched her husband with awe through the throes of his local university, and then he sails away out of her ken to that unknown land beyond the 'black waters' of separation. Dimly through the years does she hear of him, and great fears are at her heart as she thinks of the women he must meet in that land of 'the unveiled'; but these are fears which she may tell to none. What pre-emption can she have in his affections? Then he comes back, wearing a bright pink shirt, an English top-hat, and patent leather shoes. He drives a dogcart, and divides his time between his office and his club; he dines at English houses—new fears here for breach of caste rules. But she worships, nevertheless. To buy him blessings is still left to her, and Indian wifehood was ever a school for altruism; but in a family group you will grant the inharmoniousness of the anachronistic.

Let it be ceded here, however, that there is another sketch possible of that 'English-returned' one. Some diversity of interests cannot be avoided; but I have known a few little wives whose Anglicised husbands did their best to educate them, led them painfully through the new ideas, brought them somewhat into the 'reformed' life.

To myself the attempt has often seemed pathetic, trying 'to walk with one foot,' to 'clap with one hand'; but our little lady is painted this time in a glad luminosity of gratitude that, having seen the world, he should still deign to care.

Must she be pictured the truly 'reformed'? Sad am I to have to do it; but here she is, to be found chiefly in North-eastern India. She is doubtless a graduate, or close upon it. She wears garments robbed of their original grace and meaning, Anglicised to admit a strange new headdress—a kind of hideous velveteen toque, with a long quasi-widow's veil, in cheap white net, depending therefrom. She will be shod in white satin dancing-shoes and cotton stockings at six of the morning. In the duties of the household she has never been trained, and her time she divides between the worst

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type of cheap yellow-back literature and a wrangle for bargains in Western manufactures at cheap 'Europe' shops.

I have seen her, by twenties, issuing from the summer sales laden with fans and ribbons and gloves (God save the mark!), the colours she has put together in her garments making great scars across one's vision. For, denationalise the Indian woman and you leave her without that instinct for beauty, for colour, which rejoices one's soul in the poorest Eastern wayfarer.

On the same sad pattern are the furnishings of her home. I have sighed for the clean chalked floors and bare intermural spaces of the old order, when ushered into a room heavy with solid articles of English furniture collected haphazard—dressing-tables and wardrobes hobnobbing with oddments for a drawing-room—all decorated with abominations in crochet or 'Berlin' wool-work.

Her children will appear in tight garments of plush or velveteen, supposed to be truly English, be-capped in tam-o'-shanter or fisher's cap, looking like quaint little marionettes in this awful travesty of clothing. Oh for the simple amulet and the knot of hair, or that single little nightshirt, showing the firm bare legs and shapely feet!

Turn this picture to the wall, I pray you, till the time of transition be overpast.

As counterfoil you must see that rarity—the successfully Anglicised Indian. I have known one or two of her kind in Bengal and Madras, more in Bombay. Perhaps she passed through the stage transitional herself once; at any rate, she has arrived all safely, keeping her pretty national dress, keeping also her vernacular. A great part of her day must be remade, for the ceremonies of orthodox Hinduism which she has discarded; yet something solid she has in its stead, since no influences will ever make a Hindu woman irreligious—thank God.

She will talk to you of the struggles of the great Indian reformers, of Ram Mohum Roy, of Chaitanya. She will separate for you, with true discrimination, the symbol from the spirit in ancient Hindu philosophy. I have even found her reading Jowett's Plato, Emerson, Browning. 'My husband recommended these,' she explained. Him she companions as sufficiently as does any woman of the West her husband; walks with him, drives with him, and is not watched with hungry, jealous eyes, as are the newly 'emancipated' women of other Indian communities, whom some of us have seen abroad for the first time in mixed assemblages of men and women.

Perhaps she is not as good a head domestic as her great grandmother; but service is merchantable, and, at any rate, she takes an intelligent interest in the education of her children.

This much has Brahmoism done at its best; and, mistakes apart, it is not a bad 'best' for a nation in transition.

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The recoil from a too servile imitation of the West is bringing about a wise admixture that may eventually prove really useful to the progress of the nation.

Not yet have I touched upon the strictly veiled woman—the Hindu woman in palaces or of certain parts of India, and the Mohammedan woman.

As queen she is—multiple; subtle tones of colour here, the peculiar living tincture of great joys, great sorrows. I have known her bitter with the consciousness of growing years and barrenness, lording her seniority over her young and beautiful rivals—a shrew, for whom, surely, there is much excuse; and I have known her gentle to her co-wives as to much-loved sisters, admiring of their graces, living with them in kindly, humorous companionship. Nay, I have known better. I have known her at so great a height of saintliness that, her own arms empty, she will pray the gods to grant her rival the gift of motherhood.

Sometimes she is very young. I recall a pretty child of seventeen who came to this particular queendom because her husband was successful in procuring a white peacock!

'You may marry her,' had said the king, her father, to the suitor, 'if you can bring me a white peacock.'

He had not known that such things were, and when the expectant prince produced a spotless ghost-bird, the king, for the sake of his word, had to give him his daughter.

She was very happy in her new home; as it chanced, she was a unit, and not one of a group. She had her own gorgeous apartments and waiting-women. All day she turned over her pretty trinkets and possessions, or made charms against the evil eye, or listened to endless stories from the Court gossip; and at nightfall she played hide-and-seek on the roof overlooking that garden where the peacock had his place of honour.

Sometimes her husband would pay her a visit of ceremony, when she would sit, eyes cast down, to answer his questions in monosyllables. Sometimes she herself would visit her mother-in-law, falling at the great lady's feet in graceful salutation. I have known her very merry when this formality was overpast.

These visits were her only interludes in monotony. Yet she was not unhappy. She had expected nothing else, and more light and air fell to her lot than to that of many.

Seclusion is sometimes so rigid that it has been little better than intermural imprisonment from one year's end to another; no garden to stroll in, no chance of ventilation of any kind or sort; no outside interests or companionship. Nor would the women themselves thank you for suggesting innovation.

'Did our great grandmothers live otherwise?' they would ask.

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The question now is how far should the enlightened members of the community strive to better the Purdahnishin custom? In the days when it came to stay in India there were alleviations. You have but to look at the architecture of the older towns—of Agra, of Jaipur—to prove the fact. Every courtyard had its marble lattices from behind which the ladies of the house, securely screened, might watch the bear and tiger baiting, the wrestling, the ancient games. They had their private gardens and their baths.

The long pilgrimages in palanquins made change and movement in their lives. The system was less injurious to health than it is now. In a town like Jaipur the whole city is one running commentary *in rubric* on such alleviations.

For the secluded lady there were perpetual peepholes on to the life of the street, with its daily pageantry and frequent carnivals.

The more modern householder builds blind walls in his jealous passion of keeping.

Is it any wonder that the race grows degenerate?

Thrown back upon herself, robbed of air for mind and body, marvel is the Purdahnishin is as nice as we know her.

Then there is the woman who rules a State, whether in her own right (as with the Begum of Bhopal) or as widowed regent.

History tells us of one such lady, whose diary of statecraft an emperor of India was glad to consult. Shrewd, wise, farseeing, responsible; the purdah has hardly been any drawback to the women born with a talent for ruling, though even for these exists the chief danger of seclusion—namely, that they may get to view life through the eyes of one person—their chief adviser.

Where he is unreliable and the woman is weak the danger will be apparent to all.

It is the chief adviser who rules in reality, manipulating her revenues, surrounding her with creatures bound to him by ties of relationship or purchase; as likely as not her spiritual guide is also of his choosing, and the lady is in a coil from which extrication is wellnigh impossible. I have seen her struggle to get free, and fall back again, helpless; but most often she is dangerously unconscious of the subtle influences abroad. Her day is spent grossly—lying on her elbow, among brocaded cushions, chewing betel nut, while her maidens fan her, or amuse her with tales of Court rivalries and jealousies. Her Prime Minister brings her documents to sign, and she hears perhaps an occasional account of his administration of the estate; but there is no sense of obligation towards her people; no interest, even parochial, in their daily life; no thought for their welfare. It is not to the advantage of the chief adviser to encourage feelings of this kind, and the woman herself has too little imagination to care about the wants of subjects whom she never sees.

But all Indian widows do not rule estates. What then of the

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rest ?[1] What of the ordinary widows, of the highest caste, for instance, the type of woman who, in the olden days, would have fed the flames of the funeral-pyre bound to a husband's corpse ? What of her ?

For the most part she lives the life of a willing drudge in the house of her mother-in-law. 'For it is so alone, now,' as one explained to me, 'that we can win merit for our lords.'

I have never forgotten the agony of this little lady, sent home to her own mother to live in luxury, robbed of her chance of service.

It is not, I think, untrue to say that the orthodox Hindu widow suffers her lot with the fierce enjoyment of martyrdom and a very fanaticism of selflessness. But nothing can minimise the evils of that lot. After all, a widow is a thing of ill omen, to be cursed even by those who love her. That she accepts the fact makes it no less of a hardship. For some sin committed in a previous birth the gods have deprived her of a husband. What is left to her now but to work out his 'salvation,' by her prayers and penances to win him a better life-place in his next genesis ? So, even the 'cursings' of her are in their way a satisfaction. They are helping her to pay her debt to Fate.

For the mother-in-law what also is left but the obligation to curse exaction of that debt ? But for this luckless one her son might still be in the land of the living.

Now, how shall I make it clear that there is no determined *animosity* in this attitude ? The person cursing is as much an instrument of Fate as the person cursed.

Are we not all straws blown by the wind of Fate, and of our own past actions ? Little room is there in Hindu ethics for the sense of personal responsibility for wrong-doing.

Indeed, the widow is often, especially as she gets on in years, and in the house of her own mother, a person loved in spite of her fatal gifts of ill-luck. She fills the place of a good home-daughter, is at the service of everyone, from the eldest to the youngest. Often she is a devotee, most religious and greatly supported by the consolations of her faith. She will herself say on some occasion of rejoicing: 'Let me not be seen, I am luckless.'

And there is certainly no denying that the sum of self-sacrifice which she represents is, *at its best*, some solid good to a nation—the salt leavening the lump. One can imagine how the practice of Suttee helped to maintain this high Hindu ideal of altruism, so comparatively easy was it to face that one final act of pain and of glory. But in these days, and under the petty tyranny of a mother-in-law, the altruism of the little widow is worn threadbare.

It is all very well in theory to assert no personal animosity towards her whom you hold it a religious privilege to curse, and to burden

[1] The last Census puts the number of widows in India at 25,891,936. In Bengal alone there were 7,794,099, and of these 9,793 were below five and 45,492 below ten.

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with every unpleasant duty imaginable. Your practice is apt to mislead. Even Hindu widows are but human, and a lifetime of such dissembling of love must leave them slightly bruised at the foot of the stairs.

Again, with the laxity of modern times and the lapses from orthodoxy, there comes to the chief sufferer the wonder whether after all she is dealing vicariously on this spiritual Rialto; whether she is buying gifts for her husband after all. The morbid consciousness that she is a thing of ill omen gnaws at her. Admit the doubt and you admit inability to bear what is put upon her; you admit discontent, consciousness of hardship, of ill-treatment. Yet all these tyrannies, this very doubt, has the march of Time brought to the Hindu widow. *There* lies the tragedy. From whatever cause, she is losing faith in her own sacrifice, in her old attitude towards life; and therefore is she to be pitied indeed.

How can we help the fact that the number of women in this class must increase daily?

The age marches forward towards personal and individual dignity, and the old ideals of the vicarious are being pushed into the background of the unregenerate.

The majority suffers in silence; some gloriously, some ingloriously and sadly rebellious. Some fall into the hands of the Widow-remarriage Committee, and are re-mated. It is not for the onlooker to say whether this solution is sufficient. A few are now beginning to find that life has some use for a woman, unmarried—even for her. They are learning to earn their own living and to bless the world with honest labour.[2] She is *buying back* the curse—this widow who works—in a way which must surely conserve for the nation much of that selflessness which we claimed in the Suttee, and certainly much more apparent usefulness. As doctor, teacher, nurse, and in humbler walks of life, which of us who know modern India have known and not blessed the Hindu widow? For the first time, too, since the Vedic era do we find in India unmarried girls over ten years of age. This is the nearest approach to spinsterhood in the East, and the spinster—she is very rare—is almost always a self-respecting woman, earning her own living.

I have said that the impetus of the age is towards individualism. How can we keep the Hindu woman out of the great current?

The time when the nation could be served by a grovelling womankind—if ever such time there was—is overpast.

A woman's place in the national life will now best be filled by the realisation *of herself*; she must grow to her full stature, taking as her due her share of God's light and air, of the gifts of the Earth Mother.

[2] The efforts in this direction of Pundita Ramabai, the Sanskritist, and herself a widow, must be known all over the English-speaking world.

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She need lose none of those qualities which made her loved in mythology, in the times of the Vedas, in history.

Indian women have it within their power to prove to the world that gentle womanly graces are not incompatible with independence.

What a redemption of that curse of the widowed, what a revenge on Time, if the widow herself take the foremost place in this regeneration of Indian womanhood!

CORNELIA SORABJI.

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THE GREEK MYSTERIES AND THE GOSPEL NARRATIVE

CERTAIN events are recorded as having occurred in the life of Christ, the happening of some of which can scarcely be accounted for by any reference to the Jewish sacred writings; but when the religion of the Greeks is looked at, the reason for the occurrence of these events seems to be explained and their happening rendered intelligible and almost necessary. For the New Testament being a series of books written in Greek, presumably for the instruction of Greeks, a Greek might reasonably expect to find in them allusions to his own religion and the ritual which that religion enjoined.

In the first century after Christ, during the latter part of which the greater number of the books of the New Testament appear to have been written, the Greek mysteries in one form or another had become the recognised religion of the Greek world. These mysteries had been in existence as a system of worship for some six centuries before the advent of Christianity, and during those centuries had so increased their hold on the life and imagination of the Greeks that at this time every Greek city, whether in Europe or Asia, celebrated the mysteries.

The chief and most distinctive characteristic which marked every form of this cult or system of worship was its symbolism: that is to say, a large proportion of the ritual and ceremonial consisted of drama, or highly dramatic representations, as a means or method of teaching religious truth. This drama or dramatic action, sometimes extravagant and even terrifying, was only the symbol of a truth: one thing was seen, but some other thing was signified and believed.

Another feature common to all the Greek mysteries, whether instituted in honour of Dionysus or established for the worship of Demeter and Persephoné, was the publicity with which they began and the secrecy in which they terminated: they commenced in the street, but finished behind the veil of the temple. Every Greek, therefore, would be familiar with the earlier ceremonies of the mysteries.

We can only notice here those known as the Eleusinian mysteries,

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which, founded at Eleusis and Athens in Attica some six or seven centuries before the Christian era, had by this time spread to every city throughout the Greek colonies of Asia Minor. There were in each year two celebrations of these mysteries, known respectively as the lesser and the greater, the lesser being only a preparation for the greater mysteries.

The lesser, called also *τὰ ἐν Ἄγραις* from their place of origin at Agræ on the Ilissus, were held once a year, and consisted, among other ceremonies, of a public purification, or bathing in a stream, at the hands of a priest called the 'Hydranos'—the 'bather' or 'sprinkler'—by whom the candidates, thus purified, were exhorted to amend their life, and were given certain preliminary instruction as a preparation for the greater mysteries. But before any instruction was imparted, silence was strictly enjoined on each initiate, who was from that circumstance thereafter called a 'mystes' (*μύστης*, *μύω*, to 'close' the lips). No mystes was allowed to present himself for the full 'illumination' (*φωταγωγία*) of the greater mysteries until after the lapse of at least a year from his initiation or purification at the lesser. The name of the sacred city of Eleusis or Eleusin (perhaps connected with *ἐλεύσομαι*, *ἔρχομαι*, to come), seems to point to the coming light or illumination (*φωταγωγία*) of the highest grade of the greater mysteries.

Now, on turning to the gospel narratives, we find at their commencement a priest called the Baptist performing a great purification in the river Jordan as a 'preparation' for some 'coming' event, although baptism formed no part of any authorised Jewish ceremony; and we are further told that Christ himself was baptized by John with a 'baptism of repentance for the remission of sins' (Mark i. 1, 9), although there was no need or reason in his case for any such purification. And the fourth Gospel seems to give as an explanation of John's preparatory baptism or purification that 'the true light, which illuminates (*φωτίζει*) every man, was coming into the world' (i. 9).

Would not a Greek recognise in this account of the Baptist a representation of the 'Hydranos' of the lesser mysteries preparing the initiate or mystes for the greater celebration? And if so, might not a Greek expect, on looking further into the narrative, to find references to the greater or true Eleusinian mysteries?

The greater mysteries were celebrated once every year, and occupied nine days with their rites and observances. No mystes, until he had completed a full year from his initiation into the lesser mysteries, could present himself for admission into the greater. Now, as regards the duration of Christ's ministry, the generally accepted view seems to be that it extended to one year only, and that he did not go up to Jerusalem during that year until within nine days of his death.

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One of the most noticeable features of the greater mysteries was the number of public processions from Athens to the sacred city of Eleusis, and from Eleusis to Athens, when great crowds of people accompanied the mystæ with songs and shouts of triumph. On the first day the mystæ assembled at Athens; on the second day there was a great procession and a purification. In Matthew (xxi. 9) we read that 'multitudes went before and followed after' Christ on his entry into the sacred city, and cried 'Hosanna to the Son of David!' and that shortly afterwards Christ 'purified,' or cleansed, the temple, Mark (xi. 16) adding this expression—which is omitted by all the later gospels—'He would not suffer that any man should carry a vessel (*σκεῦος*) through the temple.' Now, the mystes, during or before the last act of the drama, 'carried a vessel' called a *κέρνος*, to the temple of Demeter and repeated a sacred formula containing the word *ἐκερνοφόρησα*, 'I carried the vessel,' or *κέρνος*. Only the candidate for the highest grade, the priesthood, of the mysteries carried the *κέρνος*; this formula and ceremony will be presently referred to. The writers of the later gospels seem not to have understood the meaning of Mark's phrase, and have therefore omitted it altogether.

The third day of the mysteries was in an especial degree a fast-day, and the fourth day seems to have been known as the *καλάθου κάθοδος*, the 'return-journey of the fruit-basket.' Matthew (xxi. 18, 19) tells us, 'In the morning as he returned to the city he hungered, and seeing a fig-tree by the wayside he came to it . . . and he saith unto it, Let there be no fruit from thee henceforward for ever.' At Athens there was a sacred fig-tree at which one of the processions always halted to offer sacrifices and perform certain mystic rites.

Purification was another essential ceremony of the mysteries. So in John (xiii. 4–11) we read of the washing of the disciples' feet, with the words 'He who has been bathed has no need to wash, but is wholly purified' (*καθαρός*). No mention of this washing of the disciples' feet occurs in any of the other gospels, but in Mark and Luke there is the man 'bearing a pitcher of water.'

It was after a purification, on the evening of the fifth or sixth day of the celebration, that the mystæ partook together of a meal called the *κυκεών*, a 'mixture' which was both food and drink, being a thickened liquid compounded of barley-meal, mint, and water. This partaking of the *κυκεών* by all the mystæ in common was the Eleusinian sacramental meal, and was an essential and necessary rite before any mystes could pass to the higher grade. The parallel between this 'common meal' of the mysteries and the 'last supper' of the gospels is especially noticeable in Luke's account (xxii. 14–20). As regards the substance of the *κυκεών*, it seems to have been a mixture of such consistence as to be considered either food or drink. Had the writer of John vi. 55 the *κυκεών* in his mind when he

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represents Christ as saying, 'My flesh is true food and my blood is true drink'? for there was nothing in his allusion to the manna in the wilderness (v. 49) to suggest the idea of drink, whereas the *κυκεών* partook of the nature of both food and drink.

The next ceremony in the mysteries was the most solemn of all the rites which preceded the last scene in the drama, and was known as the *παράδοσις τῶν ἱερῶν*, the 'handing over of the holy things,' or the 'giving in turn of the consecrated objects.' In this ceremony, which took place after the partaking of the *κυκεών* in common, the mystæ were 'admitted one by one to touch, to kiss the holy things, to lift them from the cist, to put them into the basket, to taste them, to replace them in the cist, and to pronounce the sacred formula' (Ramsay). Now one of the *ἱερά* or consecrated objects was a sesame cake. In Mark we are told (xiv. 22), 'And as they were eating he took (*λαβών*) the bread (or unleavened cake) and having blessed it he broke it and gave (*ἔδωκεν*) to them and said, Take ye (*λάβετε*).' In Matthew (xxvi. 26) the word 'eat' is added after 'take.'

The sacred formula which was pronounced by each mystes during or immediately after the *παράδοσις τῶν ἱερῶν* is thus given by Clement of Alexandria: *ἐνήστευσα, ἔπιον τὸν κυκεῶνα, ἔλαβον ἐκ κίστης, ἐγγευσάμενος, ἀπεθέμην εἰς κάλαθον καὶ ἐκ καλάθου εἰς κίστην*—'I fasted, I drank the *κυκεών*, I took from the chest, I tasted, I placed in the basket and from the basket into the chest.' The *κίστη* was the sacred box or chest in which the *ἱερά* or 'holy things,' wrapped in linen cloths, were preserved: *ἐγγευσάμενος* signifies 'having tasted' the *ἱερά*, or some of them, such as the sesame cake and the pomegranate, which seem to be too sacred to be mentioned by name. In reference to this formula, in which the *κυκεών* is regarded as a drink and not as food, we may notice that Luke (xxii. 17) says: 'And he received a cup and . . . said, Take this and divide it among yourselves,' where it is plain that the cup of v. 17 was an earlier cup than that mentioned in v. 20—'and the cup in like manner after supper, saying, This cup is the new covenant'; that is to say, there seems to have been a second *παράδοσις* or 'handing over' of the cup by Christ. Now in some celebrations of the mysteries there was a second *παράδοσις τῶν ἱερῶν* which appears to have been reserved for those mystæ who proceeded to the highest grade. In these cases something was eaten, not merely tasted, and something was drunk which was not the *κυκεών*; this seems clear from the formula then used: *ἐκ τυμπάνου ἔφαγον, ἐκ κυμβάλου ἔπιον, ἐκερνοφόρησα, ὑπὸ τὸν παστὸν ὑπέδυνον*—'I ate from a drum, I drank from a cymbal, I carried the vessel, the *κέρνος*, I went in under the curtain.' The *κέρνος* was a large earthen vessel or dish in which were placed the fruit offerings, and the curtain (*παστός*) was the variegated veil in the temple of

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Demeter. Only those mystæ or epoptæ who proceeded to the highest grade—probably to the priesthood—of the mysteries performed the ceremonial acts mentioned in this formula.

Now it seems that, though the essential words of these two formulæ of the mysteries appear in the gospel narrative of the 'handing over' of the bread and the cup—'take,' 'eat,' 'drink' (Matthew xxvi. 26–29), the word παράδοσις is not used of the ceremony itself, but it is remarkable that the word occurs in the verses immediately preceding the 'handing over' of the bread and the cup (21–25) in the form of a verb—'one of you will hand me over'—παραδώσει (v. 21), 'he that dipped his hand with me in the dish, this man shall hand me over' (παραδώσει με, v. 23). For the true meaning of παραδίδωμι is to 'hand over' from one to another, as a torch in the torch-race, προδίδωμι being the usual word to express 'betrayal'; and it is plain that if Christ uttered the words recorded in v. 21, the Aramaic verb used by him must have been indefinite in meaning and suggestive of treachery only by reference to subsequent events, otherwise it would have been impossible that all—every one—(v. 22) of the disciples should have asked 'Is it I? Am I the traitor?' In Luke, though the order of the narrative is reversed, the connection between the παράδοσις of the bread and cup and the use of the word παραδίδωμι is quite as close, for (Luke xxii. 21) as Christ hands over the cup to the disciples he breaks off, saying, 'But the hand of him who is handing me over (τοῦ παραδιδόντος με) is with me at the table'; and in 1 Corinthians xi. 23 the connection is closer still: 'The Lord Jesus in the night in which he was handed over (παρεδίδοτο) took (ἔλαβεν) bread.' So again, just as the ἱερά in the mysteries were kissed during the παράδοσις, or while they were being handed over, so we read in Matthew (xxvi. 48), 'He who handed him over (ὁ παραδιδούς) gave them a sign saying, Whomsoever I shall kiss, that is he.' And in John xx. 17, we meet with the word 'touch' in the expression, 'touch me not,' that is 'do not hold me' now, for my παράδοσις is over and completed.

Returning for a moment to the question asked by the disciples—'Is it I?' 'Am I to hand you over?' it is to be noticed that in the mysteries the ceremony of 'handing over' the holy things was necessarily performed by the mystæ one at a time, 'one by one,' and in Mark (xiv. 19), the earliest known gospel, we find these words occur: 'They began to be sorrowful and to say to him *one by one*, Is it I?' The expression 'one by one' is not to be found in any of the later gospels—the phrase is changed in Matthew (xxvi. 22), it is almost gone from Luke (xxii. 23), and has quite disappeared from John (xiii. 21–26). This seems to indicate that the later writers did not recognise the source from whence the words 'one by one' came, or that they wished to conceal it. The phrase in Mark, εἷς καθ' εἷς, 'one after one,' 'one after the other,' is remarkable for the pecu-

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liar use of the word *κατά*, which seems to be an adverb rather than a preposition. This strange expression seems to indicate that the writer of Mark's gospel had found the words so written in some Greek note or document which he was using as the foundation of his narrative, a note or document of weight and authority sufficient to induce him to retain the phrase unaltered in his own history; for a translator from some Aramaic or Hebrew writing or a transcriber of oral tradition would almost certainly have made use of the ordinary and well-known expression *καθ' ἕνα*. However, the words *εἷς καθ' εἷς* express in the plainest manner that the question was asked by all in turn, one at a time, that is to say, one following after the other.

But there were other features of the Eleusinian mysteries still better known, because they were more publicly performed, than the ceremonies already mentioned, such as the *σκώμματα*, 'jests' or 'mocking,' and the *γεφυρισμός*, 'reviling' or 'abuse.' These strange episodes are said to have been reminiscent of certain jests that dispelled for a moment the grief of Demeter during her search for the lost Persephoné; thus Apollodorus, writing about the year 140 B.C., speaks of the old legend or fable which relates how the servant-maid Iambé *σκώψασα τὴν θεὸν ἐποίησε μειδιᾶσαι*, 'joked with the goddess and made her smile.' These jestings and revilings were not peculiar to the Eleusinian mysteries, but seem to have been necessary elements in or adjuncts to all mystical celebrations; thus *τὰ ἐξ ἁμαξῶν*, 'the words from wagons' in the mysteries of Dionysus, and the *στήνια* in the Thesmophoria, were gibes and jeers of the lowest and grossest character. These extraordinary proceedings, so incongruous with religious worship, originated in very early times, and were probably intended for the purpose of attracting the notice and attention of the populace, and by this means inducing them to take some part in the observances and ceremonies which were then being celebrated.

Now before the *σκώμματα* and *γεφυρισμός* took place the mystes had been crowned with a myrtle wreath, a fawn-skin had been put over his shoulders and a wand placed in his hand. In Matthew (xxvii. 28–29) we read, 'And having stripped him they placed around him a scarlet robe, and having braided a wreath of acanthus leaves they placed it upon his head and a reed in his right hand, and they fell on their knees before him and began to mock him saying, "Hail! The King of the Jews!"' According to Mark (xv. 16) and Matthew (xxvii. 27) this 'mocking' and 'jesting' took place in the paved court of the Prætorium, where there would be some difficulty in obtaining the acanthus and the reed; in Luke (xxiii. 11) it is stated to have occurred in Herod's palace, the king himself taking part in it; and in John (xix. 4–18) the Roman governor is said to have been present. In Justin Martyr the account is given thus: 'The soldiers in mockery (or dragging him about, *διασύροντες*) made him sit

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down upon the judgment-seat and said, "Judge us"'; while in the gospel according to Peter, a fragment of which has recently been discovered, the narrative is as follows: 'But they took the Lord and pushed him, running, and said, "Let us drag (*σύρωμεν*) the Son of God," having got power over him, and they clothed him in purple and seated him upon the seat of judgment, saying, "Judge justly, O King of Israel."' These variations in the several accounts seem to indicate some origin not strictly historical, and to a Greek who had seen the mystes upon the bridge at Athens, or before the temple of Demeter, that origin would plainly appear to be the *σκώμματα* or 'mocking jests' of the mysteries.

And must we not attribute to the same source the 'railing' and 'reviling' in which all classes of the people are made to indulge? (Mark xv. 29–32)—'And they that passed by railed on him, wagging their heads . . . in like manner also the chief priests mocked him among themselves with the scribes . . . and they that were crucified with him began to upbraid him,' 'And the rulers also scoffed at him . . . and the soldiers also mocked him' (Luke xxiii. 35–37)—that is to say, the people who less than a week ago had hailed him as a prophet now 'blasphemed' him; the priests of God came down from the temple to 'jeer' at him in his agony; the criminals 'heaped insults' upon him; and the soldiers, not content with the acanthine wreath and the crimson robe, 'began to mock' him again. Is this a true picture of human nature in the face of death and undeserved suffering, or is it the *γεφυρισμός* and the *στήνια* of the Greek mysteries?

After the 'illumination' or consecration of the mystes was completed, a sacred formula was uttered to show that the ceremony was over. What that formula was does not seem to be known, though it has been said by some to have been the words *κόγξ ὄμπαξ* or *κὸγξ ὀμοίως πάξ*, the first word denoting the sound made by the voting-pebble as it fell into the urn and so 'the vote is cast,' the other words meaning 'likewise enough,' the formula therefore signifying 'all is over.' Now, the last saying or utterance on the cross is in the fourth gospel (John xix. 30) represented by the word *τετέλεσται*, which in one sense means 'it is finished;' but *τελέω*, 'to perform,' has in the passive a further meaning, namely 'to be initiated' or 'consecrated' in the mysteries, and more particularly in the last or highest grade of the Eleusinian mysteries—just as *τελετή* means the 'end' as well as the rite of 'initiation.' To a Greek—and especially to one who had passed through the mysteries—the word *τετέλεσται* would have the double meaning of 'all is over, the consecration is complete.' It is to be noticed that the words of the last utterance on the cross are omitted in Mark (xv. 37) and in Matthew (xxvii. 50), as though they were not known or were too sacred to be reproduced in writing.

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There are also other details in the gospel narrative in which a Greek might see allusions to the mysteries, just as a Jew might recognise in the same words a reference to his prophets; thus, in the words, 'but he held his peace and answered nothing' (Mark xiv. 61, Matt. xxvi. 63), 'and he gave him no answer, not even to one word' (Matt. xxvii. 14), a Greek would recognise the 'closed,' sealed lips of the mystes, while a Jew might think that he saw in them a reference to the writings of Isaiah. So a Jew and a Greek would take different views of the narrative of the Last Supper—the one would see in it the Passover instituted by Moses, the other would recognise the *κυκεών* of the mysteries. Possibly both of them might be equally right. In any case, the 'common meal' described in the gospels was not the legal Passover (John xviii. 28).

Again, in the mysteries we are told that 'some kind of memento of the ceremony (the *παράδοσις τῶν ἱερῶν*) was given by the priest to the votaries, which a believer used to keep in a linen cloth.' In Mark (xv. 45) we read of Joseph of Arimathæa, 'who also himself was Jesus' disciple,' that 'he bought a linen cloth, and taking him down, wound him in the linen cloth and laid him in a memorial place (*μνημείῳ*) which had been hewn out of a rock.' Why is this word *μνημεῖον* used to signify a 'tomb' instead of the usual and ordinary word, *τάφος*?—*μνημεῖον* (*μιμνήσκομαι*, to bear in mind; *μάω*, to desire) means 'remembrance,' then a 'memorial,' and so a 'monument' raised in memory of the dead, but not the tomb in which the dead body was laid; yet in the gospels the word seems to be intended to signify 'tomb' as well as 'remembrance'—a 'tomb of memory.' The reason for the use of this word *μνημεῖον*, in place of and with the meaning of *τάφος*, cannot be explained by the suggestion that the word *τάφος* had fallen into disuse, for in Matthew's account, which was written some time after Mark's gospel was compiled, we find that the word *τάφος*, signifying 'tomb' or 'sepulchre,' appears exactly as many times—four times—as *μνημεῖον* is used, as though the writer had some apprehension that the meaning of the word *μνημεῖον*, which he had taken and adopted from Mark or from the source of information used by Mark, might be misunderstood.

If, then, we find in the gospel narrative that there are incidents related which appear to be traceable to the mysteries, and that certain words seem to be used by the writers in a double or mystic sense, the difficulty becomes considerable when we endeavour to ascertain how much of the narrative is to be taken literally and as historic fact, and how much of it is to be understood figuratively and symbolically: that is to say, how far is the account to be regarded as a dramatic representation of spiritual truth, or how far is it to be considered a record of actual events.

In many passages in the New Testament where the words 'to

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crucify' or 'to be crucified' occur, it is quite plain that they are used figuratively, as, for instance, in Revelation (xi. 8), 'Their dead body is upon the street of the great city, which is called spiritually Sodom and Egypt, where also their Lord was crucified,' and in Galatians (ii. 20), 'I have been crucified with Christ'—in these and in many other passages a symbolical and figurative crucifixion only is intended to be understood. In fact, the word σταυρόω never signified in true classical Greek to 'crucify,' but to 'impalisade by striking in pales'—that is to say, to 'enclose,' or to 'fence': 'Thou fencest him from the multitude—who will fence him from himself?' (Empedocles on Etna); and so to 'set apart,' to 'consecrate.' This idea of 'fencing,' or 'setting apart,' is inseparable from the mysteries. The temple of Demeter was always 'fenced'; it was usually built in a 'grove,' near to, not in, the city. The great temple of Demeter at Eleusis was doubly 'fenced'; the entrance to the second enclosure, containing the temple itself, was 'hewn out of a rock.' The temple of Demeter was sometimes called the mystic σηκός, or cell, a word meaning not only a sacred enclosure but also a sepulchre. Is there any allusion to this in John xix. 41: 'Now there was in the place where he was crucified (set apart), a grove, and in the grove a memorial place (sepulchre), fresh, in which not yet was anyone laid'? It is to be noticed that the word here used is 'in' the place, not 'near to' the place, as one would have expected if Calvary had been present to the writer's mind, whereas the 'cell' or temple of Demeter was always 'in' a grove or enclosure.

The last act of the sacred drama performed within the temple of Demeter took place on the eighth day, which appears to have been called Epidauria in honour of Æsculapius (Asklepios), the god of returning life. The ceremony and ritual used on this day are not known, but 'doubtless the thought really lay in this that Æsculapius was supposed by his wondrous skill to have raised Iacchus from the dead' (Purser). Iacchus was the son of Persephoné, the maiden (Koré), but how his death was enacted has never been ascertained; probably this ceremony was only performed when a mystes, or rather an epoptes, was admitted to the highest grade of the priesthood, on which occasion the candidate would represent Iacchus and would symbolically die and be raised to life again. In any case the ritual would be mystic and dramatic, showing by type and figure the passage through death to life: the eighth day of the Eleusinian celebration was, in fact, the festival of returning life or resurrection.

Thus the religion of the Greek mysteries was a religion of drama, but of drama as a symbol of truth—one thing was seen but another thing was believed; the principle or basis on which the system of the mysteries rested being that the drama, whether enacted or narrated, was not the truth intended to be made known, but was

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only a picture or symbol by means of which the truth was conveyed and communicated to the mind of the votary. For in order to understand the meaning and significance of the Greek mysteries it was essential to accept and apply the principle which teaches that a literal interpretation presents to the mind only the picture of a dead past, while a symbolical explanation reveals and makes known a living truth: the letter kills, the spirit makes alive.

SLADE BUTLER.

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THE RENEWAL OF THE JAPANESE ALLIANCE

THE Anglo-Japanese Alliance is based on an agreement which consists of six articles, and the last article, which treats of the duration and the termination of that alliance, reads as follows:

> The present Agreement shall come into effect immediately after the date of its signature, and remain in force for five years from that date. In case neither of the High Contracting Parties should have notified twelve months before the expiration of the said five years the intention of terminating it, it shall remain binding until the expiration of one year from the day on which either of the High Contracting Parties shall have denounced it. But if, when the date fixed for its expiration arrives, either ally is actually engaged in war, the alliance shall, *ipso facto*, continue until peace is concluded.

As this agreement between Great Britain and Japan was signed on the 30th of January, 1902, it follows that on the 30th of January, 1906, or within less than a twelvemonth, either Power may notify the other that it wishes to terminate the alliance unless the Russo-Japanese war should still continue.

Owing to our party system, the British Government, and more especially if it is a weak one, is, as a rule, so much engrossed in maintaining its position in Parliament that problems of foreign policy are apt to receive but scant attention on the part of the Cabinet, Parliament, and the Press, and that they are often settled offhand, without sufficient consideration. In this way it comes that, in the stress of the Parliamentary struggle for power between the two contending parties, matters of urgent imperial importance are likely to be negligently treated or to be made subservient to the party requirements of the moment. The British Empire is a peaceful and satiated business Empire, the prosperity of which is based on peace, the greatest interest of which is peace, the possessions of which are scattered all over the globe, and which has to live in harmony with many nations. It has no territorial ambitions, and has much to lose, but almost nothing to gain, from foreign complications and wars. Hence its

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greatest interest is to avoid foreign complications, and it follows that the Anglo-Japanese Alliance should neither be terminated nor be prolonged in a hurry and on the spur of the moment. On the contrary, the nation should, in good time and after mature reflection, make up its mind, weighing carefully the advantages of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance and the consequence to which the continuation or the abandonment of that alliance might lead.

Among the British public, among British politicians, and even among British statesmen, who are so much occupied with party questions that, as a rule, they cannot make a study of foreign policy, very curious notions obtain with regard to a nation's treaty obligations. Many look upon national agreements as they look upon civil agreements. They believe that such agreements are unconditionally and absolutely binding on a country, and they therefore fear that Great Britain may be ruined by faithfully fulfilling its engagements towards another Power, and that the nation may, through an alliance, eventually have to immolate itself for the sake of a rash and venturesome or ambitious ally. During the unfortunate Venezuela entanglement, for instance, when our co-operation with Germany led to serious and somewhat dangerous friction between this country and the United States, and when British public opinion loudly demanded that the Government should withdraw from that unpopular compact, a distinguished British statesman pleaded for the continuation of a policy which was as distasteful to the United States as it was to this country, and which was extremely dangerous at the same time. He wished Anglo-German co-operation to continue because he thought himself in honour bound to carry out to the letter the obligations which, without sufficient consideration, had been incurred by the Government on behalf of the nation, and he meant scrupulously to fulfil his contract, notwithstanding the risk of rupture, or even of war, with the United States. The statesman who acted in this manner was probably not aware that no agreement and no alliance whatsoever can compel a nation to commit political suicide for the sake of its ally. As this limitation to all national agreements is hardly known in this country, it is worth while to quote an authoritative opinion on this most important subject. Prince Bismarck, who may fairly be considered an unrivalled authority on this point, writes the following with regard to the necessarily limited and conditional validity of all treaties in his Memoirs, which constitute his political testament:

> All contracts between great States cease to be unconditionally binding as soon as they are tested by 'The Struggle for Existence.' No great nation will ever be induced to sacrifice its existence on the altar of fidelity to contract when it is compelled to choose between the two. The maxim, 'Ultra posse nemo

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obligatur,' holds good in spite of all treaty formulas whatsoever; nor can a treaty guarantee the degree of zeal or the amount of force that will be devoted to the discharge of obligations when the private interest of those who have made the treaty no longer reinforces the text at its earliest interpretation.

It may appear morally wrong if a State refuses, at a critical moment, to fulfil its solemn obligation, being unwilling to sacrifice its existence for the sake of its ally. However, those who uphold the principle 'Ultra posse nemo obligatur' point out with much force that the first duty of every State is the duty towards itself—self-preservation. Therefore the governing individuals who have to make up their minds whether they should break their word to their ally or ruin their nation by keeping their word will, at least in non-British countries, not hesitate for a moment in making their choice.

Of course, it might be asked, Of what value are alliances if they are only conditionally binding? Prince Bismarck may be made to supply the answer to this question also. He says epigrammatically: 'Alliances are the expression of common interests and purposes.' After all, alliances are concluded for a definite purpose, and are entered upon in consequence of certain political situations or events; therefore it logically follows that if the surrounding conditions under which an alliance has originally been concluded have materially changed, the alliance itself is affected by these changes. Treaties, like laws, lapse automatically when they no longer answer the requirements of the time, owing to changes which have taken place, and treaties, like laws, need not be formally repealed when they have become out of date. Hence all treaties are concluded under the presupposition, 'provided the material conditions are unchanged.' Prince Bismarck lays down the following on this point:

The clause 'rebus sic stantibus' is tacitly understood in all treaties which involve performance. . . . I think, therefore, that to ensure the durability of a written treaty, it is indispensable that the variable element of political interests, and the perils involved therein, should not be left out of account. . . . Even in the last century (the eighteenth century) it was perilous to reckon on the constraining force of the text of a treaty of alliance when the conditions under which it had been concluded were changed; to-day it is hardly possible for the Government of a great Power to place its resources unreservedly at the disposal of a friendly State when the sentiment of the people disapproves it. No longer, therefore, does the text of a treaty afford the same security as in the days of the Cabinet Wars.

Prince Bismarck may not be considered a model of political morality, but diplomacy, like every other business, is carried on for profit, and not for the public manifestation of lofty principles on the part of those who are appointed to their high office, not in order to be able to pose as morally perfect men, but for the purpose of advancing the interests of their nation. Bismarck's political principles need,

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therefore, not be approved of in the abstract, but they should always be borne in mind, for they are the principles by which the policy of most nations, and especially that of Germany, is guided. If we keep before us the fundamental principles with regard to treaty engagements which Bismarck deliberately enunciated, and if we remember that an agreement between nations which has been entered upon by one party in consequence of a misconception is, *per se*, not valid, it is clear that at the time of the Venezuela imbroglio the British Government might easily have got rid of its engagements towards Germany if official circles in this country had been acquainted with the views which in a similar position would certainly have been expressed by another nation.

From the foregoing it is perfectly clear that a nation, by signing a treaty of alliance, does not by any means altogether sign away its liberty of action; that it may not helplessly be plunged into endless and unexpected complications by its ally; that it need not follow its ally on any insane course upon which he wishes to embark; that, in spite of all solemn formulas, it is merely a limited partnership for business purposes.

Not sentiment, but self-interest, should be our guiding principle in foreign politics. If we listen to the greatest master of foreign policy of the pre-Bismarckian era, we shall meet with views which bear a curious resemblance to those expressed by the great German diplomat. At the commencement of the session of 1848, Lord Palmerston expressed his guiding principles in matters of foreign policy in the following words:

> If I might be allowed to express in one sentence the principle which I think ought to guide an English Minister, I would adopt the expression of Canning, and say that with every British Minister the Interest of England ought to be the shibboleth of his policy.

If we wish to consider the question whether from the Palmerstonian point of view the Japanese Alliance is worth renewing, we should follow Palmerston's statesmanlike advice with regard to alliances in general. He said:

> I hold with respect to alliances that England is a Power sufficiently strong to steer her own course, and not to tie herself as an unnecessary appendage to the policy of any other Government. It is a narrow policy to suppose that this country or that is to be marked out as the eternal ally or the perpetual enemy of England. We have no eternal allies and we have no perpetual enemies. Our interests are eternal and perpetual, and those interests it is our duty to follow.

From the foregoing lines it is clear that Lord Palmerston would have condemned our Venezuela policy which, some time ago, tied this country hand and foot 'as an unnecessary appendage to the policy of

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another Government,' in a dangerous adventure, which offered no chance of profit, but vast possibilities of trouble and loss.

A purely, deliberately, and consistently selfish policy with regard to the Anglo-Japanese Alliance should therefore be pursued, although such a policy may appear sordid to that numerous class of Englishmen who, in the generosity of their hearts, are always so ready to devote the resources of the Empire to purely philanthropic purposes. These people, who still live in the early Victorian era, should remember that Bismarck's advent brought the era of political generosity, of magnanimity, and cosmopolitanism to a close, and they should always remember the following memorable words of Bismarck before formulating their political views:

> In the policy of sentiment there is no reciprocity of any kind. . . . Every Government takes solely its own interests as the standard of its actions, however much it may drape them with deductions of justice or of sentiment. . . .
>
> I cannot consider it right, either in myself or in others, that sympathies or antipathies with regard to foreign Powers or persons should take precedence over my sense of duty in the foreign service of my country. Such an attitude contains the seed of disloyalty to the ruler or to the country which one serves. But if anyone tries to arrange the diplomatic relations and the maintenance of a good understanding between Governments in time of peace upon such personal and sentimental predilections, he ceases, after my opinion, to be a statesman, being solely actuated by his personal caprice. According to my view, not even the King has the right to subordinate the interests of the country to his own feelings of liking or disliking towards foreigners.

Fortified by the guiding principles of the two ablest and most successful statesmen of modern times, it remains to consider the business aspects of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, and to see whether the continuation of that alliance would be advantageous or disadvantageous to Great Britain from both the strategical and the economic point of view.

China has been opened to Europe by British enterprise, and at the cost of much British blood and treasure. British merchants, having been the pioneers, possess by far the largest share of the foreign trade of China, and Lord Charles Beresford, who was sent by Lord Salisbury to that country on a commercial mission, has been assured by the British merchants that they have no fear of fair competition, and that they will be able to maintain their position if equal opportunities are given to other nations. At the same time, these merchants bitterly complained of the unfair treatment which had been meted out to them by certain foreign Powers. Great Britain has no desire to acquire Chinese territory, and her interests in China are mainly, one might say exclusively, commercial. She wishes merely to preserve the old-established commercial position of her subjects, and an unobstructed outlet for British exports; and her policy in China is directed to that end.

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Other nations follow a different policy in China. They seek for territorial aggrandisement, partly in order to satisfy their colonial ambitions, partly in order to create in that country artificially protected markets for the exclusive benefit of their own citizens. With this object in view, Russia took possession of Manchuria without a shadow of right, and Germany used the pretext of the murder of two missionaries for occupying Kiachow, China's best harbour, and for rapidly creating and enlarging a sphere of influence in Shan-tung. China has hitherto been a market which was open to all. With its 400,000,000 inhabitants, it is potentially the largest and the most valuable market in the world, and it was in danger of being divided into spheres of influence, which were to be surrounded by unsurmountable customs' walls for the advantage of those Powers which had started the 'scramble for China.'

To keep the Chinese market open to British enterprise, action was needed, and the Anglo-Japanese Alliance was concluded, largely from the desire that the huge Chinese market should not become the preserve, and the Chinese trade the monopoly, of one or several European Powers, to the harm of this country. Hence the preamble of the Anglo-Japanese Agreement says that the alliance has been concluded for the special purpose of 'maintaining the independence and territorial integrity of the Empire of China and of Corea,' and for 'securing equal opportunities in those countries for the commerce and industry of all nations.'

That it is in the interest of this country that the territorial integrity of China should be preserved is perfectly clear. If China should be divided among the Powers, those parts which would fall to foreign nations would certainly be closed to British enterprise and to British trade. In case of such a partition, Great Britain might endeavour, and would probably succeed, to reserve for herself a valuable share, such as the Yangtse Valley; but such a course, which is recommended by many, would be of doubtful advantage. At present Russia and the United States are the only neighbours of the British Empire. If China were divided up, the British Yangtse Valley region would be approached by the Russian sphere from the north, by the German sphere from the east, and by the French sphere from the west. We should be saddled with another India, which would be deprived of the protection of an almost impassable chain of mountains and would be surrounded on three sides by three alert, powerful, and ambitious military nations. Friction of every kind, frontier disputes, and intrigues on the part of ambitious pro-consuls would become permanent in those regions, and this country would have the choice either of maintaining in the Far East another enormous army, which, of course, might largely be composed of Indian troops, and which would be very expensive, or of withdrawing, leaving China altogether

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to the other Powers. Under those circumstances it would seem the lesser evil that Great Britain should abandon her somewhat shadowy claims to the Yangtse Valley, and leave the fruits of her enterprise in China to the tender mercies of her rivals. Hence it is clear that the integrity of China and the policy of the open door in that country is not only commercially, but politically as well, the safest, the most peaceful, and the most profitable policy for this country to pursue.

If we wish to maintain the integrity of China, we must be prepared to defend this integrity either single-handed or in conjunction with other Powers. Germany, who wishes to keep on good terms with Russia, almost at any price, and who, by her policy in Shantung, is violating the integrity of China, cannot be expected to alter her policy to suit British convenience. Hence the unfortunate attempt which has been made to co-operate with Germany in China was bound to prove disappointing, because of the different aims of the two Powers, and the Anglo-German agreement of the 16th of October, 1900, regarding China, which the Germans persistently call the 'Yangtse Agreement,' is not valid, although it has not been cancelled, because Germany, immediately after its conclusion, denied liability with regard to its most important provisions. A treaty which has been concluded under an evident misapprehension on the part of one of the contracting parties is, *eo ipso*, not binding, and Germany should be reminded of that fact when she tries to make use of the one-sided 'Yangtse Agreement' to her exclusive benefit.

The only Powers which have interests somewhat similar to our own in China are the United States and Japan, although their interests differ considerably. The integrity of China is purely a trade question, and therefore a secondary question, to the United States. Therefore, although the United States are ready to give us their diplomatic support in China, they would not be prepared to fight for her integrity. That would not be worth their while. For the British Empire, the integrity of China is more than a trade question, for China and India are neighbours, and the Indian defences which face north-west might be taken in the rear and turned from the east by a hostile army coming from China. Therefore our interest in the integrity of China is considerably greater than is that of the United States, being political as well as economical. For Japan the integrity of China and of Corea is of the very greatest, and, in fact, of vital importance. The strategical position of Corea in relation to Japan is similar to that of Belgium and Holland to this country. The Corean mainland lies threateningly close to the Japanese coast, it possesses excellent harbours, and the numerous islands in the Straits of Corea are like stepping-stones in the sea which invite the invader. Therefore Japan can as

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little tolerate that Corea should fall into Russian hands as this country can allow that Belgium and Holland should fall into the hands of a powerful and aggressive military nation. Besides, China, being Japan's nearest neighbour, is Japan's best and most promising customer in foreign trade. Hence Japan's political and economical interests in the integrity of China and in the policy of the open door are paramount, and are proportionately far greater than are those of Great Britain and the United States combined. For these reasons Japan is the natural champion of China's integrity, and is our natural and our most reliable ally in our Chinese policy.

As long as we were isolated in our Chinese policy, British policy was unsuccessful, British prestige was continually sinking in that country, and British business suffered severely under the constant encroachments of foreign Powers which relentlessly pushed us against the wall, feeling confident that Great Britain would not fight for the integrity of the Empire. To uphold our position at least in Chinese waters, and to watch the more aggressive Powers, a considerable number of warships had to be kept in the Far East, to the harm of our strategical concentration and of our striking power. Great expenses had to be incurred in strengthening naval bases, and the absence of an adequate naval base east of Hong-Kong was a serious cause of weakness to Great Britain. If the Anglo-Japanese Alliance should be continued, we shall not only be able to secure the open door to our trade in China, but we may also withdraw many ships from Eastern waters and place them where their presence will be more valuable. In the case of hostilities in the Far East, we should be able to use the well-situated and well-equipped harbours of Japan for making repairs, &c. Lastly, the policing of the China seas might largely be entrusted to Japan, and thus the Anglo-Japanese Alliance should mean peace and prosperity to British trade in the Far East, a permanent accession of naval strength in home waters through the transference of ships, increased prestige in China, and a considerable saving of money to the British taxpayer.

The most exposed portion of the British Empire is India, and the possibility that India may be attacked by Russia has obviously much increased of late. For two centuries Russia has steadily been advancing towards that dependency, pushing her forces forward whenever a chance offered, acting exactly in the same way in which a besieging army attacks a fortress with approaches and parallels. The possession of India has been the ambition of all Russian rulers since the time of Peter the Great. For some time Russia has concentrated her efforts upon the Far East, but she may try to recoup herself for her failure in that quarter by an attack upon India. The building of the Siberian Railway showed her ambitions and heralded her aggression in China. The construction of two purely strategical

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railway lines towards the North-west of India may be of similar portent.

It may be objected that Russia will be so exhausted through the present war as to be unable to move for many years. But, as she has in the past always progressed, notwithstanding many temporary set-backs and defeats, we cannot allow ourselves to be lulled into security and to neglect our most vulnerable land frontier, the frontier of India.

Some youthful and over-imaginative British politicians have lately declared that we need not waste our money in strengthening the Indian defences, and that we now may reduce our troops in that country because of the Japanese Alliance, explaining that Japan would be eager to fight Great Britain's battles in India in consequence of our alliance. However, the present treaty with Japan unfortunately does not mention India at all, and it contains no clause which enables us to reckon upon Japanese help in that quarter of the world, for Article II. of the Anglo-Japanese Agreement distinctly states:

> If either Great Britain or Japan in the defence of their respective interests, as above described [China and Corea],[1] should become involved in war with another Power, the other High Contracting Party will maintain a strict neutrality and use its efforts to prevent other Powers from joining in hostilities against its ally.

From the foregoing paragraph it is clear that the Anglo-Japanese Treaty relates only to China and Corea, India not coming under its provisions at all; and even if England should have to go to war in order to defend the integrity of China, Japan would not be compelled to do anything more than observe strict neutrality unless Great Britain's enemy should be joined by another Power. The Anglo-Japanese Agreement relates exclusively to China, and Japan is under no treaty obligation whatsoever to assist this country against Russia if war arises between them over questions other than the integrity of China and Corea. Even if a coalition of Powers should declare war on Great Britain on a question apart from the integrity of China, and if India was invaded, Japan would not be called upon to do anything for this country according to the text of the agreement. Of course she may find it in her interest to assist this country, but such assistance would be purely voluntary.

That India has not been considered in the Anglo-Japanese Agreement is a serious and regrettable omission, and British diplomacy should endeavour to extend its provisions to India. But even if Japanese statesmen should demur at such an extension, and very

[1] Note of the author.

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likely they will do so, it would be of very great value if Great Britain could be certain of the benevolent neutrality of Japan in such a contingency. Although India need not be covered by the provisions of an agreement for mutual defence, Japan might, in case of an Anglo-Russian war, be offered a sufficiently attractive *quid pro quo* to ensure her active assistance against Russia, and Russia would certainly hesitate to attack Great Britain under such circumstances.

Japan might, of course, assist us directly in defending India with her troops, but she would more likely be asked to cause a diversion by attacking Russia's possessions in the Far East. Thus the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, which primarily would ensure our position in China, would strengthen our position in India as well. It should greatly diminish the likelihood of a Russian attack upon this country, for it seems absolutely inconceivable that Russia would be inclined to attack India unless her diplomacy had previously sounded the Japanese Government, and had been assured that Japan would keep aloof from the struggle. Hence, the Anglo-Japanese Alliance should be most valuable for us both in India and in China, and should secure peace and prosperity in both countries.

If Russia could obtain Japan's alliance in an attack upon the British Empire, the situation would become extremely dangerous for this country. Japan is exceedingly favourably placed for attacking British possessions. Being situated almost equally far away from India, Australia, and Canada, Japan could raid our possessions and colonies in those quarters, and could more seriously interfere with our lines of communication on the seas than could any other maritime Power.

The possibility that Japan may drive the European Powers out of China, and that it may be her ambition to conquer China, has often been advanced as an argument against the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. Of course, nobody can know how far Japan, or the whole yellow race, will eventually advance in civilisation and power, and it is idle to speculate on what may happen in the distant future. Diplomacy can only occupy itself with the practical problems of the present. However, at all events no sane man can seriously believe that Japan may conquer China under the shelter of Great Britain's ægis, seeing that the Anglo-Japanese Alliance has been concluded for the special purpose of ensuring the integrity of that Empire. It follows that the Anglo-Japanese Alliance not only strengthens our position in China and in India, but that it is also a guarantee that the so-called Yellow Peril will remain an empty word as long as that agreement is in force.

If the Anglo-Japanese Agreement should not be prolonged for another term of years, an event which after all is quite possible, Japan

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would, in 1906, find herself standing in the air. She would, therefore, in good time have to look round for a supporter among the great Powers of the world, and an ally would surely and quickly be forthcoming. In fact, she might be troubled with an *embarras de richesses* in the way of suitors, but she would certainly not find so staid and so peaceful a partner as this country. The candidates would probably be Germany, France, and perhaps even Russia, and these Powers would certainly see in a Japanese alliance, not an instrument of peace, but an instrument of self-aggrandisement, and would endeavour to use it as such. Japan might consequently be placed before the choice either to live in dangerous isolation—and single-handed she could not possibly defend the integrity of China against the Powers of Europe—or she would be compelled to assist actively in a policy of spoliation which might recommend itself to her partner or partners. At the very least, she would be forced to countenance a policy of conquest on the part of her ally or allies. For these reasons, the termination of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance would most likely mean the beginning of a period of turbulence in the Far East, which might convulse not only Asia, but the whole world.

As a matter of fact, there is a great European Power which is already making subtle and strenuous efforts to drive a wedge into the Anglo-Japanese Alliance with the object of ultimately taking our place at the side of Japan. Hence British diplomacy will do well to watch closely the proceedings of that enterprising and ambitious Power which aims at founding another India on Chinese soil.

The Anglo-Japanese Alliance should be of value to us, not only because it strengthens our political and economical position in China and India, and because it makes for peace and prosperity, but also because Great Britain can derive very great advantages from Japan herself.

Japan, with her unrivalled knowledge of both the East and the West, is destined to be the interpreter between Europe and Asia. The Chinese go to the Japanese and ask their advice when they fail to understand us, and we may go to the Japanese if we wish to be successful in dealing with China. In the direct dealings between Europe and China misunderstandings have followed misunderstandings, deception has been practised on both sides, China has alternately been flattered and terrorised, and she has been despoiled by all. Therefore she has come to see in every foreign Power a possible enemy. If China should follow the example of Japan and adopt some European culture, the benefit to those nations in which China can place her confidence ought to be very great, for where China places her confidence she will probably also place her orders, and there is no reason why Great Britain, who acts on the whole fairly and

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squarely in politics, and who has no territorial ambitions in China, should not become China's chief tutor and principal purveyor. But only very few Englishmen understand Chinese, and of those few who do understand the Chinese language only a small minority understand the Chinese people. Hence national and individual co-operation of Englishmen and Japanese in China should be most fruitful, both to Japan and to ourselves.

The alliance with Japan is valuable to us not only in India and China. Japan has marvellously prospered and progressed since the time when she opened the country to European influence, and she is rapidly becoming one of our most valuable customers. Her total foreign trade has risen from 58,862,974 yen in 1878 to 606,637,961 yen in 1903, and her trade promises to continue to grow still further and perhaps still more rapidly. How enormously the exports of the British Empire to Japan have grown during the last twenty-five years, and what the possibilities for the future development of British trade with Japan are, may be seen from the following table:

EXPORTS TO JAPAN.

Year.	Great Britain.	India.	United States.	Germany.
	Yen.	Yen.	Yen.	Yen.
1878	19,273,057	819,931	2,727,585	1,280,645
1883	12,775,124	2,455,619	3,233,032	1,421,612
1888	28,693,567	7,689,092	5,648,784	5,260,897
1893	27,929,628	8,679,029	6,090,408	7,318,134
1898	62,707,573	40,764,245	40,001,098	25,610,962
1903	48,786,758	69,894,197	46,273,871	26,958,977

At present Great Britain and India combined supply more than one-third of Japan's imports, and Great Britain, India, and the United States considerably more than one-half of her imports. Consequently it is clear that the Japanese market is an exceedingly valuable one for the Anglo-Saxon nations, and that it is well worth cultivating. The bulk of American exports to Japan consists of flour, wheat, raw cotton, and petroleum; India exports to Japan almost exclusively rice and cotton; Great Britain sends to that country manufactured goods of all kinds, especially cotton and woollen goods, and coal; Germany sends manufactured goods of all kinds, chemicals and sugar.

A glance at the foregoing table shows that the exports of Germany have grown much faster than those of Great Britain, and that therefore German manufactured goods have of late years been ousting British goods to some extent. Germany, seeing the enormous possibilities of the Japanese market, has, through her excellent consular organisation, through her transport facilities, and through her cartels, made a

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united organised effort to capture the Japanese market. Still, Great Britain holds the first place in the import of manufactured goods, and should be able greatly to improve her position, even without any artificial stimulus.

Japan's demand for raw cotton, wheat, flour, meat, wool, petroleum, &c., should continue to grow. At present she receives, according to the Japanese official statistics, hardly any of these commodities from Canada and Australia, with which her trade appears to be almost *nil*. But there is no reason why much of the wheat, flour, and meat which she now receives from the United States should not be sent from Canada, and why Australia should not supply Japan with her wool.

If at some future date a reciprocity treaty could be arranged with Japan by Great Britain, English manufactured goods would rapidly supplant those sent by Germany and Belgium, and if such a treaty could be concluded between a fiscally united British Empire and Japan, our Colonies would provide much of the raw material which is now chiefly supplied by the United States.

From the foregoing details it appears that it would from every point of view be to the advantage of Great Britain to be on the best terms with Japan, and to renew the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. In fact, a good understanding with Japan seems to be a fundamental necessity for British policy in the East, a fundamental condition for Great Britain's supremacy in Asia, and it is almost as necessary to us as is a good understanding with the United States. If we keep on good terms with both the United States and Japan, our political position the world over appears secure.

Rightly considered, Japan has not been fighting only for herself against Russia, but for the United States and Great Britain as well. Although she has had our alliance, Japan has received only moral encouragement, but no material assistance, in her fearful struggle, in which she has staked her national existence. But it should not be forgotten that moral encouragement is easy to give, and that it consists mainly in the sympathy and the applause of the multitude at Japan's heroic fight. Moral support resembles, therefore, the clapping of hands at the theatre, which is more gratifying to the successful actor than it is advantageous to him.

The Anglo-Saxon nations owe a heavy debt of gratitude to Japan, who is fighting in the forefront of those nations which represent liberty; she is fighting against that Power which represents oppression; and she is fighting in order to keep open the Chinese markets, to the benefit of British and American manufacturers and traders. Therefore the Anglo-Saxon Powers are in honour bound to show Japan their gratitude also in their acts.

Great Britain has during the war on various occasions not done

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so much for her ally as she might and as she ought to have done, whilst Germany has given most valuable material assistance to Russia, with whom she is not allied. Let us hope that future historians will not speak with regret of the fatal and shortsighted ingratitude of the Anglo-Saxon Powers which, to their own detriment, neglected their valiant ally and champion in the Far East.

O. ELTZBACHER.

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LAST MONTH

I

THE opening engagement of the Session did not fulfil the expectations either of the more sanguine members of the Opposition or of the more nervous supporters of the Government. Ministers were not beaten on the amendment of Mr. Asquith calling for a dissolution on the tariff question. On the contrary, they had a majority of sixty-three votes, which, if it is little more than half that with which this Parliament started on its adventurous career, is still substantial and sufficient. But the natural jubilation of the Ministerialists over a result which was hardly anticipated is to a certain extent dashed by one or two significant facts. The first and most important is that more than twenty Unionist Free Traders voted with the Government, and did so, not because they have been converted to the policy of Birmingham, but because they believe they can best fight that policy by remaining inside the Ministerial ranks. The second is that, cleverly as Mr. Balfour played his cards, neither he nor Mr. Chamberlain could conceal the deep suspicion with which the two sections of the Unionist majority regard each other. Mr. Balfour, it is true, took refuge, according to his wont, in silence when he was once more challenged to make an explicit declaration of his own views on the subject of Mr. Chamberlain's proposals; but the very fact that he refused to answer 'Yes' or 'No' to the specific inquiry of Mr. Asquith undoubtedly helped to clear the air. The only reasonable interpretation of his silence is that, secretly, he has been won over to his side by the bread-taxer, and that it is only his knowledge that a frank confession of the fact would still further disintegrate his party that keeps him dumb. Mr. Chamberlain, on the other hand, does not admire the nervous disciple who comes to him by stealth in the darkness of the night. He boldly avows his desire to see a General Election, and as soon as possible; but he refuses to allow the Opposition any voice in determining the time at which it shall take place. This seems to be the position of the two chief leaders of the disunited Unionist party as it was revealed in the early days of the Session. On the other hand, the unfortunate Unionist Free Traders have every reason to complain of the bitter plight in which they are left

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between the Prime Minister's silence and the venomous hostility of the Member for West Birmingham. They are held up to the scorn of their constituencies, and charged with treason to their party, because they refuse to accept those dogmas of Mr. Chamberlain which even Mr. Balfour is afraid openly to espouse. And when they appeal, as they are entitled to do, to the Prime Minister for protection, they are met with an obstinate silence, which must be even harder to bear than hostile speech. Upon the whole, I think their determination not to cast in their lot at present with the Liberal Opposition, and not to place in the hands of their enemies in the fiscal reform camp the weapon they would have if they voted against the Ministry, is a sound one. It may not be heroic; but there is little of heroism in the present House of Commons, and we cannot expect everybody to show the courage that has been displayed by Mr. Arthur Elliot and Mr. Richard Cavendish.

Of course the 'man in the street' sees nothing of the inside of the political drama. He takes his views from the newspapers; and those views are now—to adapt an old saw to existing circumstances—a penny plain and a halfpenny coloured. He is delighted with the triumphant way in which Mr. Balfour has opened his last—or is it his penultimate?—Session, and very properly he attaches real significance to the substantial Ministerial majority. When his favourite journal assures him that the Tory Prime Minister has won a great victory, he believes it, and does not pause to investigate the real meaning or the possible consequences of the achievement. Upon one point, indeed, no investigation is needed. When the Session began no one was quite certain as to the part that Mr. Chamberlain intended to play, and even Unionist Cabinet Ministers were full of doubt and suspicion as to the line which their ex-colleague might see fit to take. Nor were they without reason for their fears. If anything is clear in a misty and confused situation, it is that the cause of tariff reform and of the Member for West Birmingham can hardly fail to lose from the further postponement of the appeal to the country. It was this fact that led so many persons in both parties to believe that the opening days of the Session would bring about the long-expected catastrophe. But these days have come and gone; the first pitched battle has been fought, and the end is not yet. The 'Ministerial' section of the public is naturally, and not unjustly, elated, and it points to the remarkable Speech from the Throne as proof not only that Mr. Balfour will be able to beat off his assailants during the debate on the Address, but that he will still be found serenely seated on the Treasury Bench when the House resumes its labours in 1906. That, however, is not a speculation into which it is necessary to enter here.

In the meantime, what of the Opposition? It looked forward to the Session with not a little confidence. If there were Tory Cabinet

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Ministers who thought the end was at hand, naturally the belief was held still more widely in those quarters in which the wish and the thought coincided. As everybody knows, however, Ministers have not fallen at their first fence, and so long as they can keep up their private understanding with Mr. Chamberlain their position is one of comparative security. Liberals, not unnaturally, are wroth at the cool cynicism with which Mr. Balfour ignores the opinion of the country outside the House of Commons, and at the limpet-like tenacity with which he sticks to office. It would be well for them to remember that the more decidedly the feeling of the country is manifested against the Government, the more firmly will a statesman who has made the advantage of his own party the supreme object of his labours refuse to take a leap, not into the dark, but into a fatal abyss. Of course, the more level-headed members of the Opposition, recognising this fact, are not greatly troubled by such victories as that of Ministers on Mr. Asquith's amendment; but no party in the House of Commons was ever composed exclusively of the level-headed; so that it is not surprising that the spirits of the Opposition are not now at the high pitch which they had reached before the Session began. A curious and untoward incident, which happened a few days before Parliament met, had also a depressing effect upon the spirits of the Liberal party. This was the unexpected appearance in the newspapers of what was described as a 'manifesto' by Lord Spencer, to whom, as leader of the Liberal peers, belongs, according to the dictum of Mr. Gladstone—the father, not the son—the leadership of the party as a whole. As there had been on the day before the appearance of this document a conference of leading Liberals at Spencer House, the unwitting public assumed that it represented the views not only of Lord Spencer himself, but of his chief colleagues. Great was the perturbation which was caused by its appearance. And yet a glance at the document itself should have set at rest all doubts upon the subject, for never was there a statement less like a manifesto. It was clearly notes for a speech, treating many current questions in a discursive and by no means exhaustive fashion, and distinguished by its easy informality. Lord Spencer himself must have been the first to stand aghast when he found himself accused of having issued a solemn manifesto in this form to a great party at a critical moment in its history. The error was, of course, speedily corrected, but it had an unfortunate effect upon the spirits of the Opposition, and rejoiced the hearts of those Conservatives who are always looking to the Liberal camp for evidence of those personal rivalries and jealousies which, in the simplicity of their hearts, they seem to believe are never to be found in their own ranks. What the future of the Session will give us no man can tell. The self-sufficiency and self-admiration of the mediocrities who support Mr. Balfour on the Treasury Bench of the House of Commons are irritating to their friends, as well as to their opponents; but there

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is not, so far, any sign of such a revolt on the Ministerial benches as would be necessary to bring about a Government defeat, and we must wait in patience for the end that seems constantly to recede as we approach it.

In one respect the Government have been singularly unfortunate. They have been brought into collision with more than one of the most distinguished permanent officials. Colonel Younghusband, who has just performed a difficult piece of work in a brilliant manner, has, to the great amazement of most people, been subjected to severe censures from the chief of his department, the Secretary of State for India. The ground of these censures is that he exceeded the limits of his authority in the treaty he made with the Tibetans. It is possible that he did so, but it is also possible that his instructions were not so clearly expressed as they should have been. In any case, the fact that the censure passed upon him by Mr. Brodrick was almost immediately published to the world is almost a scandal. Mr. Brodrick's quarrel, if he had one, was with the Governor-General of India in Council, and not with the very distinguished man whom he selected for his rather blatant censure. It is impossible not to feel that a permanent official of the high standing of Colonel Younghusband is badly treated when he is publicly snubbed in this fashion by a Minister of the calibre of Mr. Brodrick. Even more unfortunate is the squabble, for it is nothing less, which has arisen within the Cabinet with regard to Sir Antony MacDonnell, the Under-Secretary for Ireland. Here again we see one of the ablest and most brilliant men in the public service made the butt of the inferior members of the Ministry, acting at the instigation of those extreme enemies of Home Rule who imagine that the most innocent reform may plunge them into separatism of the most dangerous kind. We have the authority of Lord Lansdowne for the statement that Sir Antony MacDonnell's action was entirely innocent and honourable. We have the further fact that the chief authorities in Ireland showed no alarm at that action, and did not disapprove of it until after an Orange clique, with such men as Colonel Saunderson and Sir Edward Carson at its head, had put pressure upon the Government in order to secure the censure of the Under-Secretary. If Mr. Balfour possessed the strength which his admirers claim for him, it is impossible to doubt that he would have promptly snubbed the officious persons who had devoted themselves to the extermination of Sir Antony MacDonnell. But when a Prime Minister with a dwindling majority at his back has satisfied himself that his chief duty is to keep himself in office, no matter at what cost, permanent officials, however distinguished they may be, and however loyal, can hardly hope to have a happy time in the discharge of their duties. Ministers have certainly not gained glory from their mode of dealing either with Colonel Younghusband or Sir Antony MacDonnell.

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Russia during the month engaged the attention of the world almost as largely as during January. No revolution has happened, and those who expected a sudden *débâcle*, in which Throne and bureaucracy were to disappear as in the shock of an earthquake, are consequently disappointed. But though no catastrophe of this nature has happened, the trend of events has been steadily, and, one might say, universally towards revolution; and one tragical event of supreme importance has darkened the annals of the month. This is the assassination at the entrance to the Kremlin, on the afternoon of the 17th of February, of the Grand Duke Sergius. It is difficult for Englishmen, with their wholesome horror of everything in the nature of political assassination, properly to discuss this incident. The name of the Grand Duke Sergius was one of evil import. His character, both political and personal, was of the worst, and however much we may deplore the manner of his taking off, it is impossible to deny that the provocation he had given to thousands of persons during his long tenure of the Governor-Generalship of Moscow was such as to explain, if not to excuse, his tragical fate. But apart from his flagrant personal demerits, the fact that he was universally regarded in Russia as the chief influence on the side of reaction in the councils of the Czar indicates that grave political significance is to be attached to his death. It is the customary platitude of those who have not made themselves acquainted with the facts of history that nothing is ever accomplished by assassinations of this character. In the present instance it remains to be seen whether this is true or the reverse. Unless the popular belief is strangely at fault, one of the worst of the many evil influences which have surrounded the Czar has now been removed, and it is possible—just possible—that the loss of this influence may lead the Emperor into wiser and more pacific paths than those which he has lately trodden. What is certain is that the necessity was never greater than at present for a change of this kind in the Imperial policy. The memories of Black Sunday in St. Petersburg have not been forgotten, though every effort has been made by the authorities to efface them. The cowed workmen of the capital have slowly and sullenly resumed work under the threats of the law; but many of them seem already to have repented of their return to their task, and the strikes have been partially renewed on a serious scale. What has happened in St. Petersburg during the month, however, is as nothing to the events which have made Lodz, and Warsaw, and many other cities scenes of indescribable misery and of needless bloodshed. It is useless for Russian optimists to maintain that no organisation of the people is possible, in face of the fact that, whether organised or not, they have risen simultaneously in so many different places, and have shown so conclusively that, if they are separated from each other by the long distances of the steppes, they are united in spirit and in aims. These disturbances in the towns,

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attended by the complete dislocation of local trade, by the shooting of men, women, and boys, and by the brutal flogging of girls, sufficiently mark the crisis through which Russia is now passing, and the rottenness of the foundation on which the autocracy of the Czar is built.

But the industrial conflicts which have thus broken out throughout European Russia only form a part, and a small part, of the revolutionary movement. We are always told, when discussions are raised as to the possibility of a repetition of the French Revolution in the dominions of the Czar, that such an event is impossible, not merely because of the want of cohesion among different classes of the population, of which I have spoken, but because the Russian peasant is the most loyal of all human beings, and would never, under any conceivable circumstances, turn against his 'Little Father.' But apparently the war has changed all this. When we read of the revolt of the newly raised recruits against their deportation to Manchuria, and when we are told how thousands of poor villagers have fled, even in mid-winter, into the forests to escape their fate as food for powder on the banks of the Sha-ho, it is impossible not to recognise the fact that the loyalty even of the peasants has been subjected to a strain beyond its endurance. There are some things which touch the deepest instincts of human nature so closely that the traditions and the discipline of centuries are powerless against them. As for the political, apart from the industrial, situation in St. Petersburg and the other great cities, it is distinctly worse than it was even at the time of last month's massacre. The Emperor, feeble and undecided as ever, has made various attempts to recover his lost position, and, like most men of his character, has moved from time to time in different directions. Whilst he sought to conciliate the workmen by receiving what seems to have been a bogus deputation at Tsarskoe Selo, and delivering to them one of those harangues in which a benevolent despotism is supposed to reveal itself, he adopted simultaneously the desperate expedient of placing the lives and liberties of the people of St. Petersburg in the hands of General Trepoff. This person had been the chief assistant of the Grand Duke Serge in the government of Moscow, and when the Grand Duke fell into deserved disgrace, Trepoff left Moscow with him. It can hardly have been forgotten that an attempt was made to assassinate the General at the Moscow railway station, and that the crime surprised nobody who was aware of the nature of his rule in Moscow. This was the man who, immediately after the massacre of the 22nd of January, was appointed Governor of St. Petersburg, with powers so extensive as to be almost absolute. We are permitted in this country to know very little of the details of General Trepoff's rule. What we do know is that a reign of terror has again been established in the capital, that every day men disappear from their homes and their accustomed haunts, that the

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prisons are crowded to overflowing, and that the press has been effectually gagged. The victims of Trepoff's barbarous rule are by no means confined to the students and Anarchists, against whom the authorities fought in the days of Alexander the Second. They comprise men of genius like Maxim Gorky, and many of the leaders in the learned professions, persons who have never hitherto been suspected of holding revolutionary opinions. Nor has it been shown that they hold such opinions now. Their fault is, not to have aimed at revolution, but to have done their best to avert it. They are punished for the crime of being more intelligent and far-seeing than the ring of bureaucrats whose business it is to do the will of the Grand Dukes. It is an awful picture that is thus presented by the state of the capital. Such a condition is certainly an anachronism in the twentieth century, and, not unnaturally, it has aroused the indignation of civilised mankind, including that of France. The practical question, however, is how much further Trepoff and the other agents of the present *régime* can go, and what prospect of success lies before them in their odious work. The workmen have protested, and have been browbeaten and shot down in the streets of the cities. The professional classes have intervened in the hope of preventing a catastrophe, and their reward has been to be sent to the dungeons of Peter and Paul or to the cheerless exile of Siberia. But, above and beyond these, the nobles of Moscow and St. Petersburg have had the courage openly to raise their voices in protest against the existing order of things, and to demand the summoning of elected representatives to take part in the councils of the State. Against this great order of nobles even a Trepoff will hardly dare to proceed. The thanes fly from the unfortunate Emperor, and the abyss which has been opened up at his feet by his own moral infirmities grows ever wider and deeper. No sudden catastrophe may happen, but the handwriting is on the wall, and it hardly needs a soothsayer to tell us what it means.

The natural effects of the internal condition of Russia are to be seen in many different directions. In Finland there has been another political assassination—that of Herr Johnssen, a Finlander, who offended his fellow-countrymen by accepting the office of Procurator of the Russianised Finnish Senate. Great Britain has found herself compelled to protest strongly against the placards which ascribed the labour troubles in Moscow and St. Petersburg to the action of the emissaries of this country. These placards are popularly supposed in Russia to have emanated from the murdered Grand Duke Serge. They were unquestionably issued under high official sanction, and it was not until our Ambassador at St. Petersburg peremptorily demanded their suppression that they were removed from the walls of the two capitals. The incident is trifling in itself, but it is not without significance.

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It is, however, at the seat of war that the internal position of Russia has produced the most serious consequences. Immediately after the fatal events of the 22nd of January, General Gripenberg, in command of the Russian right on the Sha-ho, made an advance in force against the Japanese positions. It is almost impossible to doubt that the movement had a political as well as a military character. The one thing that might have checked the growth of the revolt in Russia was a great victory in Manchuria, and it is conceivable that General Gripenberg acted under instructions when he made his advance against the Japanese left, and endeavoured to cut their communications. On the other hand, it is only fair to say that Gripenberg seems to have acted almost independently, if not in actual defiance, of his superior, Kuropatkin. But whatever may have been the origin of the movement on the part of the Russian army, it resulted in a terrible and ghastly defeat for the forces of the Czar. Our knowledge of the details of the conflict is very slight. From Russia, of course, we get nothing but the usual official falsehoods, and Japan, having got rid of the newspaper correspondents, is in no hurry to supply the outer world with information which might possibly be used against her hereafter. What we do know, however, is sufficiently conclusive. The Russians, after desperate fighting, were hurled back, and were forced to retreat in confusion. Their loss seems to have been enormous. They themselves admit to having had 10,000 casualties, and the Japanese insist that the total was 25,000. This battle, waged between the 25th and 31st of January, was, therefore, one of the bloodiest and most disastrous of the campaign, and it is difficult to see how, after such a defeat, the Russian army can resume offensive operations with any prospect of success. Incidentally, the affair has led to an open breach between Kuropatkin and Gripenberg. The latter declares that he would have been successful if he had been properly supported by the former; the former maintains that the whole operation was conducted against his judgment, and that he had warned Gripenberg from the first that he could not support him from his own reserves. General Gripenberg has returned to Russia, full of his grievances against the Commander-in-Chief in Manchuria, and it is said that he will be tried by court-martial for leaving his post without permission. It is not an encouraging picture which is thus presented of the position and prospects of the Russian army; but, unfortunately, in addition to its own difficulties and losses in the field, and to the probability that the Japanese will now assume the offensive, the army has to suffer directly from the unhappy condition of Russia itself. From the first one of the most serious problems connected with the war was the transport of troops to the Far East and the maintenance of supplies. Nothing but the most absolute loyalty, and the united efforts of all concerned in the management of the Manchurian railway, could enable the

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operations to be carried on with success. But now strikes have actually occurred among the workpeople on the railway, whilst the heavy strain upon the *matériel* caused by the prolonged operations of the last twelve months has reduced the efficiency both of the rolling-stock and the permanent way. The result is that great, almost insuperable, difficulties are experienced in supplying food to the armies in Manchuria. Here again we have no certain knowledge of what is happening, but if a tenth part of the stories which leak out, chiefly through the French press, is true, the Russian troops in front of Mukden are in almost as woeful a plight as the Grand Army of Napoleon during the retreat from Moscow.

It is Russia, then, which is now the 'weary Titan,' bending and reeling under the too vast orb of its fate. Disaffection and disorder at home, disaster in the field, everywhere misery and discontent, and the omnipresent corruption of the rings of bureaucrats and Imperial Highnesses who are the Czar's deputies in the work of government—these are the salient features in a picture such as this generation has not looked upon before. That the accumulated misfortunes of the great autocracy have seriously affected its position in international politics cannot be doubted. A bubble has been pricked, and it will be long before the diplomatists of St. Petersburg can again play their game of bluff successfully either in Paris, London, or Pekin. That the war is drawing to a close is another point upon which most men seem to be agreed. Rumour has been very busy with the question of peace during the month, but whenever a story that seemed to favour the advocates of peace was told, another was instantly forthcoming to contradict it. The Grand Dukes, we have been assured, desire the end of the war, and so does the Czar, provided he can win a great victory first. One knows nothing of the truth of these tales; but what is indisputable is that the Russian people as a whole long for peace, and that there are few sacrifices they will not make in order to secure it. In these circumstances, though the Czar, and the Grand Dukes, and the diplomatists may continue to talk largely as to the necessity of restoring Russian prestige, there can be little doubt that the time is approaching when the strife of armies will give place to the efforts of diplomatists. When that time comes, no one, and Russia least of all, will be entitled to expect Japan to sacrifice any of her dearly bought spoils out of mere amiability. The dark memories of the war with China would alone prevent her from doing this; but the subsequent history of Russia in Manchuria affords Japan the fullest justification for insisting that the results of the war shall be commensurate with its greatness and with the brilliant successes she has achieved. It is impossible to believe that anything can restore at once the broken prestige of Russia, and the sooner the Czar and his advisers recognise this fact, the more likely they are to escape disasters graver even than those which they have already had to face.

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A curious incident of the month—more curious than serious—was the speech of Mr. Lee, the Civil Lord of the Admiralty, with regard to the recent rearrangement of our naval stations. It is almost grotesque that a speech from a gentleman occupying so humble a post in the Administration should have caused so much turmoil as this particular speech did in Germany. Mr. Lee, of course, meant well, but good intentions do not condone indiscretions, and the Civil Lord's speech was unquestionably indiscreet. His purpose was to show that the Board of Admiralty is fully alive to its duties and to the exigencies of the time; but it was unfortunate that he should have strengthened the hands of German Anglophobes by the very pointed manner in which he indicated that the great reorganisation of the fleets carried out by Sir John Fisher was chiefly aimed at Germany. 'The greater the truth, the greater the libel,' is an old axiom, and the greater truth there might be in Mr. Lee's suggestion, the more certain it was to be resented in Germany. Germans themselves do not appear to suffer from any special delicacy of feeling when explaining to each other the reasons why they think it necessary to advocate an increase of their navy out of all proportion to the duties imposed upon it. But however freely they may talk as private individuals, they do not like responsible Ministers to echo their sentiments, and they were bitterly angry when an English Minister, the importance of whose office they unconsciously exaggerated, indulged in unofficial freedom of speech. It would be interesting to know, in connection with this incident, the real meaning of the practical abandonment of the great scheme, launched with so much pomp and ceremony two years ago, for the construction of a naval station on the Forth. Now that Parliament is sitting something might be done to elucidate this mystery. Can it be that, even as we meekly withdrew our vessels from Port Arthur in former days, so we have now dropped an important naval scheme out of regard for the wishes of a foreign potentate?

The United States Senate has once more presented itself before the world in a puzzling light. By the large majority of fifty votes to nine it has adopted an amendment which effectually destroys the arbitration treaties between the States and Great Britain, France, Germany, and Italy. Of these, the treaty with the United Kingdom was by far the most important, and Englishmen naturally feel regret at its destruction for no adequate cause that they can perceive. We are told, however, that this is really a matter in which we have no concern, and that the fatal amendment to the treaty was prompted by no feeling of hostility to this country. The incident, we are assured, is only part of the game that is being played between the President, on the one hand, and the Senate on the other. In the opinion of the Senate, President Roosevelt has overstepped the limits of his authority, and has infringed the constitutional rights of the

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Senate. It was for this reason, and for this alone, that the senators revolted, and with ruthless hand put an end to the beneficent international instruments which had been fashioned with so much care and skill by Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hay. If this is really the case, one can only express one's regret that the Senate did not choose some better subject on which to quarrel with the President. An American senator is, no doubt, a person of extreme dignity and importance, but even if his dignity and importance were greater than he believes them to be, he might possibly consider that the maintenance of the peace of the world is something greater still. It is slightly unfortunate, too, that the extreme Irish party in America has already laid claim to the action of the Senate as proof of their influence over that body. But I must remember that Americans are naturally sensitive as to any interference with their domestic quarrels, and I must, therefore, leave Senate, President, and Clan-na-Gael to settle this particular matter among themselves.

WEMYSS REID.

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LAST MONTH

II

THE Tory Ministers have so often disappointed their supporters that we must not be too sanguine. It is, however, a step forward that they have taken in announcing Redistribution. This is the new term for Reform; a measure as necessary to-day as it was in 1832.

Of the three Reform Bills, the Tories have only passed one; it is, therefore, time that they should pass another and 'cry quits.' Such a Bill would restore popular interest in the House of Commons. Of late years the best that we could say of that Chamber has been that its work has been unimportant; when it has addressed itself to work not wholly unimportant it has generally made mischief. A Reform Bill would imply Debates in something approaching the grand style. Not that we need anticipate oratory of a high type, but at least there would be something serious at stake in the Debates: at least it would be possible for members to believe in themselves. Moreover, it would be piquant to watch the Radicals—those very superficial people—strenuously upholding electoral Abuses, and being driven to confess that as a party they have no other reason for existing.

Incidentally, the world (which has of late heard so much of Wales and Ireland) would be reminded that a not unimportant part of the United Kingdom is England. The party that will do 'justice to England' will not find England ungrateful. The Radicals cannot afford to do this; they exist only as cranks and crazes nourished on abuses, and Reform would ruin them.

Have the Tories the necessary courage? Probably not. It is far more likely that they will get to work on an Alien Bill. This is a subject that can be so treated as to afford the amplest ground for debate—debate such as the House loveth. Here shall we find questions innumerable calling for definition, disquisition, distinction—in short, for every form of objectless discussion, leading through wastes of verbiage to an impotent conclusion. This is the only performance that the country has been accustomed to expect from the House, and it would be a great education for the country if this Session produced anything else. Not only would it be an education

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for the country, but the tone of the national mind would be braced and stimulated by the novel spectacle of the Lower House doing some work instead of wasting time and money. But probably the party will throw away this chance, as it has thrown away most of its other chances.

As to the nature of the Reform itself. Figures have so often been given in the pages of this Review that it can hardly be necessary to quote them here. Few illustrations of the lowered tone of English public life are more striking than the indifference of England to the Irish predominance in the government of these islands. Few public spectacles have been so remarkable as the meek and apologetic attitude of John Bull towards his Irish despoilers—despoilers whom he could over and over again have disarmed by a Reform Bill. This could only occur in circumstances like those of to-day; when we see the lower classes (naturally enough) incompetent to understand the question, the middle classes depressed and divided, and the upper classes wholly indifferent to what may happen so long as they fill all offices with nobles or relatives of nobles. After all, it does not matter to the nobility. Their share of taxation is easily borne: it is the middle class who faint under the burden; the lower classes have practically representation without taxation. But was there not once upon a time a thing called Patriotism in England? In that name did we not all bear our share of the national burden? And if Patriotism lived to-day would the country have allowed successive Governments to glut the greedy Irish at England's expense? After all, what is it all but buying off the Gauls from the gates of Rome? The next thing we shall hear of will be the endowment of a Roman Catholic University: also out of our pockets. It is sincerely to be hoped that those excellent people the Wesleyans will promptly put in their claim for a Wesleyan University, to which they have at least an equal claim. Probably, however, they are too proud to beg. There is such a thing as self-respect—in England.

As regards the Alien Bill we have to remember the principle at stake. It is not only a question of getting rid of the people once humorously described in a Parliamentary draft as 'verminous persons.' It is nothing less than the assertion of a great principle—the principle, namely, that each nation must preserve its type if the type is threatened. Of course, the very idea of asserting a principle is alarming to an English mind. Nevertheless, the fact stands that, given the right to protect our sons and daughters (which the Radical cranks deny us in the name of some copybook formula), the right to protect their industry follows. It is the whole principle of Protection that is at stake in the Aliens Bill.

Home politics are not only interesting but of the first interest. On the fate of the two measures affecting Alien Immigration and Reform of Representation much of the future prosperity

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and happiness of England depends. One says, advisedly, 'England,' because Scotland can always take care of herself (would that England were as strong!). Wales and Ireland have deliberately (Ireland leading) set up the standard of Separatism; and, in spite of the patent absurdity of their claims, have based upon those claims a successful system of political brigandage which Tory England is called upon to suppress. One says 'Tory England' because a Radical Englishman is too short-sighted to see a danger that is not under his nose. Ireland has for long boasted of disloyalty; and England has not taken the boast seriously, for well-known reasons. Wales is now following the example of Ireland; and, having no other claims to put forward, has revived her jargon of a dialect, and must needs spurn the Sassenach. All this is anti-patriotic. It is time for the Englishman to take up his proper position in the Union, and to remind Wales and Ireland of their obligations.

To many minds it is more shocking that a peasant should murder a Grand Duke than that a Grand Duke should murder a peasant. So 'Vladimir's Day' was reprobated—but apologetically. But the murder of the Grand Duke Sergius has induced a shower of journalistic platitudes based on the Sixth Commandment. On the occasion of such a tragedy the first human considerations are the courage of the assassin, as well as the terrific dramas of crime and misery that lie behind the event and inspire the dread composure of the murderer. A lower type, it must be admitted, could sit by the fire and order his soldiers to shoot down women and children. The last word was said many centuries ago: the Grand Duke sowed the wind; he has reaped the whirlwind. Endowed with considerable natural talents, occupying an exalted position, commanding a fabulous income, the murdered man had opportunities for good which we can only dimly estimate. He chose—as far as we can judge—to use those opportunities for unmitigated evil. Apparently his motto was that the crushed worm does not turn if you tread hard enough. The worm has turned, and it may be surmised that not even a Sergius can crush Russia. Yet the Russia of to-day seems powerless to crush Japan. We were assured that when war broke out Russia was 'taken by surprise'; as if such a manœuvre was unprecedented, and almost discreditable in warfare. When victory followed victory at sea we were told that 'Russia had never pretended to be a Naval Power,' although for a good many years we had been assured of the contrary. We were bidden to wait till the dread Russian Infantry met the 'Yellow Dwarfs.' We waited, and the Japanese scattered their enemies like chaff. We were reminded of the power of Russians on the defence; we remembered Sevastopol, and admitted the justice of the reminder. But, in half the time that it took England and France to capture Sevastopol,

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Japan entered Port Arthur in triumph, and led scores of thousands of Russians captive with priceless spoils of war. We were then told that all these things meant nothing, and that in modern warfare finance rules all. Japan, we were bidden to remember, had no credit. As to that, let the City decide. But when we look back a year, and contemplate the events of the year, it must be admitted that we are face to face with a civilisation of the highest type, if Western civilisation is of a high type, and it would hardly do to challenge that postulate. Consequently, all our prayers ought to ascend to the Arbiter of Peace and War for an early Peace: not in Japan's interest, but in Russia's. In this direction France can do much, if not all. The world did not think that the Dual alliance added much to the prestige of France. The friends of France were of opinion that the honour was Russia's: as years rolled by it became clear that the profit was Russia's also, and the profit has been exceeding great. France has always interpreted her alliances generously; in the case of the Russian alliance she has behaved with almost extravagant generosity. It is not, then, as creditor that France would say, 'Your Majesty must make peace,' but as friend; and surely Russia never had a better friend than Republican France. If, then, Russia made no very encouraging response to the friendly approaches of France, it would become clear that France—like England on another occasion—had 'put her money on the wrong horse.' It would be strange, indeed, if France were to arrive at any other conclusion. No alliance between the Hope of the World and the Despair of the World can be other than precarious and transitory. There remains the question of the many millions that France has lent to Russia, as to which the homely proverb about not throwing good money after bad appears to be the only consolation possible. For the rest, if alliances are indispensable to France, there is choice in the West, and choice among nations who do not want to borrow.

WALTER FREWEN LORD.

The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY *cannot undertake to return unaccepted MSS.*

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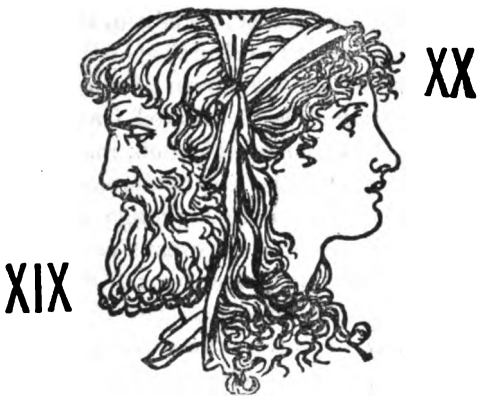
THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER



No. CCCXXXVIII—April 1905

DEMOCRACY AND REACTION

[*Concluded*]

I

A French statesman some years ago told a public audience that if a patient linguist or man of real genius would only give them a rational dictionary of party appellations, such an one would earn a statue of fine gold. In the mere strife of party this is not quite certain, for it might happen that too severely rational an investigation of creeds, programmes, and leading persons, and of the precise differences among them, would end, if the dictionary had a great sale, in the disastrous overthrow of many a shrine, and ruin for the political silversmiths who wrought such things. In considering, however, a more or less theoretic disquisition like the book before us, we may as well try for clear ideas about our terms. Reaction, for instance, may be only an enemy's name for a new sort of revolution; and some will hold that one crucial subject for England in our day is not democracy and reaction—as Mr. Hobhouse puts it—but

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democracy and expansion; democracy and necessities of a vast and heterogeneous empire over sea, how far compatible and reconcilable. Or is our problem at its root, democracy as the antithesis of plutocracy; the form and surface of political power in possession of the many, with all the realities of social power in the grasp of the few? Is this the way in which our case would offer itself to a modern Aristotle, Machiavel, or Montesquieu?

It is no mere platitude that we have reached the threshold of a new age. Democracy, nationality, socialism, the constitution of the modern State, the standing of the churches—all have come within the attraction of forces heretofore unknown. Science applied to material arts has stimulated production, facilitated transport, multiplied and shortened the channels of communication, made gold as mobile as quicksilver. In different words, the habitable globe has undergone consolidation that only half a century ago would have seemed a miracle. Yet this consolidation, however it may have tended towards liberty and political equality, has by no means tended towards fraternity. The industrial revolution has changed the shape and softened the methods of international rivalry, but hard rivalry remains. It is, again, making civilisation urban, and in England, they say, 70 per cent. of our people live in towns. It has, among other cardinal results, magnified by a hundred eyes and arms that power of high finance which has been called 'the most subtle, ubiquitous, and potent of modern political forces.'[1] What passes for public opinion all over Europe is penetrated by unseen, unsuspected, and not over-scrupulous influences. Your Demos, they say, is only a giant marionette, whose wires are pulled from Vienna, Berlin, Paris, New York, the City of London. Demos is not a living creature, with heart, brain, conscience, or even arms and hands to be called its own; it is a puppet of banks and stock-exchanges. This surprising transformation is much more than reaction, much more than simple ebb after flow. Nor can outer changes such as these have swept over the fabric of the world without carrying changes in their train to match, in all the hopes and fears and aims and affections, in all the catalogue of thoughts on right and duty and relation to extra-mundane things, and the rest of the deep elements on which at last the reality of the individual man is moulded. Here is far more than the mere swing of reaction.

What is democracy? When we are told, for instance, that the establishment of democracy is the great social fact of the Western world between 1830 and, say, 1875, has this been something or nothing more than a political fact? What are the moral bearings of it; can there be a political fact without them? Is democracy only a form of government, or is it a state of society and a name for all those social agencies of which form of government is no more

[1] Sir Courtenay Ilbert's *Romanes Lecture on Montesquieu*, p. 40.

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than one? Is it only decentralisation, a shifting of the centre of administrative gravity, or a sublime baptismal conversion to a new faith? Is it only the sovereignty of the people, or one of the secrets of general civilisation? Do you mean simply escape from feudalism, and the establishment of trial by jury, responsibility of the executive, spiritual independence, no taxation without representation? Do you mean a doctrine or a force; constitutional parchment or a glorious evangel; perfected machinery for the wire-puller, the party tactician, the spoilsman, and the boss, or the high and stern ideals of a Mazzini or a Tolstoi?

No answer, at once concise and comprehensive, to this leading question seems attainable. Talleyrand defined democracy as an aristocracy of blackguards. Democracy, said Mazzini, is 'the progress of all through all, under the leadership of the best and the wisest.' The words are eloquent, but they demand analysis, and they would hardly stand it without much elucidation. Every syllable hides a pitfall. The ideal may be exalted and may be just, but the facts of life, of nature, and of history are fatally against it. Are we to seek the democratic principle in Bentham's formula, that 'everybody is to count for one and nobody for more than one'? Are those right who describe the true democratic principle as meaning that none shall have power over the people, and complain that this is perversely taken to mean that none shall be able to restrain or elude the people?

At the bottom of political philosophy is social philosophy, and behind them both lies something more profound than either. So much depends upon your view of man. If you take the view of Mazzini's countryman, Machiavelli, then the only way of dealing with such a creature is by the policeman with truncheon and handcuffs:—Men, he says in one well-known place, never do anything good unless they are driven; and where they have their choice, all is anarchy; they follow the event; they are easily corrupted; their will is weak; they waver between thoroughly good and thoroughly bad; they are a little breed. Man is what he is, and so he must be bitted and bridled with laws, and now and again be treated to a stiff dose of strong medicines, in the shape of fire, bullet, axe, halter, and dungeon. Calvin, it might be said, thought as ill of unregenerate man as Machiavelli thought of him. But then he invoked supernatural elements, and in any case no great leader of mankind that ever lived was so little of a democrat or liberal as Calvin; he committed himself to the decisive theocratic line of yoking spiritual and temporal. Geneva was as rigorous as Rome. Yet the Calvinistic communities have been the most democratic. I have heard Jesuit Fathers make the same claim for their Company. Here is a riddle for us.

Is democracy another name for Liberalism? Fifty or forty years

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ago the common superficial answer to this absorbing question would have been Yes, and Mr. Hobhouse implies as much. The old school of English politicians to whose memory our author is attached were not particularly fond of the name of democrat, and even for a time preferred radical to liberal. Though the idea and the thing were deeply and primarily English, the use of Liberal as a name for political opinions and political men seems to have come to us from France. Whether in such application it was first devised by Madame de Staël or by Chateaubriand, the books appear unable to decide. Among us the name Liberal in this sense was originally a taunt thrown by Tories against Whigs a century ago. Then it was cheerfully picked up by the judicious Whigs on their own account, as a word of really rather respectable associations than otherwise, just as after the Reform Bill the Tory slowly mellowed himself into Conservative. Signs abound that at no distant day both names may in their turn be superseded; for men like children break their toys, and party catchwords like poems and philosophies must undergo their fates and fashions.

Some great personages of adventurous mind were by no means sure that democracy means Liberalism. Disraeli did not think so, nor Prince Bismarck; no more, as I judge, did Cavour. The first of that remarkable trio believed that democracy in England abounded in conservative elements, and the course of events, so well set forth and so acutely analysed in the volume before us, shows that Disraeli did not read the stars amiss. Bismarck, though he was a strong mainspring of the reaction that Mr. Hobhouse holds up to our reasoned reprobation, never quarrelled with the famous democratic fundamental that 'governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed,' nor did he think his own ideal inconsistent with it. 'The ideal,' he said, 'that has always floated before me has been a monarchy that should be so far controlled by an independent national representation—according to my notions, representing classes and callings—that monarch or parliament would not be able to alter the existing statutory position before the law separately, but only *communi sensu*; with publicity and public criticism, by press and Diet, of all political proceedings.' And it has been truly said that Bismarck's story of his relations with Lassalle 'is sufficient proof that he did not discover any ultimate gulf existing between his ideal and that ideal of a crowned social democracy which glittered before the imagination of the brilliant Jew.' [1]

We need not, however, go to conservative heroes either at home or abroad for proof that liberal and democrat are not identical or coextensive terms. In more than one time and land the formula of

[1] See a remarkable article on Bismarck in the *Contemporary Review* for January 1899, by William Clarke—a thinking man and an excellent writer, whose premature loss will long be deplored by all who knew him.

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liberalism has been, '*Everything for the people, nothing by the people.*' The word authoritarian is an ugly word in structure and in signification alike; it only forced or burrowed its way into English a few years ago, and it has been needed to denote that subspecies of the liberal genus, of which Gambetta was the first and most imposing example in our time. A brilliant, learned, versatile French critic once pointed out that Voltaire was the best representative of the French spirit, because he was of all men the most absolutist, and because Liberalism, the opposite of absolutism, is not French. Stirred by the war against clericals and the congregations, M. Faguet in a short book,[3] marked by a keen and searching irony that is characteristic of him, not seldom approaching to splenetic paradox, insists that his countrymen have still to undergo their education in Liberalism. They are all *étatistes*, he declares, accustomed to submit to despotism, eager therefore in turn to practise it; only liberal when they are in a minority, divided between imperious jacobinism and tyrannical catholicism. How far all that can be sustained in the facts of the day, this is no occasion to inquire. At least the glowing furnace across the Channel may remind us that, if reaction has been severe in England, democracy has during the same time been going through fiery ordeals in other forms in other places. Democracy, says M. Faguet, is not liberalism; it is not even liberty; it is parallel, but contradictory. Undoubtedly this is true if we accept some authoritative definitions. Liberalism, according to one Belgian publicist, 'is individualism; it means free examination in the intellectual order, independence in the political order, unlimited expansion of individual activity in the economic order. Its opposite is on one side Socialism, which sacrifices the individual to collectivity; on the other Ultramontanism, that absorbs him in the Church.'[4]

II

It is on the ideals of the eighteenth century, Mr. Hobhouse assures us, that, say what we may, political Liberalism is founded. That is true, but not without at least one not unimportant qualification which Mr. Hobhouse will let me make. The diplomacy of the three old continental monarchies in the middle years of the eighteenth century was as crooked and as sinister as Europe has ever seen. It was the age of Frederick, Catherine, Kaunitz; and the first partition of Poland is enough to dissipate any dream that the eighteenth century was a golden age of public law and international right. It was not until the final decade that Hope came down from heaven to earth—the only blessing that was left behind, after the

[3] *Le Libéralisme.* Par Emile Faguet. (1902.)

[4] *Réflexions*: Emile Banning (Brussels, 1899), p. 50. Banning took a part in the early stage of Congo affairs, but the King quarrelled with him later.

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fatal opening of Pandora's box in Central and Eastern Europe had let loose a cloud of evil torments upon men. Not at once did social hope take its throne in human imagination as the richest solace and inspirer. If we were asked what is the animating faith not only of political liberalism all over the civilised world to-day, but also of hosts of men and women who could not tell us of what school they are, the answer would be that what guides, inspires, and sustains modern democracy is conviction of upward and onward progress in the destinies of mankind. It is startling to think how new is this conviction; to how many of the world's master-minds what to us is the most familiar and most fortifying of all great commonplaces, was unknown. Scouring a library you come across a little handful of fugitive and dubious sentences in writers of ancient and mediæval time. Bacon's saying, also to be found a long time earlier in Esdras, about antiquity of time being the world's youth, was, as everybody knows, a pregnant hint, but it hardly announced the gospel of progress as now held by most English-speaking persons. Modern belief in human progress had no place among ideals even in the eighteenth century, if we take Voltaire, Montesquieu, Diderot for their exponents; and Rousseau actually thought the history of civilisation a record of the fall of man. Turgot, followed by his faithful disciple Condorcet, first brought into full light as a governing law of human things the idea of social progress, moral progress, progress in manners and institutions. It was events, as is their wont, that ripened the abstract doctrine into an active moral force. Faith in perfectibility shook for a season faith in authority and tradition and all things established, to its very foundations. After shining in the ascendant in varied phases for the best part of a century or more, the new faith was exposed to the same critical artillery as the old.

What is Progress? It is best to be slow in the complex arts of politics. To hurry to define is rash. If we want a platitude, there is nothing like a definition. Perhaps most definitions hang between platitude and paradox. There are said to be ten thousand definitions of Religion. Poetry must count almost as many, and Liberty or Happiness hardly fewer. Define it as we may, faith in Progress has been the mainspring of Liberalism in all its schools and branches. To think of Progress as a certainty of social destiny, as the benignant outcome of some eternal cosmic law, has been indeed a leading Liberal superstition—the most splendid and animated of superstitions, if we will, yet a superstition after all. It often deepens into a kind of fatalism, radiant, confident, and infinitely hopeful, yet fatalism still, and, like fatalism in all its other forms, fraught with inevitable peril, first to the effective sense of individual responsibility, and then to the successful working of principles and institutions of which that responsibility is the vital sap. Of this fatalism

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it is not presumptuous to call America the reigning instance at our present time. The young are apt to be too sure. 'Half of history,' said Doudan, 'is made up of unexpected events that force the stream into a different course; and, like one of Mrs. Radcliffe's novels, 'tis at a door hidden in the wall that the important personages in the drama make their entries and their exits.'

III

Like democracy, Liberalism is a name with many shades of meaning, a volume of many chapters. In purpose and aspiration it has undergone a thousand vicissitudes. If some historian—and we could wish that Mr. Hobhouse might be he—were to embark upon the story of Liberalism, where should he begin? The Middle Ages abounded in theories of popular rights with revolutionary applications. The attempt during the Great Schism and the quarrels of rival popes to establish a sort of parliamentary government by way of periodical councils as the ruling power of the Church [5] proved a failure; but protests against central authority in that transcendent sphere scattered seeds of doubt and revolt over the whole area of government, spiritual and temporal. The Reformation brought the supremacy of prince over people into violent question. The stalwart Levellers in Cromwell's army were strong for law of nature, equality of rights, and the homely pithy doctrine that 'the poorest he that is in England hath a life to live as much as the greatest he; and a man is not bound to a government that he has not had a voice to put himself under.' Then came the expulsion of James the Second, and the reasoned vindication of liberal principles from the pen of Locke. But it was the memorable declaration by the American colonists in 1776 that opened the page of the modern democratic evangel—how among self-evident truths are these: That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights governments are formed among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. None of this was new in thought. As American historians point out, Jefferson was here using the old vernacular of English thought and aspiration—a vernacular rich in noble phrase and stately tradition, to be found in a hundred champions of a hundred camps, in Buchanan, Milton, Hooker, Locke, Jeremy Taylor, Roger Williams, and many another humbler but no less strenuous pioneer and confessor of freedom. These were the tributary fountains that, as time went on, swelled into the broad confluence of our modern ages. How great was the debt of Milton or Locke to Jesuit writers—Mariana, Molina, and others under the Spanish crown—we

[5] See Dr. Law's *Collected Essays and Reviews* (1904), p. 110.

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need not here inquire, though the question has an interest of its own. It is circumstance that inspires, selects, and moulds the thought. The commanding novelty in 1776 was the transformation of general thought into a particular polity; of theoretic constructions into a working system. Republic became a consecrated and symbolic ensign, carried with torches and flags among the nations. To-day it is hard to imagine any rational standard that would not make the American Revolution—an insurrection of thirteen little colonies with a population of three millions scattered among savages in a distant wilderness—a mightier event in many of its aspects and its effects upon the great wide future of the world, than the volcanic convulsion in France in 1789 and onwards.

The Frenchman would begin his exploration of modern Liberalism with Rousseau. The *Social Contract* (1762) is one of the half-dozen or half-score books that have either wrought or else announced revolutions in human thought. By its first vibrating sentence—'Man is born free; yet everywhere he is in chains'—a passionate thrill was sent through that generation and the next. Thirteen years after the portentous document was launched at Philadelphia in 1776, the revolutionists in Paris tried their hands. The French Revolution came. Of no event in history are estimates so various. Some explain it as the upheaval of the Celtic sub-soil out of the Roman stratum which formed the overlying arable land, representing wealth, intelligence, energy. To others it is the master-instance of the genius of France, so luminous and so glowing; so combining light with warmth; so full, as Döllinger says, of seductive and penetrating communicability. The French Revolution, cried the trenchant De Maistre comprehensively, has a satanic character. Victor Hugo has boldly contended for the Revolution that it was the greatest step in progress that humanity has made since Christ. Goethe, on the contrary, the supreme intelligence of that age, said: 'We can discern in this monstrous catastrophe nothing but a relentless outbreak of natural forces; no trace of that which we love to signalise as liberty.' Here, too, our island had a share, for it is ideas that matter, and America also had a share. The historical thinker, like Montesquieu, equally with the anti-historical thinker, like Voltaire and Rousseau, both borrowed political ideas, and some ideas deeper than political, from England. Lafayette and Brissot and the Girondists drew their inspiration from the principles that a dozen years before had triumphed in America. 'Ah,' said Marie Antoinette, when the thunderbolts fell around her, 'the time of illusions is past and we must now pay dear for all our infatuation and enthusiasm for the American war.' Napoleon, while still only Consul, standing at Rousseau's grave in the Isle of Poplars, said, 'It would have been better for the repose of France if this man had never existed. It was he who prepared the French Revolution.' 'I should have

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thought,' a companion cried, 'that it was not for you of all people to complain of the Revolution.' 'Ah, well,' said Napoleon, 'the future will show whether it would not have been better for the repose of the world that neither Rousseau nor I had ever existed.'

The declaration of the Rights of Man sprang into flame—the beacon-light of continental Liberalism in Europe ever since. 'The representatives of the people,' said the framers of it, 'constituted as a national assembly, considering that ignorance, forgetfulness, or contempt of the rights of man, are the only causes of public misfortunes and the corruption of governments, have resolved to set forth in a solemn declaration the natural, inalienable, and sacred rights of man.' Men, they went on, are born free and equal in natural and imprescriptible rights; and these rights are liberty, property, security, and resistance to oppression. Liberty consists in being able to do whatever does not hurt other people, and the limits of natural rights can only be determined by law as distinct from arbitrary power. No set of propositions framed by human ingenuity and zeal have ever let loose more swollen floods of sophism, fallacy, cant, and rant than all this. Yet let us not mistake. The American and French declarations held saving doctrine, vital truths, and quickening fundamentals. Party names fade, forms of words grow hollow, the letter kills; what was true in the spirit lived on, for the world's circumstance needed and demanded it.

IV

After 1815 Liberalism was kept rigorously under, but the fires never died. Bottomless controversies for freedom raged for two or three generations about charters, securities, and guarantees. The questions that for many years held the field in Europe were political—forms of government, details of parliamentary machinery, balance in constitutions, the virtues of suffrage universal or of suffrage limited, the comparative merits of republic and monarchy. The people were to be sovereign. If one state appropriated a piece of territory, a plébiscite was sometimes taken of the wishes of the inhabitants—a recognition of popular principles according to some, by others called mere revolutionary comedy. In Naples in 1820 a revolution was brought to a glorious, joyful, and intoxicating end by the grant of a constitution, of which neither the King who conceded nor the people who went mad over it had ever read a word, and which they knew nothing about. This was only one episode in a hundred, of the same struggle, the same intoxication, the same collapse. A whole series of revolts followed in Northern Italy. There was a Spanish revolution, and a Greek insurrection. Then the flame broke out in France in 1830, and there came the three days of Paris, the days of Brussels, the days of Warsaw. Even our stead-

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fast England had its Bristol riots, and the supersession of the landed oligarchy by the ten-pound householder. Over three hundred different constitutions were promulgated in Europe between the years 1800 and 1880. So slow have men been in discovering that the forms of government are much less important than the forces behind them. Forms are only important as they leave liberty and law to awaken and control the energies of the individual man, while at the same time giving its best chance to the common good.

Strange and devious are the paths of history. Broad shining channels get mysteriously silted up; many a time what seemed a glorious high road proves no more than a mule-track or mere *cul-de-sac*. Think of Canning's flashing boast, when he insisted on the recognition of the Spanish republics in South America—that he had called a New World into existence, to redress the balance of the Old. This is one of the sayings—of which sort many another might be found—that make the fortune of a rhetorician, yet stand ill the wear and tear of time and circumstance. The New World that Canning called into existence has turned out a scene of singular disenchantment. Though not without glimpses on occasion of that heroism and courage and even wisdom, that are the attributes of man almost at the worst, the tale has been a tale of anarchy and disaster, still leaving a host of perplexities for statesmen both in America and in Europe. It has left also to those of a philosophic turn of mind one of the most interesting of all the problems to be found in the whole field of social, ecclesiastical, religious, and racial movement. Why is it that we do not find in the south as we find in the north of the western hemisphere a powerful federation, a great Spanish-American people, stretching from the Rio Grande to Cape Horn? To answer that question would be to shed a flood of light upon many deep historic forces in the Old World, of which, after all, these movements of the New are but a prolongation and more manifest extension.

Meanwhile, what went by the half-mystic name of Revolution underwent a striking change, and the epoch of nationalities opened. The secret associations of the Carbonari had kept liberal thought and aims in active glow during the years of Bourbon Restoration in France and of Austrian rule in the Italian Peninsula. The uprising against the yoke of classic tradition in literature was another side of the same liberal movement of men's minds that made half Europe chafe against the treaties of Vienna and the Holy Alliance. In this uprising England may be proud to recall that in spite of all his tinsel the splendid strength and daring energy of Byron set him among the titanic forces. A passage of Mazzini brings back the spirit of that new era. 'This yearning of the human mind,' he wrote, 'towards an indefinite progress, this force that urges the generations onwards towards the future; this impulse

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of universal association; the banner of young Europe waving on every side; this varied, multiform, endless warfare everywhere going on against tyranny; this cry of the nations arising from the dust to reclaim their rights, and call their rulers to account for the injustice and oppression of ages; this crumbling of ancient dynasties at the breath of the people; this anathema upon old creeds, this restless search after new; this youthful Europe springing from the old, like the moth from the chrysalis; this glowing life arising in the midst of death; this world in resurrection—is not this poetry?[6]

Here, and in many another noble word, we hear the accent of romantic democracy in that bygone time. The place of freedom as the moving ideal of liberal schools and parties was taken by the principle of nationality, advanced on behalf not only of Italians, but of Magyars, Greeks, Belgians, Roumanians. The banner of Young Italy, with its colours of white, red, and green, bore on one side the words *Liberty, Equality, Humanity*, and on the other, *Unity, Independence*. Such is political metempsychosis in western history, the ceaseless transmigration of the ideals to which men with outstretched hands and straining gaze from age to age make their passionate appeal. Yet diverse meanwhile and vast are the disputable things covered by the alluring name of nationality.

V

When the French set Europe in a blaze by their Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, they were nearly all of them thinking of equality in political power. That was to bring the new heaven and the new earth. It was pointed out at an early stage of this vast change in the modern world, that not only equality of right but equality of fact is the real goal of the social art. Few of the great political insurgencies of history have been unaccompanied by racing economic currents. This is not to say, as Proudhon said, that all revolutions are economic revolutions; for the mightiest changes have come from religious and moral changes in men's hearts; still historians have been too prone to underestimate the element of truth in the dictum, 'There is no change in social order without a change in property.' The revolt of the American colonies had its first sources in the restriction by English law of markets for American cotton, tobacco, hides, rice; the rights of man were like an afterthought. In our own Civil War, partly political and still more ecclesiastical, Winstanley and his diggers on St. George's Hill were rude precursors of the socialistic philosophy of to-day. The French Revolution itself was on one side of it a Peasant War; the middle class of Paris and the towns were political, but the countrymen burnt the châteaux and hunted out the landlords for reasons not set out among the

[6] *Life and Writings of Mazzini*, i. 152.

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rights of man. Even in Paris poor Caius Gracchus Babeuf got many to agree with him, that community of goods is the only way of rooting out the egotism that for six thousand years had produced all the crimes and all the sufferings of mortal man. But they cut off his head, and here, as many another time, the blood of martyrs proved *not* to be the seed of the Church.

When the movement of 1830 came, it broke up the confederacy of Europe against the revolution, planted the system of government by parliaments, and opened the way for socialist and clerical parties.[1] The revolution of 1848 came, and it wrought deeper than the convulsion of 1789. That was not all. Waving the Red Flag, it alarmed crowned heads all over Europe and shook down thrones. It had ominous inscriptions on its banners. It terrified property. Central and Eastern Europe followed the peoples of the West. Men began to count up the arguments, or shall we say awoke questioning instincts? What is Progress doing for you and me? they asked, and asked more loudly in all lands. Progress may be grand for the shepherds, but what of the sheep? Socialism slowly grew into an aggressive force. In France it came to the birth during the Bourbon Restoration. Louis Philippe drove it under. It broke out with furious violence in the days of June. In the reign of Napoleon the Third it slumbered. The crash of Sedan awoke it into fitful activity. To-day it seems to have reached that further stage, long attained in England, when reformers, instead of declaiming on the social question as if it were some single portent overhanging the world, deal with this and that social question in particular.

One of the most ingenious chapters in our short book is an attempt to achieve the reconciliation, so ardently and with such good reason desired by party managers and others, between Liberalism and Socialism, and to convince us that the breach of principle between them is much smaller than might appear upon the surface. Whether the effort amounts to demonstration will be regarded by some as dubious. It is, says Mr. Hobhouse, one of the paradoxes of the reaction that has prevailed for twenty years that the doctrines of the old Liberalism have lately found some of their staunchest defenders among men who had been wont to look upon most of those doctrines as worn-out platitudes and texts for the obstruction of further progress. In the fight made by the Labour party and the Socialists generally against the South African War, as in the defence of Free Trade, the Socialist leaders and the most notable spiritual descendants of Cobden and Mill stood upon the same platform. Was this alliance, he asks, an accident, or did it arise out of the nature of things, the logical working out of principles in political practice?

He takes a concrete case. Cobden was in favour of prohibiting or restricting the labour of children in a mine or a cotton factory.

[1] *Hist. Politique de l'Europe Contemp.*, Seignobos.

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In this limitation the author discerns two principles. In the first place the child's apparent freedom of contract was not real freedom. In the second it was recognised that the State has a responsibility for, and an interest in, all the conditions that, when operating on a large scale, determine the health and well-being of the community's own members.

Mr. Gladstone's famous legislation of 1870 and 1881 again, withdrawing Irish land from the ordinary sphere of contract, furnishes a second example. To say that the Irish cottier was free to make a fair and open bargain with the landlord might be in mere words true, but in relation to the real circumstances it was absurdly untrue. So, adopting the principle that where the necessities of one of the parties to a bargain deprive the seeming freedom of choice of all substance, it is expedient to regulate the bargain by law, Mr. Gladstone persuaded Parliament to give the tenant a perpetuity in his holding and to set up a court to fix the rent. I may note in passing, as a point in the history of Liberalism or Democracy, or whatever else we call it, that nothing short of Mr. Gladstone's own intense readiness of perception, his vast authority, and his extraordinary driving power, could have carried this violent innovation upon the accepted doctrines of free contract and competitive rent through a cabinet of landlords, lawyers, and economists. Even Bright viewed the whole operation with the deepest misgivings. The question nearly broke up the cabinet in 1870, and in 1881 it caused the resignation of the Duke of Argyll—a more definite representative of old-fashioned and current Liberal doctrine than Mr. Gladstone ever was. This, however, is by the way; and Mr. Hobhouse is certainly not wrong in saying that where a whole class of men is permanently at a disadvantage in its bargains with another, then by strict Gladstonian principle the State has a right to intervene as arbitrator, provided that it can do so with sufficient equipment of knowledge and impartiality.

The conclusion of the matter is, he says, that Liberalism and Socialism are two branches from a single trunk, two tributaries of the common stream of humanitarian improvement. This eirenicon is clever in analysis, as it is laudable in purpose, and nobody will deny that the two creeds, doctrines, or social tempers, may in a way be reconciled, if the needed definitions and contents are provided for each member of the pair. But a bare logical show of latent identity of principle hardly carries us far enough, though it may both soften sharpness of controversy, and tend to open a way for practical co-operation upon occasion. Socialism, like the other great single names for complex things with which we have been dealing, stands for a wide diversity of doctrine and purpose. But the best definition seems to be that 'in general it has for its end the destruction of inequalities in social condition by an economic transformation.'

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The gradual smoothing of revolutionary socialism into what has been called electoral or parliamentary socialism may have chilled the old high ardour of an earlier apostolate. Yet the central aim and principle abide—subordination of individual energy and freedom, not merely to social ends, but to more or less rigorous social direction. This marks a vast difference, and is the dividing line.

What is certain is that Socialism appeals to sentiment, raises questions, involves tendencies, and flows over into a vast area, where Liberalism as ordinarily defined is hardly likely to feel itself at home, and where Liberalism as a school, moreover, appears in no country in Europe to satisfy either the speculative or the practical tests of its vehement socialising competitor. After all, the more or less of State action is only one point in the contest. So far as that goes, what is curious is that England, where Socialism has as a body of doctrine been least in fashion, has in action carried Socialism in its protective or restrictive aspect further than most other countries. The real issue surely cuts far deeper than this. That issue is at its root the substitution of a new economic system for an old one that was long deemed entirely incontestable. It points to revolution in the relation of workman and capitalist. It tests the foundations of two such venerable pillars of our economic fabric as Rent and Interest. It suggests that the problem of to-day is not production but distribution—a specious form of words that hides a whole crop of fallacies. It involves vital changes in the institution of private property, and in all that enormous and absorbing volume of human thoughts, passions, habits, and aims in life, with which the institution of private property is, and has been for centuries, inextricably associated. It is unhistoric and even anti-historic, and hints that each generation is a law to itself—with some awkward implications for the fund-holder, who makes the taxpayer of to-day ruefully provide money for the 'old unhappy far-off things and battles long ago.' All this stands equally good (or equally evil, if the reader chooses) whether the old view of property be invaded by the wild storm of social revolution, or more insidiously by the mailed fist of the tax-gatherer and the rate-collector. On this side, too, English democracy has gone, and is going, further in the Socialist direction than foreign communities armed in full panoply of universal suffrage. Our progressive income-tax and death-duties with their sliding scales—the State arbitrarily equalising private fortunes by inequalities of public charge—involve an invasion of the rights of individual property, and therefore of individual liberty, that is up to now rejected both in the French Republic and in the American Republic, and that certainly would have made the men of 1789 and 1793 'stare and gasp.'

Nobody knows better than Mr. Hobhouse into what deep floods his boat is here being drawn. A little book of his upon the Labour

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Movement a dozen years ago was a serious though a partial attempt to plumb these very waters. Nobody knows better that five or six short pages are far too few even to touch the fringe of problems so tremendous. As society grows more complex, calls upon the State wax louder. Yet this very complexity makes intervention more delicate. A generation has passed since Mill, with that patient prescience of his, projected and began a book on Socialism; and in the fragment that was given to the public [8] he warned his readers that the future of mankind would be gravely imperilled if these great questions were left to be fought over between ignorant change and ignorant opposition to change. Since then the discussion has been varied, abundant, tolerably well informed, and in good faith enough to satisfy even Mill, '*si non cum corpore extinguuntur magnæ animæ.*' Nobody was ever more keenly alive than he was to risks of Socialism, and yet he used to say that if the only conceivable alternative were nothing better than the perpetuation of our existing system with its hideous wrong, degradation, and woe, he would face Socialism with all its risks. He did not dream that there is 'any one abuse or injustice now prevailing in society, by merely abolishing which the human race would pass out of suffering into happiness.' What is incumbent upon us, he said, is a calm comparison between the two different systems of society; to see which of them affords the greatest resources for overcoming the inevitable difficulties of life. The world meanwhile revolves in its appointed courses. *Securus judicat.* Improvements are made far less on the strength of this or that abstract principle, as Mr. Hobhouse is perhaps too readily inclined to suppose, than under the pressure of social need or exigency, and until the need has come into such light as to rouse and arm the political forces required to overthrow the obstacles. 'Everywhere and always,' said Armand Carrel, 'it is the wants of the time that have created the conventions called political principles, and the principles have always been pushed aside by the wants.' All questions of government, let us be sure, have their data in the condition of society and nowhere else. In England, by merit or good luck, men have never allowed the ideal to be wrecked by the chimera. Meanwhile, even private property is no longer generally argued as one of the natural rights of man; its incidents are considered and settled by the common modern criterion of all these matters—to wit, the balance of social advantage.

As for that form of Socialism which is nothing more than wholesale and omnipotent bureaucracy, Mr. Hobhouse deals with it most faithfully. He perceives that the new cant about 'Efficiency' is little better than the old cant of the good despot, without the good despot's grasp and energy. Liberalism, he says truly, may easily be perverted into an unlovely gospel of commercial competition, in which mutual

[8] *Fortnightly Review*, 1879.

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help is denied as a means of saving the feckless from the consequences of their own character, the impulses of pity are repressed, and self-interest is clothed with the sanctity of a stern duty. Collectivism, on the other hand, has undergone a corresponding perversion on its own account. The liberal and democratic elements are gradually left out or thrust into obscurity, the free spontaneous moral forces are pooh-poohed, and all the interest is concentrated on the machinery by which life is to be organised. Everything is to fall into the hands of an Expert, who will sit in an office and direct the course of the world. There are some difficulties about the character of the expert.

In the socialistic presentment he sometimes looks strangely like the powers that be—in education, for instance, a clergyman under a new title; in business that very captain of industry who at the outset was the Socialist's chief enemy. Be that as it may, as the Expert comes to the front, and Efficiency becomes the watchword of administration, all that was human in Socialism vanishes out of it. Its tenderness for the losers in the race, its protests against class tyranny, its revolt against commercial materialism, all the sources of the inspiration under which Socialist leaders have faced poverty and prison are gone like a dream, and instead of them we have the conception of society as a perfect piece of machinery pulled by wires radiating from a single centre, and all men and women are either experts or puppets. Humanity, Liberty, Justice are expunged from the banner, and the single word Efficiency replaces them. Those who cannot take their places in the machine are human refuse, and in the working of a machine there is only one test—whether it runs smoothly or otherwise. What quality of stuff it turns out is another matter. A harder, more unsympathetic, more mechanical conception of society has seldom been devised.

VI

It has been justly said that the government of Jesuits in Paraguay is the only thing that gives an approximate idea of this bureaucratic Elysium. In truth, argument from abstract principles sounds but a scrannel note in the ears of men and women who have once got into their hearts the famous comparison, in Mr. Bellamy's Utopian vision, of modern society with 'a prodigious coach, which the masses of humanity were harnessed to, and dragged toilsomely along a very hilly and sandy road'; and how at bad places in the road the desperate straining of the team, their agonised leaping and plunging under the pitiless lashing of hunger, the many who fainted at the rope and were trampled in the mire, 'made a very distressing spectacle which often called forth highly creditable displays of feeling' from the passengers in tolerably easy though precarious seats upon the coach-top.

It is well for us who live in a time of a certain material prosperity, to remember that it is not people lashed by hunger and trampled in the mire who have made revolutions. It has long been well understood that the peasants were less oppressed in France by

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feudal burdens than in other communities in Europe, and this lightening of the feudal load only rendered the portion of it that was left a hundred times more hateful. For similar reasons any rise in the standard of life tends to quicken discontent that the rise goes no further. So long as it has no root in sour-eyed envy, this discontent itself is a token of progress. I came upon a parable in an interesting American book[9] the other day, of a retired Cape Cod Captain, who gave the writer a list of things that entered into the usual consumption of a family sixty years ago. He compared the list with the articles now used in the same neighbourhood. After reflecting, he said, 'My father wanted fifteen things. He got about ten, and worried because he did not get the other five. Now I want forty things, and I get thirty; but I worry more about the ten I can't get, than the old man used to about the five he couldn't get.' Lassalle knew what he was about when he deplored 'the infernal Wantlessness' of men. One clause in any definition of advance in civilisation might be that progress lies in the constant increase in the number of things wanted, in the number of those who want them, and the greater worry if the things wanted are not got. What, cries the sceptic, what has become of all the hopes of the time when France stood upon the top of golden hours? Much has come of them, for over the old hopes time has brought a stratum of new.

The share of the Christian religion and its influence in this wide field of coming innovation is obscure and doubtful. What is to be the working of the sublime moral revolution nineteen hundred years ago upon the material and mechanical revolution of to-day? The Sermon on the Mount has been reproved by bold critics as bad political economy, and it is unquestionably socialist. Poverty stood high among the early objects of the Christian scheme, but to-day poverty, like chastity (in the extreme sense of abstention from marriage), is one of the dead virtues, and the acquisition of property by labour and thrift, like the quiverful of family, is counted as an element of good citizenship. On the latter of these two points the last word has not been spoken, and the question of population dogs our projectors of social regeneration in stealthy ambush. 'It would be possible for the State,' Mill said, 'to guarantee employment at ample wages to all who are born. But if it does this, it is bound in self-protection, and for the sake of every purpose for which government exists, to provide that no person shall be born without its consent.' Only one prominent man, I think, in our time has ventured to touch this dangerous question, and he was sentenced to prison for his pains.

Something has already been said on Mr. Hobhouse's view that changes in religious belief have tended to lower the ethical

[9] *The Social Unrest*, by John Graham Brooks (New York, Macmillan, 1903).

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temperature in national life. Mr. Goldwin Smith finds in these changes one source of the fiery new faith that the human lot can be made level by new economics. 'Eagerness,' he says, 'to grasp a full share of the good things of the present life has been intensified by the departure, or decline, of the religious faith which held out to the unfortunate in this world the hope of indemnity in another. "If to-morrow we die, and death is the end, to-day let us eat and drink; and if we have not the wherewithal, let us see if we cannot take from those who have." So multitudes are saying in their hearts, and philosophy has not yet furnished a clear reply.'[10] This, however, is far too profound a theme even to be touched in these meditative musings of a reviewer.

Whether democracy will make for peace, we have yet to learn. So far democracy has done little in Europe to protect us against the turbid whirlpools of a military age. But bright signs shine on the horizons of the time. Strenuous efforts are being made to improve that body of accepted usages and regulations which we call International Law. The progress of Arbitration, though the impatient may find it slow, is very real, and considering the impediments in the worst passions of men it is extraordinary. The Hague Tribunal opens a new door of hope. Already two of the lesser States of Europe have agreed to submit all disputes of whatever kind that may arise between them to its decision. While all of us—in face of the new and extraordinary redistribution of the forces of race and nation—will take good care meanwhile to keep our powder dry, let us at least dream of a day to come when mightier States will do something to follow that example. Time was when Holland, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, was the refuge of free churches and free printing-presses, and it is a continuity of noble tradition that Holland should now be the formal and accredited refuge of public right and the world's peace.

On the chapter of property, too, for the hour the omens of stability are sound. If there is one man living to-day whose utterances may be taken for the voice of democracy on its largest scale, it is the President of the United States. Here is what Mr. Roosevelt wrote three years ago:

> There are plenty of ugly things about wealth and its possessors in the present age, and I suppose there have been in all ages. There are many rich people who so utterly lack patriotism, or show such sordid and selfish traits of character, or lead such mean and vacuous lives, that all right-minded men must look upon them with angry contempt; but, on the whole, the thrifty are apt to be better citizens than the thriftless; and the worst capitalist cannot harm labouring men as they are harmed by demagogues. As the people of a State grow more and more intelligent, the State itself may be able to play a larger and larger part in the life of the community, while at the same time individual effort may be given freer and less restricted movement along certain lines. . . . There may be better schemes of taxation than those at present employed; it

[10] *Essays on Questions of the Day* (1894), p. 1.

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may be wise to devise inheritance taxes, and to impose regulations on the kinds of business which can be carried on only under the especial protection of the State; and where there is a real abuse by wealth it needs to be, and in this country generally has been, promptly done away with; but the first lesson to teach the poor man is that, as a whole, the wealth in the community is distinctly beneficial to him; that he is better off in the long run because other men are well off; and that the surest way to destroy what measure of prosperity he may have is to paralyse industry and the well-being of those men who have achieved success.[11]

It is interesting, in contrast to such a passage, to recall Macaulay's well-known letter to a gentleman in New York in 1857: 'The day will come when, in the State of New York, a multitude of people, none of whom has had more than half a breakfast, or expects to have more than half a dinner, will choose a legislature. Is it possible to doubt what sort of a legislature will be chosen? On one side is a statesman preaching patience, respect for vested rights, strict observance of public faith. On the other is a demagogue ranting about the tyranny of capitalists and usurers, and asking why anybody should be permitted to drink champagne and to ride in a carriage while thousands of honest folks are in want of necessaries? Which of the two candidates is likely to be preferred by a working man who hears his children cry for more bread? . . . There is nothing to stop you. Your constitution is all sail and no anchor.'

Yet amid fierce storm and flood for the fifty years since Macaulay wrote, the American anchor has proved itself no mere kedge. Moral forces decide the strength and weakness of constitutional contrivance. The hunger for breakfast and dinner has not been the master impulse in the history of civilised communities. Selfish and interested individualism has been truly called non-historic. Sacrifice has been the law—sacrifice for creeds, for churches, for dynasties, for kings, for adored teachers, for native land. In England and America to-day the kind of devotion that once inspired followers of Stuarts, Bourbons, Bonapartes, marks a nobler and a deeper passion for the self-governing Commonwealth. Democracy has long passed out beyond mere praise and blame. Dialogues and disputations on its success or failure are now an idle quarrel. It is what it is. Its own perils encompass it. Spiritual power in the old sense there is none; the material power of wealth is formidable. Like kings and nobles in old time, the man in the street will have his sycophants and parasites. At least, as we close Mr. Hobhouse's little book, it is a satisfaction to remember that during these last evil years of spurious Imperialism in our country, he and other writers of his stamp, instructed, able, diligent, disinterested, and bold, were found to tell both masses and directing classes the truth. This is what the salvation of democracy depends upon.

JOHN MORLEY.

[11] *American Ideals* (1902), pp. 210-211.

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MUSICAL HOURS

WHERE speech ceases, there music begins. I am one of the few poets who hold this opinion. Nearly all stop short with speech, incapable of even conceiving the existence of an instrument whose range surpasses their own. But I, notwithstanding my passionate love of language as such, of each and every language in which poets have sung and philosophers thought, and although some mere words have so powerful an attraction for me that I linger on them as it were with a caressing touch—in spite of all this, I yet feel that there are limits set to speech, barriers that it cannot pass, whilst music, untrammelled and unchecked, spreads itself out triumphantly in all directions, attaining to heights and depths which are—as far as the perceptions of the human ear are concerned—boundless and infinite. Music lends expression to that for which speech has no words, it shapes its course by paths along which speech is powerless to follow, it raises on its strong pinions the weary soul, whose utter lassitude can no longer find place for thought, much less then pay heed to the spoken word. There is perhaps no loftier mood than this, in which all thought comes to a standstill, in which the active, hard-worked brain is forced to rest at last, leaving the soul, no longer hampered by its earthly mechanism, free to soar alone.

In my youth I cared for nothing but Beethoven: scarcely any other music seemed to exist for me. When I was twelve years old I remember playing the Symphony in C major, arranged as a duet for the piano; and many years later, in turning over a pile of my old music, I came across a copy of the *Eroica*, on the title-page of which stood the proud inscription in my girlish handwriting—'Bought with my own money.' For the price—nearly three thalers—represented quite a fortune to my childish eyes, and I had to save up my pocket-money for many weeks to get it together.

But now, with the approach of age, I have learnt to love Bach so well, I play hardly any other music than his, for his sublime and serene perfection alone can satisfy me. He stands high above all earthly passion, in matchless purity and consummate finish. His inexhaustible wealth of inspiration is as a well at which succeeding generations have drunk freely, and will for ever drink, without so

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much as a suspicion that they are taking what is not their own. And who, indeed, should forbid them to taste the crystal-clear waters of an uncontaminated source that flows perpetually for the whole world alike?

It is among the treasures then of Bach's great heritage that my thoughts and fingers daily rove at will, threading their way now throughout the mazes of the glorious fugues for the organ, so finely arranged for the piano by Liszt, now wandering from D'Albert's admirable adaptation of that masterpiece, the *Passacaglia*, to the ineffable harmonies of the great Concerto in D minor, but ever and anon returning with renewed zest to the pages of the marvellous collection of studies, *Das wohltemperirte Klavier*, a very ocean of infinite and varied melody, in which again and again I set forth on some fresh voyage of discovery, and each time seem to discover new worlds therein. This has become my book of daily meditations, with which the day always begins for me now, in preference even to entering upon it at my writing-table. And as my day not seldom begins at four or five o'clock in the morning, it is often at that hour that I am already seated at the piano, enjoying an hour's quiet practising while most people are still fast asleep.

For I belong to a generation whose elders thought they could not sufficiently instil into us the merits and advantages of the habit of early rising. In my youthful days our lessons began at six o'clock, with an hour's religious instruction from my mother, followed by practising of the piano till breakfast-time at half-past eight. From nine o'clock lessons went on again till midday, and then after a pause of a couple of hours we set to work once more till bed-time. And sometimes, after studying until quite late into the night, we still had to be up the next morning by four, so as to finish writing some specially difficult composition or preparing some hard passage of Ovid or Horace which we had not sufficiently mastered before we fell asleep. Nor did it once occur to anyone to inquire if our brains or our strength were being overtaxed by work. The word 'over-pressure' had not been invented in those days. Yes, I have been accustomed from my earliest youth to make good use of my time—so much so that directly I was emancipated from the schoolroom—that is to say, when I was in my eighteenth year—I at once set about finding extra occupation to fill up my leisure, and this I accomplished partly with additional hours devoted to music, partly in giving lessons to other girls a little younger than myself. And I managed so well that, while spending several hours a day in teaching, and several others at the piano, I still had several left to spend in the society of my beloved father. These hours, in which I had the joy and privilege of reading aloud to him and of listening to his comments on the author's words, will ever count among the best and happiest recollections of my life. How many of the noble and beautiful thoughts that then rose to his lips,

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suggested by the day's reading, have remained with me ever since, as a priceless treasure, full of consolation in the darkest hour! Alas! that I must lose him so soon. For he was snatched from us when I was only twenty. The counsels that he gave me for my music, too, were infinitely precious: his own taste was so refined and cultivated, and his insight so profound, a mere hint from him was often a complete revelation of the true meaning of a passage, and of the way in which it should be rendered. He would come and stand behind me when I was playing, and explain away difficulties, and point out beauties that had escaped me; above all, striving ever to curb my youthful impetuosity, to moderate the wild impulsive nature to which I gave full vent, pouring out my whole soul, as it were, in floods of melody at the piano.

It is assuredly a great advantage for young people to be brought up in the country, in strict seclusion from the world. One gains a much higher culture from having more time for reading and reflection, and one's own nature can expand and develop with far more originality. Too early intercourse with the great world tends to fashion all individuals on the selfsame pattern, and they resemble one another just like so many pebbles on the sea-beach, which have their edges rounded off by rubbing up against one another, till one pebble can no longer be distinguished from the rest. And the range of thought grows wider, the capacity of emotion more intense, since one is not hurried on from one impression to another, but in the nearer life with Nature can dwell on joys and sorrows alike, and ponder undisturbed during the long winter evenings over all the great problems that will for ever attract and perplex the human soul. I would always have young girls allowed to grow up in the country. For their brothers it is perhaps better that they should accustom themselves early to fight their way in the world. If, however, there should be a dreamer, a thinker, among them, then leave him also to his solitude. There is, of course, only the one drawback to a country life for educational purposes—that one has less opportunity of obtaining good lessons than in a great town, where the best masters are always to be had; but, after all, this is a minor consideration. One is not only all the more inclined to appreciate such advantages whenever they do come in one's way, but, being better prepared, one may perhaps profit more in a few weeks' time than others by a whole year of first-rate lessons, which they take as a matter of course. We find that the time and pains have not been wasted which we spent in thinking out things for ourselves, and we sometimes in this way acquire a grasp of our subject that may render us incalculable service later on, when at last we are able to hear it explained by a really competent authority. Of course, like this one does not become a virtuoso—that would be impossible; but I, for my part, never had that ambition. Indeed, it was always difficult to me to play before

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people at all—before strangers, at least. It was the natural result of the retirement in which I had been brought up that I should shrink from this. Besides, I had learnt to look upon music as something quite sacred, which I cultivated for its own sake, and at the most for my own satisfaction and to give pleasure to my family and intimate friends. But what I played I loved and understood; I had studied and thought over every bar, every phrase, and might perhaps lay better claim to be considered musical than many whose freedom from timidity made them more brilliant performers than myself.

I look upon my life, then, as having been made incomparably richer by the solitude of my girlhood. All the impressions I then received went much deeper, and have been more lasting, because there was nothing to efface them, nothing to distract my thoughts. Only once did I hear the Ninth Symphony rendered by the orchestra, but it has lived in my memory ever since. In the same way it has only been given to me to witness a performance of *Fidelio* once in my whole life, and every note, every cadence, every fragment of melody has been ringing in my ears since that hour. It is as if the heart and brain had greater force both for seizing hold of and for retaining these images of divine loveliness when not only are there no disturbing influences from without to weaken them when once stamped there, but when, also, the sights and sounds amid which one daily moves are themselves in perfect harmony with the waking dream. As one wanders through the lonely forest there is no danger that the echoes of celestial melodies carried within one's soul will be driven away by the murmur of the beech trees or by the sighing of the wind in the branches overhead.

Now, for many years past my life has formed a great contrast to that which I led in my youth, since I am seldom alone, but nearly always the centre of a busy throng. It is always my desire, too, that people should feel that they can come to me for help and comfort at any hour of the day. Still, with all that, I am never afraid that my ordinary duties will not leave me the time I require to devote to my pen, since, fortunately for myself, I stand in need of but little sleep, and can always take from the night hours enough for my work. The Muse comes more readily to those who must thus steal the minutes in which to woo her; she is only capricious and coy to any poor mortal who sits at his desk waiting for inspiration, reserving all her smiles for him who sacrifices his sleep at her behest. And I can bear much fatigue, partly as the result of the hardy, healthy training of my youth, and partly from the disposition I have inherited from my parents, who were both indefatigable workers. 'I shall have plenty of time to rest in my grave,' my mother would say smilingly to those who remonstrated with her for overtiring herself; and my father's active brain never rested to the last, in spite of his incessant physical sufferings. Like them, I could not bear to be idle, and,

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being blessed with sound nerves and a calm, equable temperament, I have often been able, in times of trouble and anxiety, to find solace in work. And when my own health gave way, and I had for a time to submit to being treated as an invalid, my brain and fingers were, if possible, only the more active. Propped up in bed, I painted miniatures on ivory, illuminated innumerable sheets of parchment, and made yard upon yard of the finest lacework, the pattern of which I always invented myself, so that I have the satisfaction of thinking, when I look back, that pain and sickness were unable to deprive me for a moment of the power of work. And when the doctor came to see me, and shook his head to find me so busily employed, insisting on the necessity of absolute repose, I laughed at him, and replied, in my mother's words, that I would promise to rest at last—in my grave!

Of course, music was out of the question for a time—there was no help for that. But, directly my strength came back a little, I had myself carried to the piano, and, supported by pillows in an armchair, I let my fingers stray across the keys, and felt my soul revive, borne up once more by melody. And as I grew stronger, I gave myself up more and more to the enchantment, setting to work again to practise seriously and steadily as in the days of my youth, as, indeed, I had not been able to practise for more than twenty years; and music thus became to me once more what it had been in my youth, the best and truest friend, the companion in solitude, the guardian angel, whose light touch charms away all pain and sorrow, whose gentle whisper soothes and comforts the aching heart.

And nowhere do I feel this so thoroughly as in wandering through the pages of *Das wohltemperirte Klavier*. I marvel at the riches contained therein, and at the strange mistake so many make in treating them simply as a collection of finger-exercises, which they play without the faintest attempt to discover the thought that inspires them and the depth of meaning they contain. To think that they should look upon any manifestation of Bach's mighty genius in the light of exercises and scales! He is no ordinary builder who, with poor and fragile material, constructs dwelling-houses for mortals, but a glorious architect creating lofty and imperishable temples for the eternal home of Art. Far be it from me to imagine that I have penetrated deeply into his secret, or even always read his meaning aright! I have not yet had time to make myself familiar with the whole, and sometimes wonder whether the days that I still have before me on earth will suffice for that labour of love. But in the works of true genius, as in those of Nature herself, there is always a special message to each one of us, something that we may discover for ourselves, if only we set about it in the right spirit. It may therefore not come amiss if I relate here what I have found in these pages of my beloved master; and it may be even that the ideas they suggested to me will in their

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turn prove an incentive to others to search for themselves, and to discover some new aspect of the great soul in whose legacy we all share.

To start, then, with the very first Prelude, that which furnished Gounod with the theme of his well-known and lovely *Ave Maria*, but which I find even lovelier in its original form. I always, to myself, call this *Sakuntala*, as the sweetness and purity of its melody so exactly conjure up the picture we associate with this name. The windings of the Fugue have all the depth of feeling and virgin innocence of Sakuntala herself, as she wanders through the lonely forest, after her pathetic farewell to her girl companions and her friend the old hermit.

The next I have christened *The Pathfinder*, on account of its restless movement, so lively and yet so sure, without a pause, without a break, like the triumphant advance of one who pursues his way joyously, untiringly, nor halts till he approaches the goal of which he has never lost sight, whilst others still grope blindly for it. The brilliant Fugue that follows is like a commentary on Nietzsche's dictum that we ought to dance through life! All this has become more clear to me since I have had the splendid edition of Busoni, which, in its reverent care for the text, in the thoroughness and intelligence of its annotations, supplies every want of the earnest student. But I have only made acquaintance with it quite recently, and had unaided to puzzle all this out for myself in the old edition of Chrysander, which was all I possessed.

The third Prelude, in C sharp major, always calls up for me the joyous tumult of a harvest festival, in spite of the note of melancholy that runs through the whole. And, after all, does not a deep melancholy pervade all the gifts Mother Earth bestows upon her children, like a dark shadow falling across the sunniest landscape? Thus, in the background of the harvest rejoicings I see the dreary desolation of the barren stubble-fields, over which hover piteously the poor, hungry little birds, and I feel the misery of coming winter only half smothered by the songs and flowers of the festival. The blending of playfulness and gravity in the Fugue represents the lively dance of village lads and lasses, through their light-hearted jests now and then a graver note being heard, as in truth the cares and toils and sufferings of human existence can never be entirely forgotten even in the hour of mirth.

Then comes a Prelude in a minor key, which I have named *Homesickness*, while the Fugue might be called *Comfort to world-weary Souls*.

The fifth Prelude, that in D major, ripples along melodiously as a mountain stream, and the soft murmur of the Fugue is like the rustling of forest leaves, a whisper when the wind has ceased, such as the awe-struck trees gave forth at the miraculous birth of Siddartha.

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The sweet, strange unrest of the D minor Prelude, which comes out all the more strongly when it is played *pianissimo*, has made me call it *The Conflict of Thought*; for warring thoughts are not noisy, they merely strain and yearn incessantly, like the perpetual upheaving of ocean waves. It winds up with a Fugue whose calm, smooth movement is as an answer to all doubts and difficulties, a solution of the enigma over which we battled in vain.

The Prelude in E flat major that follows seems to me to suggest a procession of country people, with their banners, wandering singing across green fields on some public holiday.

The eighth, the thrilling Prelude in E flat minor, should, I think, be called *Atonement*. Over the magnificent Fugue I have written: 'Thou wouldst not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should return and live.'

The delicious Prelude in E major is like an exchange of lovers' vows, or at all events it contains the declaration of the one; but I have never been able to make up my mind as to whether the Fugue really gives the answer to this.

Next comes a Prelude in B flat minor, which always reminds me of the murmur of the sea, and which, when played very softly, is exactly like the sound of the waves heard at a distance. The lovely Fugue that follows, and which as a real duet stands quite alone of its kind, I have christened *Dialogue between Wind and Wave*.

I call the eleventh Fugue, in F major, *A Breath of Spring*, calling all the blossoms forth, whilst birds seem to twitter and warble through the prelude.

The twelfth, the gloomy Prelude in F minor, is a striking contrast to the last. 'Did I then ask to live?' is the perpetual burden of its theme; and to this bitter cry the Fugue has but the one reply: 'I have borne the burden of Fate.'

The next Prelude, in F sharp major, sounds like the summons to a fairy banquet, rung out on the tiny bells of the lily-of-the-valley; and the Fugue that these silvery chimes usher in I call *Love's Young Dream*.

The fourteenth I have played and thought over too little to give it a special name.

But the next was one of my great favourites in my girlhood, and I gave it the title *Youth*, and called the Fugue *The Rover*. Busoni looks at these from a rather different and highly suggestive point of view; but that slightly changes their character, so I keep to my own first interpretation.

I call the sixteenth, the Prelude in G minor, *Eternal Questionings*, for it is as if it were for ever asking something, to which no answer comes; and whether a satisfactory answer is contained in the Fugue I have not yet been able to discover.

There is a pride and fearlessness in the clear, bold harmonies of

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the Prelude in A flat major reminding one of the haughty, dauntless bearing of the knights of the Round Table or of the Holy Graal. The Fugue could bear no other name than that of Sir Galahad, for it seems to be the musical echo and accompaniment to his words:

> My strength is as the strength of ten,
> Because my heart is pure.

The eighteenth Prelude has a whole world of tragedy, for which no name could be so fitting as *De Profundis*; and the heading of *Soft Sighs*, which I have given to the Fugue, was suggested by the two staccato notes that recur at the end of every passage, veritable sighing sounds, breathed forth involuntarily, like a light summer breeze ruffling the surface of a lake whose depths have ere now been ravaged by angry storms.

Sunshine in the Basilica is the title I have given to the brilliant Fugue, all mirth and gladness, that belongs to the Prelude in A major, conceived in the same joyous spirit. In its untroubled serenity there are no dark passages, no gloomy nooks and corners in which doubt and care and pain may lie hid. As I play it I have the sensation of a flood of light streaming in upon me, reminding me of the delight with which once, during a stay in Venice, my eyes feasted on the dazzling glow of colour produced by the sunbeams falling through the narrow windows upon the rich warm mosaics that line the interior of St. Mark's.

The Prelude and Fugue in A minor are full of innocent playfulness, like the happy games of childhood, and when softly played the whole has an air of pretended mystery which has caused me to christen it *The Secret*, as though it made me believe that under its simplicity there were really something concealed.

The key of B flat major, in which the twenty-first Prelude and its Fugue are written, has in itself something bucolic, admirably suited, therefore, to the spring-like freshness of this charming composition—a very Mayday song of healthy, buoyant youthfulness, an idyll of green fields and budding trees.

And now we reach the finest of all—at all events of those contained in this first part—the magnificent Prelude and Fugue in B flat minor. Here, in any case, I would venture to wager that I have really guessed the great master's meaning, in calling this glorious work *Jephthah's Daughter*. The whole story is told, clearly and unmistakably, in these melodious measures, these mighty harmonies, or rather it plays itself out before our eyes, a drama of simple yet heartrending pathos, made visible as well as audible to us by the miraculous power of sound. Do we not see the joyous procession of young girls advancing, to the beat of their tambourines and cymbals to meet the conqueror? do we not feel the sudden thrill of horror that passes through their midst, as their festive song is suddenly changed into a cry of mourning? And

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that cry, at first doubting and timid, as if wrung from hearts which hesitate to accept the whole tragedy of the situation suddenly revealed to them, is developed in the Fugue into a veritable dirge, started by the manly voices of the warriors assembled in the valley, and echoing back as a wail of despair from the maidens gathered on the heights around. I am so convinced that I have read the right meaning into this unspoken tragedy that I have sometimes thought of writing words to the music—a cantata for a full choir—and I already hear in imagination the tremendous effect that would be produced by the repetition of the theme in the different voices of the chorus, as each in turn takes up the mournful burden, in tones varying from the sombre gravity of the basses to the higher pitch of the female voices almost swelling to a shriek on the highest soprano notes. Even in Chrysander's comparatively simple old edition all this was apparent to me, but it is infinitely more easy to perceive in that of Busoni. One is never weary of playing this grandest of works; and indeed there is no danger that one would ever tire of it, since all one's attention is held fast whenever one sits down to it, for it is no easy matter to do justice to its simple sublimity, and I well know that I shall never play it as it should be played.

How striking are the contrasts supplied to us by this wondrous volume! On the bright lively strains of the Prelude and Fugue in B major, which I feel inclined to call *Sunday on the Rhine*, as it exactly calls up such a picturesque and smiling scene, follows the pathetic lament in B minor, the hopeless cry of an anguish-stricken soul, that I think can have no other title than *Vain Supplication*.

With the ineffable melancholy of these chords the first series concludes, and with the Prelude in C major that begins the second a different note is struck at once. I hear footsteps go past, and the sounds of leave-taking; but it is not the marching out of troops to the beat of the drum and with their colours flying in the breeze, it is the homelier departure of humble folk who go forth to seek their fortune in the great unknown world; in the Fugue we accompany the wanderers on their way, and listen to the songs with which they try to beguile the weariness of exile, songs whose assumed light-heartedness ere long yields to a more serious, a well-nigh religious mood, as its last echoes die away in the distance.

The rapid movement of the Prelude in C minor brings back to me the stirring scene in Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, the Fiery Cross borne by swift-footed messengers from place to place, and passed on from hand to hand, a signal to the clansmen to gather for battle round their chief, calling them from hearth and home, from the altar and from beside the open grave, to obey the summons, while the dirge-like tones of the Fugue breathe the very spirit of the Coronach, the Highland lament for brave warriors fallen in the fray.

Above the Prelude in C sharp major I simply wrote the words,

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'Requiem æternam dona nobis, Domine!' and as a heading to the Fugue, 'Et Lux perpetua luceat nobis!'

The key-note to the Prelude in C sharp minor is one of unutterable despair, as of voices crying, 'Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?' And indeed the choice of the key is in itself significant of the composer's intention, for it lends itself to every expression of the deepest human grief and anguish, and I cannot even conceive that it should ever be chosen as the medium of a less tragic mood. It is for this same reason a subject of eternal marvel to me that the title of *Moonlight Sonata* should have been given to that very one in which it seems to me that Beethoven has poured out all the fiercest, most hopeless pangs of his stormy Titanic soul. Bach's Fugue expresses the same hopelessness as this or as the Prelude itself; upon its dark restless waves we seem to see vessels drifting, helpless and rudderless, away into the blackness of night.

But we are not left long to dwell on this impression of gloom. The next, the glorious Prelude in D major, comes as a triumphant answer to its doubt and despair. Like a trumpet-blast ringing out over sea and land, to proclaim to the four quarters of the globe that the Powers of Darkness are for ever defeated, this pæan exults, 'Oh Death! where is thy sting? Oh grave! where is thy victory?' The Fugue takes up and continues the same theme, almost with impatience, as if the time were too short, the means too small, of telling how entire and brilliant the victory, how utter the rout of the cruel foes. Sorrow and Sickness, Envy, Slander, Unreason, and Dire Necessity, all these monsters slink away abashed, driven from the field by the all-conquering flood of melody, through which still rings the battle-cry of our forerunners:

> Charge once more then, and be dumb!
> Let the victors, when they come,
> When the Forts of Folly fall,
> Find thy body by the wall!

A different note again is struck in the Prelude in D minor—*The Spirit of the Storm* it might be called, since a very hurricane seems to rage through it. And another storm, no less fierce, rushes through the Fugue—the storm of human passions let loose in the angry breasts of the crowd—tumult, violence, and revolution, with the deadly plotting of armed conspirators heard like the hissing of snakes through the mob's loud uproar. It is the picture of anarchy, as far as Bach's sublime genius can suggest aught so discordant, so chaotic.

The Prelude and Fugue in E flat major are full of personal reminiscences for me, tender and sad; they will be for ever associated with the portrait of a girl friend whom I lost in my youth, and whose angelic sweetness and loveliness seem to be enshrined here.

Throughout the Prelude in D sharp minor we hear the rustling of

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autumn leaves falling fast; and in the Fugue, too, we still wander on through forest paths where 'the dead red leaves of the years lie rotten,' under a grey sky, and with a biting wind whistling through the dry branches overhead.

But there is a joyful awakening in the Prelude in E major, an unclouded sunrise, a feeling of thankfulness for the beauties of Creation, for all the blessings of life, which is carried on into the Fugue, and there becomes the most perfect morning prayer ever offered up.

Consolation is the key-note of the Prelude in E minor: every tone is soothing to an aching heart, as though it were a drop of balm upon an open wound.

The next, in F major, is a bridal song breathing forth hope and happiness, only interrupted at intervals by the joyous peal of wedding bells, on which the Fugue follows naturally with the farewell to home and parents, the parting from the scenes of youth, winding up with a musical phrase full of resolute determination, that seems to say plainly, 'Up! out into the world!'

Prelude and Fugue in F sharp major may be looked upon as another scene of the same story: they show us the quiet joys of a happy home, a wife and mother watching with untiring, unselfish love over the little circle of which she is the centre.

The Prelude in F sharp minor gives us a glimpse of a first quarrel between lovers—half-smiling, half-tearful reproaches that only ask to be stopped with a caress on the one side; then the indignant protest of the rejoinder, not without an undercurrent of humour—ending in the Fugue in a joyful song of complete reconciliation.

The Prelude in G major certainly deserves the title of *Glad Tidings*; and the same motive, even with greater precision of detail, seems to me to characterise the Fugue; it has all the joyous excitement of a message announcing some anxiously expected event—no glad peal of bells, no salute of cannon could proclaim more clearly to the loving hearts of a nation the birth of a prince, the longed-for heir to the throne, the pride and darling of his people. Busoni's explanation here, again, a little differs from mine, but my original impression is too strong for me to change it now.

Such utter weariness makes itself felt in the Prelude in G minor, the sixteenth of this second series, it is like the steps of one sinking under the burden of his cross, and the plaintive repetitions of the Fugue also are a veritable lament at the sameness of life's long pilgrimage. *Via Crucis* is the name that involuntarily occurs to us in connection with it.

An almost startling contrast to its lassitude and sadness is furnished by the brilliant Prelude and Fugue in A flat major, that set forth the joy of living in almost defiant tones, as though it were the voice of one of Fortune's favoured children, successful in all his enterprises. *A Glorious Career* is the name I have given it.

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There is a glow of rich Eastern colour about the sparkling Prelude in G sharp minor, like that pervading the thousand and one stories of the *Arabian Nights*. For this reason I have christened it *Scheherezade*, and the delicious dreamy Fugue *Clouds from the Narghileh*, for its rhythm is like the languidly rising thin little curls of tobacco-smoke that are inseparably associated in our minds with the picturesque crowd of listeners to an Eastern storyteller.

In the composition in A major I fancy I witness the return of Crusaders from the Holy Land, the knight's welcome home after an absence of long years.

That in A minor sounds like the pleading of an over-anxious mother with a somewhat wilful son, together with his easy, light-hearted reply to her remonstrances.

I look upon the Prelude in B flat major as a complete little idyll of love; the Fugue especially is quite anacreontic in tone.

The Prelude and Fugue in B flat minor show another phase of the same idyll; the short, sweet dream of love has its inevitable epilogue in parting and tears.

The key of B major lends itself naturally to scenes of domestic peace and joy. The Prelude tells all the gladness of the quiet fireside, and the Fugue is an outburst of thankfulness to heaven from grateful hearts for the blessings bestowed on them.

Then, in the B minor Prelude, which concludes the whole, we seem to be looking back on the whole course of our past lives *Retrospect* is the title I have given it; and at the end of the Fugue, full of all the melancholy which ever belongs to last words, one murmurs half-unconsciously, 'The rest is silence!' For it is not without a pang that, after having lived so long in intercourse with this great spirit, we suddenly recognise that we cannot for ever go on like this, but realise the limits of temporal things, seeing where Fate's inexorable finger has traced the word 'Finis'—sentence against which there is no appeal—beneath the melodious cadence whose sweetness lingers with us still. But whenever we reach this goal we may console ourselves with the certitude that not the first, nor the twentieth, nor yet the hundredth time that we approach it have we exhausted or even tasted the depths of that source of endless joy. When once, in the circle round me, the discussion was raised as to the book that would be the best companion in solitude, were only one allowed, as a solace in lifelong imprisonment, or to the survivor from shipwreck cast ashore upon a desert island, my own choice was unhesitatingly made. 'Give me Bach's *Wohltemperirtes Klavier*,' I cried, 'and I ask for nothing else!' I could but acquiesce, of course, in the justice of the smiling rejoinder that the use of my organ or piano must in that case necessarily be included in my request.

Experience teaches me each day more and more clearly that Bach is the one master of whose music one never tires, whom one,

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indeed, only loves the better the longer one studies and the deeper one penetrates his inmost thought. There are times and seasons for all other composers. At one moment we may feel the inclination to let ourselves be lulled to rest by the chant of Haydn's celestial choir—through half-closed eyelids we see the winged and white-robed musicians gather round, in all the austere sweetness with which Fra Angelico has depicted them; at another we yield ourselves up to the irresistible tide of passion, the lava-flood of Beethoven's volcanic genius sweeping through the world; or, again, we revel in the fulness and intensity of Schumann's deep sympathy with Nature, or in Schubert's bird-like gift of song; we may gaze with reverence upon the chaste brow and noble bearing of Gluck's classic muse, as she passes along with majestic tread—'vera incessu patuit Dea'—or steep our souls in the cloudless golden radiance as of some long-dreamt-of Paradise, to which we are transported by the divine purity of Mozart's melody. But all these represent some portion merely of the one great truth, separate facets of the many-sided crystal through which music reveals herself to her worshippers, and are therefore suitable rather to our passing moods than to the requirements of human nature as a whole. Bach alone is universal, near us at all times and seasons, in all life's vicissitudes—in the heyday of youth, in manhood's struggles, and in the calm of our later years. All the keys of human passion are known to him, and he touches them all at will, ranging from sorrow to gladness, from hope to despair; his music furnishing us not merely with a rich banquet for great ceremonies, but with daily spiritual food, a result well befitting the work of him who never rested, never for one single day laid down his pen.

Two musical stars of the first magnitude, Rubinstein and Clara Schumann, shone upon my life's threshold. At its noon I had the joy of witnessing the artistic career of our Rhineland composer Bungert, for whose songs I have on many occasions written the words; and now its close is gladdened by the rising of a new light on the horizon in the land of my adoption, in the person of the youthful musician Enesco. Roumania hopes much for the future of her gifted son, whose early works have already been received with marked favour, and for my own part I take special delight in his brilliant violin-playing. I can, indeed, scarcely tire of listening to his rendering of the great classic masterpieces, especially those of my beloved Bach; and at such times the thoughts the music arouses in me often shape themselves half-unconsciously into words, which accompany and fill it out. This seems rather a contradiction of the opinion I expressed at starting concerning the inadequacy of language to add aught to the depth and clearness of the musical revelation; but the words to which I refer are vague and loosely strung together, and are never intended to be either spoken or sung. For those whose mood may take similar form on like occasions, I here transcribe the lines that

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always accompany in my mind the double-fingering of Bach's Sonata in F minor. This is how they seem to run :

When the toils that long have bound thee, draw their meshes closer round thee,
Doubt, Deception, Sickness, Sorrow, each from each fresh torments borrow,
While throughout Night's dim abysses, serpent-tongued some vague Fear hisses,
Till, with strength and courage failing, Hope itself seem unavailing—
Still bethink thee that, undaunted, thou mayst flee a world thus haunted,
Safe in the one haven left thee, when of all else Fate bereft thee.
Trust thyself to Music's pinions, soar to her serene dominions!
Let thy soul, that thirsts and sickens, quaff the cup whose magic quickens,
Filled from yon pure fount immortal, issuing through Heaven's unclosed portal:—
Strains that now exult, now languish; balm divine for human anguish!—
Then, as star with star rejoices, one by one our human voices—
In vast harmonies unending still to higher flights ascending—
Each no longer weak and single, with the choir celestial mingle.
Ah! the bliss what words may measure, far exceeding earthly pleasure,
Thus to meet in mighty chorus souls of loved ones gone before us!
Oft as Music's potent wonder rends the senses' veil asunder,
Thus to hail, through mists diurnal, glimpses of the Light Eternal!
Thus to feel each tone's pulsation grant some subtler revelation;
Through each prayer, each sob, each yearning, still some higher truth discerning;
Hope betrayed and weak endeavour turned to joy that lasts for ever;
Till, the final struggle past, perfect rest is ours at last!

I have not spoken of Wagner so far, for it is hardly possible to me to enjoy his music at the piano, the orchestra being absolutely necessary in order to understand it aright. And then, to my thinking, something 'of the earth, earthy,' will ever cling even to his highest flights. Perhaps it lies a little in this, that some of the subjects he has treated seem to be quite unsuitable for dramatic representation, and that our sense of this unfitness mars our enjoyment of the music itself. I know that during the performance of *Parzival*, for instance, I am always inclined to shut my eyes, as the action taking place upon the stage only destroys the illusion the really sublime music conjures up. How poor and insignificant does the scene appear in which the knights of the Holy Graal are assembled, compared with the glorious vision in which, since our childhood's days, the mystic towers of Montsalvatch have always shaped themselves before our eyes! How small, how paltry a figure does Parzival himself seem! And Kundry, half savage, half Magdalen, is almost repulsive; while everywhere the contradiction between intention and effect, between the aim and its realisation, is apparent. There are creations of the mind too delicate, too ethereal to be clothed in flesh and blood, ideas that cannot be expressed in human language, but only in the intangible, impalpable form that music lends. I should like *Parzival* to be turned into an oratorio, to have the subject left to our mental vision alone, completely independent of the perceptions of the senses, save

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in as far as the music itself is concerned. Surely some day the experiment will be made, and the sublimity of the conception, marred by no inefficiencies of dramatic representation or of scenic machinery, and above all unimpeded by the cumbrous shackles of human speech, will for the first time become fully apparent. Wagner must himself have been conscious of this, if it be truly related of him that often in the course of the performances at Bayreuth he would advise his friends to close their eyes during certain of the finest passages of the music, in order thoroughly to appreciate its meaning, undisturbed by the action taking place upon the stage.

Many persons will probably think I go too far in maintaining that the employment of any accessories demanding the exercise of another faculty than that of hearing, far from heightening the musical effect, must of necessity neutralise it by dividing our attention. It is one of those æsthetic problems which cannot be determined by reference to acknowledged rules of art, presenting itself as it does under a different aspect at different epochs, and because thus susceptible of being modified by the fluctuations of popular taste, therefore legitimately admitting of solution according to the varying bias of individual temperament. But I am reminded while I speak of this, of another question relating to the simultaneous exercise of our visual and auditory faculties, involving what we may call the occasional reciprocity of results. I must begin by relating my own experience in the matter, as I imagined it at first to be peculiar to myself, and only afterwards learnt that similar observations had been made by others, and had been commented on and discussed from different points of view. It has often occurred to me—namely, during a musical performance of exceptionally engrossing interest—to see some brilliantly beautiful colour or colours quite distinctly—a vision that appeared to be evoked by the sounds, and that gradually melted into nothingness as their last echoes died away. The colours evidently belonged to, and formed a whole with, the music, and naturally remain associated with it for me henceforth. Thus, for instance, it once occurred to me, whilst a composition of Schubert's was being played, to see before me every shade of yellow, from the palest straw-colour to the deep orange tints of a gorgeous sunset; and I can hardly hear any of the same composer's music now except in a visual setting, as it were, of either amber, saffron, or liquid gold. A 'Nocturne' of Chopin's I always perceive through an atmosphere of delicate lilac hue, a haze as from countless violets. But sometimes the impression of colour is not vague and impalpable, as of a mere background for the musical idea; it is occasionally itself a clearly defined picture of distinct and graceful significance. One of the most perfect visions of this sort I can remember took place during a performance of one of Beethoven's symphonies: a lovely green meadow, full of the brightest spring blossoms, suddenly spread itself out on all sides; and this, as

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I gazed, changed little by little into an Oriental carpet of finest texture and richest hues, the flowers being transformed into an arabesque of marvellous beauty both of design and colouring. So vivid were the hues, so clearly traced the curves and angles of the figures they displayed, the picture will never fade from my memory, and I have moreover but to call it up in order instantly to hear the tones of the symphony surging in all their passion and pathos around me. Similar experiences have been recorded by other lovers of music, and this interchange and parallelism of phenomena in the separate spheres of sight and sound have given rise to much interesting speculation. Does it actually depend, we ask ourselves, on some subtle and hitherto unexplored connection between the organs by which the sensations are transmitted? and is there even, as some think, a strict analogy between the terms in which those sensations find expression—between the notes of the musical scale, that is to say, and the colours of the prism? I believe that every attempt at ascribing objective value to the apparent concordance has hitherto failed, owing to the lack of data which would justify us in regarding the one set of symbols—tones of colour—as exact equivalents of the parallel notes or gradations of sound, the varying and too often contradictory nature of the evidence causing every example to appear but as a fantastic coincidence, an evocation of the subjective consciousness. I am fully aware that for my own part I have all my life been almost as sensitive to colour as to melody, and to this characteristic I attribute the facility with which a keen sense of pleasure derived from either source might spontaneously translate itself into a kindred manifestation within the neighbouring region. Poets are usually supposed to have a strongly pronounced leaning to one or other of the sister arts, rarely in the same measure to more than one; and a very wide process of generalisation would range them all in two great opposing camps, according to their affinities either to music or to any one of the plastic arts. But the sense of colour and that of harmony are, as we have just seen, often so intimately allied, it would be difficult to detect an antagonistic principle underlying them; and a truer method of division would perhaps group together music and painting on the one side, leaving the art of form, sculpture, alone and distinct from them on the other. There is yet another point of view, from which the artistic temperament would be looked upon as being essentially one and the same in all cases, and the field in which it exercises its activity is then considered as mainly determined by the direction which extraneous and accidental circumstances impart; but in this theory there is probably some exaggeration, although instances of remarkable proficiency attained to by one individual in various branches suffice to prove that it is not an absolute paradox. How many a great painter has been at the same time a dilettante of more than common excellence in music! And more than one great writer,

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whose graphic power and picturesque vividness of touch call up before our eyes the scenes he describes, appeals to our ears in equal measure by the sweetness and sonority of the combinations of words he employs, by the perfect rhythmic balance of his phrase. One of the finest of modern prose-poets, Gustave Flaubert, possessed both gifts in no ordinary degree; seldom has the illusion of the 'thing seen' been more completely realised than by this consummate word-painter, from whose every page a living picture stands out in bold relief and life-like colouring, while his exquisitely modulated prose cadences exercise a similar spell over our sense of hearing. Of the value laid on melody in language by Flaubert himself we may judge from the fact that he was accustomed to subject the best and most carefully written passages of his works to the test of reading aloud, changing or effacing every expression which failed to satisfy the requirements of his fastidious ear. And as an instance of the inseparable association in his case between acute visual perceptions and the creative functions of the brain, we have his own striking exclamation in a letter referring to his great classic romance, 'Whilst I was writing *Salammbô* I dreamt of purple!'

Every born colourist, I am inclined to think, is more or less susceptible to music; but whether the same conversely holds good of musicians with regard to perceptions of colour is, to say the least, doubtful. For the true musician belongs altogether to a race apart. From the ivory tower in which he dwells, 'far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,' he surveys with serene indifference the tumult of the world below; and who can wonder if, wholly absorbed in his own most ethereal art, he should perhaps fail to appreciate the struggles and aims of other artists, nor recognise in the ideals after which they strive another aspect of the divinity by whom his own dreams are inspired? Only under these conditions—of complete isolation from all disturbing influences, of absolute freedom from all conventional bonds—can those sublime altitudes be attained, virgin heights inaccessible to the human tread, and the icy purity of whose atmosphere no human organs may breathe, but whence the favoured few are privileged to listen to the music of the spheres. And their high mission it is, who have themselves been thus initiated into the divine mysteries, whose souls 'tantus et tam dulcis sonus' has penetrated, to make somewhat at least of the revelation known to their less fortunate brethren. How faithfully they, the great Tone-poets, have done this we all can testify. Who among us has not experienced the sensation, while listening to an orchestral rendering of some masterpiece, of being literally transported to the Seventh Heaven on the symphonic waves that surge and swell, and rise and are lost in endless and ineffable rapture? And the utmost that instrumental music can do, that highest miracle has surely been accomplished by Beethoven in his Ninth Symphony. After this no other master can ever hope to go

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one step further along the pathless track that leads from this world to the marvels of the Unseen. Such fulness of perfection rightly belongs to him alone, whose ears, being closed to earthly rumours, might the more easily be attuned to the celestial harmonies. On the wings of that mighty inspiration our souls are borne to the very threshold of the world to come; Time and Space vanish, Melody alone remains. Well may it seem to us that these last triumphal strains, rising like tongues of flame into the empyrean, are echoes of the song that never ceases there—of the wondrous chorus that rang out over land and sea at Creation's dawn, when 'the Morning Stars sang together, and all the Sons of God shouted for joy'!

CARMEN SYLVA
(*Queen of Roumania*).

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THE HEART OF THE MIKADO

FEW persons, indeed, can claim to have access to the innermost thoughts of the exalted personage who reigns in Japan at this momentous hour of her history. Fortunately for his people, the Emperor is a poet. Nothing so vividly reveals one's inner mind as poetical effusion. In Japan, it is true, the imperial essays in this branch are but seldom made public. Nevertheless, some of those short poems that his Majesty has composed since the outbreak of the present war have found their way into the columns, from time to time, of the vernacular Press, and these have enabled the readers thereof to comprehend in a measure the thoughts which fill the imperial mind and inspire his Majesty's heart.

Japanese poems are often very short, but may have a profound depth of meaning. As Japanese pictures often delineate the depth of nature by a branch of a bamboo or one or two blossoms of a plant, so do Japanese poems try to speak out the bottom of one's heart by a few lines, leaving many accessory ideas to be imagined by the reader's mind. In the following pages I have produced (in Roman type) some sixteen of the Emperor's effusions, with my own very imperfect translations of them into English. It is most difficult to convey in English form the nicety of diction and depth of feeling which distinguish Japanese poetry, and my translation is but a mere outline of the meaning—little more than a prose rendering—of the original, wholly without rhyme or rhythm. Had I sought the help of someone skilled in English poetry I might have evolved something that would have better pleased the ear, but the product would have been, in a way, artificial, and the crispness of expression which gives a charm to the Japanese version would have been obliterated. I have therefore ventured to follow my own plan, ineffective as I know it to be, adhering as closely as I could to the imperial text, in the hope that it may win some favour by its simplicity and fidelity to the model.

It should perhaps be explained that poems of this class must consist, as a rule, of thirty-one syllables, neither more nor less, and the poet is therefore given no freedom as to the length of his work. Moreover, the syllables must be arranged in a given order—viz., in

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the first line, five; second, seven; third, five; fourth and fifth, seven each—total, thirty-one. Hence these are termed thirty-one syllable poems. (The terminal *n*, which was originally a contraction of *mu* and is pronounced distinctly, is regarded as one syllable.)

1

Yomo no umi
Mina harakara to
Omoo yo ni
Nado ! nami-kaze no
Tachi-sawaguran.

(*Translation*)

Whereas I deem this as an age,
Wherein the 'four seas' in brotherhood are bound,
How is it that the fierce winds rage,
And dash and spread the waves around?

The 'four seas' is a poetical expression signifying the whole world. There is a Chinese phrase—'the four seas in brotherhood.' His Majesty sees that, despite the doctrine of universal brotherhood, the peace of the world is liable to sudden derangement by capricious rulers, and conveys a censure on those who for vanity or greed disturb the harmony of nations.

2

Kora wa mina
Ikusa no niwa ni
Idehatete
Okina ya hitori
Yamada Moruran.

(*Translation*)

I suppose all sons to the front are gone,
To do their duty all under arms,
And their old sire at home alone
Guards and watches their lonely farms.

Here we have evidence of the sovereign's sympathy with a rustic household. The younger men have gone to fight for the country; their aged sire keeps watch alone over their humble possessions. The allusion betrays the infinite tenderness of the Emperor for those who put duty to country and ruler before everything.

3

Yume samete
Mazu koso omoye
Ikusa-bito
Mukaishi kata no
Tayori ikani to.

(*Translation*)

Each time from sleep I awake,
One thought comes up at once to me,
How matters go there, where is gone
So many a warrior for my sake.

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This perfectly expresses the imperial solicitude for the troops at the front, fighting for their revered sovereign.

4

Chibaya furu
Kami no kokoro ni
Kanooran
Waga kuni-tami no
Tsukusu makoto wa.

(*Translation*)

The Power above, so stern and just,
Gladly approves, as I dare think,
The sweet sincereness of my people,
So earnest their devoir to do.

Thus does his Majesty show his appreciation of his people's loyalty and patriotism.

5

Kuni no tame
Ada nasu ada wo
Kujiku tomo
Itsukushimu beki
Koto na wasure so.

(*Translation*)

Hard as thou strikest, for thy land,
The ruthless foe that bars our path,
Forget not, at the hour of need,
The mercy's way the heart dictates.

This embodies the Emperor's ideas of humanity in war.

6

Ikusa-bito
Ikanaru nobe ni
Akasuran
Ka no koye shigeku
Nareru kono|yo wo.

(*Translation*)

The night it is far spent,
The insects keep a growing hum,
In what unsheltered places now
My soldiers do they spend their night?

In the oppressive atmosphere of the summer night the Emperor's thoughts are for his wearied soldiers bivouacked on some battle plain.

7

Matsuri-goto
Idete kiku ma wa
Kaku bakari
Atsuki hi nari to
Omowazarishi wo.

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(*Translation*)

This day when deep in things of state,
The things that I am bound to do,
Little did it occur to me
How very hot the day had grown.

This is an imperial effusion on a summer day after he had attended State affairs. We may gather from it how, in his eagerness to fulfil his duties, his Majesty becomes oblivious of the summer's burdensome heat. The idea may be quite Oriental, and yet we can perceive a delicate poetical feeling out of a simple matter of fact which in an ordinary sense would have no poetry in it.

8

Tsuwamono no
Kokoro to tomo ni
Norn koma mo
Tsukaruru shirade
Iya susumuran.

(*Translation*)

In strictest bond, we may be sure,
With his undaunted rider's mind,
The soldier's steed still charges on
And knows not or fatigue or fear.

A graceful recognition of the sympathy existing between horse and rider.

9

Kuni no tame
Taoreshi hito wo
Oshimu ni mo
Omoo wa oya no
Kokoro nari keri.

(*Translation*)

Even as I silently lament
For those who for their country fall,
I stop, and can but ask myself,
What do their fathers and mothers feel?

Another example of the Emperor's tender solicitude for his people.

10

Hashi-i shite
Tsuki miru hodo mo
Tatakai no
Niwa no arisama
Omoi yari tsutsu.

(*Translation*)

Even while seated in my balcony,
I gaze at Luna shining bright,
My thoughts carry me far away
To the scene where battles rage.

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This shows that even while his Majesty, sitting casually at the front of a balcony amid the most peaceful surroundings, gazes at the moon, he cannot forget that his troops are waging warfare for the country, and he cannot fail to contemplatively imagine the state of the battlefield. Perhaps his men may be advancing against the enemy's impregnable forts, or perhaps the moon's light may be pathetically reflecting on those men who might have fallen in the field, or perhaps ambulance companies may be conveying the sick and wounded, or the troops may be innocently and joyously gazing at the moon from an eminence which they have just captured. All these scenes are suggestive of the imperial imagination; and these are to be imagined by the reader.

11

Kuni wo omoo
Michi ni futatsu wa
Nakari Keri
Ikusa no niwa ni
Tatsu mo tatanu mo!

(*Translation*)

Some may stand on the battlefield,
And some—God wot—may stay at home,
But all the souls that love their land
Are all the same where'er they be.

A man may be a patriot though not called on to serve his country in the field; and thus his Majesty expresses herein his appreciation of the patriotic feeling of his people at large.

12

Masurao ni
Hata wo sazukete
Omoo kana
Hinomoto no na wo
Kagayakasu beku!

(*Translation*)

When from my trusting hand the flag
Is given unto my faithful men
My heart mounts high; the rising sun
Will surely bring it fame and light.

This is an effusion when, or immediately after, his Majesty has given a military banner, regimental or otherwise, to the officers of the imperial army. The fact that the emblem of our flag is the rising sun suggested to his Majesty that the fame of the 'Land of the Rising Sun' might shine as brightly as the rising sun through the

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brave and indomitable actions of the men going to the front under that flag.

18

Shizuka ni mo
Yo wa osamarite
Yorokobi no
Sakazuki agen
Toki zo mataruru !

(*Translation*)

O for that time when joys of peace
Shall fill again a peaceful world !
Then shall I lift the wine cup high,
O for that time, I long for it !

This is an imperial effusion over a wine-cup. It was inevitable that Japan should engage in the present war, but the Emperor is a sincere advocate of peace. A monarch may describe himself to be such, not being so in practice, but the Emperor of Japan is very different. He does not care to wage war for simple purposes of aggression, or at least from wanton motives. He is anxious to see the peace of the world at large restored in the due course of events, when the 'four seas,' as he says elsewhere, may be truly bound in brotherhood.

14

Tsuwamono no
Kate mo magusa mo
Kakoburan
Ushi mo ikusa no
Michi ni Tsukayete !

(*Translation*)

Food for my men
And fodder for their steeds ;
In carrying ungrudgingly
Even the oxen in warfare serve.

The Emperor here realises that the humblest play their part, even the oxen, in the service of the State.

15

Kuni no tame
Furuishi fude no
Inochi-ge no
Ato koso nokore
Yorozu yo made ni !

(*Translation*)

The traces left by 'life-hairs' of pens
That were handled by patriotic hands
Shall endure for thousands and thousands of years,
Remembered and admired ever afresh.

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This refers to the Japanese brush-pens. 'Inochi-ge,' literally, 'life-hairs,' is the name given to the point of the brush that forms the Japanese pen. There are many writings left by patriots from the time gone by, and also during the present war countless effusions, poetical or otherwise, have been left by soldiers and sailors who fell on the field. It is not plain from the wording what are the kinds of writing referred to by the Emperor, but the allusion seems to apply in general to all writings of the kind.

16

Inishiye no
Fumi miru tabi ni
Omoo kana
Ono ga osamuru
Kuni wa ikani to!

(*Translation*)

Whenever I open
The ancient Books,
The one thing I ponder is,
How goes it with the people I rule?

The last poem is one composed by his Majesty years ago. It aptly conveys an idea of his career as a true sovereign. If a book speaks of any prosperous Administration full of instruction, it can, of course, be an important guidance for a sovereign to follow the example. If, on the other hand, it speaks of a bad Government or the misery of a people caused by any negligence of the ruler, it can give a negative lesson to a sovereign, whose duty it is to look after the welfare of his subjects. And thus the Emperor thinks of the people he rules whenever he peruses any books of the time gone by; and thus he gives the bent of his thoughts in these lines.

Here, then, we get some outline of the thinking of the Emperor's soul. In writing this I have not the least idea of glorifying my sovereign. All that I purport to show is that he is as benign and humane as any monarch can be, though at the same time he is equal to the task of vindicating the right of the country so far as it is necessary. I may also add that the sentiments expressed in these imperial verses pervade the hearts of far the majority of the Japanese people; and yet our opponents constantly accuse us of being in some sort unworthy of sharing the civilisation of the Western nations, and even go so far as to stigmatise us as being 'savage' and 'wild'—as has been done quite recently by no less a person than Count Tolstoy, the son of the eminent Russian noble and philanthropist. Whether or not such accusations are mere ignorant calumnies I leave to my readers to judge.

SUYEMATSU.

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JAPAN AND THE MAHOMETAN WORLD

We have no reason to complain of the want of surprises and of astonishments in the beginning of our new century. Events seem to hurry on with a much quicker pace than heretofore, and many things we considered up to the present as impossible have suddenly been realised before our eyes. About fifty years ago, at the time when I was still living among Mahometans—not as a stranger, but quite as a member of their community—I was much surprised to notice the utter contempt and hatred manifested by the followers of the Prophet against the heathen nations—viz. against those whom they called *bookless*—those who have not got one of the four books admitted by Mahomed as coming from God; *i.e.* the Bible, the Thora, the Psalms, and the Koran. Whilst Christians and Jews are styled *Kafir*—unbelievers in Mahomed—and can be tolerated by paying taxes, the bookless nations, called *Medjusi*—magicians, or *Putperest*—idolaters, have no claim upon tolerance or clemency on the part of the true believers, and must be converted by force. Owing to this circumstance strictly Mahometan Governments were always averse to, and have always refrained from, an intercourse with Buddhistic or Brahmanistic countries, and it was only in the fifteenth century that a Timuride prince despatched an embassy to Peking, and in quite recent times that Sultan Abdul Hamid sent a mission with presents to the Emperor of Japan, on which occasion the warship *Ertoghrul*, which conveyed that mission, foundered with all hands on board.

In the face of this formerly utter aversion of Moslems against the Buddhistic world, the reports of Mahometan papers published quite recently with regard to the war of the Japanese against Russia will strike the reader as little short of amazing. These reports are full of glowing admiration for the so-called idolaters, whose patriotism, military valour, high culture, and noble character are praised above all measure; nay, who are put before the true believers as the very model of human perfection and as an example worthy of imitation. Of course, such assertions cannot be made in the Mahometan world under the direct rule of Sultan Abdul Hamid, whose tyranny has gagged the Press to such an extent that nothing can be written or said which might

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displease his dear Russian neighbour; but opinions of this kind are published in a Turkish paper called *Türk*, which is issued in Egypt under the shelter of British administration, and of which nearly every number is full of eulogies and best wishes for the Japanese, who are represented as the liberators of oppressed mankind and as the champions of liberty. In this and in other Mahometan papers we meet frequently with remarks alluding to the unjustified terror the Moslem world has hitherto shown of Russia, which is by no means so mighty and powerful as generally believed; for, it is said, if a comparatively small nation like the Japanese were able to tear off the mask from this bogey and defeat its military strength on land and on sea, why should the Mahometan world be afraid of the Tsar's soldiers, and why should Islam submit to all kinds of humiliations on the part of the rotten Power of the North?

As I say, the rejoicing of the Mahometans over the victories of the brave Japanese is no secret to the reader of the Turkish, Arabic, and Persian Press; it forms the gossip of the bazaars and of the caravansaries in Asia and in Africa, and, however fanatic a Mussulman may be, he has no other wish than to witness the complete discomfiture of Russia. This state of feeling has given rise to the opinion that England ought to be the last to rejoice at the success of an Asiatic people over its Christian enemy, for, encouraged by the result of the Japanese arms, the Mahometan subjects of Great Britain might nourish the hope of similar victories in the future, and may lay down the seed of future revolutions and of the desire to shake off British supremacy in India. Since I published my pamphlet on the Yellow Peril in the course of the past summer, many friends of mine in India and in England have made allusions to this coming danger; but I cannot share their apprehensions, and I cannot do better than publish a letter which his Excellency the Viscount Hayashi, the Japanese Minister in London, has written to me on that question:

Japanese Legation, 4 Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.
1st of October, 1904.

DEAR PROF. A. VAMBÉRY,—'Le Péril Jaune,' in *La Revue d'Orient et de Hongrie*, has afforded me a most interesting reading. In every point set forth in your able article I agree entirely with you. The theory of Yellow Peril—if it at all could be called a theory—is, in my opinion, nothing but a wild outcry of anti-foreign feeling—a feeling similar to that which existed in Japan before the Restoration of 1867, and which still exists in China and other countries in Asia. Such is the feeling which I always despise most strongly. The Yellow Peril-ism, as well as this feeling, has had its origin in peculiar narrow-mindedness, and also in an unreasonable sense of fear of imaginary danger which their ignorance about the strangers causes the people to entertain. According to the theory of Yellow Peril, the Orientals become dangerous to the Occidentals when they get civilised; but I utterly fail to see how it should be, for if the Asiatic peoples become civilised the Europeans have only to regard them as their equals in the East, just as they have their equals everywhere in Europe and America. Civilisation enlightens people irrespective of race and

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colour, and the East civilised means an extension of the community of the civilised world. If so, what ground is there to fear it? Civilised Europeans do not fear their civilised brethren in Europe; why, then, should they fear their civilised equals in the East? The remaining point which may cause apparent disadvantage to the Europeans when the Eastern people become civilised is the fact that they can no more be treated in the way similar to that with which some early European settlers in America treated the native Indians, or Vasco da Gama and his followers treated uncivilised natives of India. In these cases it was the abuse of power of civilisation on the part of those who were superiors over the people who were their inferiors in civilisation, and these instances do not at all show why these inferiors should not be raised to the higher level. The abuse is certainly no argument against the proper use. If these abuses of civilisation and unfair treatment of inferior people could be stopped by spreading of higher civilisation, it would be an extension of the principle of justice and fairness for regulating the intercourse among nations, and truly a heavenly blessing conferred on the wider community of human race.

Your article explains away all the follies and absurdities of the Yellow Peril in a most powerful way, and I have no doubt that it has produced good effects in enlightening the public on the subject. I hope and trust that no sensible men will ever lend their ears to a preaching so ridiculous as that of the Yellow Peril.

You will excuse me, dear Professor, for making these remarks; it is from my sincere appreciation of your article that I do so. Believe me,

I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

TADASU HAYASHI.

I dare say the argument brought forward by the distinguished Japanese diplomatist will not fail to convince the reader of the utter fallacy of the so-called Yellow Peril; and, as far as regards the dangerous influence of the Japanese victories upon the Moslems in India, we ought not to forget that the growing civilisation among this section of the King's subjects must, and will essentially, alter their character. I mean to say they will do away, as they have already begun to do away, with the stubborn opposition against Western culture, and the more they approach to the views of their civilisers, the more will they get convinced of the blessings of British rule, and the less will they feel inclined to shake it off, knowing that dire confusion and endless bloodshed will set in as soon as the British leave the country. Of course, what relates to India cannot be said with regard to Russian Mahometans. The despotic rule of the Tsar has never been favoured by his own Christian subjects, and still less by the Mahometans, who quite recently complained bitterly, in a letter published in a Turkish paper in Egypt, about the many wrongs under which they suffer in Kazan, Ufa, and in other places of the Russian Empire, and it is but natural that they rejoice in the defeats of their oppressor, and that the prowess of the Japanese raises their hope for a future retaliation. If Islam in general had but now attained the high degree of civilisation which has helped the Japanese under the present circumstances, the position of the Christian rulers over Mahometans would undoubtedly become critical, and the Western

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Powers could not feel any security in their outlying colonies. But as matters stand to day the modern civilisation of the Moslem world is still in its infancy, and it must take a very long time before getting free from the shackles of orthodoxy. They may turn their full attention towards the modern culture, and it will be only then that they may be able to follow the example of the Japanese, and prove to Europe that energy and vitality do not belong exclusively to the Western world, but also to Asia. It would be idle to deny the moral effect of the Japanese successes on Asiatics in general, for we read that Tokio is gradually becoming the place where Hindus, Indian Mussulmans, Javanese, and Siamese like to go to acquire modern culture. We must not be astonished at that. Asiatics will always give preference to an Asiatic teacher over the European one, since they have so many views and modes of thinking in common; but such a predilection cannot be regarded as any open sign of hatred or of revolutionary tendencies. If the Japanese could be nearer to the Mahometan world than they are, their example might well serve as a keener encouragement; but the geographical distance cannot be overlooked under present circumstances, and, however full of enthusiasm certain modernised Mahometans may be on seeing their arch-enemy thrashed, and on finding that there are Asiatics who can triumph over a Western Power, nay, over the most dreaded and gigantic Western State, their joy will hardly have any practical result. The spirit of Islam is too deeply seated in its votaries to be shaken by the example of a heathen nation like the Japanese. It will take a long time before the doctrine of the Prophet will give way to modern views like the teaching of Buddha, and the victories of Japan will work only a passing influence over the Mahometan world.

VAMBÉRY.

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THIBET AND THE INDIA OFFICE

A 'BLAZING INDISCRETION'

THE unveiling of Lhassa in the autumn of last year was an event of the highest significance and widest importance. It is difficult to say which of the sciences has gained most by the complete success of that arduous mission to the capital of the Forbidden Land, and of the subsequent expedition into the recesses of Thibet; but few will deny that the world of science lies under a debt of gratitude to Colonel Younghusband and his gallant band for their contribution to general knowledge from the storehouse of the great unknown. Interesting volumes have already appeared, dealing with the popular and pictorial, military and melancholy aspects of the journey, leading us with dexterous hand through forests and over mountains, past valleys and villages of tribes unknown, into conflicts on the battlefield and in the council tent, until at last, after direst privations and unexampled forbearance, we are privileged to witness the signing of a treaty between Great Britain and Thibet in the throne-room of the hallowed Potala.

How grateful had we been if volumes such as these had been the only publications concerned with this latest record of British endurance and British success; had we been left in undisturbed reflection of the incontestable wisdom of Lord Curzon in Council, who urged the undertaking of this inevitable mission, and of the high abilities of those to whose discretion the life or death, the honour or dishonour, of the British envoy and his escort were confidently entrusted! But the wisdom of the India Office directed otherwise; and the issue of the Thibet Blue-book (No. III.) affords the spectacle of divided councils, of a weak Indian policy, of pledges carelessly given, of immediate and inexcusable public censure, all of which have distressed beyond measure the public opinion of the Empire, but have delighted the Russian Government and the *Daily News*. It has done more than this, for it has undermined the confidence of the Indian Public Service, whether civilian or military, in the chivalrous advocacy of the Secretary for India, to whom that Service has always looked for support in the hour of trial and difficulty; it has weakened the theory,

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which is advanced in the case of Lord Milner and others, that the details of great policies should be left to the 'man on the spot,' and that the discretion of such a one should be unfettered by the interference of the transient political head of the corresponding department at home.

Let me here observe in passing how different the case would have been had a Radical Government thus left Colonel Younghusband and the Indian Government in the lurch, surrendered to Russia the legitimate fruits of hard-won negotiations, and censured before the whole world the agent of its choice. The imperial hosts would have assembled in Parliament, the tragic stories of 1880–85 would have been rehearsed by the Leader of the Unionist Opposition, and a trial of strength upon a question of Empire would have been conducted in the division lobbies. To-day the case is different: the India Office is supported by the Radical party in a Radical policy; the followers of the Government, though chafing acutely beneath the blister of Mr. Brodrick's 'blazing indiscretion,' cannot support an amendment to the Address, which is nowadays equivalent to a vote of censure upon the Government; and so, for the purpose of Parliamentary criticism, this question of supreme importance has to bow before the exigencies of the party system, and to await the day when the fortune of the ballot may select a private member's resolution dealing with it, or that distant moment at the far fag-end of the Session which is considered appropriate to discuss the Indian Budget and Indian affairs.

Meanwhile the Press of Imperial Britain, at home and beyond the seas, has denounced in scathing terms the publication of the last Blue-book, and only in a lesser degree the policy of the India Office therein revealed. It is my purpose and desire to show how well founded are these charges, and with what dismay we must anticipate the future conduct in India of Indian affairs by Indian officials when they are so ruthlessly snubbed and overruled by Downing Street.

The personal aspect of Colonel Younghusband's treatment is the least important of all. It is but an illustration of the principle with which we are concerned—namely, how far the Home Government is justified in abandoning its agent who, under most difficult circumstances and in the absence of clear and vital instructions, uses his best discretion in the course of negotiations on behalf of his country. It is not in the least likely that the career of the man whose knowledge of Central Asia is only rivalled by Sven Hedin and Lord Curzon will be checked by the injudicious reprimand of a Secretary of State. More probable is it that his achievements will endure in history long after the censure and the censor are forgotten. Yet he would be more than human were he to remain impervious to the treatment he has received. For what did he do for the Empire? He marched, at the risk of his own life and the lives of his escort, to the gates

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of Lhassa, whither the Home Government despatched him, and returned with a treaty more favourable than they either expected or deserved. For this he was censured, although his diplomatic success resulted in securing for Britain a treaty so favourable that it gave us a margin of advantage which could have been surrendered at a convenient moment to Thibet, or ceded immediately as an act of grace. His King telegraphed congratulations, and subsequently decorated him; his Viceroy praised and supported him; the Secretary of State alone censured him. One is left wondering what action Mr. Brodrick would have considered appropriate if Colonel Younghusband had returned from Lhassa with no treaty at all (as was expected), or with one which did not satisfy the demands of the situation. What refinement of punishment could have been invented to await the arrival in London of a non-successful envoy from Thibet?

Let me here recapitulate briefly the story of the mission from its inception, to give some idea of the difficulties which had to be faced and shared by agent and principals alike. For years past the story of Russian intrigue in Thibet has been recounted with alarming frequency and persistence in the frontier bazaars of North-East India; the aggressive attitude of the Thibetans themselves upon the British boundary lends colour to these tales of internal agitation; and the anxiety of the contiguous States of Sikkim, Bhutan, and Nepal, whose interests are inextricable from our own, reaches a point at which it would have been folly to ignore their representations. The mission sets out, and then follows the narrative of the journey from Darjeeling to Yatung, to Chumbi, Thuna, and Gyangtse. I need not stay to recount the occasions upon which an inexhaustible patience was called upon to suffer delay after delay, and insult after insult at the hands of the priesthood of Thibet—the evil genii of a friendly race whose kindly spirit towards the mission is shown on every page of the Blue-book. Nor will I do more than recall—and this only to indicate the instinctive fairness of the man's character—Colonel Younghusband's dramatic ride alone with two subordinates into the Thibetan camp near Thuna, at a time when the monkish obstinacy was at its worst, in order to try unofficially and in a friendly way to gain their confidence or understand their opposition. These are episodes which fill the last Blue-book, and add not a little to the public indignation at the treatment finally meted out. The winter of 1903 closes in, and the mission experiences months of fearful hardship. During this time they learn more and more of Russian intrigue in Thibet—unofficial intrigue, of course—and of the reliance placed by the Lamas upon the assistance of the Russian Empire. Nevertheless, they maintain the most friendly relations with the tribes through whose country they pass, paying instantly and in full for all they buy, and supplying medical comforts to the sick and wounded. But all the while the mission realises in a thousand ways that the Lamas have

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fixedly determined to affirm no old treaty and to make no new one. Their real hope is to delay the mission far from its own boundaries until such time as enough soldiers can be collected to exterminate the British escort and shatter British power at one blow upon the north-eastern frontier of India.

So by degrees the mission was forced northwards, with the full concurrence of the Home Government, to the very gates of Lhassa. But here arose a military exigency of importance, and one which had far-reaching consequences upon the negotiations. The Home Government had determined that, treaty or no treaty, the expedition should not spend another winter in Thibet; and the task of our envoy was not made lighter by the obvious 'home-sickness' of the commandant. The position thus arrived at was difficult in the extreme.[1] The mission reached Lhassa on the 3rd of August, knowing that the latest date for its return was the 15th of September; and thus the almost superhuman task was imposed upon our commissioner of trying to negotiate a convention in this Paradise of procrastination and delay within the ridiculously short period of six weeks. Here, then, was an initial and a double difficulty—an absolute day fixed for the return of the mission, a date perfectly well known, of course, to the Thibetans; and a treaty to be negotiated whose importance, according to Oriental custom, warranted the prolongation of discussion for two or three years. It will be seen, therefore, that time was of the essence of the problem. As for the treaty itself, we gather that its object was to secure, with the minimum of friction and of future responsibility, the maximum of reparation for the violation of previous treaties; to establish a friendly feeling between the Thibetan people and ourselves, and to avoid leaving (as we had left in Afghanistan) any unhealed wound behind us. There was also a pledge to Russia to be observed, by which the negotiator was bound, that Britain had no intention of occupying or annexing Thibet. We take note, therefore, of how much was left to the discretion of the envoy up to this point; and we must also share the amazement and the shame with which the whole mission subsequently learned that, a few days after the surprise attack on Gyangtse had been delivered, and at the very moment when the British escort was being bombarded, and England was (in the words of the late Lord Hardwicke) 'at war with Thibet,' Lord Lansdowne was induced to declare in the House of Lords that 'an attack by a few ragged barbarians' made no difference to our policy or our pledges, and that we were still open to peaceful negotiations with the men behind the gun. 'Peaceful negotiations,' at a time when no messenger could have approached the bombarding force without the certainty of losing his life! Well may the mission

[1] See Mr. Brodrick's telegram, 16th of September 1904: 'In no circumstances is the force to prolong its stay at Lhassa.' 18th of September: 'There is no objection to Younghusband remaining at Lhassa.' *Blue-book*, No. 3, pp. 64, 65.

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have wondered whether Imperial England had taken leave of her senses; and well may it have despaired of success when an attack upon her envoy 'makes no difference' to the policy to be adopted. It is a significant coincidence that this extraordinary instruction was despatched to India two days before Lord Curzon arrived in England.

The foregoing is sufficient to indicate a few of the difficulties with which Colonel Younghusband was confronted; but it will probably be objected that they do not excuse his disobedience to orders and his signature to a treaty which contravened certain 'cardinal principles' of policy framed in Downing Street. In conclusion, therefore, I would ask any impartial person to refer to those points, and then to try and discover from the Blue-book that they were 'cardinal' in any sense of the word. The alleged principles were three in number:

(1) The indemnity to be fixed at 75 lakhs;
(2) The indemnity to be paid in three years; and
(3) No political agency to be established at Gyangtse.

It would indeed be interesting to know at what moment these points became either principles or cardinal. We must not forget (on point 2) that Colonel Younghusband telegraphed to his Government on the 15th of July, and again on the 30th of August, to ask for leave to extend, if necessary, the period over which the indemnity might be paid. To neither of these important telegrams was any answer forthcoming until the treaty had been signed; so that the title of a 'cardinal principle' cannot fairly be given to point 2. Nor can such 'cardinal' gravity be connected with the questions of the indemnity and the payment period when we observe that both these figures are represented by *blanks* in the treaty approved by Downing Street and sent to Lhassa.[2] Surely no State Paper previously penned has ever omitted two such essentials upon which it was considered that the honour of our country rested.

Colonel Younghusband, however, repaired the oversight, filled in the blanks in accordance with his last instructions, and presented the convention (in the exact form that it left the Viceroy) to the Amban on the 1st of September. Three days elapsed, and on the 4th of September, with the solemn ritual appropriate to great State occasions, the Thibetan representatives, together with the chiefs of Nepal and Bhutan, called upon our envoy and said they would sign the agreement . . . if time might be given them to pay the indemnity at the rate of one lakh a year. It was a critical moment, when personal character and experience were worth more than any other qualities in the world. We can well imagine the reflections of the commissioner whilst he kept his guests discussing some minor points amongst themselves: 'It is now or never; if I hold back now, when they are ready to give far more than we ask for, they will tear up the

[2] *Blue-book*, No. 3, p. 56.

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treaty, *and I must leave Lhassa this day week without one.* My Government has not replied to my telegrams asking for an extension of time of payment; surely, therefore, it is within my discretion to sign. Otherwise the Empire will be discredited, India will be laughed at, but I shall have obeyed the letter of my instructions.' After some such silent consideration he made up his mind to take the responsibility upon his own shoulders; he extended the period of indemnity and the consequent occupation of the Chumbi Valley, and thus brought to a successful close a delicate and difficult negotiation.

This, then, is the whole story of his offending: that the exercise of a wise discretion succeeded in so framing a treaty that the Thibetans were left satisfied instead of discontented; succeeded in securing (by a friendly annexe to the treaty) a permit for the British trading (N.B. *not* political) agent to visit Lhassa on commercial business; succeeded in obtaining a guarantee for payment acceptable to the Thibetans and unobjectionable to the Great Amban himself. Perhaps it will now be said that had it not been for the pledge given to Russia, this action of Colonel Younghusband might have escaped without censure. Let us, therefore, examine the pledge in its varying forms. The first mention of such a thing seems to have been in the course of a conversation between Lord Lansdowne and Count Benckendorff (November 7, 1903), in which the former 'took the opportunity of mentioning . . . that this step must not be taken as indicating any intention of annexing or even of permanently occupying *Thibetan territory.*' Nervous people might thus be led to suppose that the Chumbi Valley (which Colonel Younghusband *did* propose to occupy, not permanently, but for seventy-five years) was still part of 'Thibetan territory.' Indeed, Mr. Brodrick seemed at one moment to think so; for he bases his opposition[3] to such occupation upon the terms of the Convention of 1890 and the Trade Regulations, 1893, although he had been expressly informed that the Thibetans denounced the treaty as invalid, and openly repudiated it on more than one occasion.[4] It is almost inconceivable that, after such denunciation of a treaty by the Thibetans themselves, the Secretary of State can still have desired to treat it as valid; nor is it surprising that the possibility of such a strange conception of diplomatic usage was absent from the mind of the British agent when negotiating at Lhassa.

But, after the affairs at Gyangtse when 'Great Britain was at war with Thibet,' note the change in Lord Lansdowne's language to the Russian Ambassador. On the 2nd of June, 1904, he referred Count Benckendorff in writing to his telegram of the previous November regarding the '*occupation of Thibet*,' and repeated that his Majesty's Government still adhered to their stated policy, although 'their action must to some extent depend on the action of the Thibetans

[3] See *Blue-book*, No. 3, p. 85.

[4] See *Blue-book*, No. 1, pp. 199, 201.

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themselves.' There is no talk of 'Thibetan *territory*' here; the omission is significant and wise. Now, surely, it passes the wit of man to understand how such a pledge, revised, qualified, and renewed, precludes the occupation of the Chumbi Valley for seventy-five years, or indeed until the crack of doom. That valley, which lies on the Indian side of the watershed, has never been claimed by Thibet as part of the kingdom of the Dalai Lama; nor can the authority of any historian, geographer, or traveller be cited in support of so invalid a contention. The valley itself, about the size of Surrey, is inhabited by the Tomos, a non-Thibetan race who may hereafter have to pay dearly for their unvarying kindness to the British mission, when our withdrawal leaves them to the tender mercies of their neighbours beyond the mountains. It is too late for the suzerainty of China to be claimed as a reason for not disturbing the *status quo* in the Chumbi Valley. If suzerainty is to be respected, it must be effective, and we have learned at least the lesson that the Chinese suzerainty in those regions is a protection *pour rire*. Nor can the terms of the pledge, so explicitly referring to Thibet alone, have been extended solely for the pleasure of Russia, whose desire for the integrity of China is manifest in Manchuria; unless, indeed, we hold some reciprocal guarantee from her that she will respect for all time the Chinese kingdom of Mongolia and Turkestan.

In the absence, therefore, of any reason, either stated or implied, we are bound to say that the Home Government was free to accept the guarantee; as free as it was in 1888, when Sir Mortimer Durand said that if we occupied the Chumbi Valley there would be no more trouble with Thibet. Instead of which the Secretary of State once more pleads 'Imperial reasons;' and relying on these cogent but concealed considerations, he foregoes the guarantee on the strength of a pledge which, in so extended and unscientific an application, was never given; he reduces the indemnity to a sum payable within a limited time, which even Sir Henry Cotton thinks hard on the Thibetan people; and, after all, he commits to paper his doubts whether this amateur settlement will or will not be final.[5] The justification of the Thibetan policy of the Government turns, therefore, upon these 'Imperial considerations,' for neglecting which Colonel Younghusband is rebuked; but it is an open secret that the censure was aimed at, though not addressed to, the Indian Government and Lord Curzon at its head; and few people will be found to join in accusing that brilliant Viceroy of lack of knowledge of Imperial considerations. May it not be that the fault lies with a Government at home which, whilst accusing others of thinking too narrowly, is thinking far too widely itself, and is overlooking the consideration of India, for whose safety the Thibetan mission had to be undertaken? We are all aware of the official and the 'Little England' apology for the publication of this Blue-book:

[5] *Blue-book*, No. 3, p. 69.

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that it was necessary to 'keep the Indian Government in check;' to 'curb the spirit' of an adventurous Viceroy; to 'make an example' of one of the Hotspurs among our pioneers of Empire. But such excuses do not greatly move me; nor do I find in this amazing document anything either in method of procedure or grasp of Indian policy to justify Mr. Brodrick's interference with, and misdirections to, his subordinates in office but superiors in knowledge of Indian requirements. And I am very certain that in this attitude I do not stand alone. Is it too much to hope that, after analysing the universally hostile reception which the Blue-book has received from all parts of the Empire, and after observing the quarters whence its commendation has come, the Secretary of State will one day reflect upon the policy to which he lent not only the sanction of his name but also that of his high office? Most Imperialists would welcome the slightest sign of penitence from him for having initiated an anti-Imperial, anti-Indian, policy against the urgent advice of his colleagues in India, and possibly of some of his Council at home; for having published despatches containing amongst other regrettable matter a censure both severe and unmerited upon a brilliant public servant; and for having thus created a precedent prejudicial to the best interests of the Empire, and wholly destructive of that spirit of loyal harmony and responsive co-operation which has hitherto distinguished the relations between the India Office and the Government of India.

IAN MALCOLM.

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THE COMMEMORATION OF SHAKESPEARE

I

THE public memory is short. At the instant the suggestion that Shakespeare should receive the tribute of a great national monument in London is attracting general attention. In the ears of the vast majority of those who are taking part in the discussion the proposal appears to strike a new note. Few seem aware that a national memorial of Shakespeare has been urged on Londoners many times before. Thrice, at least, during the past eighty-five years has it exercised the public mind. At the extreme end of the year 1820 the well-known actor, Charles Mathews, set on foot a movement for the erection of 'a national monument to the immortal memory of Shakespeare.' He pledged himself to enlist the support of the new King, George the Fourth, of members of the royal family, of 'every man of rank and talent, every poet, artist, and sculptor.' Mathews's endeavour achieved only a specious success. George the Fourth readily gave his 'high sanction' to a London memorial. Sir Walter Scott, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Tom Moore, and Washington Irving were among the men of letters; Sir Thomas Lawrence, [Sir] Francis Chantrey, and John Nash, the architect, were among the artists, who approved the general conception. For three or four years ink was spilt and breath was spent in the advocacy of the scheme. But nothing came of all the letters and speeches. In 1847 the topic was again broached. A committee, which was hardly less influential than that of 1821, revived the proposal. Again no result followed. Fifteen years passed away, and then, in 1864, the arrival of the tercentenary of Shakespeare's birth seemed to many men of eminence in public ife, in letters or in art, an appropriate moment at which to carry the design into effect. A third failure has to be recorded.

The notion, indeed, was no child of the nineteenth century which fathered it so ineffectually. It was familiar to the eighteenth. One eighteenth-century effort was fortunate enough to yield a little permanent fruit. To an eighteenth-century endeavour to offer Shakespeare a national memorial in London was due the cenotaph in Westminster Abbey.

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II

The suggestion of commemorating Shakespeare by means of a monument in London has thus something more than a 'smack of age' about it, something more than a 'relish of the saltness of time;' there are points of view from which it might appear to be already 'blasted with antiquity.' On only one of the previous occasions that the question was raised was the stage of discussion passed, and that was in the eighteenth century when the monument was placed in the Poets' Corner. The issue was not felicitous. The memorial in the Abbey failed to satisfy the commemorative aspirations of the nation; it left it open to succeeding generations to reconsider the question, if it did not impose on them the obligation. Most of the poets, actors, scholars, and patrons of polite learning, who in 1741 subscribed their guineas to the fund for placing a monument in Westminster Abbey resented the sculpturesque caricature to which their subscriptions were applied. Pope, an original leader of the movement, declined to write an inscription for this national memorial, but scribbled some ironical verses beginning:

> Thus Britons love me and preserve my fame.

A later critic imagined Shakespeare's wraith pausing in horror by the familiar monument in the Abbey, and lightly misquoting Shelley's familiar lines:

> I silently laugh at my own cenotaph, . . .
> And long to unbuild it again.

One of the most regrettable effects of the Abbey memorial, with its mawkish and irrelevant sentimentality, has been to set a bad pattern for statues of Shakespeare, for posterity came to invest the design with some measure of sanctity.

The nineteenth-century efforts were mere abortions. In 1821, in spite of George the Fourth's benevolent patronage, which included an unfulfilled promise to pay the sum of 100 guineas, the total amount which was collected after six years' agitation was so small that it was returned to the subscribers. The accounts are extant in the Library of Shakespeare's Birthplace at Stratford-on-Avon. In 1847 the subscriptions were more abundant, but all was then absorbed in the purchase of Shakespeare's Birthplace; no money was available for a London memorial. In 1864 the expenses of organising the tercentenary celebration in London by way of banquets, concerts, and theatrical performances, seem to have left no surplus for the purpose which the movement set out to fulfil.

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III

The causes of the sweeping failure of the proposal when it came before the public during the nineteenth century are worth studying. There was no lack of enthusiasm among the promoters. Nor were their high hopes wrecked solely by public apathy. The public interest was never altogether dormant. More efficient causes of ruin were, firstly, the active hostility of some prominent writers and actors who declaimed against all outward and visible commemoration of Shakespeare; and secondly, divisions in the ranks of supporters in regard to the precise form that the memorial ought to take. The censorious refusal of one section of the literary public to countenance any memorial at all, and the inability of another section, while promoting the endeavour, to concentrate its energies on one form of commemoration had, as might be expected, a paralysing effect.

'England,' it was somewhat casuistically argued in 1864, 'has never been ungrateful to her poet; but the very depth and fervour of the reverence in which he is held have hitherto made it difficult for his scholars to agree upon any common proceeding in his name.' Neither in 1864 nor at earlier and later epochs have Shakespearian scholars always formed among themselves a very happy family. That amiable sentiment which would treat the realisation of the commemorative aim as a patriotic obligation—as an obligation which no good citizen could honourably repudiate—has often produced discord rather than harmony among Shakespearian scholars. One school of the past has argued for a work of sculpture, and has been opposed by a cry for a college for actors, or a Shakespearian theatre. 'We do not like the idea of a monument at all,' wrote *The Times* on the 20th of January, 1864. 'Shakespeare,' wrote *Punch* on the 6th of February following, 'needs no statue.' In old days it was frequently insisted that, even if the erection of a London monument were desirable, active effort ought to be postponed until an adequate memorial had been placed in Stratford-on-Avon. At the same time a band of students was always prepared to urge the chilling plea that the payment of any outward honour to Shakespeare was laboursome futility—was 'wasteful and ridiculous excess.' Milton's query, 'What needs my Shakespeare for his honoured bones?' has always been quoted to satiety by one section of the public whenever the commemoration of Shakespeare has come under discussion.

IV

Once again the question of a national memorial of Shakespeare in London has been revived in conditions not wholly unlike those that have gone before. Mr. Richard Badger, a veteran enthusiast, has

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offered the people of London the sum of 3,500*l.* as the nucleus of a great Shakespeare Memorial Fund. The Lord Mayor of London has presided over a public meeting at the Mansion House, which has empowered an influential committee to proceed with the work. The London County Council has promised to provide a site. With regard to the form that the memorial ought to take, a variety of irresponsible suggestions has been made. Nothing has been authoritatively determined.

The propriety of visibly and outwardly commemorating Shakespeare in the capital city of the Empire has consequently become once more an urgent public question. The public is invited anew to form an opinion on the various points at issue. No expression of opinion should carry weight which omits to take into account past experience as well as present conditions and possibilities. If regard for the public interest justify a national memorial in London, it is most desirable to define the principles whereby its precise form should be determined.

In one important particular the consideration of the subject to-day is simpler than when it was debated on former occasions. Differences existed, then as now, in regard to the propriety of erecting a national memorial of Shakespeare in London, but almost all who interested themselves in the matter in the nineteenth century agreed that the public interest justified, if it did not require, the preservation from decay or demolition of the buildings at Stratford-on-Avon with which Shakespeare's life was associated. So long as those buildings were in private hands, every proposal to commemorate Shakespeare in London had to meet a formidable objection which was raised on their behalf. If the nation undertook to commemorate Shakespeare at all, it should make its first aim (it was argued) the conversion into public property of the surviving memorials of Shakespeare's career at Stratford. The scheme of the London memorial could not be thoroughly discussed on its merits while the claims of Stratford remained unsatisfied. It was deemed premature, whether or no it were justifiable, to entertain any scheme of commemoration which left the Stratford buildings out of account.

A natural sentiment connected Shakespeare more closely with Stratford-on-Avon than with any other place. Whatever part London played in his career, the public mind was dominated by the fact that he was born at Stratford, died, and was buried there. If he left Stratford in youth in order to work out his destiny in London, he returned to it in middle life in order to end his days there 'in ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends.'

In spite of this widespread feeling it proved no easy task, nor one capable of rapid fulfilment, to consecrate in permanence to public uses the extant memorials of Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Avon. Stratford was a place of pilgrimage for admirers of Shakespeare from

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early days in the seventeenth century—soon, in fact, after Shakespeare's death in 1616. But local veneration did not prevent the demolition in 1759, by a private owner, of New Place, Shakespeare's last residence, and that act of vandalism was long in provoking any practical resentment. Garrick, by means of his Jubilee Festival of 1769, effectively, if somewhat theatrically, called the attention of the English public to the claims of the town to the affectionate interest of lovers of the great dramatist. Nevertheless, it was left to the nineteenth century to dedicate in permanence to the public service the places which were the scenes of Shakespeare's private life in his native town.

Charles Mathews's effort of 1821 took its rise in an endeavour to purchase in behalf of the nation the site of Shakespeare's demolished residence of New Place, with the great garden attached to it, but that scheme was overweighted by the incorporation with it of the plan for a London monument, and both collapsed ignominiously. In 1835 a strong committee was formed at Stratford to commemorate the poet's connection with the town. It was called 'the Monumental Committee,' and had for its object, firstly, the repair of Shakespeare's tomb in the parish church; and secondly, the preservation and restoration of all the Shakespearian buildings in the town. Subscriptions were limited to 1*l.*, and all the members of the royal family, including the Princess Victoria, who two years later came to the throne, figured, with other leading personages in the nation's life, in the list of subscribers. But the subscriptions only produced a sum sufficient to carry out the first purpose of the Monumental Committee, the repair of the tomb. In 1847 the sale by public auction was announced of the house in which Shakespeare was born. It had long been a show-place in private hands. A general feeling declared itself in favour of the purchase of the house for the nation. Public sentiment was in accord with the ungrammatical grandiloquence of the auctioneer, the famous Robins, whose advertisement of the sale contained the sentence: 'It is trusted the feeling of the country will be so evinced that the structure may be secured, hallowed, and cherished as a national monument almost as imperishable as the poet's fame.' A subscription list was headed by Prince Albert with 250*l.* A distinguished committee was formed under the presidency of Lord Morpeth (afterwards the seventh Earl of Carlisle), then Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests, who offered to make his department perpetual conservators of the property. (That proposal was unhappily not accepted.) Dickens, Macaulay, Lord Lytton, and the historian Grote were all active in promoting the movement, and it proved successful. The property was duly secured by a private trust in behalf of the nation. The most important house identified with Shakespeare's career in Stratford was thus effectively protected from the risks that are always inherent in private ownership. The step was not taken with undue haste;

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two hundred and thirty-one years had elapsed since Shakespeare's death.

Fourteen years later, in very similar circumstances, the still vacant site of Shakespeare's demolished residence, New Place, with the great garden behind it, and the adjoining house were acquired by the public. A new Shakespeare Fund, to which the Prince Consort subscribed 100*l.*, and Miss Burdett-Coutts (afterwards Baroness Burdett-Coutts) 600*l.*, was formed not only to satisfy this purpose, but to provide the means of equipping a library and museum which were established at the Birthplace, as well as a second museum which was opened on the New Place property. It was appropriate to make these buildings depositories of authentic relics and books which should illustrate the poet's life and work. This national Shakespeare Fund was actively promoted, chiefly by the late Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, for more than ten years; a large sum of money was collected, and the aims with which the Fund was set on foot were to a large extent fulfilled. It only remained to organise on a permanent legal basis the completed Stratford Memorial of Shakespeare. By an Act of Parliament, passed in 1891, the two properties of New Place and the Birthplace were definitely formed into a single public trust 'for and in behalf of the nation.' The trustees were able in 1892, out of their surplus income, which is derived from the fees of visitors, to add to their estates Anne Hathaway's Cottage at Shottery, a third building of high interest to students of Shakespeare's history.

The formation of the Birthplace Trust has every title to be regarded as an outward and visible tribute to Shakespeare's memory on the part of the nation at large.[1] The purchase for the public of the Birthplace, the New Place property, and Anne Hathaway's Cottage was not primarily due to local effort. Justly enough, a very small portion of the necessary funds came from Stratford itself. The nation may therefore take credit for having set up at least one fitting monument to Shakespeare by consecrating to public uses the property identified with his career in Stratford. Larger funds than the trustees at present possess are required to enable them to carry on the work which their predecessors began, and to compete with any chance of

[1] Nor is this all that has been accomplished at Stratford in the nineteenth century in the way of the national commemoration of Shakespeare. While the surviving property of Shakespearian interest was in course of acquisition for the nation, an early ambition to erect in Stratford a theatre in Shakespeare's memory was realised—in part by subscriptions from the general public, but mainly by the munificence of members of the Flower family, three generations of which have resided at Stratford. The Memorial Theatre was opened in 1879, and the Picture Gallery and Library which were attached to it were completed two years later. The Memorial Buildings at Stratford stand on a different footing from the properties of the Birthplace Trust. The Memorial institution is separately governed, and is to a larger extent under local control. But the extended series of performances of Shakespearean drama, which takes place each year in April at the Memorial Theatre, has something of the character of an annual commemoration of Shakespeare by the nation at large.

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success for books and relics of Shakespearian interest—such as they are empowered by Act of Parliament to acquire—when these memorials chance to come into the market. But a number of small annual subscriptions from men of letters has lately facilitated the performance of this part of the trustees' work, and that source of income may, it is hoped, increase. At any rate, the ancient objection to the erection of a national monument in London which was based on the absence of any memorial in Stratford is no longer of avail. In 1821, in 1847, and in 1864, when the acquisition of the Stratford property was unattempted or uncompleted, it was perfectly just to argue that Stratford was entitled to have precedence of London when the question of commemorating Shakespeare was debated. It is no just argument in 1905, now that the claims of Stratford are practically satisfied.

Byron, when writing of the memorial to Petrarch at Acqua, expressed with admirable feeling the sentiment that would confine outward memorials of a poet in his native town to the places where he was born, lived, died, and was buried. With very little verbal change Byron's stanza on the visible memorials of Petrarch's association with Acqua is applicable to those of Shakespeare's association with Stratford:

> They keep his dust in Stratford, where he died;
> The midland village where his later days
> Went down the vale of years; and 'tis their pride—
> An honest pride—and let it be their praise,
> To offer to the passing stranger's gaze
> His birthplace and his sepulchre; both plain
> And venerably simple, such as raise
> A feeling more accordant with his strain
> Than if a pyramid form'd his monumental fane.[2]

Venerable simplicity is hardly the characteristic note of Shakespeare's 'strain' any more than it is of Petrarch's strain. But there can be no just quarrel with the general contention that at Stratford, where Shakespeare gave ample proof of his characteristic modesty, a pyramidal fane would be out of harmony with the environment. There his birthplace and tomb are the fittest memorials of his great career.

V

It may justly be asked, Is there any principle which justifies another sort of memorial elsewhere? On grounds of history and sentiment, but in conditions which demand most careful definition, the right answer will, I think, be in the affirmative. For one thing, Shakespeare's life was not confined to Stratford. His professional career was spent in London, and those who strictly insist that memorials to great men should be erected only in places

[2] Cf. *Childe Harold*, Canto IV., St. xxxi.

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with which they were personally associated can hardly deny that London shares with Stratford a title to a memorial from a biographical or historical point of view. Of Shakespeare's life of fifty-two years, twenty-four years were in all probability spent in London. During those years the work that makes him memorable was done. It was in London that the fame which is universally acknowledged was won.

Some valuable details regarding Shakespeare's life in London are accessible. The districts where he resided and where he passed his time are known. There is evidence that during the early part of his London career he lived in the parish of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, and during the later part near the Bankside, Southwark. With the south side of the Thames he was long connected, together with his youngest brother, Edmund, who was also an actor, and was buried in the church of St. Saviour's, Southwark.

In his early London days Shakespeare's professional work, alike as actor and dramatist, brought him daily from St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, to the theatre in Shoreditch. Shoreditch was then the chief theatrical quarter in London. Later, the centre of London theatrical life shifted to Southwark, where the far-famed Globe Theatre was erected, in 1599, mainly out of the materials of the dismantled Shoreditch Theatre. Ultimately Shakespeare's company of actors performed in a theatre at Blackfriars, which was created out of a private residence not far from where *The Times* office stands now. At a few hundred yards' distance from the Blackfriars Theatre, in the direction of Cannon Street, Shakespeare, too, shortly before his death, purchased a house.

Thus Shakespeare's life in London is well identified with four districts—with Bishopsgate, with Shoreditch, with Southwark, and with Blackfriars. Unhappily for students of Shakespeare's life, London has been more than once remodelled since the dramatist sojourned in the city. The buildings and lodgings, with which he was associated in Shoreditch, Southwark, Bishopsgate, or Blackfriars, have long since disappeared.

It is not possible to follow in London the same historical scheme of commemoration which has been adopted at Stratford-on-Avon, It is impossible to recall to existence the edifices in which Shakespeare pursued his London career. Archæology could do little in this direction that was satisfactory. There would be an awkward incongruity in introducing into the serried ranks of Shoreditch warehouses and Southwark wharves an archæological restoration of Elizabethan playhouse or private residence. Pictorial representations of the Globe Theatre survive, and it might be possible to construct something that should materialise the extant drawings. But the *genius loci* has fled from Southwark and from Shoreditch. It might be practicable to set up a new model of an Elizabethan theatre elsewhere, but such a

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memorial would have about it an air of unreality, artificiality and affectation which would not be in accord with the scholarly spirit of an historic or biographic commemoration. The device might prove of archæological interest, but the commemorative purpose, from a biographical or historical point of view, would be ill served. Wherever a copy of an Elizabethan playhouse were brought to birth in twentieth-century London, the historic sense in the onlooker would be for the most part irresponsive; it would hardly be quickened.

VI

Apart from the practical difficulties of realising materially Shakespeare's local associations with London, it is doubtful if the mere commemoration in London of Shakespeare's personal connection with the great city be the precise aim of those who have urged the propriety of erecting a national monument in the metropolis. Shakespeare's personal relations with London can in all the circumstances of the case be treated as a justification in only the second degree. The primary justification involves a somewhat different train of thought. A national memorial of Shakespeare in London must be reckoned of small account if it merely aimed at keeping alive in public memory the biographic facts of Shakespeare's London career. The true aim of a national London memorial must be symbolic. It must typify Shakespeare's place not in the past, but in the present life of the nation and of the world. It ought, moreover, to constitute a perpetual reminder of the position that he fills in the present, and is likely to fill in the future, economy of human thought for those whose growing absorption in the narrowing business of life tends to make them forget it.

The day is long since past when vague eulogy of Shakespeare is permissible. Shakespeare's literary supremacy is as fully recognised by those who justly appreciate literature as any law of nature. To the man and woman of culture of all civilised countries he symbolises the potency of the human intellect. But those who are content to read and admire him in the cloister at times overlook the full significance of his achievement in the outside world. French critics may still complain—not altogether without justice—of the inequalities of Shakespeare's work. But it was a Frenchman, it was the romance-writer Dumas, who pointed out that Shakespeare is infinitely more than the greatest of dramatists, who declared that Shakespeare holds the second place in the universe. 'After God,' said Dumas, 'Shakespeare has created most.'

So exalted a foreign estimate illustrates the fact that Shakespeare contributes to the prestige of his nation a good deal beyond repute for literary power. He is not merely a literary ornament of our British household. It is largely on his account that foreign nations

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honour his country as a mighty intellectual and spiritual force. Shakespeare and Newton together give England an intellectual sovereignty which adds more to her 'reputation through the world' than any exploit in battle or statesmanship. If, again, Shakespeare's pre-eminence has added dignity to the name of Englishman abroad, it has also quickened the sense of unity among the intelligent sections of the English-speaking peoples. Admiration, affection for his work has come to be one of the strongest links in the chain which binds the English-speaking peoples together. He quickens the fraternal sense among all who speak his language.

London is no nominal capital of the kingdom and the Empire. It is the headquarters of British influence. Within its boundaries have assembled the official insignia of British prestige. It is the mother-city of the English-speaking world. To ask of the citizens of London some outward sign that Shakespeare is a living source of British prestige, a unifying factor in the consolidation of the British Empire, and a powerful element in the maintenance of fraternal relations with the United States, seems therefore no unreasonable demand. Neither cloistered study of his plays, nor the occasional representation of them in the theatres, brings home to either the English-speaking or the English-reading world the full extent of the debt that England owes to Shakespeare. A monumental memorial, which should symbolise Shakespeare's influence in the universe, could only find an appropriate and effective home in the capital city of the British Empire. It is this conviction, and no narrower point of view, which gives any serious endeavour to commemorate Shakespeare in London its title to consideration.

VII

The admitted fact that Shakespeare's fame is established beyond risk of decay does not place him outside the range of conventional methods of commemoration. The greater a man's recognised service to his fellows, the more active grows in normally constituted minds the natural commemorative instinct, which seeks outward and tangible expression. A strange fallacy underlies the objection that has been taken to any commemoration of Shakespeare by those who allege that Milton warned the English people of all time against erecting any monument to Shakespeare. Milton asked the question, that has been lately on hundreds of tongues:

> What needs my Shakespeare for his honoured bones?

and by way of answer deprecated any such 'weak witness of his name' as 'piled stones' or 'star-ypointing pyramid.' The poet laureate among others has somewhat literally echoed Milton's sentiment in the past few weeks. He has roundly asserted that 'perishable

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stuff' is the fit crown of monumental pedestals. 'Gods for themselves,' he concludes, 'have monument enough.' This curious conclusion is clearly refuted by experience. At any rate, in the classical and Renaissance eras monumental sculpture was in habitual request among those who would honour both immortal gods and mortal heroes—especially mortal heroes who had distinguished themselves in literature or art. But there are ample signs abroad that the sentiment to which the laureate gives voice has a good deal of public support.

A little reflection will show that Milton's fervid couplets have very small bearing on the question at issue in its present conditions. Milton's poem is an elegy on Shakespeare. It was penned when the dramatist had lain in his grave less than fourteen years, and when the writer was in his twenty-second year. The exuberant enthusiasm of youth was couched in poetic imagery which has from time immemorial been employed in panegyrics of great poets. The beautiful figure, which presents a great man's work as his only lasting monument, is as old as poetry itself. The conceit courses through the classical poetry of Greece from the time of Pindar, and through that of Italy from the time of Ennius. No great Renaissance writer of modern Italy, of sixteenth-century France, or of Elizabethan England, tired of arguing that the poet's deathless memorial is that carved by his own pen. Shakespeare clothed the conceit in glowing harmonies in his sonnets, and Ben Jonson, in his elegy on the dramatist, adapted the time-honoured figure when he hailed his dead friend's achievement as 'a monument without a tomb.'

'The truest poetry is the most feigning,' and, when one recalls the true significance and influence of great sculptured monuments through the history of the civilised world, Milton's poetic argument can only be accepted in what Sir Thomas Browne called 'a soft and flexible sense'; it cannot 'be called unto the rigid test of reason.' To treat Milton's eulogy as the final word in the discussion of the subject whether or no Shakespeare should have a national monument, is to come into conflict with Sir Walter Scott, Tennyson, Ruskin, Dickens, and all the greatest men of letters of the nineteenth century, who answered the question in the affirmative. It is to discredit crowds of admirers of great writers in classical and modern ages, who have commemorated the labours of poets and dramatists in outward and visible monuments. The genius of the great Greek dramatists was not underrated by their countrymen. Their literary efforts were adjudged to be true memorials of their fame, and no doubt of their immortality was entertained. None the less the city of Athens, on the proposition of the Attic orator, Lycurgus, erected in honour of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides statues which ranked with the most beautiful adornments of the Greek capital. Calderon and Goethe, Camoens and Schiller, Sir Walter Scott and Burns enjoy

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reputations which are smaller, it is true, than Shakespeare's, but are at the same time, like his, of both national and universal significance. In memory of them all, monuments have been erected as tokens of their fellow-countrymen's veneration and of gratitude for the influence that their poetry wields. The fame of these men's writings never stood in any 'need' of monumental corroboration. The sculptured memorial testified to the sense of gratitude which their writings generated in the hearts and minds of their readers. Again, the great musicians and the great painters live in their work in a singularly real sense. Music and painting are more direct in popular appeal than great poetry. Yet none can ridicule the sentiment which is embodied in the statue of Beethoven at Bonn, or in that of Paolo Veronese at Verona. To accept literally the youthful judgment of Milton and his imitators is to condemn sentiments and practices which are in universal vogue among civilised peoples. It is to deny to the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey a rational title to existence.

To commemorate a great man by a statue in a public place, in the central sphere of his influence, is, indeed, a custom inseparable from civilised life. The theoretic moralist's reminder that monuments of human greatness sooner or later come to dust is a doctrine too discouraging of all human effort to have exerted much practical effect. Monuments are, in the eyes of the intelligent, tributes for services rendered by great men to posterity. But incidentally they have an educational value. They help to fix the attention of the thoughtless on facts which may in the absence of outward symbols escape notice. They may act as incentives to thought. They may convert the thoughtless into the thoughtful. Wide as are the ranks of Shakespeare's readers, they are not in England, at any rate, incapable of extension, and, whatever calls the attention of those who are as yet outside the pale of knowledge of Shakespeare to what lies within it, deserves respectful consideration.

It is never inconsistent with a nation's dignity for it to give conspicuous expression of gratitude to its benefactors, among whom great writers take first rank. Monuments of fitting character give that conspicuous expression. Bacon, the most enlightened of English thinkers, argued, within a few years of Shakespeare's death, that no self-respecting people could safely omit to erect statues of those who had contributed to the genuine advance of their knowledge or prestige. The visitors to Bacon's imaginary island of New Atlantis saw statues erected at the public expense in memory of all who had won great distinction in the arts or sciences. The richness of the memorial varied according to the value of the achievement. 'These statues,' the observer noted, 'are some of brass, some of marble and touchstone, some of cedar, and other special woods, gilt and adorned, some of iron, some of silver, some of gold.' No other external recognition of great intellectual service was deemed, in Bacon's Utopia, of equal

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appropriateness. Bacon's mature judgment deserves greater regard than the splendid imagery of Milton's budding muse.

VIII

In order to satisfy the commemorative instinct in a people it is necessary, as Bacon pointed out, strictly to adapt the means to the end. The essential object of a national monument to a great man is to pay tribute to his greatness, to express his fellow-men's sense of his service. No blunder could be graver than to confuse the issue by seeking to make the commemoration serve any secondary purpose or any collateral purpose. It may be very useful to erect hospitals or schools. It may help in the dissemination of knowledge and appreciation of Shakespearian drama for the public to endow a theatre, which should be devoted to the performance of Shakespeare's plays. Promoters of such a commendable endeavour might find their labours facilitated by associating their project with Shakespeare's name,—with the proposed commemoration of Shakespeare. But the true aim of the commemoration will be frustrated if it be linked with any purpose of utility, with anything beyond a symbolisation of his mighty genius and influence. To attempt aught else is 'wrenching the true cause the false way.' A worthy memorial to Shakespeare will not satisfy the just working of the commemorative instinct, unless it take the sculpturesque and monumental shape which the great tradition of antiquity has sanctified. A monument to Shakespeare should be a monument and nothing besides.

Bacon's doctrine that the greater the achievement that is commemorated the richer must be the outward symbol, implies that a memorial to Shakespeare must be a work of art of the loftiest merit conceivable. Unless those who promote the movement concentrate their energies on an object of beauty, unless they free the movement of all suspicion that the satisfaction of the commemorative instinct is to be a secondary and not the primary aim, unless they resolve that the Shakespeare memorial in London is to be a monument pure and simple and one as perfect as art can make it, then the effort is undeserving of the nation's support.

IX

This conclusion suggests the inevitable objection that sculpture in England is not in a condition favourable to the execution of a great piece of monumental art. Past experience in London does not make one very sanguine that it is possible to realise in statuary a worthy conception of a Shakespearian memorial. The various stages through which recent efforts to promote sculptured memorials in London have passed suggest the mock turtle's definition in *Alice in Wonder-*

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land of the four branches of arithmetic—Ambition, Distraction, Uglification, and Derision. Save the old statue of James the Second which has lately disappeared from Parliament Street, and the new statue of Oliver Cromwell which stands at a disadvantage on its present site, every sculptured portrait in the public places of London is

> A fixèd figure for the time of scorn
> To point his slow unmoving finger at.

London is not without some statues of men of letters. There are statues of Burns and J. S. Mill on the Thames Embankment, of Byron in Hamilton Place, and of Carlyle on Chelsea Embankment. But all convey an impression of insignificance, and thereby fail to satisfy the nation's commemorative instinct. The taste of the nation needs rigorous control when it seeks to pay tribute to benefactors by means of sculptured monuments. During the last forty years a vast addition has been made throughout the country—with most depressing effect—to the number of sculptured memorials in the open air. The people has certainly shown far too enthusiastic and too inconsiderate a liberality in commemorating by means of sculptured monuments the virtues of Prince Albert and the noble character and career of the late Queen Victoria. The deduction to be drawn from the numberless statues of Queen Victoria and her consort is not exhilarating. British taste never showed itself to worse effect. The general impression produced by the most ambitious of all these memorials, the Albert Memorial, is especially deplorable. The gilt figure of the Prince seems to defy every principle that fine art should respect. The endeavour to produce imposing effect by dint of hugeness is, in all but inspired hands, certain to issue in ugliness.

It would, however, be a mistake to take too gloomy a view of the situation. The prospect may easily be painted in too dismal colours. It is a commonplace with foreign historians of art to assert that English sculpture ceased to flourish when the building of the old Gothic cathedrals came to an end. But Stevens's monument of the Duke of Wellington, despite the imperfect execution of the design, shows that the monumental art of England has proved itself, at a later date, capable of realising a great commemorative conception. There are signs, too, that at least three living sculptors might in favourable conditions prove worthy competitors of Stevens. At least one literary memorial in the British Isles, the Scott monument in Edinburgh, which cost no more than 16,000*l.*, satisfies a nation's commemorative aspiration. There the natural environment and an architectural setting of fine design reinforced the effect of sculpture. The whole typifies with fitting dignity the admiring affection which gathers about Scott's name. This successful realisation of a commemorative aim—not wholly dissimilar from that which should inspire a Shakespeare memorial—should check for the present forebodings of despair.

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There are obviously greater difficulties in erecting a monument to Shakespeare in London than in erecting a monument to Scott in Edinburgh. There is no site in London that will compare with the gardens of Princes Street in Edinburgh. It is essential that a Shakespeare memorial should occupy the best site that London can offer. Ideally the best site for any great monument is the summit of a gently rising eminence, with a roadway directly approaching it and circling round it. In 1864, when the question of a fit site for a Shakespeare Memorial in London was warmly debated, a too ambitious scheme recommended the formation of an avenue on the model of the Champs-Elysées from the top of Portland Place across Primrose Hill, and at the end of the avenue, on the summit of Primrose Hill, at an elevation of 207 feet above the river Thames, the Shakespeare monument was to stand. This is an impossible proposal. The site which in 1864 received the largest measure of approbation was a spot in the Green Park, near Piccadilly. A third suggestion was the bank of the River Thames, which was then called Thames-way, but was on the point of conversion into the Thames Embankment. Recent reconstruction of central London—of the district north of the Strand—now widens the field of choice. If a sufficient space could be allowed by the County Council for the purpose, there is much to be said for a site within the centre of London life. But no site that is mean or cramped would be permissible if the essential needs of the situation are to be met.

A monument that should be sufficiently imposing would need an architectural framework. But the figure of the poet must occupy the foremost place in the design. Herein lies another embarrassment. It is difficult to determine which of the extant portraits the sculptor ought to follow. The bust in Stratford Church, the print in the First Folio, and possibly the Chandos painting in the National Portrait Gallery, are honest efforts to present a faithful likeness. But they are crudely executed, and are posthumous sketches largely depending on the artist's memory. The sculptor would be compelled to work in the spirit of the historian, who recreates a past event from the indication given him by an illiterate or fragmentary chronicle or inscription. He would be bound to endow with artistic life those features in which the authentic portraits agree, but the highest effort of the imagination would be needed to create an impression of artistic truth.

The success of a Shakespeare memorial will ultimately depend on the pecuniary support that the public accord it. But in the initial stage of the movement all rests on the discovery of a sculptor capable of realising the significance of a national commemoration of the greatest of the nation's, or indeed of the world's, heroes. It would be well to settle satisfactorily the question of such an artist's existence before anything else. The first step that any organising committee

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of a Shakespeare memorial should therefore, in my view, take would be to invite sculptors of every country to propose a design. The monument should be the best that artistic genius could contrive—the artistic genius of the world. There may be better sculptors abroad than at home. The universality of the appeal, which Shakespeare's achievement makes, justifies a competition among artists of every race or nationality.

The crucial decision as to whether the capacity to execute the monument is available should be entrusted to a committee of taste, to a committee of liberal-minded connoisseurs who command general confidence. If this jury decide by their verdict that the present conditions of art permit the production of a great memorial of Shakespeare on just principles, then a strenuous appeal for funds may be inaugurated with likelihood of success. It is hopeless to reverse these methods of procedure. If funds are first invited before rational doubts as to the possibility of a proper application of them are dispelled, it is improbable that the response will be satisfactory or that the issue of the movement of 1905 will differ from that of 1821 or 1864.

In 1864 Victor Hugo expressed the opinion that the expenses of a Shakespeare memorial in London ought to be defrayed by the British Government. There is no likelihood of assistance from that source. Individual effort can alone be relied upon, and it is doubtful if it be desirable to seek official aid. A great national memorial of Shakespeare in London, if it come into being at all on the lines which would alone justify its existence, ought to embody individual enthusiasm, ought to express with fitting dignity the personal sense of indebtedness and admiration which fills the hearts of his fellow-men.

SIDNEY LEE.

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THE PUBLIC AS SEEN FROM THE STAGE

THERE are two sides to every question. There are two sides to every stage curtain—what is theatrically termed the 'back' and the 'front of the house,' or more generally known as 'before and behind the footlights'—and if of late years both sides of the curtain have been made familiar to the public gaze, it is not because it is the fashion to court observation, but on account of a passionate national curiosity to know the truth.

And when we have probed and sounded and investigated to our entire satisfaction, it has further become a modern habit to summarise any peculiar condition of things, to diagnose the disease as it were by the coining of a catchword. After that we are content to let things take their course.

Perhaps this is the result of the liberty of thought and expression that is the charter of the British people, encouraging every man to think aloud. Perhaps it is the natural outcome of party government under which a man, happy or unhappy of speech, may find himself the hero or scapegoat of the hour. We have seen how a ministry may get out of hand by the flick of a stinging word, and how a dreamer may be acclaimed as leader by his making of a motto.

A catchword is the current coin of the public Press, the small change of the man in the street. No longer merit lies in the righting of a wrong, but in the appropriate choice of a baptismal name, and so content are we with its christening that we forthwith forget what we have morally undertaken as sponsors. The man who invents an appropriate catchword is the man of the moment.

Sometimes an arrow is shot into the air at random by an unknown archer, as when the arrow of 'inefficiency' was loosed across England. It hit the lintel of a door in Pall Mall, and ricocheted to Dublin Castle, sparing, however, Scotland in its course. It dealt no more death than that, but it set the mode of shooting many arrows from the same bow, aimed at many institutions and professions in our country, and amongst them the drama and its interpreters were not spared.

Now the politician on the platform and the actor on the stage have this in common; both are canvassing for the suffrages of the voter; both are groping their way to the hearts and heads of heterogeneous

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and ill-assorted crowds; both are dependent on the goodwill of the masses of whom the speakers know individually nothing. In each case it is necessary for success to gauge what best pleases the public. Here the similarity ends. For the politician has done his work when the poll is declared, and may for ever hold his tongue under a government that discourages discussion; but an actor has his battle to fight every time he sets foot on the stage, and to the observer who is interested in going to the root of things, it becomes a question of importance to know why the battle is so often lost.

It is with that object that I am going to try to make clear in a few words where I think the fight is being unevenly waged, where the rules of war are not being fairly observed, where, in short, to quote a vulgar catchword, the 'game is not being played,' albeit my task is fraught with some difficulty. I should in justice to myself quote facts and figures in illustration of my meaning, and occasionally even be obliged explanatorily to name actors and authors; but there is for some inexplicable reason something so sensitising about the atmosphere of a theatre to all those connected with it, that it is out of question to open the shutters and let in the sun on unpublished facts. It is as though the tempered glow of the electrician's art has destroyed for us the possibility of facing the light of day without blinking, and though I cannot flatter myself that anything I could say would produce the slightest ruffle on the surface of theatrical enterprise, yet I feel that if I set down here something based on and vouched for by someone's experience, to-morrow somebody else would be writing to the daily Press that he was the person concerned, and that his honour had been impugned.

As to the British lion, he can take care of himself, and is sufficiently indifferent to the twisting of his tail, provided his meal of raw meat is forthcoming.

Raw meat! the very word. I might have cast about for hours and not dropped upon one that characterises so well the fare he demands and pays for.

Raw meat, uncooked, unseasoned, without sauce piquant or gravy, that is what the British lion roars for and roars at. Serve him up a fillet neatly trimmed, fried in butter, garnished with a truffle, and he turns away from it with a growl as a 'nasty French dish'! But give him all the Ten Commandments broken up into biscuit, make it hot with mustard and cayenne, and his bellow of delight can be heard from St. Clement Danes to St. James's Church.

Now since it is an established fashion to assert loudly that there are no actors or actresses in England, it is clearly the duty of one who has the temerity to break the patient silence of the theatrical profession, *not* to sacrifice the truth to the fear of plain speaking, and to endeavour to demonstrate how every individual reader may,

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without conscious effort, collaborate with the actor in the higher development of his art.

Some years ago a distinguished dramatist is reported to have said that he did not want actors and actresses to interpret his plays, he wanted puppets that could be taught. In those days, I believe, he meant *living* puppets. Nowadays he has come to the conclusion that *toy* puppets are good enough for the British public. It is part of the responsibility of the successful man in any walk of life that he is made spokesman for the guild he represents, and the example set by that master of puppets has been quickly followed and echoed by other playwrights, intensifying the phrase originally used, however, into a chorus that there are no actors and actresses to be found here, at least none that can interpret the modern author.

In parenthesis, it may be mentioned that when you get a young dramatic author—that is, one young to the stage, newly fledged, and at his first theatrical production—he writes quite sentimentally to the actors and actresses in his appreciation of their services. At his second and third success he has already discovered how infinitesimal are *their* efforts compared with *his* creative power. Later, he complains there are no actors and actresses. Such is the ordinary routine of things theatrical.

Then as to the other side of the medal, as the French say, we have the managers and manageresses groaning and wringing their hands that there are no authors. There are geniuses ready to interpret, theatres ready to produce, money ready to finance the plays that are never written.

I do not know whether in the present upheaval of national economics the old saying has been disproved that the demand creates the supply, yet here we still have a glaring example of it. The English are in the position of the managers. They have the money to pay for their seats, the clothes to go in, the cabs to drive home in, but not the taste—the theatrical sense—to bring to the appreciation of the drama.

What is meant by the 'theatrical sense' is a sense apart from hearing, feeling, smelling, tasting, seeing; it is a sixth sense that can throw itself into the make-believe of the story behind the footlights, and beat time with the actors' pulses. The French have it condeused—concentrated—like a particle of radium that illuminates a gigantic audience. The English do not possess it! It is said here by some that an artistic instinct is incompatible with the virility of a people, that the day we acquire an æsthetically perfected taste, we shall have sunk in the scale of nations and shall be no longer a first-class power. I know not whether this be argued as cause or effect; but what I do know is that the Germans have the artistic sense, and we cannot call the 'hustlers' and 'thrusters' of Europe a decadent nation.

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The theatrical sense is the instinct, the intuition that perceives whither the author and actor want to lead the audience, and that *allows* itself to be led. Make a French audience laugh during two acts and a half—*à se tordre* as they would say—thrust an episode of tragedy in the second half of the third act, and watch a French audience seize the truth of it, of poignant drama in the midst of the most frivolous action of our daily life, and mark how earnest they at once become. What will an English audience do? Why, go on laughing, of course, or else complain that 'it is a silly play because you don't know whether you are to cry or to laugh.'

Here is an instance of it. In an early play in which Mme. Réjane appeared some years ago, she acted a scene of tragic farewell in the rooms of her lover. Men and women were moved, there was not a dry eye in the theatre. Suddenly she pulled a little mirror from her pocket and said '*Dieu, quelle tête, et je dine en ville!*' and she powdered her face. There was not a man or woman in that theatre who laughed. Every one of us has lived through those awful moments when our hearts have been wrung—perhaps broken—and we hear the dinner-gong in the midst of our tragedy, and realise that we have to face the servants or they will know that 'something is up.'

If it be said that an English audience would not have laughed either, then here is an example of what happened to myself. I played on one occasion the part of a woman married to a husband who neglected and ill-treated her. She loved another man. With the jealous instinct of the woman who loves, she made a scene at her lover for his attentions to the young girl of the play, whom he eventually married—it is a tradition on the English stage that the hero always marries the ingénue, or else the young lady, aptly named by the Americans the 'Matinée girl,' would not go home happy to gaze at the photograph of the leading man. On our stage, too, the jealous woman is always a figure of fun. Shakespeare has invested the jealous male with dignity and pathos by the writing of a tragedy of *Othello*; but the public here roars with laughter and joy over the sufferings of the jealous female. In the midst of a *comic* scene of this description came a telegram to say that the husband was dead. The woman turned to the man, holding out the telegram to him, and all her yearning to acknowledge their attachment before the whole world, all her longing to get the sanction of the Church to her union with him, broke out into the cry: 'Don't you understand, I am free! I am free!'

On the first night, being no doubt played to specialists in play-going rather than to the public, there was some enthusiasm when the curtain fell; but on the following night at the words 'I am free—I am free,' a woman cried aloud: 'Oh, I sye!' and the house, far from telling her to hold her tongue, chuckled in approval of her 'Oh, I sye!' And night after night the actress had to keep her hand on the throat of that woman and strangle her,

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before she could abandon herself to the emotion of the moment. And when the author or the Press complains that an actor will not 'let himself go,' then it may be answered that in nine cases out of ten he dare not do so, because night after night he has to wrestle with and overcome the reserve—call it hypocrisy, call it shyness—of the British nation that is the aftermath of the Puritan movement in Great Britain.

Sometimes, when waiting in the wings to go on, it is instructive to watch through the peephole in the prompter's seat the faces of a British audience during a scene in which there is any great ebullition of feeling or passion. Most of the women are looking shamefacedly down their noses, or shrinking into a corner of their seat with a deprecatory air; the men have their heads thrown up, trying to look as detached as possible, with the proverbial 'you can't catch me' air of the gentlemanlike Englishman.

A well-known French actress said to me last year, 'I do not understand your English public. I go to the theatre and see only plays fit for children, not grown-up people. But what are your men and women made of? Have they no emotions, no passions? Do they feel nothing of hate or love, of fear or tenderness, of jealousy or rage?' 'Madam,' I said, 'we are a prudish nation. We do not care to look on at naked passions in the presence of strangers; we do not countenance a moral undressing in public.' 'But,' she said, 'you come and see our French plays?' 'That,' I answered, 'is a very different matter. We always hope the man in the next seat does not understand the language.'

While we are on the subject of Continental imports, it would seem that a very serious obstacle to the education of national taste is to be found in the prerogatives of the licenser of plays. Plays are denied us by that dignitary's acute sense of delicacy that are acted over the whole of playgoing Europe without, apparently, any very deleterious effect on its standard of morality. On the other hand, a German comedy was presented here the other day, acted for several nights, the subject-matter of which was recognised by the Press as so unfit for publication that not one critic gave us an accurate summary of it. The only possible explanation to be given is that foreign languages are not a necessary accomplishment for the post of licenser of plays, and that no one in that gentle man's office speaks either French or German fluently.

How long are we to be prevented from enacting masterpieces like *Monna Vanna*, and treated to such comedies as *La Layette* and *Das Thal des Lebens*? Is it not a proof of the infancy of the British theatrical public that it is subjected to such grandmotherly legislation? Are we to be for ever fed with a spoon on brimstone and treacle by a Nurse Redford?

On one occasion, however, the licenser *did* reverse the order of

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things. It was when, on the eve of the production of a charming French comedy, *Ma Cousine*, he sent an order to the theatre to eliminate the French dance, which was the pivot of the whole piece, and in the last minute it had to be hacked and slashed until it no longer made sense.

Picture it, a dance which, whether we think it picturesque or not, is the origin of every modern skirt dance, and which is licensed and sanctioned on a hundred stages nightly all over Great Britain, this must be cut out because it is performed by one solitary figure in a comedy of *more or less serious* interest.

The members of the reading public are not so carefully tended or watched. No volume is withheld from them, save, perhaps, by the conscientious scruples of Messrs. Mudie or Messrs. W. H. Smith; but then it is open to the shopman to sell what wares he will. Otherwise there is no hindrance to the enlightenment and illumination of the book-lover; he is left to follow his own bent. And, as a result, there is perhaps no nation in the world that yields so high a standard of fiction, from the literary and intellectual point of view, as the English-speaking nation.

That is why the reading public is fifty years in advance of the theatre-going public in its criterion of taste and culture. Perhaps something is due to the fact that we may enjoy a book in our own closet, and need not be too timid to *read* the truths that we should not care to *see* enacted before us; but on the whole it is sooner the result of the more liberal education of the student of books.

The fact of the matter is that in England the public do not or will not take the stage seriously. They will *not* regard it earnestly as a means of education, as a temple for the worship of art, as a platform for the airing of social evils. What surprises and depresses the critic who is not born and bred in this country is the naïve simplicity of the British attitude towards matters artistic.

We are shocked at the brutality of certain pictures of our century that the foreign playwright gives us; we refuse him the right to moralise over what we consider a revolting truth; we declare there is nothing to be gained by a discussion of the unpalatable in real life; we know that such things exist, but we do not want them to be forced on our notice—and all the jargon of the purist. Well, I contend that this is merely the creed of the unthinking and the unable to think. It is because we do not want to be arrested in our rush through the streets of life by the tragedy at our elbow.

'I don't want to be made to think when I go to the theatre I want to be amused,' is said by men of every calibre; and as men are the bread-winners, the person who pays the piper may call the tune, and we have to give him what he wants. This is the origin of 'sing-song comedies' and music-halls. We in England want to dismiss as quickly as possible any subject calculated to make us think;

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we want to get back to 'play marbles,' as Mr. Barrie said, and that is why we may laugh, by kind permission of Mr. Redford, at a flagrant breach of the whole decalogue—we may split our sides over jokes made in Germany or France, but we may not cry over a stage-play, because to cry would be to take it seriously, and that has an element of irreligion in it. How else can we explain the readiness with which episodes of the most offensive suggestion are approved in what is known as farce, the introduction of the nastiest scenes permitted in musical comedy, and yet we may not produce a play of serious interest without its being scarified past recognition by the blue pencil of the Lord Chamberlain's office?

The Englishman goes to the theatre to be amused—not to learn, not to observe, not to be interested, but to be amused; and when a people takes a thing lightly, it has at heart a contempt for it. That the English stage is still suffering from the broad-arrow of condemnation stamped on it by the Puritans of the Commonwealth is apparent every day, and those who maintain that the religious prejudice against it no longer exists, have only to refer to the recent house-to-house distribution of a printed notice by certain modern revivalists. In it the elect are exhorted to give a promise as a *sine qua non* of their conversion that they will no longer visit the theatres.

The British drama advances or recedes on the tide of national importance with every wave of religion over the country. When church-going goes out of fashion, the stage becomes the popular vehicle of expression for the people. When the preacher in the pulpit is left to finish his sermon without a congregation, the dramatist is listened to with eager respect through the mouth of the actor. Looking back at the era that gave us the deepest thinker, philosopher, and moralist of all times, we cannot but admit that during the reign of Elizabeth and William Shakespeare church-going was notoriously out of fashion among the cultured classes. Again, under the violent reaction against Puritanism of Charles the Second's period, the audaciously truthful Samuel Pepys leaves us no doubt as to the important part played by the drama in the lives of the English people, nor do we gather from that minute photographer of his time that church-going was anything but a perfunctory ceremony as a concession to good manners. The next great outburst of genius occurs again when Sheridan, most brilliant of orators, most daring of politicians, thinks it no whit an impediment to his political career to become the manager of a theatre. What stronger argument than that to prove from what pinnacle the stage has toppled with the Sunday observance and the morning and evening prayers of the Victorian reign? In what constituency would the return of a theatrical manager for Parliament be possible? Would not the Nonconformist vote render such an election out of question? For though the bishops are complaining that a very small percentage of the

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English people attend public worship, and that the parish churches are empty, we must not forget that the chapels are crammed to overflowing, and that the Nonconformist element is one of the strongest factors in English politics. It is also the drag on the wheel of our upward progress towards beauty and truth in art.

We have seen how with the outgoing of Roman Catholicism in England, the chief incentive and inspiration of painters and sculptors, the worship of the Mother and the Saints was taken away from them, and churches became bare. Art to this day suffers from it in the English churches. If you put an exquisite piece of brocade on the altar, and a pair of candlesticks of glorious design, fit to educate the eye of the congregation, you will be accused of turning to Rome and the devil. Shapes and forms of the most lugubrious, of the cheapest make in outline and colour, are alone consistent with the worship of our Maker in this country. And this Puritanism goes further than intolerance of colour and shape; it condemns all things that appeal to the æsthetic side of our nature, which it confuses with mere sensuousness.

There are those who will have it that the British public has outgrown that superstition. I can only say that in trying to do one's little mite towards the welfare of other people, I work continually in conjunction with religious bodies of various denominations, and that though there is a great friendship with some of my fellow-workers, many of them do not dare to go to a theatre to see stage-plays for fear of giving offence to their association or order.

It would seem that dreariness of outline, therefore, is the only respectable expression of religion in England, just in the same way that an Englishman must wear a top-hat to attend public worship. Who has not heard it said, 'I can't go to church to-day; I have not brought my top-hat'? Those who have at heart the dignity and the usefulness of the dramatic art cannot separate religion from it, and to those it is worse suffering than a wrong note is to a musical nature, to see the puerile sentimentalism, the artificial and unreal conception of life, that alone makes a success with the British public; but as long as the paying public demands adulterated artificial alcohol that poisons the tongue and destroys the taste, you cannot expect the caterer to expend thousands in pure, bright wine that is not asked for by the consumer.

The 'Repertory' scheme is being scoffed at, not openly, but covertly, as 'Utopian,' meaning thereby 'financially unsound.' The Press try to beat it out of life by the flagellation of ridicule, just as energetically as they are endeavouring to stamp out conscription, and yet we know well that we must come to both if we want to preserve our existence both artistically and nationally. 'Repertory' and 'conscription' are catchwords of opprobrium for the time being. We have the richest and largest population in the whole world, and

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yet we are catering only for one class of the public—the children, as the French actress ably put it. In no other city in Europe is this the case. Take, for instance, Berlin. At certain theatres they are giving the classics for the boys and girls from school. At other theatres I saw plays for grown-up people and the plays of Mr. Bernard Shaw. Here we have one of the keenest observers and wits of the day, a playwright, moreover, with a sense of construction and characterisation; and until two or three months ago, when *John Bull's Other Island* suddenly became the fashion, we, the English, could just scrape together sufficient audiences for a few scattered *matinées*—for one play, the *Devil's Disciple*, we cannot get an audience at all—and yet in another country they can play Bernard Shaw's works at three theatres in the same city and at the same time.

It was on this subject that a typical conversation was overheard in a railway carriage. 'Have you seen *Candida*?' said one woman to another. 'Yes,' answered the other; 'and I have seen *John Bull's Other Island*. I don't know that I quite enjoyed it. Ah, yes, I laughed, but Bernard Shaw laughs at everybody in turn, and I never know with whom to sympathise!' The British playgoer must always have some object on which to lavish his affection. 'I never know with whom to sympathise!'—that is the attitude of the British public towards the play that endeavours to portray passions instead of poses. Failing a good hearty laugh over the holocaust of the Decalogue, we have another alternative to success—the worship of the 'Pretty-pretty,' almost more enervating to the artist who does not boast the anæsthesia of a 'Fotheringay' temperament or the 'Crummles' want of humour.

'Now, that is what I call a wholesome clean play!' cries the British public, looking at the love-story of a boarding-school miss that is as artificial in situation as it is strained in sentimentalism, for the author cannot hope to get a hearing who has not yet learned that the high road to the people's pocket, in the matter of a serious stage play, must be the Triumph of the Ingénue.

And this is where the crux of the trouble lies with the British public. It will not apply its own knowledge of life to the drama. When it goes to the theatre it wants to see something foreign to its own experiences, divergent from real life. As long as we English are in the theatre in full view of each other we want to see virtue triumphant, vice punished. When we slip into our cab or carriage after the play is over, and drive away into the darkness of the night, our conscience is our own affair once more.

There was a drama acted here last year called *A Man of Honour*. It was a monochrome painted in the fog of the great city and dealing with the grey mists of everyday emotions. Everyone who went to see it said to me, 'How vitally interesting and how splendidly played!'

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Without pretending to inquire into the business aspect of it, it must be observed that, magnificently interpreted, true to life as it was, it disappeared after four weeks. Now, to what does that point? That there is no audience here for the drastic or the real on the stage, but when, on some rare occasion, there is to be found someone with the courage to produce a truthful living drama holding the mirror up to nature, every actor and actress taking part in it makes a personal success. There are capable men and women whose work has been admirable for years, of whom, the moment they have appeared in one of these plays that are put on to interest experimentally, apart from the regular productions, it is asked at once, 'Where has So-and-so played before? He or she is a genius.' The answer is that they have been seen not a dozen but fifty times before in every theatre.

Without detracting from the reputation of these clever players, why is that? Because when you get down to the bedrock of human emotions, when you present living, breathing entities, why then the parts make the actors. 'The better the part the better the actor' is an old theatrical saying; but it takes the 'whole box of tricks,' all the mouthings and noddings and finger-wagging of the methods of the experienced actor and actress to make the wretched, stuffed figures of modern drama look like interesting heroes. Possibly in the pigeonholes of every manager's desk there are better plays than have ever been produced, plays that he takes out and fingers lovingly from time to time and replaces with a sigh and a 'some day, perhaps.' But competition is great, and while you can conveniently lose several thousands of pounds in as many weeks in experimenting for the British public, you can turn to Shakespeare and the musical glasses and be certain, at least, of enough treasury to pay your company on Friday nights. This is what I have meant when I have spoken of the collaboration of the audience with the actor. If by the emphatic disapproval of anything that does not ring true on the stage the reader encourages and endorses the realistic drama, then he will be assisting in the making of great actors and actresses.

Here is a proof that to-day the public and the actors are still at variance. What appears to the company when the curtain is down at rehearsal as a page out of a real human document, as often as not, when the lights are up and the audience is seated, will not go across the footlights to convince of its sincerity. This is due very often to the passive resistance of a first-night audience. There is a kind of armed neutrality in the air that gives the actor the effect of the momentous silence described before battle, and, with the terror of long-range fire and smokeless powder, he never knows where he is going to be hit. Mischief may be lurking behind the most innocent-looking cluster of sentences, and the ramp of the gallery may conceal a deadly fusillade which has accounted for the disappearance of many a good play. For, strange as it may seem, we,

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on our side of the footlights, are absolutely unable to guess from what quarter we shall be attacked. Take a situation of some delicacy, capable of misinterpretation, where the actor is conscious of the danger and is cautious or courageous in approaching it according to his temperament, and the chances are that in stage language it will 'go'—which, translated into correct English, means that it will 'stay'! Then, when things are quiet and the actors settle themselves into their parts with the comfortable assurance that all is well, a word, a look, a gesture, may give offence that was never foreshadowed, much less suspected, or a perfectly normal situation may tickle the risible nerve of the audience in a way that certainly was never intended.

Again, when there have been many head shakings and shoulder shruggings from a company at rehearsal, and whispered confidence that the scenes are both childish and preposterous, as often as not that particular scene has been received with enthusiasm and that play has beaten the record of the box office.

Most actors have a superstitious dread of being told at a dress rehearsal that the success of a play is assured, whether it be the opinion of a layman or an expert. Rarely has any scene the same effect on an audience in a packed house that it has on a solitary spectator, and without doubt if it were the custom for critics to attend the dress rehearsal of a new production and write their notices then and there, adverse or favourable as the case may be, they would as often as not rescind them on seeing the play acted to a full house. It would be difficult to assign a definite explanation of this, but it is probable that whereas the solitary spectator receives a literal record on the clean wax of his unbiassed mind, in a crowded house the receiver becomes blurred and blotted by the manifold impressions around him.

In a large concourse of humanity contagion, both physical and moral, is inevitable, and if we accept the theory of the physical bacillus of disease overcoming the weaker microbe in its life-and-death struggle, then it is also possible that the bacillus of discontent engendered by the huddling together of a vast body of people is stronger and more combative than the bacterium of content. The actor becomes with time, not more impervious, but more sensitive to that bacillus; possibly because the nerve account in the bank of health we draw on is getting lower and lower with each renewed effort of preparation, possibly because the harder the struggle has been to climb to a reputation, the greater the fall from those heights of success.

'A crowd,' writes an eminent French psychologist, 'the individual members of which would not hurt a fly, is in its gregarious instinct puerile or brutal,' and verily I am sometimes reminded that Dr. Grasset has spoken of brutality, when I see an audience call and call again for the unfortunate actor as a mark of approval, and when, on his appearance, he is received with a

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storm of hisses. This is not criticism, this is actor-baiting. That is why the practice of punishing the actor for the well-intentioned mistakes of the author is objectionable, not because it is not in accordance with the much-vaunted British notion of fair-play, but because by that means the nerve of the actor is destroyed, and something of his belief in himself and his faith in the public as a kindly judge is destroyed also, and because the best work cannot be got out of a trembling slave but out of a cheerful servant.

It has been said that whenever a play has been hissed it was always a well-deserved failure, but that can be easily disproved. I once played nine or ten months to big business in a play that was hissed on the first night. Again, I have been present at three first nights in which the plays afterwards destined to do enormous business were received in stony silence. First-night approval or disapproval is not always a criterion, therefore, to the ultimate box-office receipts of a play. Indeed, why should the man in the gallery on a first night arbitrate upon the illiterate taste of his successors on the following evenings? A first-night audience is, by its own confession, an expert one, and its critical faculty has been polished and sharpened by experience; but the man who subsequently pays his shillings is a far simpler man—he is the primitive man as compared with a first-nighter, and he is very well content with what he is given for his money. The privileged of the initial performance, however, have demonstrated their disapprobation with so much vehemence that it has been heard all over London, and the gentlemen of the Press have hastened to report it as part of their critical summary of the play, and so the primitive man is frightened, and buttons up his pockets, and thinks he would be considered an uncritical fool if he went, and—he stops away.

The man who pays ten-and-sixpence for his stall, with an extra shilling for booking at a Bond Street library, is only the same British Lion (with his mane combed and parted) as the working-man who pays his twelvepence and gets a metal pass or 'tally' to the gallery. Of the two I should claim the greater originality for the latter; for often, despite an unfavourable verdict, Gallery and Pit come to see for themselves and proportionately, during a theatrical failure, by far the biggest business is done in the cheaper parts of the playhouse. Unfortunately for the manager, however, the profits in this case are too small to encourage or prolong the run of a play that is not a pronounced success. The stalls and boxes, on the other hand, wait before booking seats to be told by their newspapers, by their friends, oftener still by the libraries, what is worth going to see. A great incentive and stimulus to the playgoer is the fact that he cannot get seats for the performance he wishes to attend; hence it is a tradition among acting managers that money 'turned away' returns twofold.

If a failure happens to an established management on the first night of a new production, they can weather the storm. They can

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fall back on their old *clientèle* until the primitive man comes to see for himself if it is as black, after all, as it was painted, and in the course of time they recover what they had lost in the first four weeks. But a new management that has opened its doors for the first time cannot rely on the 'goodwill' of the house, and four weeks' empty theatre may mean a loss of five or six thousand pounds. Here you have the wrecker paralysing fresh enterprise, and every time he stamps out a new play he is destroying a new life—he is strangling a new-born idea at its birth. When do we see a play of purpose, political, social, ethical, in England? Have we among us a Sudermann, a Hauptmann, a Brieux, or an Echegaray? Do you not think they would rise up among us if the drama of 'intention' could attract? We are not justified in estimating so slightingly the profounder thought of our century, for we have but to look at the contents of some of our magazines and reviews to note the earnest tendency of the reading public.

When have the French or Germans hesitated to fix the fleeting spirit of the hour by giving us stage pictures of it, or shirked dealing with the burning questions of the day in their drama? Why do we of all nations refuse to regard the theatre as a vehicle for instruction? Why will we not allow to the stage the dignity of the reformer?

There can be only one explanation—that the British public is still clogged and fettered by the fanatical puritanism of past centuries; that at heart it despises what it consents to be amused at, and is half ashamed of what has become almost a necessity to it. The Nonconformist scruple revolts at the unknown terrors of the playhouse; for, remember, those are still in their thousands who never have entered one. Ask it—why? Reason with it; it has no logical answer, no formulated charge, yet by heredity, by the linked aversion from generation to generation, it has been suckled on prejudice and weaned on contempt for the stage.

'Grow out of it'? Perhaps, but in a country where too good a taste in things artistic is still suspect of something ungodly and unholy, growth must of necessity be slow. How much, then, of understanding can we expect in a public that has only *begun* to tolerate?

That is why it cannot be too earnestly explained nor too often repeated that the theatre-going public has a grave responsibility—the responsibility of fostering every little spark of vitality in the dust-heap of stage convention, of welcoming every new recruit, of encouraging every enterprising spirit that has the temerity to take up the vicissitudes of management. It is to the theatre-goer that we must appeal to lead the British people into the path that has already been trodden by the reader of books; the path to a wider sympathy with human problems on the stage, to a larger tolerance of the original or even of the bizarre, so that little by little we may depart from the old grooves of hackneyed dramatic formula, and learn to laugh and cry over the simplest and the most complex

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expressions of dramatic art: to help the actors who are so dependent on the sympathy and encouragement of the playgoer: to measure success not by the mere figures of the booking sheet, but by the wider range of artistic ideals that will open out to us with the larger horizon of public taste.

GERTRUDE KINGSTON.

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BRITISH SHIPPING AND FISCAL REFORM

BRITISH shipping is closely dependent on British trade, and British trade is indispensable to British shipping. Upon the prosperity of both stands or falls the wealth, the power, and the unity of the Empire, because our trade, our shipping, and the mutual welfare of the Mother Country and her Colonies necessarily progress hand in hand. Any fiscal reform affecting one of the three, for good or for evil, must therefore affect the other two; but fiscal reform is a wide term, and it is not surprising that there are certain aspects of it more especially applicable to shipping, which, if advantageous to shipping, will consequently improve British trade and strengthen the ties of the British Empire. Into these aspects of fiscal reform it is the main object of this paper to inquire.

From the days of Queen Elizabeth and Lord Burghley up to the beginning of the nineteenth century the whole policy of England was directed towards establishing a world-wide trade, and, as an essential and foremost part of it, an all-sufficient mercantile marine. Both Elizabeth and Charles the First gave bounties for the building of ships over a certain size; fisheries were encouraged by bounties on the taking and curing of various fish and on some of the vessels employed, as a means of developing seafaring life; and trading companies were created, such as the Levant Company, chartered in 1581, the East India Company, chartered in 1600, and the Hudson Bay Company in 1670. The memorable Navigation Acts, passed in 1651 and 1660, restricted the importation of goods into England or any of its dependencies exclusively to English ships, of which the master and three-fourths of the crew should also be English; and exception was only made in favour of foreign ships bringing merchandise, genuinely grown or manufactured in their own countries. This policy, known in political economy as the mercantile system, of strengthening and vitalising the maritime power of the country by stimulating shipbuilding, supporting fisheries, and actively promoting trading companies, continued until after the Napoleonic wars; and it did, in fact, attain the objects which it had in view, which were the supremacy of England on the seas, and the furtherance of English commerce and manufactures. This is admitted by Adam Smith, however

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contrary it is to modern free-trade doctrine. The policy was not a theoretical or speculative dogmatism, but rather a practical growth engendered by the surrounding circumstances. It is remarkable that in the seventeenth century, when Holland held the control of the mercantile world, including the East Indian carrying trade, England successfully asserted itself by passing Cromwell's Navigation Act; and that now, when England has enjoyed a similar position to Holland for two hundred years, every other country is asserting itself by pursuing a similar defensive policy, very possibly with equal ultimate success if England persists in its ideal of absolute inactivity and free-trade drift. It does not follow that a reversion to the old mercantile system would be the precise remedy for the present condition of affairs—that system deliberately cramped the expansion of colonial trade for the benefit of the Mother Country—but neither are prospects of shipping so brilliant that complacent acquiescence in *laisser-faire* can be safely indulged in.

The question then arises, Does British shipping show any symptoms to cause uneasiness? Judged by the standard of continuous increase, certainly British shipping creditably holds its own. From 1850, when the total tonnage of the British merchant navy (including both the United Kingdom and British possessions) was 4,232,000, to 1900, when it was 10,751,000, the tonnage has steadily augmented from decade to decade. In 1903 it reached 11,831,000 tons.[1] The figures so far are reassuring. It is only when a comparison is made between the increase of British and the increase of foreign shipping that a different story is told. Granted that foreign shipping increases in proportion more rapidly than British shipping, because it starts from a lower figure, yet the following considerations strike a note of serious warning.

Examine, in the first place, the proportion of British to foreign shipping engaged in the oversea-carrying trade of the world at different periods. According to Mr. Norman Hill, the secretary of the Liverpool Steamship Owners' Association, the bulk of the shipping employed in the principal maritime countries of the world was represented by entrances and clearances amounting in 1890 to 313,000,000 tons, of which 155,000,000, or nearly 50 per cent., was British and the remainder foreign. In 1900 the bulk of the world's shipping had risen to 469,000,000 tons, of which 204,000,000, or only 43 per cent., was British. Another method of elucidating the facts is by comparing the percentages of increase in the total tonnage of the merchant navy of the British Empire, between different periods of time, with the corresponding percentages of combined foreign merchant navies.[2] Between 1880 and 1890 the merchant navy of the British Empire

[1] *Board of Trade Return*, 1904, No. 294, pp. 46, 47.

[2] *Board of Trade Return*, 1904, No. 294, pp. 46, 47; and *Statistical Abstract*, Cd. 2202 (1904), p. 21.

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increased from 8,447,000 tons to 9,688,000 tons, or 12·8 per cent. of the total British merchant tonnage in 1890; and between 1890 and 1902 (the last year for which all the comparative figures are available) the British increase was from 9,688,000 tons to 11,566,000 tons, or 16·2 per cent. Now take the corresponding figures of the combined principal foreign merchant navies. They increased between 1880 and 1890 from 8,312,000 tons to 8,497,000 tons, or 2·2 per cent.; and between 1890 and 1902 from 8,497,000 tons to 11,136,000 tons, or 23·6 per cent. So that, even making all allowances, the foreign percentage of increase is astoundingly higher than that of Great Britain, being roughly from 2 to 23 per cent., as against the British 12 to 16 per cent. The figures for the carrying trade of the world do not by any means, therefore, convey a sense of absolute security for British shipping.

It is worth noticing how largely the statistics of shipping in important ports in various parts of the globe tend to arouse the same uneasiness. To avoid being tedious, a few illustrations will suffice. In the port of Hamburg, for instance, the tonnage of British arrivals during the last decade has risen from 2¾ millions to rather over three millions, while in the same period tonnage arriving under the German flag has increased from 2½ millions to almost five millions [3]—a striking figure, even though Hamburg is a German port. If we turn to British colonies, where better things might be expected, official figures generally show the same melancholy tale. In Newfoundland the percentage of British and colonial shipping to the total shipping in 1880 was 92·3, and the foreign percentage was 7·7. In 1903 the British and colonial percentage was 64·6, and the foreign had risen to 35·4.[4] At the Australian ports the British percentage of the tonnage of oversea ships entered and cleared was 76 in 1881, 65 in 1891, and 54 in 1902. In Hong Kong, which is an open port where customs duties are not levied, the tonnage of British ships since 1886 has increased 30 per cent., while that of Germany has increased 80 per cent., and that of Japan one hundredfold.[5] In Singapore, another open port, the British increase since 1886 is 60 per cent., while Germany has doubled her tonnage, and that of Japan has increased over ninety-fold.[6]

Now turn to the shipping in our home ports. It has been noticed that German shipping in Hamburg has increased to a surprising extent, even bearing in mind that it is a German port, but the percentage of British shipping at ports of the United Kingdom has decreased between 1890 and 1903 from 72·7 to 65·5, while the foreign tonnage has increased there from 27·3 to 34·5.[7] Some of our ports

[3] *Diplomatic and Consular Reports*, Hamburg.
[4] *Board of Trade Return*, 1904, No. 294, p. 33.
[5] *Steamship Subsidies Report* (1901), Appendix 20.
[6] *Ibid*
[7] *Board of Trade Return*, 1904, No. 294, pp. 6, 7.

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individually give very disquieting returns. Thus, in the Bute Docks, the largest docks in Cardiff, in 1897 the British percentage of tonnage entered was 81·6, as compared with the foreign 18·4; in 1902 the British had fallen to 70·7, and the foreign risen to 29·3;[8] and similar returns may be gathered from Hartlepool, Middlesborough, Sunderland, Newport, and Swansea.

What, then, are the causes of this stagnation in British shipping? There appear to be several, all contributing in varying degrees.

Firstly, shipowners have especially complained that some of our Board of Trade shipping regulations press unduly hard upon British ships, because they are not equally enforced upon foreign ships calling at our home ports. Reference is made among other matters to the load-line or Plimsoll regulations, and to the foreign method in some countries of measuring tonnage. If, for example, a British vessel is transferred to the French flag, its gross tonnage is at once increased and its net tonnage diminished, and as foreign harbour and light dues (except in the Suez Canal) are payable on the net tonnage, foreign ships gain an advantage. With reference to the load-line, the Board of Trade cannot compel a foreign ship to be marked with our load-line mark, and the most it can do is to detain a ship which its surveyors guess to be very improperly overweighted; but the whole question is being at present considered by a Select Committee of the House of Commons. With regard to tonnage measurement, the Board of Trade last year secured an arrangement with France and Spain that their ships should be subject to re-measurement in British ports unless they are provided with certificates of British tonnage; and this is undoubtedly a move in the right direction.

Shipowners also complain of the incidence of light dues, or dues charged in respect of lighthouses, light-vessels, buoys, beacons, and fog-signals, as unjustifiably adding to their burdens, and they maintain that these should be a public charge just as much as the lighting of streets. It is defrayed by the State in nearly every other country, with the exception of Turkey, and in Great Britain shipowners pay without having any control in the management of lighthouses. Opponents of this change forget how much the safe arrival of even the necessaries of life depends upon the 'coastwise lights of England,' towards which they themselves are so unwilling to contribute. The abolition of the light dues has been recommended by several committees, and systematically opposed by several Chancellors of the Exchequer, but since the last recommendation a reduction of 12½ per cent. on the dues levied has been made, which is certainly not excessive considering how largely the receipts have exceeded the expenditure.[9]

[8] *Cf. Report on Foreign Ships* (*Application of Statutory Requirements*), 1904, No. 299, p. 96.

[9] The receipts in 1897–8 were 609,925*l.*, and the expenditure 463,753*l.* In 1902–3

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Another matter affecting British shipping is foreign subsidies. This method of improving a mercantile marine, which is adopted by most foreign countries, has been steadily growing, and it cannot be denied that it is one of the formidable obstacles with which British shipping has to contend. The Subsidies Committee, over which I had the honour to preside, reported in 1902 'that the granting of shipping subsidies at considerable pecuniary cost by foreign governments has favoured the development of competition against British shipowners and trade upon the principal routes of ocean communication, and assisted in the transfer from British to continental ports of some branches of foreign and colonial trade.' The repeated introduction into the United States Congress, generally year after year, of a Subsidy Bill, even if it does not yet become law, shows the growing tendency towards this form of protection, and if carried would be a serious blow to British shipping. The large sums of money granted as subsidies are not only employed for the direct encouragement of improved construction and speed of ships, which may be necessary for mail service, but they also operate indirectly upon freights and trade. They operate upon freights in two ways. Either, which generally occurs in the first instance, they lower them by enabling the subsidised companies to cut out their less fortunate rivals by offering a reduced rate—a fighting rate, as it is called; or, when the subsidised companies have effectually choked off their rivals by this unfair competition, the subsidies tend to create a monopoly in favour of the companies, and so facilitate higher charges and the establishment of federations and shipping rings. No doubt fighting rates and shipping rings are to be found where subsidies are not given, but subsidies accentuate the harm these inflict. A typical instance of the evil effect of both fighting rates and shipping rings happened quite lately in reference to the comparative freights from Liverpool to South Africa, and from New York to South Africa, when the difference in rates from the United States to South African ports, as compared with those from the United Kingdom, was in many cases over 100 per cent. in favour of the American manufacturer. Provisions, candles, soap, beer, cement, bricks, deals, galvanised iron, and bar iron were all conveyed from the United States at 15*s.* per ton, whereas the freights from the United Kingdom varied from 20*s.* to as high as 31*s.* 3*d.* a ton. It was actually worth while for English manufacturers to send goods to South Africa by way of New York, paying the extra trans-Atlantic freight, in order to avail themselves of the lower rate from New York to South Africa and avoid the rates of the shipping conference or ring which controls the trade between England and South Africa. It is very distressing to record that the 25 per cent. preference in customs duties, generously given by South Africa to

the receipts were 555,697*l.*, and the expenditure 500,431*l.* *Parl. Papers*, 1904, Cd. 2192, p. 52.

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British manufacturers, is more than counterbalanced by the great preference in freight enjoyed by American manufacturers over British. Another instance may be drawn from the last-published colonial report for the Straits Settlements (1903), from which it appears that in comparison with the previous year the value of imports from the United Kingdom increased nearly 17 per cent., while those from the continent of Europe increased 21 per cent., and from the United States nearly 40 per cent. Exports to the United Kingdom decreased in value rather more than 10 per cent., and those to the continent of Europe increased nearly 5 per cent., and to the United States close on 10 per cent.; and the report states ominously that 'low freights to America, as compared with the shipping conference rates to the United Kingdom, are alleged to be responsible for this transfer of trade from the United Kingdom to the United States.'[10] To give an example of the alternative operation of subsidies by which they may help to crush out competition and ultimately raise freights, the German East African tariff may be quoted. With the assistance of substantial subsidies the German East Africa Line has been firmly established with good steamers, and since the 1st of August last its through rates have been raised. The policy has been first by means of subsidies to undercut, and strangle, foreign competition, and then, when the trade is secure, to raise rates, while giving special privileges to the export of German manufactures. Thus Great Britain begins by missing the opportunity of acquiring the trade with her own East African possessions, so that orders which would otherwise have come to this country for execution are now placed in Germany owing to the cheaper freights; and she is then apparently afraid of expending the considerable sum, now necessary through her own remissness, for running a good competitive line of ships, and retaining what remains of the trade or recovering part of what is gone. She says she has not the money to do it because British trade is depressed. And so things work round in a vicious circle. The importance of the relation between freights and trade is better appreciated when it is remembered that in former days the high amount of freight for carriage anywhere operated as a protection to British produce. Now, owing to improvements in shipping there is scarcely any protection of this kind; for while in 1872, for instance, the steamer rate for wheat per quarter from New York to Liverpool was 5*s.* 2*d.*, in 1902 it was 11½*d.*[11]

The tax in France known as *surtaxe d'entrepôt* is another direct hindrance to British shipping. It is a double duty charged on all goods destined for France and transhipped in a non-French port on their way. Thus a steamer with 5,000 tons of cargo on board coming home to London, and carrying 100 tons for France, could only tran-

[10] *Colonial Reports*, 1904, Cd. 2238, pp. 7, 8.

[11] *Parl. Papers*, 1903, Cd. 1761, p. 130 (Board of Trade Return).

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ship this French cargo into a coasting steamer sailing from London to France by incurring a penalty of double duty on every ton. Failing this, the large steamer must go first into the French port and pay heavy port dues and charges, and afterwards come on to London. M. Yves Guyot, the eminent French economist and advocate of ideal free trade, if only we could get it, pleads to his countrymen for the abolition of this tax;[12] but it is significant that he suggests at the same time that its abolition should be made the subject of negotiation with the British Government with a view to obtaining a reduction of British duties on French wine. Even convinced Free Traders abroad like M. Guyot are prepared to make use of protective taxes as weapons for negotiation; and after all it is but diplomatic and shrewd, as they know that under our present policy we in the United Kingdom have no margin to bargain with.

The effects of this depression in British shipping and in our carrying trade are only too clear. The centre of the world's market is shifting from this country, and London is no longer the clearing-house of the world. As Professor Ashley says, we cannot safely regard our carrying trade as a thing by itself, that can go on flourishing in spite of the stagnation of our manufactures; and it is no consolation for the Dutch to observe, on looking back to the eighteenth century, that, while Holland's share in the world's trade dwindled, the positive magnitude of its trade was long maintained. If, indeed, our carrying trade becomes a thing by itself, it is all the more vulnerable by foreign legislation; and to be independent of foreign laws, it must be dependent on the progress of our industries and upon the fiscal policy which suits them best. Wool, which used to be shipped from the South American Republics to London for distribution in Europe, now finds its way direct to Antwerp or Hamburg; London is no longer the distributing centre. Even Australian wool destined for continental Europe now sometimes goes there straight in foreign ships without making use of London as an international clearing-house. The same is true of tea and silk from the Far East, of rubber from Africa, and of iron from the United States. London was also the centre of the world's market for Manila hemp, which constitutes about 75 per cent. of the total exports of the prosperous Philippines; it then began to be imported into Germany through Antwerp or Rotterdam; and now in order to encourage its coming direct to Germany by the Hamburg-Manila (Hamburg-American) line, the German Government has arranged for special reduced through rates from Manila to places in the interior of Germany. These rates are only allowed for Manila hemp arriving into Germany *via* Hamburg: hemp received, *e.g.*, at Cologne *via* Antwerp would not obtain the reduction. British trade in this matter of Manila hemp is also hit in another way. The United States, as rulers of the Philippines, have imposed a heavy export

[12] Article in *Le Siècle*, June 14, 1904.

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duty on exports from the Philippines, which, of course, has to be paid in full on exports to Great Britain, but in the case of exports to the United States a remission of the duty is granted amounting to 31*s.* 2*d.* a ton; and the result is that much of the hemp which formerly came to Great Britain as the distributing centre, now reaches the consumer in or through the markets of the United States.[13]

The condition of shipping is an indication of the trade of a country, and the primary purpose of a nation's shipping is to fetch and carry materials and products connected with its own national industries. If the carrying is left to foreign ships the tendency will be to get foreign goods substituted for national ones, either by fair competition, against which nothing can be said, or by unfair subsidised competition, which is objectionable; and if once our shipping industry is destroyed by foreign subsidies or unfair foreign competition, it will be lost for ever, and the loss will be reflected in the condition of our trade. The Liverpool Steamship Owners' Association, a very important association, recently passed a resolution that, in view of the changed conditions in the maritime affairs of the world, owing to the bounties, subsidies, and operations of the navigation laws of foreign nations, the time has arrived for reconsideration of the laws and conditions affecting the shipping and commerce of the country; and the feeling was expressed that it is difficult to foresee what will be the result to our shipping trade if the British shipowners are left to fight single-handed against their foreign State-aided competitors.

The imperial aspect of the question must not be overlooked. There is a good deal of the hard business method in the commercial relations between ourselves and our Colonies, but there is also a good deal of sentiment which is for the mutual advantage of both. Part of that sentiment has been that the ocean, far from separating different portions of the Empire, unites them through our navy and our merchant shipping; and if the existence of our merchant shipping is undermined, the bond of imperial sentiment will be loosened. And are we to sit by tamely and see it strained until perchance it snaps, in order to show our respect for the unadaptable and lifeless doctrines of modern Cobdenism?

Those who realise the vital significance of these considerations must turn their thoughts seriously to practical remedies. As regards Board of Trade regulations the authorities have hitherto always hesitated to impose them on foreign shipping for fear foreign governments might by undue means retaliate; and as they possess individually much less shipping than we have, we are a much bigger target to shoot at. It has been mentioned that the matter is under inquiry by a committee of the House of Commons. But from the point of view of tariff reform, if we had a tariff with which to bargain, and shipping

[13] See article by Mr. Benjamin Taylor, in *Nineteenth Century and After*, September 1904.

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was not treated by itself but with commerce as a whole, we should be in a position to threaten to raise our tariff against any foreign nation which refused to comply with reasonable Board of Trade regulations. As regards light dues there is nothing more to be said for the moment but that their abolition will probably come. The question of controlling excessive freights, which both injure trade in itself and also counteract tariff reform, involves considerable difficulty. The conference of Colonial Premiers in 1902 recommended that 'in all new contracts' for mail services 'provisions should be inserted to prevent excessive freight charges, or any preference in favour of foreigners.' In the same year the Steamship Subsidies Committee expressed the opinion that no subsidy should be granted without Government control over maximum rates of freight, and some effort was made to carry this out in the agreement with the Cunard Steamship Company in 1903. In January 1904 the Eastern Mail-Service Committee endeavoured to make these recommendations more effective by setting out in their report a model clause for insertion in mail contracts, applicable to mail vessels, to restrain the giving of any undue preference to traders or others outside the British Empire, over traders or others within it, in relation to the conveyance of either persons or goods; and special arbitration was provided for in the event of complaint. But up till now the Government have taken no steps towards the introduction of such a remedy, although excessive freights which choke off trade must in the long run be equally detrimental to the shipping which carries it. A discussion in Parliament would be useful.

A possible remedy of great importance is the restriction of the British and colonial trade of our Empire to our own vessels, and to the vessels of such foreign nations as open their coasting trade to us. This is commonly known as the qualified reservation of imperial coasting trade; it was favoured by the Steamship Subsidies Committee; and it would be a valuable lever for inducing foreign nations to remove, or forbear from imposing, corresponding restrictions upon British ships. At the present time the chief nations which reserve their coasting trade to their own ships are the United States and Russia, absolutely, and France, in respect of Algeria; and they have given the term 'coasting trade' an extremely wide interpretation. It does not apply, for instance, merely to a voyage from New York to Boston or Baltimore, or from Riga to Libau in the Baltic, but includes a voyage from New York, round Cape Horn, to San Francisco or even Honolulu, or from Riga to Vladivostock, so that a British ship may not undertake so-called coasting trade between California and the Sandwich Islands, or between the Crimea and Siberia. If the British Government were empowered to exclude from the benefits of British and colonial trade the vessels of foreign nations which excluded

[11] *Parl. Papers*, 1904, Cd. 2082, pp. 6, 7.

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British ships from their coasting trade, our Government would be in a position to secure reciprocal advantages abroad for British shipowners. Even this qualified reservation of coasting trade is opposed as contrary to free-trade doctrine; but surely an economic policy of common sense like this is wiser than an economic policy of pious opinion and impotent theory that ships of all nations should have free access everywhere, when in practice the theory is so freely denied. Objection to qualified reservation of coasting trade is sometimes taken on the different ground that the foreign tonnage in British coasting trade is very small compared with British tonnage in foreign coasting trade, and that Great Britain would suffer the most severely in a war of retaliation over this subject; but it must be remembered that the foreign tonnage in the coasting trade of the United Kingdom has risen from 378,108 tons in 1901 to 481,531 tons in 1903, a far more rapid proportional rise than that of British tonnage in foreign coasting trade; and Sir Robert Giffen has given it in evidence that he thinks the carrying trade and the existence of merchant ships alike so important to the country that no immediate advantage derived from cheap freights compensates for the political disadvantage of the diminution of the merchant marine and loss of trade.[15] It is certainly not equitable that the American-owned fleets in the 'Morgan Combine' could any day be ordered to compete for cargoes along our coasts, while the Cunard line is prohibited from performing the same work along the coasts of the United States. If in our opinion foreign ships are unfairly competing against British ships by subsidy, the alternative to qualified reservation of coasting trade probably is to agree with our Colonies throughout the Empire to impose a tax or licence on foreign ships trading in British ports, equivalent, so far as can be ascertained, to the subsidy they receive. This, however, was considered impracticable by the Subsidies Committee, and in fact New Zealand has already reserved its coasting trade under certain circumstances by an Act which came into operation on the 1st of July, 1904. The whole question of any reservation of coasting trade is closely bound up in principle with that of tariff reform.

Another possible remedy deserving very careful attention is the proposal to give more favourable treatment within the British Empire to goods carried in British ships. This is distinct from the proposal to give a preference for British goods as such, which is part of the general question of fiscal policy and beyond the scope of this article. A preference for goods carried in British bottoms is strongly supported in Australia by the Hon. B. R. Wise, K.C., M.L.C., Attorney-General of New South Wales, who has always been hitherto identified with the free-trade party, and has a well-recognised grasp of fiscal problems. He believes that probably a levy of 10 per cent. upon all

[15] *Steamship Subsidies Committee, Evidence*, 1902, Q. 196.

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goods carried in foreign ships would contribute to check the process of displacement of British by foreign goods, and give an immediate stimulus to the British mercantile marine. The duty would offend against no treaty, and it would have the special advantage of strengthening the position of London as the distributing centre of the world's market, which was referred to a few pages back: for the moment that foreign goods, exported to any portion of the extensive British Empire, have to pay less on reaching their destination because they have been conveyed by British ships, there will be a sure tendency for these goods to find their way to England for shipment.

One other possible means of counteracting depression in British shipping is to permit foreign material for shipbuilding to enter the country duty free, even when under normal circumstances other foreign material is taxed. This course is systematically pursued in Germany on the ground of high policy, where exemption from payment of Customs duties is accorded on all materials employed for the construction, repair, and equipment of sea-going vessels, including the ordinary ship's gear, that is to say, ropes and rigging, anchors, chains, and sails; as well as on flags, compasses, sextants; cannons, muskets; carpenters' stores, axes, hammers, nails, hooks; boats and their appliances, and engine-room inventory; besides all articles used for artillery or armament purposes for ships belonging to the German Imperial Navy. The above list applies only to manufactured or partly manufactured articles from foreign countries, but not to any raw materials such as pig iron or unwrought copper. Exemptions of this character, as requisite for national defence, call for careful consideration in any scheme of tariff reform.

To summarise. Official figures appear to show that, though British shipping creditably holds its own, yet, making all proportionate allowances, the percentage of increase of foreign shipping is astoundingly higher than that of Great Britain, whether calculated from the oversea-carrying trade of the world, or from trade in foreign ports, or from trade in British ports. On the figures there is ground for uneasiness. The causes, in different degrees of importance, may be traced to questions connected with Board of Trade regulations, light dues, freights, and foreign subsidies and taxes; and the effects are to shift the centre of the world's market from Great Britain to the continent, and to loosen the maritime link between Great Britain and her Colonies by substituting foreign produce and communications for her own. Remedies may possibly be found against unfair foreign competition in shipping by varying the Board of Trade regulations, by altering the incidence of light dues, by Government control of certain maximum rates of freight, by qualified reservation of coasting trade, by giving a preference within the British Empire to goods carried in British ships, and by permitting foreign material for shipbuilding to enter the country duty free. Of these, the last three most closely

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concern fiscal reform; and qualified reservation of coasting trade, and preference to goods in British ships are important items; but all deserve the careful attention of His Majesty's Government, and of fiscal reformers, who will remember that the subject must be treated broadly, not so much for the advantage of any particular industry, but with regard to surrounding facts and conditions, and for Imperial consolidation and mutual gain.

EVELYN CECIL.

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THE LUMINISTS

THE controversy which has raged round the work of the French painters nicknamed Impressionists, to whom, as Mr. MacColl has suggested, the name Luminists might more aptly be applied, has much in common with controversy in all ages. On one side there is the rapture of faith, on the other the bitterness of hatred; what to the one is fragrant ambergris is to the other fetid garlic. Since M. Mauclair, Mr. Dewhurst, and others have but recently portrayed the virtues of these painters—with a brush full, fat and rich, as M. Mauclair himself would say—it was inevitable that Sir Philip Burne-Jones, or another, should again vehemently voice the opposition. The provocation was undoubted, since the devotees

> make such havoc of the claims
> Of the day's distinguished names

wherewith to feast their idols. In particular, that one who bears the name of Burne-Jones should be swift to defend what has been somewhat inadequately called the literary idea in painting evokes instant sympathy. And if the revolt of the Luminists were really, as Mr. Pennell would have us believe, against the Louvre and all it stands for, Sir Philip Burne-Jones would be justified in consigning their work to the cellar.

Of one thing there can be no reasonable doubt. All evidence goes to prove that we are not yet far enough removed by time from the controversy to judge of the work of these painters dispassionately. Judgment now, though it profess to be measured, can only be tentative. A unique attempt justly to appreciate their work is to be found in Mr. D. S. MacColl's study of nineteenth-century art. Whether the opinions therein advanced, which are antagonistic to those held by Sir Philip Burne-Jones, will stand the test of time cannot be known; but this at least may be said, that they are sanely based on reason, whereas Sir Philip Burne-Jones, in his article in this Review of last month, has advanced nothing but considerations of prejudice. Sir Philip would fain rebut a charge of intolerance, although his references to the Luminists are consistently slighting—their very names would seem to vex him. To press such a charge is unnecessary;

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but that he has been hasty, in invoking to the aid of 'official' orthodoxy 'a mighty ally, the grave spirit of "the Everlasting Art of the World,"' he would doubtless on reflection himself admit, unless perchance he has borrowed Mr. Wells's time machine. If verdicts registered so quickly could be claimed as the voice of Everlasting Art, it would go hard with many of the great painters of the past, some of whom were huddled into paupers' graves, their names lingering in obscurity for generations. Who can foretell what flower may spring from the seed sown by the Luminists? Their influence is not spent, that influence which to Sir Philip is irredeemably bad. When their disciples have genius they cast off the shackles of imitation, they modify or re-create their methods. Turn, for example, to the picture in the Tate Gallery of a girl milking a cow, by Mr. Arnesby Brown—it is Luminism in its crudity, shrill in colour, rude in method, though undeniably clever. But in *The Bridge*, in last year's Academy Exhibition, Mr. Arnesby Brown showed a notable advance towards subtlety. Though the principles of the French painters were illustrated in that charming landscape, it was with a difference.

The influence of the Luminists, by no means inconsiderable, has been chiefly exerted in the field of landscape painting, wherein is their best achievement, and it would be well, therefore, to consider them primarily as landscape painters. At the very outset we are confronted with a distressing confusion of thought among the majority of the critics, who, in order to classify Manet in his earlier period, and Degas as members of the school, are plunged into a vortex of absurdities. For instance, in order to include the work of Manet before 1870, we are told that the substitution of character for beauty is the essential feature of the movement, and on the next page the critic will tell us that Impressionism is above all a technical reaction—against the heavy painting of the degenerate Romanticists. We are told by M. Mauclair that the art of these painters is a protest against every psychological element in painting, yet presently he is stating that Degas has the rare gift of psychological expression. It would be far better for writers on the subject to cut the Gordian knot of their difficulties, and frankly to group Boudin, Monet, Pissarro, Renoir, Mme. Berthe Morisot (Mme. Eugène Manet), Sisley, and Manet in his later period, as landscape painters of one school, the Luminists, whose preoccupation is with light. Degas and the earlier Manet belong to a larger group of modern painters, among whom are numbered Courbet, Carolus-Duran, Fantin-Latour, Whistler, and Mr. Sargent, who see with the eye of Velasquez.

It may be instructive further to consider the confusion of thought which prevails, which extends to principles and even to technique. In the realm of principles Mr. MacColl moves with freedom, contributing many an illuminating thought; but here he

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fails us, for he has defined Impressionism as 'the art that surveys the field and determines which of the shapes and lines are of chief importance to the interested eye, enforces them, and sacrifices the rest,' a definition which would include all painting of the first rank. Others claim that the Impressionists are your only 'Pleinairists,' that they were the first to forsake the studios for the open air, the first to record faithfully the impressions they received from the sunlight and the mists that enveloped the woods around them. Yet Corot and the Barbizon school, and Crome and the Norwich school, painted in the open air. 'I am in my school,' said Old Crome once when discovered with his pupils in the country, 'and teaching my scholars from the only true example. Do you think' (pointing to the distance) 'you or I can do better than that?' Again, Mr. Pennell thinks of the Luminists as 'painters who wanted to see things as they really were, and not merely as they had been seen before,' having in mind, possibly, Courbet's saying, '*J'aime toutes les choses pour ce qu'elles sont.*' But when the late Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson, with finer intuition, says that they 'show not how things are, but how they seem,' the two statements perplex the layman.

The vagueness of writing about the painting of the Impressionist group has been deplored by Mr. MacColl in a recent article, yet even he would seem to have tripped in regard to technique, unless indeed he has for once used words ambiguously. This vagueness, 'even among their accredited critics, is incredible,' he writes, and straightway adds: 'We shall no doubt hear once more that what distinguishes Monet is the application of pure pigment side by side to form a mixture in the eye. I have never seen a picture by Monet painted on that principle.' Let us look closely, however, at Monet's *Cap Martin*, or at one of the landscapes entitled *The Cliffs, Pourville.* What do we see upon the hill brow, or on the cliffs? Red, blue, yellow, green, purple, tawny, and murrey, all are there, the pure colours of the spectrum, in sharp contrasted touches, so that the rays they reflect may at a distance be recomposed by the eye. Among other canvases some of the Haystack series exhibit the same technique.

Lastly, confusion of thought is induced by the singular jargon in which most of our art critics veil their meaning. They are the true diplomatists, to whom language was given, seemingly, to conceal their thoughts. Or they may be imaged as rapt priests, officiating at Eleusinian mysteries, while the people afar off listen in awe to the weird chant that rises before the altar. 'Pleinairist, pointillist, chiaroscurist; tonalities, and dissociation of tones; the expression of modernity, the symphonisation of colour; the arabesque of the spots of the seven prismatic hues juxtaposed, the orchestration of the shivers of brightness, the symphonic *parti-pris* of the colours'—thought and definition are lost in an orgy of words. Sir Philip Burne-Jones has at least rendered good service in attacking this abuse of

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language. *Noblesse oblige*, and it also behoves those who would appreciate *la peinture claire* to achieve clarity of language; clarity of thought may follow.

Those who write with confidence of the 'inexorable laws' of Art are rarely eager to commit them to paper. That, in painting, such laws are concerned with subject, form, tone, colour, quality, and composition may be inferred from Sir Philip Burne-Jones's article, but neither he nor any man has yet been able to define them. In truth there are few inexorable laws in Art. The Greeks painted their sculpture; the colour was obliterated by the hand of time; a later race deduced from the colourless statues the 'inexorable law' of absolute form in sculpture as opposed to the 'accident of colour'; and the first modern statue that was tinted was received with execrations for its violation of the law. All art is a convention; it is the triumph of the human mind that it has created conventions whereby beauty may be made manifest. Things cannot be represented 'as they really are' by a painter; from the moment that he asks us to assume that his flat canvas is not of two but three dimensions, to the stage when he excludes from his palette, with Hobbema, the brightest colours of the prism, or, with Monet, the blacks and heavy colours, it is a convention. In Nature there are three dimensions, and all the colours. The Luminists are not unconventional—all that they do is to offer us a convention which differs from others; if they see a shadow striped with blue, rose-madder, and green, rather than as a darker shade of colour seen in light, they are justified in so far as they achieve beauty. It should be remembered, too, that all men see colour differently—a fact well known to painters, but hardly realised by the majority of mankind.

It would be well, since passion still darkens counsel, that every critic should adopt a fruitful suggestion once made by Mr. J. M. Robertson, and disclose his idiosyncrasy. Let this, then, be the present writer's confession of faith in landscape painting—that he admires the Dutch painters as much as Ruskin disliked them, that he loves the Norwich school, and that for Turner's *Frosty Morning* he would renounce all the chromatic splendours of the painter's declining years. Much else might be added, there is a roll of illustrious names; but this will suffice to indicate the direction in which bias would incline him. Yet, if there be sincerity, it is easy to admit that the Luminists have sometimes transmuted the visible things of life into a convention of beauty; and though, with diverse tastes, one would not wish to live with their pictures, one may be grateful for having seen their best. They cannot shelter us in the cool shadows of the earth, where we are refreshed; but they may fascinate us with the phosphorescence of dawn, or flash upon us the luminous aspect of a sunlit world, in which we may rejoice. It is significant that Monet, the founder of the school, during a most

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impressionable period of youth, painted in Africa. How interesting it is to contrast his treatment of summer with that of Constable! The latter is preoccupied with the absolute, heavy greens of summer, which block the landscape, Monet with the 'green and golden immortality' of the fields. And then how passionate is Monet's love of reflections —of light reflected by snow, where each flake may be a prism, by water, where every drop may be a jewel. It is curious to observe how Sir Philip Burne-Jones ignores the chief painter of the school, to whom he makes but one critical reference. He has grudgingly admitted 'attraction' to Pissarro; though few, one would have thought, could deny the beauty of his boulevards, when Paris dons an evening cloak of blue. The vision of Manet was more austere. Sisley is rather uninteresting, and Renoir has at times painted so badly that one approaches him with misgiving. But in several of his landscapes, notably the *Farm on the Bank of the Seine*, and *Autumn, the Seine at Argenteuil*, Renoir has proved his fellowship with Monet. Mme. Morisot has sometimes charm, and many of Boudin's paintings exhibit distinguished work, the credit of which should not be denied to the school because the painter represents a transition period. At their best, the Luminists have plucked a nosegay of the visionary flowers of Nature, and, if they are not culled from the Rose Garden of Laurin, at least there are jonquils and peonies.

ARTHUR NICHOLSON.

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THE DEFENCE OF THE GRAIN ROUTE

Among the most important subsidiary questions arising out of the great issue of Protection or Free Trade now agitating the Motherland is that of Britain's food supply—how it is to be maintained in war time, and how the grain routes are to be defended? This problem takes on a special significance because of the recent difficulty between Canada and Germany on the one side, and Mr. Carnegie's threat on the other, that the United States may withdraw the bonding privilege from the Dominion.

The economic and strategic aspects of the situation created by any foreign Power menacing the food supply of the British Isles have already compelled the appointment of a Royal Commission to investigate the subject. The gravity of the matter is accentuated by the proposal of Canada to establish a 'National Transcontinental Railway' traversing the wheat belt north of the C.P.R. line, and opening up another vast arable area to cultivation. Canada's avowed aim now is to become the British granary, and she is advancing by leaps and bounds to the realisation of this ambition.

The inflow of settlers to the North-West is arousing the jealousy of the American Press; the increase of cereals grown in Canada is a portent of mighty progress; the imperialistic tendencies of the Dominion constitute a standing arraignment of the vaunted American supremacy. The United States is faced with the unpalatable fact that within a few years—ten at the most—Canada will be able to supply the British Isles with all the wheat they now obtain from American farms. At present two-thirds of the wheat grown in the latter country is consumed there. The increase in acreage does not keep pace with the augmentation of the population by births and immigration, and therefore a much smaller quantity of grain proportionately will be available for export as the years go by. The very contrary conditions are now coming to prevail in Canada, where wheat-growing has attained amazing dimensions, so that Manitoba and its sister provinces are regarded as the most promising centres for settlement of any in the world to-day.

Canada's important new venture, the Grand-Trunk Pacific, or 'National Transcontinental Railway,' has been undertaken in order

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to provide an adequate outlet for the flow of grain from the West which the C.P.R. is unable to tap. In the same spirit is Canada once more inquiring into the navigability of Hudson's Bay with a view to making it a short summer route for the grain of the North-West. Similarly Canada's endeavours to establish a fast Atlantic steamship service have been dictated by a desire to fully equip herself for the struggle against her Southern neighbour for the supremacy in British trade which is seen to be inevitable. Canada's preferential tariff in favour of British imports was the first step in this direction, her yeoman work for the Pacific cable a second, her railway policy may be accounted a third. But it is a pity that these substantial services have not been properly rounded off by an equally effective participation in the maintenance of the Imperial Navy.

To-day 90 per cent. of Canada's grain exports are sent to the British markets, and there is no reason to doubt that in the future the same proportion of her exportable wheat will also have its destination there. But of the present total export 48 per cent. finds an outlet through American instead of through Canadian ports. This lamentable fact, from the imperialistic standpoint, is due, in the first place, to inadequate facilities for the shipment of the grain from Canadian ports, and in the second place to the evil notoriety of the St. Lawrence route. Sir William Van Horne recently observed that 'Canada's hopper had become too large for the spout,' that her products had outgrown the transportation facilities she possessed. Another eminent Canadian declared about the same time that 'the St. Lawrence route stank in the nostrils of the underwriters,' owing to the frequency of marine disasters in that basin. Canada is to-day manfully facing the obligation of remedying these defects. She is preparing to build a new transcontinental railway, and to so improve the navigation aids in the St. Lawrence as to make that route as safe as any of the rival American waterways. Assuming, then, that she will be successful in these aims (as every Briton must wish that she should be), and that her grain acreage expands as it bids fair to, it is certain that we are within measurable distance of the time when the bulk of the wheat imported into the British Isles will be obtained from Canada, and shipped across the Atlantic from Canadian ports. Under present conditions, with the notorious unsafety of the St. Lawrence route, Lloyd's discriminates against Canadian in favour of American ports, and marine insurance rates of 9 per cent. are exacted on ships plying with Montreal, when only 4 or 5 per cent. is demanded on ships plying with New York. But even with this disadvantage to contend against the Canadian ports are doing a steadily improving business; and when additional safeguards lessen the total of wrecks in their vicinity and cause a fairer adjustment of rates, the diversion of grain carriers to the St. Lawrence will grow in proportion to the freight to be transported. Ever since the Boer war kindled the flame of imperialistic

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sentiments in colonial breasts the desire for inter-imperial trade has been growing, and given an equality as to other conditions, or even without it, the feeling that better commercial relations should exist throughout the length and breadth of Greater Britain is one which every right-thinking citizen must cordially subscribe to.

It seems scarcely necessary to point out that in the event of a great naval war, with the altered conditions under which sea fights would be waged in these days, it would be hopeless to expect to supply the British Isles from such distant granaries as Argentina, India, or Australia, owing to the risks attendant upon such long voyages. The main reliance must be upon the United States and Canada, and one danger in regard to the former country is that grain may be 'cornered' and advanced to famine figures. But as the wheat area of Canada expands this risk will diminish; and when the need for the hurried transport of foodstuffs to the Mother Country arises, a 'corner,' in grain at least, will be avoided.

The only problem then which will present itself to the Admiralty is that of safely convoying the grain carriers across the Atlantic. That neutral vessels will be allowed unrestricted access to British ports with foodstuffs is generally recognised, for it is impossible to conceive of a nation like the United States permitting her ships to be seized and their cargoes to be confiscated. And it is equally probable that much British shipping will be transferred to foreign registry to avoid the danger of capture. But it is altogether undesirable that Britain should be obliged to labour under such disadvantages or resort to such expedients, and the necessity for her (if only to retain her prestige as mistress of the seas) providing such a fleet and such facilities as will enable her to keep the sea-road open, and retain the British mercantile ensign as the most familiar flag upon the deep, is one which requires no emphasising.

That Britain can accomplish this, as matters now stand, admits of considerable doubt. Her supply of handy, speedy, well-armed cruisers suitable for scouting and convoy work is maintained by naval experts to be wholly inadequate. Certainly, the naval programmes of the Powers most likely to assail her are becoming so ambitious of late that it may very well be doubted if the British ideal of a navy equal to the combined fleets of any two other Powers can be much longer realised; but even if the naval strength were adequate for the emergency, the fact remains that the Canadian seaboard is destitute of a shelter port except Halifax, which is hundreds of miles from the real danger-zone, the Grand Banks. Around the British Isles are many naval bases. Berehaven, on the west coast of Ireland, was converted into one lately with a special eye to its use as a shelter for ships of war or commerce making the Atlantic passage through the smoke of battle. St. Margaret's Hope, in Scotland, is now being fortified as a defence against Germany, as Dover is being improved

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for a base against France. But the Canadian seaboard is undefended. The whole Newfoundland coastline, which is to Canada what Ireland is to the United Kingdom, lacks a ship, a gun, or an armed man. Yet it is certain that an enemy desirous of effectively interfering with British commerce could find no such favourable theatre of operations as the Grand Banks, across which area thousands of ships must pass every year while moving between Europe and America. The presence of the powerful squadrons of war-craft and the existence of the mighty fortresses which guard the British Isles would make it impossible for commerce-destroyers to effectively operate in these waters, so they would naturally seek the region where an undefended coastline, along a much-frequented waterway, would permit them to harry shipping with impunity.

To realise the gravity of this situation it is only needful to study the map of the North Atlantic. As the Hudson's Bay route is not yet determined upon, and may be found impracticable, consideration of it may be dismissed because it would play only a very small part in any scheme of defensive ports such as is here outlined. The St. Lawrence route, however, presents a totally different proposition. As the map shows, access to the Gulf of St. Lawrence is had by two arteries, Belle Isle Strait, to the north of Newfoundland, and Cabot Strait to the south. The former is but fourteen miles wide, the latter fifty-seven. The former provides the shortest route between Montreal and England, and from mid-July, when it is free of ice, till the close of St. Lawrence navigation, it is utilised by nearly all the freight and passenger ships in the Canadian trade. The southern channel, Cabot Strait, which represents an additional 150 miles in the voyage, is used from the end of April, when the St. Lawrence River opens, until the middle of July, when Belle Isle Strait is traversable. Halifax is the winter port, and the route to it is identical with that *via* Cabot Strait until after rounding Cape Race, when the two lines diverge somewhat.

In the event of war one hostile cruiser could 'bottle up' Belle Isle Strait, because its narrowness would make it impossible for freight boats to hope to escape her. British merchantmen would accordingly have to abandon it, or else a strong force of British warships would have to be detailed to keep it open and patrol the route to the Irish coast. But the chief drawback to the successful adoption of such a policy would be that a coaling station is requisite, and there is not one nearer than Halifax, 850 miles away. Ships plying through this channel now, when obliged by accident to seek a shelter, invariably make St. John's, Newfoundland, which is but 250 miles distant, and the same port would make an excellent coaling depot for the British fleet. With regard to Cabot Strait, Halifax could afford merchantmen protection as far as Cape Race, but east of that, across the Grand Banks and away towards mid-ocean, they would be defenceless; though it is here, in the open seas, where even the wireless

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telegraph would be of but doubtful value in keeping track of his movements, that an enemy would most certainly lie in wait for his prey.

The lack of an imperial outpost in Newfoundland creates just such a position as would exist in the British Isles if there was no fortified Berehaven on the west coast of Ireland. The Island of Newfoundland, as has been already said, occupies exactly the same strategic relation towards Canada that Ireland does towards Great Britain. Moreover, not alone does the shipping of the St. Lawrence route pass within sight of Newfoundland, but all the steamers plying between American ports and those in Northern Europe make Cape Race their landfall and traverse the Grand Banks. If, then, it has been found necessary to provide a fortress on the west coast of Ireland, one is equally necessary on the east coast of Newfoundland. Not alone is such essential for the purposes of a harbour of refuge for merchantmen, but it is quite as necessary as a depot for warships. The modern cruiser consumes hundreds of tons of coal daily, and her steaming capacity at full speed is very limited. A warship employed on scouting or convoy duty off the Grand Banks would have her usefulness largely impaired if obliged to visit Halifax, 600 miles away, every time she required to replenish her bunkers; and for this reason, as much as for any other, a second outpost is called for in North American waters.

In the event of a naval struggle merchant ships between mid-ocean and the Newfoundland coast would need a refuge, and warships a haven to refit, repair damages, and communicate with headquarters. St. John's is an ideal centre for this purpose, being a landlocked harbour encircled by cliffs 600 feet high, with a narrow but deep entrance, and capable of being made impregnable at a very moderate expense. It is in direct communication with all the Atlantic cables, many of which land on the coast near by, and it possesses the largest dry-dock in America, as well as foundries and ironworks whereby the repair of war and freight vessels might be expedited. The town was fortified until 1870, when the troops were removed from the Colonies, and the old batteries and barracks remain, so that the outlay for a modern equipment would not be nearly as great as if a new centre were chosen.

The extreme danger to the Atlantic cables, unprotected as they are at present, has been of late emphasised so strongly that the Imperial Government recently commissioned an officer of the Royal Engineers, an expert on cable questions, to visit Newfoundland and study the problem of guarding these electric nerves from the destruction which a prowling enemy might inflict upon them as they lie in the shallows on the Grand Banks or near the coast. The fortifying of St. John's and the stationing there of some swift cruisers on the outbreak of hostilities would tend very much to minimise the risk of such a disaster, the consequences of which might be appalling in their nature and extent, because the severing of the Atlantic cables would throw the

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two hemispheres a week apart, and bring to a sudden stop the movements of commerce, of finance, and of naval and military policy. When it is remembered that France possesses the Miquelon Isles on the south coast of Newfoundland, and that a French tug could sever all these cables in a day or two, it is no exaggeration to say that this fact represents a peril of no ordinary magnitude.

Nor is it sensational, accordingly, to maintain that the absence of some fortified port on the east coast of Newfoundland is a vital defect in the Empire's scheme of over-seas defence. If Canada is to provide the bulk of the Mother Country's foodstuffs in the near future, the safe transport of this produce across the Atlantic must be guaranteed. At present both Canada and the British Isles are subjected to a condition of ignoble dependence upon the United States in this respect, much of the grain of the North-West being carried to tide-water over American railways, and shipped from American ports. Yet, as a matter of fact, the St. Lawrence basin is a natural outlet not only for all of Canada's own grain, but also for much of the crops raised in the border States of the Union—Minnesota, Dakota, and Montana. A glance at the map will show that an air-line drawn east from that region to the Atlantic strikes the St. Lawrence, and thus provides the shortest, cheapest, and most direct route from the farmstead to the ocean, the sea-carriage being also shorter than from American ports. Consequently, following all natural laws, much of the American exports of grain as well as Canada's should reach the sea by the St. Lawrence route; and that the distance between Liverpool and Quebec is only 2665 knots, as against 3055 between Liverpool and New York, renders doubly clear the fact that Canada may become a formidable rival of the United States in the matter of grain transport as well as production.

In advocating the creation of a naval base on the east coast of Newfoundland it does not necessarily follow that the main cost should be borne by England. On the contrary, there is substantial ground for the contention that part, at least, of the obligation should be assumed by the Dominion. The tendency to expect the Mother Country to accept all the responsibilities, while we share in the advantages, is one to be deprecated, and criticism falls futile when we see what she is accomplishing.

Yes, we arraign her! but she,
The weary Titan, with deaf
Ears and labour-dimmed eyes,
Regarding neither to right
Or left, goes passively by,
Staggering on to her goal,
Bearing on shoulders immense,
Atlantian, the load
Well nigh not to be borne
Of the too-vast orb of her fate.

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It can scarcely be accepted by the fair-minded observer that Canada is doing her duty by the Empire with respect to maritime protection. She alone declined to contribute to the Naval Defence Fund inaugurated at the Coronation Conference of Colonial Premiers, where Australia, a less populous commonwealth, undertook to pay 200,000*l.* a year, and even little Newfoundland offered her mite of 3000*l.* Yet Canada has a merchant marine of 3000 vessels, depending absolutely for their protection upon the British Navy, and her export trade, *per capita*, has increased at a greater rate than that of any other country in the world, though it would be utterly destroyed to-morrow if an enemy were to get the better of the British fleet upon the seas. It is true that Canada qualified her refusal to participate in a combined naval policy by declaring her intention to establish a naval force of her own, formed on the same lines as the Naval Reserve recently organised by the Admiralty in Newfoundland, and found to be such a great success. But Canada is creating this corps as a force distinct altogether from the British Navy, and to be only available for Imperial aid when Canada approves of the object for which it is intended to be employed. In other words, Canada accepts without question the benefits of an imperial co-partnership which costs her nothing; but when it is suggested that she bear a part of the burden, she intimates that she will provide for her own defence in her own way.

Of course, if she could do this effectively there might be little ground for complaint. But the most she pretends to be about to undertake is the providing of an auxiliary force of partly trained blue-jackets to fill the gaps in the Royal Navy caused by actual warfare. Japan, with a trade not half as great as Canada's, and a merchant marine not approaching it in tonnage, maintains a navy which entitles her to rank as a great Power, while Canada enjoys all these advantages without the expenditure of a dollar. Her plan for facing the situation in which she finds herself now is to procure a few 'disclassed' warships, and in them train the young men of her eastern provinces to become naval units. The cost of this scheme is at present altogether conjectural, because, after having outlined it and taken the preliminary steps, it was found that the problem was so beset with difficulties that the introduction of the necessary legislation had to be postponed until next year to admit of the project being worked out on some more practical lines than those originally contemplated.[1]

Canada's militia force is now virtually independent of imperial control, the imperial officer who commands it being only a figure-head, and the real direction being exercised by the Ottawa Cabinet. The intention is to establish the naval force upon a similar status, if, indeed, an imperial officer is placed in command of it, as the new

[1] The Naval Militia Bill was introduced in the Canadian Parliament in the Sessions of 1903 and 1904, but on both occasions was withdrawn, and Canada has as yet made no move towards providing such a force.

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Militia Bill passed at Ottawa in the Session recently closed (1904) abolished the clause requiring an imperial chief for the land forces. But while it is practicable for the militia to be independent, seeing that such contingents as might be drafted for imperial services would be employed in such strength as to preserve their homogeneity, it would be very different with naval units, which would require to be distributed over a squadron of ships in different proportions, and then called upon to perform the most diverse duties. A Canadian regiment is quite feasible, as part of a brigade, but it has not yet entered into the minds of naval students to conceive of a battleship manned and officered by Canadians forming part of a naval squadron. Not that the men are not as brave as any others, but because Canada will not provide the battleships, in the first place, and her men will not be efficiently trained, in the second.

Instead, therefore, of frittering away her money in the dubious experiment of creating an independent naval force, the really wise course for Canada to adopt would seem to be that of contributing her quota to the Imperial Naval Fund, and having her men trained in the imperial cruisers, even if she stipulated for the creation of a fortified port on the Newfoundland coast for the better protection of her own merchant shipping. To-day these vessels are absolutely unprotected except by the British fleet. Canada's whole Atlantic seaboard could be ravaged by an enemy without let or hindrance save what Halifax would afford. Montreal, Quebec, the coastline of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, all are defenceless. Newfoundland, which is geographically, if not politically, part of Canada, is equally so; and if the worst came, and Newfoundland fell into even the temporary possession of a foreign Power, the consequences to Canada would be disastrous. This island blocks Canada's front gateway, and it would be a perpetual menace to the commercial prestige of the Dominion were it to be occupied by any Power but England.

The late Lord Dufferin, in a rectorial address at Edinburgh University a few years ago, commenting upon the unmistakable evidences of a hostile intent with which certain foreign nations were watching England, observed: 'Neither a sense of justice, nor the precepts of religion, nor the instincts of humanity, would deter any one of them from taking advantage of the first favourable opportunity to destroy our Empire, to annihilate our commerce, to starve us into submission, to invade our shores, and ruin us by the most merciless exactions.' And the London *Times* said recently, in discussing Mr. Chamberlain's new fiscal proposals, that 'among the penalties Great Britain pays for her present commercial policy the greatest danger is that which besets a nation almost completely dependent upon outside supplies of food. We are all aware of it, at least all of us who think, but we shrink from discussing it.' In these two quotations will be found the crux of the whole complication which an endeavour is being made to

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deal with here—how the grain route between Canada and England is to be maintained when the ordeal of battle is forced upon the Empire, whose maintenance the best interests of civilisation demand.

From the coast of Newfoundland to the shores of Ireland stretches an unbroken expanse of 2,000 miles of ocean, covered with cargo carriers from the zone south of Cape Race to the rugged steeps of Labrador. This expanse is free to the cruisers of every nation with an Atlantic outlet. When England has to unsheath the sword her grain boats will require to run the gauntlet of this ocean highway, with all the dangers that fact implies. If they are pursued they have now no refuge to which they can fly; if they are under convoy there is no harbour into which they can be herded while their escort beats off an attacking force or repairs damages after a fight. Over 3,000 British steamers are sighted passing Cape Race every year, besides the thousands of others that pass it in fogs, at nights, or beyond the range of vision; and yet, although St. John's is only five hours' run from that headland and is an ideal centre for a naval base, not alone is it undefended, but its original fortifications have been allowed to become partially dismantled. Its availability has already been tested, because in the war of 1812 it was filled with American prizes swept off the Grand Banks by the British squadron operating from the port.

The advantage of fortifying St. John's would be that it would enable England to dominate the North Atlantic absolutely. Twenty-knot cruisers should make the run from Berehaven to St. John's within four days, and therefore scouts operating from either side would come in touch with each other when only two days at sea, thus greatly reducing the baleful possibilities of foreign attack. A warship with important intelligence, chased by an enemy, could make St. John's and cable her news, when it would be impossible to reach Halifax. A manœuvre of the greatest moment could be executed by a fleet east of Newfoundland some days before the same could be carried out from Halifax. Battleships would find a fortified coal depot at such a central point within their range of action as St. John's of immense advantage, because Halifax might be too remote for them.

The actual fact to be considered in connection with this matter is that under existing conditions a British convoy or a weak British fleet east of Cape Race has absolutely no chance of escape from a more powerful enemy; whereas with St. John's fortified, an additional assurance of safety would be afforded them. Indeed, the salvation of the Empire might perhaps be achieved at a critical time, seeing that with a fortified base in Newfoundland a British squadron operating on the Grand Banks could do so with the same security as one having the British Isles to fall back upon. To-day, unless such a squadron was within easy reach of Halifax, it could do little or nothing, through want of coal and the inability to keep in touch with the Admiralty. But St. John's would form a connecting link or half-way house between

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Halifax and Berehaven, enabling the squadrons attached to the three stations to form a chain right across the Atlantic, and to co-operate with one another in any movements, offensive or defensive, which might be undertaken.

The garrisoning of a fortified base in Newfoundland could be entrusted, in part at least, to the Naval Reserve of that country and of Canada. The Newfoundlanders have proved themselves excellent material for naval service, and are side by side with the regular blue-jackets. The Canadian sailors, if similarly trained, would make equally effective auxiliaries, and within a few years some thousands of splendid seamen would be available to aid the mother country in an emergency. But Canada's scheme for a distinct naval organisation threatens seriously to impair the success of any such movement.

This is all the more remarkable, seeing that Canada herself will be the greatest sufferer from an inefficient organisation. She does not contemplate even a naval establishment which would enable her to withstand even a fourth-rate South American Power. She intends to rely for protection for her shipping upon the British fleet when war breaks out. She knows that other strategic movements may have to be subordinated to the need of keeping open the Atlantic sea-road so that her grain can be transported to the British Isles. Yet she determines upon creating a makeshift naval engine, instead of contributing her quota to the support of the Royal Navy upon which she has to rely for protection. To make this protection as complete as geographical conditions will permit the establishment of a fortified seaport on the Newfoundland coast is imperative. Imperial and colonial tacticians must recognise the need of it if Canada's increasing supplies of grain are to be placed at the disposal of the British tax-payer, without the risk of his being starved by the successful obstruction of the ocean passage in time of war.

The fact should be remembered, too, in connection with a fortified base in Newfoundland that it would not alone be available for ships traversing the St. Lawrence route, but also for those plying between British and American ports. From all the great shipping centres of the United States seaboard the steamers pass near Cape Race *en route* to England, and as most of them fly the British flag they would be as great beneficiaries by such an arrangement as those in the Canadian trade. With Bermuda, Halifax, and St. John's then recognised as arsenals, and linked together by the squadrons attached to them, every possible facility which nature affords for effective patrolling of the western ocean would be availed of, and the problem of protecting the grain route would be solved to the fullest extent possible by Great Britain under existing circumstances.

P. T. McGrath

(*Editor, 'Evening Herald,' St. John's, Newfoundland*).

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AN ARTIST'S LOVE STORY

DURING the winter days of gloom and fog through which we have recently passed, when men were struggling to grope their way to business quarters, and all the busy world went wrong, there were always to be found certain little corners in the great metropolis where idlers rejoiced in peaceful seclusion, and welcomed the fog as justification for self-indulgence. No need to go out in obedience to the tyranny of exercise! Engagements of necessity fell to the ground when traffic, trains, and locomotion stood still, and the earth itself seemed to stop, unable to move on through the dense atmosphere.

In conditions such as these there was no alternative left for idlers but to settle down philosophically to books and an armchair. Thus, under the midday lamp, I found myself in imagination living in a world of art three centuries back—that is to say, the end of the eighteenth century and onward into the early part of the nineteenth—absorbed in *An Artist's Love Story*, a tale of Sir Thomas Lawrence and the two fascinating daughters of the celebrated Mrs. Siddons. And as I read, and read, in the unbroken silence, the eighteenth century seemed to step forward and join hands with me in the middle of the nineteenth, making me personally a connecting link between the dead of long ago and the living of the present day.

Until this book fell into my hands I knew nothing of the two fascinating daughters, but I had a vivid recollection of their sister, the third daughter, Cecilia, coming to my mother's dinner-parties in my youth, when she was the wife of Dr. George Combe, author of *The Constitution of Man*, *Phrenology*, &c. At that time in Edinburgh phrenology excited great interest among the *littérateurs* and *savants* of the day, and, living among them, I had often to submit a curly head with vacant interior to knobly fingers, which searched out the 'bumps,' and gave rise to grave speculations on the probabilities of the future. It is a well-known fact that Dr. George Combe had no idea of risking matrimony until he had thoroughly examined his lady-love's head, and only became engaged on finding her 'anterior lobe to be large, her benevolence, conscientiousness, firmness, self-esteem, love of approbation amply developed, whilst her veneration and wonder were equally moderate with his own'; and, needless to say, the marriage proved a happy one.

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As I sat gazing contemplatively into the fire, with the book on my lap, it was interesting to reflect that George Combe in his early days was an articled clerk in the office of a writer to the signet in Edinburgh, and that the only other clerk was George Hogarth, whose daughter married Charles Dickens. Thus were the two Georges raised to distinction not only through their own talents, but through the mother-in-law in the one case, and the son-in-law in the other.

To return to the love story, and the day-dreams evoked, I found it by no means easy to identify the stately figure of my youthful recollection with the sketch in this book of Cecilia done by Sir Thomas Lawrence when she was four years of age. But there she sits, a weird, intense little child, curled up, with arms folded, a small tragedy queen, crowned with the quaint cap of the period, and with a string of beads round her neck. Later in life she greatly resembled her mother in features, and walked with her mother's majestic grace. The book is further adorned with sketches of the sisters, who both died early in life, and also contains five sketches of Mrs. Siddons, the first as Zara, very elaborate, drawn by Thomas Lawrence when thirteen years of age. The later sketches show finer art, but are tinged with the sadness which overtook her on the loss of her two beautiful daughters and left her 'a magnificent ruin tottering to its fall.'

The story is tragic for two reasons. First, that the artist fell in love alternately with the two elder sisters, being engaged first to Sally, the eldest, then transferring his affections to Maria, aged sixteen, and again being wooed back by Sally. Secondly, it was tragic in that the germs of consumption were playing havoc with both girls in the days of bleeding, blundering, and absolute lack of knowledge of the *vera causa* of disease. Hence love, hope, sickness, and despair combined to render life a battleground of the passions, the scene of torn affections, leaving Death the victor, and the great artist for the moment all but mad. Throughout this stormy period the weird baby could have known little of the tempest through which her sisters passed, as she grew up into womanhood sisterless and became the contemporary of my father, mother, and George Combe, who all converged together about the same time in Scotia's ancient capital.

It is necessary here to allow our minds to wander back to the last decade of the eighteenth century, when Mrs. Siddons first recognised in Thomas Lawrence the 'child of genius,' and befriended him. Between the two there must have been more than ordinary sympathy, for Mrs. Siddons, the daughter of strolling players, had been born in an inn called 'The Shoulder of Mutton,' Brecon, while Thomas Lawrence, the youngest of sixteen children, was born in 'The White Lion,' Bristol, in 1769. In the former case the Kembles (the parents of Mrs. Siddons) were sternly religious Methodists, and in the latter

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the Lawrences owed their descent and religion to a Presbyterian minister, grandfather of Sir Thomas on the father's side, and to a well-connected county family on the mother's. The boy, whose genius soon carried him away from his sordid surroundings, established a studio at Bath, where he was brought into contact with the fashionable world, and was thereby enabled at ten years of age to support his father's numerous family by painting portraits. With the family planted about him and forming the background of his brilliant life, the boy grew up *pari passu* with the youthful Siddonses, admiring them, sketching them, and emerging with them into the higher spheres till youthful unconsciousness was shed, and self-consciousness set in with matured attractions and more fully developed charms. By this time Thomas Lawrence was considered one of the handsomest men of his day, with a face said to be typical of Christ, and the manners of a courtier. According to *An Artist's Love Story*, Sally was the first of the sisters to yield to the soft graces of her friend 'Tom,' and they became engaged with Mrs. Siddons's consent. Between mother and daughters there was absolute love and confidence from beginning to end. Meanwhile Maria was away at school in France, and there was nothing to disturb the placid happiness of the newly betrothed couple; but Molly came home and burst upon them in the full bloom of rosy sixteen, when a change gradually crept over the spirit of their dream. Mr. Lawrence at this time must have been twenty-six years of age and a full Royal Academician, having already been a Supplementary Associate for four years at the instigation of George the Third. He had his studio now established in Greek Street, Soho, and not far off, in Marlborough Street, dwelt Mrs. Siddons and the two fair objects of his affections. After a period of mental distraction all round, Sally seems to have surrendered her lover to her sister out of unselfish consideration for the feelings of both. So now Maria was engaged to Thomas Lawrence, and possibly in time marriage bells might have rung out the tidings of their joy had not sickness and death intervened. In those days people suffering from consumption were strictly forbidden to breathe the open air. They were confined to one room and bled at intervals: in fact, everything the mind of man could conceive was done to hasten the end. Thus was the beloved one treated till love began to wane, and hope to fade away with her ever-shortening life. Meanwhile the embers of Sally's love began to revive, and even find strength, in the sorrow common to both and the need of keeping her ex-lover informed of Maria's condition. 'Our dear Maria,' she writes, 'has been, thank God, much better to-day; her strength and spirits seem now returning, and I hope in a short time to see the darling girl entirely herself, and when she is well enough you shall come and rejoice with us at the recovery of our sweet Maria.'

Sally had imagined herself strong enough to relinquish her lover

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when she saw how matters were, but now the dependence of one on the other drew them closer, till the coy little notes changed their tone, and finally told the true lovers' tale.

Away in a quiet corner of the world (to which I shall refer later) the following two letters have been found. They have never been published; but in relation to those which have recently been published, and appear in *The Artist's Love Story*, they throw some light on the way in which Miss Sally wooed her lover back again, declaring that 'further disappointment would mean death.' It will be seen in the two following letters that doubts, fears, hopes, and tenses are a trifle mixed, intentionally, coquettishly, and otherwise:

From Sally to Mr. Lawrence

[1798.]
Friday Morning.

Our friend in Dorset Street (Mrs. Semple) is a good and a kind friend, and you may, if you please, tell her all; and that will not, I imagine, be more than she suspects, for I believe I thank'd her a little too warmly when she put your letter in my hand. He is such a creature (says she), there is really no denying him anything. Ah! Mrs. Semple, thought I, and do *you* feel his strange, resistless power? No wonder, then, that Sally is thus led on, step by step, to feel and to confess that she is again upon the point of surrendering that heart which (plaguing thing that it is!) was lost for a great while some time ago, and now is teasing and tormenting her to let it go where it is sure of being well receiv'd. And, besides, it is jealous of *another heart*, which it declares it sees plainly enough I do 'to every heart prefer'; and so I have a good mind to bid it begone, and rid myself of its importunity, especially as it has the generosity to assure me that, delighted as it shall be with its new abode, *it will obey my call* and, should its *rival* prove inconstant, will immediately return to Sally. Yet I think I should consult some friend before I make so dangerous a change. What do you think of it? I know you will tell me of *friends averse*, of *circumstances embarrassed*, of the *time that must elapse in secrecy and anxiety*, and above all of the *inconstancy of man*. My good friend, I have thought of all this twenty and twenty times. Your last is indeed a serious (forgive me if I differ from you and say I think it is the only) objection, for constancy and perseverance may surely overcome the others. The time that must pass before we could avow our sentiments may be employ'd by him (you know who I mean) to extricate himself from all pecuniary difficulties, for *do not suspect me of being so mad as to add to the embarrassments of him I love by giving him a wife to support. Indeed, you wrong me if you do. The more I love him the stronger will be this resolution.* But tell me, you who are his friend and mine—and tell me, I charge you, the truth, for I know you can—will his exertions, if he perseveres, enable him at last to marry one who will have nothing but a heart to offer? I know that this must be the work of perhaps years. I do not start at the idea, for *I know myself*; but will he be constant for *years*? I do not mean that we are to pass all this time situated as we are at present. I wait but for the time when Maria shall be evidently engaged by some other object to declare to her my intentions, and then there will be no more of this cruel restraint and we may overcome the objections of those whose objections are of importance. And now, having finished my letter to *your friend*, I will begin one to you. You cannot be in earnest when you talk of being soon again in Marlborough Street; *you know it is impossible.* Neither you, nor Maria, nor I could bear it. Do you think that, tho' she

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does not love you, she would feel no unpleasant sensations to see those attentions paid to another which once were hers? Could you bear to pay them, could I endure receiving them? Oh, no! banish this idea. Your *absence* indeed affects Maria but little—so little that I am convinced she never lov'd—but your *presence*, you must feel, would place us all in the most distressing situation imaginable. I was told that you passed thro' our street yesterday; I did not see you. If chance should ever bring you this way at nine o'clock in the morning, and if it should occur to you to look towards our house, you might see a friend of yours at one of the parlour windows, where she is generally writing or reading at that hour, and where she now is, the clock just striking nine. I went last night with my father to a fine party where there were between fifty and sixty people—not one that I ever saw before or ever wish to see again. I was seated by one of the card-tables. 'You seem very attentive to the game, Miss Siddons,' said a gentleman to me. 'Are you learning or criticising?' 'Neither, sir,' replied I. And in truth, tho' my eyes might be fix'd on the cards, my thoughts were employ'd by a much more serious game, upon the event of which depends my happiness or wretchedness. How much better would Mr. Burke's speech suit me than you! If I have any merit, believe me, it consists in this. Not that I know much—*far, far from it*—but that *I am desirous of knowing more*. I will not suffer you to rate me too highly. I cannot bear the thoughts of your deceiving yourself in this respect. It seems like mockery when you talk to me of being *my pupil*. No, no; I have too much pleasure in the hopes of becoming yours to make any such agreement. I know that, should the prospect I now have before my eyes ever be realised, you will be much employ'd. So much the better. The more I see of men that have nothing to do, the more I wish that my husband may be oblig'd to do something. This temporary separation will, in my eyes, have many advantages. I can find employment for a morning as well as you. It is my choice to be alone in the morning; no one in an evening has greater delight in society. Need I tell you there are some whose society charms me more than others? Need I tell you there is *one* (*if he is but constant*) whose company I would prefer to all the world? I inquire after you whenever I have an opportunity, and I am rejoic'd to hear that you paint diligently, and that the 'Coriolanus' is likely to leave all behind it at the exhibition, as 'Satan' did last year. I recall my words. Yes, I will suffer a rival: I permit you to be almost as much devoted to your divine *Art* as to Sally. When I hear of your attention and perseverance in painting I will consider it as the proof of your attachment to me. I have thought of something. It is of vegetable substance, *very white at present*, but you may cure it of that defect very soon. I have set you the example. Can you guess? Adieu! In the present circumstance your plan of secrecy is an excellent one. Nobody need know what passes; from me they certainly will not. I will try to make myself easy, since my conduct is no secret to her whose approbation is as dear to me as my life; but I shall have much to endure. I foresee it. I am not one of those who can set at nought the opinions of my friends. But you should be the better pleas'd that I am not, for is it not a sacrifice I make you? Oh, then, judge me not by others; think not that when you have won my heart you may abandon me and I shall soon recover. I tell you now, before you proceed any further, that *if I love you again* I shall love more than ever, and in that case *disappointment* would be *death*.

This letter bore no signature, and was addressed to 'Mr. Lawrence, Greek Street,' on the back.

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From Sally to Mr. Lawrence

[24th of April, 1798.]
Tuesday Morning, 12 o'clock.

And did I indeed see you, speak to you, last night? Good heavens! was it not rather a dream? No, no; it was reality. How short, how cruelly short, did the time appear! It seem'd to me that I had a thousand thousand things to say to you, and yet, I think, I said nothing. But was it necessary to *say*? Oh! could you not read in my eyes the ecstasy of my heart? I could scarcely imagine it was reality; and yet 'such sober certainty of waking bliss I never felt (*but once*) before.'

You will not be surprised at my writing to you; you will guess that the cause which oblig'd me to resign this pleasure is *in part* remov'd. I will tell you more on Thursday. Yes, I will *tell* you; for if it is fine I mean to walk before breakfast, as I have done every fine morning lately. I shall be in Poland Street before nine. You have a key of Soho Square: shall we walk there? Oh time, time, fly quickly till Thursday morning! But, alas! as hours last night appeared but moments, so will moments now be long, *long hours*.

I looked for you all over the pit last night, and had almost despair'd of seeing you; but I found you out before you saw me. You were on both sides up one pair of stairs; then in the stage-box, where I believe Mr. Lysons pointed me out. Sunday and Monday—happy days! They have repaid me for a month of anxiety. I can hardly hope that I shall be so happy as to see you, as I intend, on Thursday. If I should, Thursday will acquire another charm for me. *One o'clock*—how often, how impatiently, do I look at my watch from breakfast till that hour! And when it comes—tell me, tell me—do you think of Sally? I sit where you have sat; I stand where you have stood; I look round on those Shakespeare prints, I try to recollect your observations on them. And which do I look on longest, most intently? *Orlando—dear Orlando!* And then I write. Would you know what? You shall read.

I can no longer continue my Journal as I us'd; I dare not write my thoughts now; but, since I am forbid to express the feelings of my heart in my own words, I transcribe those lines, wherever I find them, which best accord with my own sentiments and situation. *This is* what you shall read!

Have you taken your ring to Cowen's? But do not learn the puzzle of him; let me only teach it. Do you know its name? Have they told you it is a TRUE LOVER'S KNOT? I bought it for you. I have worn it, kissed it, and waited anxiously for an opportunity to give it you. Last night, beyond my hopes, it presented itself. You have it. Keep it, love it, nor ever part with it till *you return me my letters*.

You like my locket. Your hair and my mother's are in it—think if I prize it! I wear it always, but . . . [torn] . . . When you go to see Miss Bird you will hear my songs and see the fashions. The first I think you would like if you did not love me; the last, *miserable as they are*, you will look at with pleasure because I did them.

You have sometimes prais'd my singing and my compositions. I remember, too, you once observ'd I was improv'd since you first heard me. Well I might. I never should have sung as I do had I never seen you; I never should have composed *at all*. Have I not told you that the first song I set to music was that complaint of Thomson's to the Nightingale? I compos'd it at Harrow Weald. You then liv'd in my heart, in my head, in every idea; every moment your image was present. *You did not love me then*. But NOW! Oh, mortification, grief, agony are all forgot!!!

Again this letter has no signature, and is addressed solely on the

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back of the folded paper to 'T. Lawrence, Esq., Greek Street, Soho Square.'

While the lovers are thus renewing their former vows, Maria is slowly dying under the appalling treatment of the day. She has now been placed in charge of her mother's devoted friend, Mrs. Pennington, at Hot Wells, Clifton, where Sally joins her, and around which Thomas Lawrence hovers, an uneasy spirit, seeking rest and finding none. Filled with self-reproach, he fears the world will attribute Maria's death to his conduct, and further fears that Maria, knowing all, may avenge her wrongs by crushing his hopes for the future. In a letter to his brother William, now a lieutenant, enclosing the inevitable cheque, he writes: 'Maria is dying, and I am distracted.' Grievous to say, his suspicions with regard to future hopes become fully realised, for Maria, having lost all faith in him, exacts a promise from her sister that she will never marry Thomas Lawrence! The scene in the death chamber is terrible.

'Promise me, my Sally, never to be the wife of Mr. Lawrence. I cannot bear to think of your being so.' Sally evaded the promise and said, 'Dear Maria, think of nothing that agitates you at this time.' But Maria insisted that it was necessary to her repose to pursue the subject, and pressed for a promise, while the other parried. Time was passing, and the 'angelic mother' read prayers and ministered to her dying child, when, by a final effort, Maria returned to the charge, calling on her mother and Mrs. Pennington to bear witness that Sally had promised never to be the wife of *that man*! Poor Sally, quite overcome, pleaded that she had not really promised, but 'dear, dying angel, I *will* and do promise if you desire it.' The dying girl then made her mother and Mrs. Pennington lay their hands on Sally's, and, while all were standing speechless, she breathed these words: 'Sally, sacred, sacred, be this promise'; and, stretching out her hand and pointing her forefinger, added, 'Remember me, and God bless you.'

The result of this awe-inspiring scene was a message conveyed from Sally to her lover through Mrs. Pennington, saying that the promise was sacred, the impression indelible, and that it cancelled all former bonds and engagements. She entreated him to submit and 'not prophane this awful season by a murmur.'

Henceforth he and Sally rarely met, although he remained on the most friendly terms with Mrs. Siddons and her family. Five years later Sally followed her sister to the grave, dying also of consumption, and it was observed that Sir Thomas Lawrence wore mourning and used black sealing-wax to the end of his life.

Thus closes the eighteenth century on the one and truly tragic romance of the artist's life, leaving him a prey to the malicious shafts of an outside world, before whom he was dumb, while the world of

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his inner life never ceased to love and respect him. To come within this circle we must allow a few years to run, and try to realise the artist who is now 'Sir Thomas,' settled in his final house in Russell Square, 'the most extraordinarily accomplished and fascinating man in London,' the idol of royalty, the captive of society, and President of the Royal Academy. Close by live his most intimate friends, Sir Richard Croft, M.D., who attended the Princess Charlotte when she died in childbirth, and his sister, Miss Croft, so often mentioned in his life.[1] A few doors off, in Russell Square, lives his friend, Mr. Keightley, a solicitor, who is also a friend of the Crofts, and with artistic tastes no doubt cultivated in the studio they all loved. While a boy, the Crofts had befriended young Keightley by making their house his home during holidays, as the journey from the Charterhouse to Liverpool, where his parents lived, was not to be encountered without reckoning the dangers of the road. Later, he married a cousin of the Crofts, and through their influence became solicitor to the Charterhouse, with a residence within the court. Owing to this association with the Crofts, he became in the natural order of things the trusted friend and sole executor of Sir Thomas Lawrence, and anon in the social order of events my family became acquainted with the Keightleys, thus adding to the chain that links me with the past, and brings me into touch with the private story of Sir Thomas's life.

It was away in the sixties that I was first privileged to enter the quaint old gateway within which Mr. and Mrs. Keightley held their salons, which drew irresistibly the *littérateurs*, artists, and scholars of the day. The rooms seemed to breathe art, for the drawings and relics of Sir Thomas Lawrence were everywhere. In the dining-room stood the armchair in which posed so many celebrities, kings and princes; and all around were the relics and pictures bequeathed to Mr. Keightley by Miss Croft. But, as these days have passed away, we must come to those of the present to find once more the treasures and handle the records now in possession of the daughters of Mr. Keightley, who have placed them at my disposal. In their dining-room in South Kensington stands the 'throne,'[2] which the catalogue (of the sale of Sir Thomas's effects) tells us was sold to Mr. Ward, R.A., for 3*l.* 5*s.*, and was bought back by Mr. Keightley after that artist's death. Now, around that throne history lives as it does around all the other thrones the world has known.

From the foot of that throne have emerged, after a hundred years of repose, the love-letters of Sally, which we have read. In five immense volumes the letters from sitters are contained, most carefully arranged by the executor, and interspersed with original pencil

[1] The Crofts of Croft Castle represented Herefordshire in Parliament from 1297 to 1874, the baronetcy being one of the oldest in England, having been conferred by James the First on the ancestor of Sir Richard.

[2] Platform.

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drawings by Sir Thomas Lawrence and other artists, the whole forming at once an album and a history of the period. Therein may be seen letters from Lafayette and Sir Edward Pakenham, both of whom were engaged in the American war, the latter being killed, the former having suffered imprisonment during the French Revolution. Therein also we come on the track of the Peninsular war and Waterloo. At one moment we find our artist rushing over to Paris to see the gallery of the Louvre before the works of art were restored to the countries whence they were taken by Napoleon. Again we find him in Russell Square, commanded by the Prince Regent to paint portraits of the Allies after the signing of the treaty in Paris. Hence, in 1814, the 'throne' is mounted alternately by the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, the Duke of Wellington, Prince Blücher, and Platoff, the Hetman or Prince of the Cossacks. For some amusing particulars of these sittings we must turn to the reminiscences of Miss Croft, who wrote them for Mr. Keightley from memory after Sir Thomas's death. Miss Croft, who was about the same age as Sir Thomas, seems to have exercised a motherly influence over him, for she looked after his household more or less, ordered his dinner for him occasionally, and helped him in every way, and, with Mr. Keightley, was present at his death. One day she went to the house to call on Mrs. Bloxam, who was paying her brother, Sir Thomas, a visit, but finding she was out, took her departure, and had not gone far before she was overtaken by the servant with a message from his master, begging her to return. Presently Sir Thomas came down from his studio, looking 'harassed and distressed,' saying that Blücher was sitting to him without any attendant or interpreter. 'He has been travelling all night from Portsmouth,' said Sir Thomas, 'and is evidently half seas over, and falls asleep the moment I cease talking to him; and, moreover, being somewhat deaf, I can only make him hear by going close to him.' He begged his friend to come and help him, and I give the rest in her own words:

I ask'd on what pretence I could be introduced; and Sir Thomas said, 'as my sister, for such I consider you, and my real sister must have done me this service had she been at home.' Finding Blücher only spoke German and very bad French, I felt less afraid, and was introduced accordingly. It was very convenient that he did not understand our English, as Sir Thomas prompted me as to the best means of keeping him awake. We were speaking of the likeness, of which Sir Thomas, with his usual humility and candour, ask'd my real opinion. I said with truth that it struck me as perfect with the exception of too much spirit about the lower part of the nose; he replied that I was quite right—that from the loss of teeth and evident fatigue, the corner of the mouth and nose seem'd to droop, but that if I would begin talking of the Duke of Wellington, I should soon perceive there was no flattery in it. Seeing me put my finger to my face, pondering deeply, Blücher said, 'Madame votre sœur parle en artiste, je suppose'; to which Sir Thomas maliciously replied, 'Oh, oui,' to my great alarm, for fear by further questions he should detect me for an impostor, but happily it proceeded no further. I then spoke of the Duke's

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worn and altered appearance, and he answered as if it was impossible for a soldier to experience bodily fatigue. 'C'est seulement le repos qui me fatigue,' was his characteristic observation. He went on to observe that Wellington was a boy to him, for he added, 'I have been fifty-six years an officer.' We calculated afterwards that, as he was certainly raised from the ranks by Frederick of Prussia, he must in all probability be full seventy-six years of age when he fought so bravely. The fact of his having been a common soldier is, I believe, denied by his biographer, but Lord Stewart assured Sir Thomas that Blücher was rather proud of it than otherwise.

In the commencement of my office Sir Thomas imposed a difficult task upon me, which was to request he would curl up his moustaches so that they might not cover his lower as well as upper lip. This, with my bad French, I found difficult to make him comprehend, but I at length accomplished it more by signs than words, and, putting his filthy fingers into his mouth, he brought them out plentifully wet, and curl'd the moustaches into a smaller compass. He wore a miniature of the Regent round his neck, and he told us the crowd at Portsmouth had so press'd upon him as to break the glass, as he showed us. The mob in Russell Square now rushed in in a frightful manner while Blücher sat, lining the staircase, and filling the gallery, till at length it was scarcely possible to keep them out of the painting room, except by the aid of Bow Street officers.

We were invited to meet Platoff on one occasion. He spoke neither French nor English, but he told us by his interpreter how much he lamented his inability to converse with English ladies, and very gallantly kiss'd the hands of Mrs. Hill and myself, who happened to stand foremost.

Two or three circumstances occurred during the sittings of the Duke of Wellington for his numerous portraits by Sir Thomas. When he was painting what is called the State picture for the Waterloo Gallery (by far the least agreeable likeness) the Duke wore a magnificent gold sash striped in front with blue, red, and white. Sir Thomas fell out with these gay stripes and thought they did harm to his picture and so erased them. When the Duke next sat he apologised for having taken this liberty, and offered to replace them if they were of any particular meaning or consequence. 'Oh no, never mind them,' said the Duke; 'they merely constitute me Generalissimo of the armies of Spain.'

After Sir Thomas's death a shabby-looking old sabre was found among the numerous cloaks, uniforms, helmets, &c. which had been left for him to paint from. No one claiming it, Mr. Keightley had put it aside to go to Christie's with other things for the sale. The Duke was sitting to some other artist and missed the sword he had carried in the battle of Waterloo, and, suddenly recollecting it might have been left in Russell Square, applied to Mr. Keightley just in time.

I once read a note from the Duke to Sir Pulteney Malcolm which made such an impression upon me that I can recollect it nearly *verbatim*. It was written on the occasion of Sir Pulteney sending the Duke the very animated account of the battle of Waterloo written by Mr. Simpson, a Scotch advocate, and ran thus:

Paris, 1815.

DEAR MALCOLM,—I thank you for Mr. Simpson's book, which I shall read at my first moment of leisure.

I am glad you have accepted the command at St. Helena—it is better to be doing something than nothing. Remember me to Boney, who is, I hope, as well satisfied with my old apartments at Longwood as I am with *his* at the Bourbon Élysée Palace. It is a curious fact in the annals of Europe that *he* and *I* have literally changed beds.

Ever sincerely yours,

WELLINGTON.

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When the proposal came from George the Fourth for Sir Thomas to go to Aix-la-Chapelle to paint the members of the Congress there assembled, he was required to name his own terms, and so distracted was he by this, and so fearful of being exorbitant in his demands, that I walked with him on Waterloo Bridge one evening for almost three hours before he could at all make up his mind on the subject. I was ignorant then of what has been so painfully proved since his death, that the embarrassment of his affairs made his leaving England at all a matter of risk and harm to him, and could not comprehend the thousand difficulties he conjured up. He insisted on my naming the sum it appeared to me reasonable he should demand for two months' absence, and when I mentioned 1,000*l.* he was almost in a passion with what he called my 'absurd rapacity.' Not being at all disposed to come to my proposed terms, he left me at the door in Hart Street in no amiable temper. I could not sleep in the fear of misleading him, and rose early to persuade him to mount his horse (which I had ventur'd to order to his door as I pass'd the livery stables) and go direct to the Duke of Wellington for advice. To be sure I did feel very exultingly triumphant when he called on his way back to confess that the Duke had without a moment's hesitation proposed the same sum. This stay abroad was prolonged to twenty months instead of two, and so great a part of the time both at Rome and Vienna was for his own gratification, that the agreement (which was complied with unhesitatingly) went for nothing, and I believe he was only paid for the whole lengths 500 guineas, and for the three-quarters 300, for all the portraits of the Waterloo Gallery. The Duke of Wellington's kindness knew no bounds. He proposed that a portable studio which Sir Thomas took with him should be placed in the garden of his hotel, but unfortunately his baggage was by some accident so delayed that he had no use for it when it arrived, as the magistrates of Aix-la-Chapelle had meanwhile established him in an apartment of the Hôtel de Ville, the only fault of which was its being at the top of seventy stairs, which somewhat fatigued and annoyed the Sovereigns.

Among the many notable sitters who interested the artist was Sir Walter Scott, whose portrait he painted in 1827, five years before his death, when his health was breaking under the strain of his literary work and financial affairs. Reports had reached Sir Thomas that the celebrated author looked broken and ill; but when he had the pleasure of meeting him at one of Mr. Rogers's breakfast parties, the only change he found was that his complexion was fresher, his eye brighter, his face smoother, and his hair less grey than formerly, for it was now of 'silvery whiteness.'

It is curious to reflect that artist and sitter, each so celebrated, so successful in his line, were both struggling in the troubled waters of finance, and that Sir Thomas, who was in such perfect health at the time of the sitting, should have predeceased the author by two years.

One of the early troubles that befell Sir Thomas Lawrence in the course of his profession was the reflection cast on him of too much intimacy with the Princess of Wales at Montague House. It seems to have been in the very nature of the man to make himself agreeable to everyone, but in the isolated and equivocal position of this unhappy princess the whisperings of slander followed. Eventually commissioners were appointed to make an investigation, when both were fully acquitted to the entire satisfaction of the King.

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Concerning the more domestic glimpses of the artist's life, Miss Croft describes the quiet evenings in Hart Street (her brother's house), where he would drop in at all hours, and more especially in the evening when tired with the labours of the day. He often expressed the comfort of coming where he could without offence sit silent till sufficiently rested to join in the conversation. During these quiet evenings he read to them most of Sir Walter Scott's works, which were sent to him by the author, at the same time that they were sent to the King, before the authorship was revealed to the public. He always made a point of pocketing these volumes on taking leave, in case the temptation to peruse them privately should deprive him of the pleasure of reading them aloud, and, continues Miss Croft, 'he generally contrived mischievously to leave off in a part of the greatest interest.'

Among the few remaining relics in possession of Mr. Keightley's eldest daughter, the Dowager Lady Nicholson (god-daughter of Miss Croft), is a card containing the names of guests at a dinner-party given by George the Fourth at Buckingham Palace, which, at the present period, may not be without interest. The card has been badly scorched during a fire at the Grange, which deprived Lady Nicholson of many other relics.

Marchioness of Conynghame.	Sir Wim —.
Lady J. Thynne.	Sir — Thornton.
Duke of Cambridge.	Lord St. Helens.
Duchess of Gloucester.	Lady M. Conynghame.
Prince George.	Lord Parborough.
The King.	Sir Thomas Lawrence.
Marquess of Conynghame.	Sir P. Watson.
Duchess of Cumberland.	Sir Andrew Burnand.
Lady Strathhaven.	Honble. A. Stanhope.
Lord Strathhaven.	

Although devoted to Mrs. Siddons to the end of his life, Sir Thomas always regarded the Crofts as his closest friends, and described Miss Croft as 'the friend in whose presence he could lean back in his chair for his ten minutes' doze.' She seems to have been one of the good women of the earth meant never to marry, but born to be a comfort and help to others.

She was beyond the spell of his personal fascinations as society knew them, but keenly alive to his sounder qualities, his goodness of heart and his large charity. She was not the woman to waste her affections on a man of evil mind or fast life. She was there to offer him the comfort and privileges of her own home life, and was there to fill the wants and gaps in his more brilliant one. In the hour of his death she was by his bedside, ready to receive the friendly hand which at first she did not see coming slowly over the bedside, but which she presently felt pressed gently into hers, and understood. Not many minutes later her dear friend, President of the Royal

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Academy and society's idol, had passed away in the sixty-first year of his age.

So unexpected was his death that it came as a shock to the public, family, and friends. Although he had looked ill for some time, and was much disposed to drowsiness, it was attributed to the natural effect of incessant and laborious work. He was deeply concerned at the hopeless illness of his beloved sister, Mrs. Bloxam, at the time, and was on the point of paying her a flying visit when he fell ill. That he was seriously ill no one suspected, because only the day before his death he was working on the pictures of the King and Mr. Canning, and his intention of going off that evening to the Athenæum Club was frustrated under remonstrance by Mr. Keightley and Miss Croft, who had providentially dropped in. When these devoted friends found him suffering from pain which soon became acute, they sent out for brandy, and called in the physicians, who bled him, after which his countenance 'was appalling,' and a second bleeding next day and other depletions brought his life to a close.

Although the *habitué* of palaces in Italy, France, and England, his great extravagance was not so much due to personal and family expenditure[3] as mainly to his outlay on drawings by the old masters, of which he had (as is well known) a magnificent collection. These were offered in accordance with his will to the nation for the sum of 20,000*l*., but the offer was declined by Sir Robert Peel. Eventually the collection was divided, and, having realised about double that sum, is now to be found in most of the great European and a few private collections.

Mr. Keightley was often heard to remark that Sir Thomas could never resist the temptation to add to his collection any work particularly fine—whatever the cost—which was brought before him, and that sometimes he would pay more than was asked if he thought the price below its fair value. Through the disposal of this famous collection the executor was enabled to settle all debts, and no doubt the expenses of the august funeral and lying in state at Somerset House, which was then the equivalent to our Royal Academy. The arrangements seem to have been managed by the Royal Academicians, who thought proper to conduct them with extraordinary magnificence. The coffin had six silver handles, and was studded with silver nails, and the procession to St. Paul's surpassed in grandeur and pomp anything known to the present generation, who have formed their ideal from the gun-carriage and the simplicity of our late Queen's funeral. Without dwelling on particulars, it is enough to state that the erstwhile lover of the two young girls, long since gone to rest, was carried to the grave unwed, attended by all the greatest people of the land.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY.

[3] He provided for his father's family from his early boyhood, and through education and influence restored them to a good position in the world.

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CHARITY A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

It has been said of the theological virtues that, if Faith and Hope have lost some of their vigour in the lapse of centuries, Charity was never so robust as she is to-day. This may or may not be true, but it is certain that under the Hanoverian sway Charity enlisted many energetic votaries, and that earnest attempts were then made to solve the social problems with which we are still grappling to-day.

An interesting account of these efforts, throwing incidentally considerable light on the condition of the urban and rural poor of the period, is embodied in five volumes containing the Reports of an association with a formidable name—'The Society for Bettering the Condition and Increasing the Comforts of the Poor.'

This Society was founded in 1796 by Mr. (afterwards Sir) Thomas Bernard, assisted by the Bishop of Durham, Mr. Eliot, William Wilberforce, and others.

Mr. Bernard, though born in England, received most of his education in America, as his father, Sir Francis Bernard, was Governor, first of New Jersey, and then of Massachusetts Bay. The American revolt caused the return of the family to England, where Thomas Bernard studied law and became a successful conveyancer. Having acquired a considerable fortune, to which he largely added by his marriage with a Miss Adair, he gave up law and devoted the rest of his life to philanthropy. The Foundling Hospital was one of his great interests. For many years he acted as treasurer, and substantially increased the revenues of the institution by erecting streets on its estates.

One wonders if this statement, copied from an old manuscript, held good in Bernard's time: 'In the Foundling Hospital the Boys are bound apprentices, the Women when marriageable are conducted in procession thro' y^e^ streets, and any Young Man who sees one He w^d^ wish for a Wife, is at liberty to mark Her by throwing his Handkerchief.' The further formalities required previous to matrimony are not stated. Perhaps this peculiar custom is the origin of the expression 'throwing the handkerchief.'

In the internal arrangements of the Hospital Bernard secured the aid of that scientific philanthropist and cosmopolitan soldier and

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statesman, Count von Rumford. During a busy life, divided between America, England, and Bavaria, Count Rumford, otherwise Sir Benjamin Thompson, proved himself a domestic benefactor both to rich and poor. He not only designed such an excellent system of cooking and heating for the Foundling Hospital that it was adopted in workhouses throughout the kingdom, but he claimed to have cured five hundred smoky chimneys, including those of Lord Palmerston and other noblemen.

Foreigners comment on the English tendency to indicate people and things by letters, and thus to shorten conversation, as, for instance, M.P., P. and O., V.C. Nowadays Mr. Bernard's undertaking must surely have been known as the S.B.C.P., and in such a guise we may venture to encounter its reports. The 'Preliminary Address to the Public' makes its objects quite plain. 'Let us,' says the founder, 'make the inquiry into all that concerns the POOR and the promotion of their happiness a SCIENCE.' Our duty to the poor is, he tells us, a personal service. He considers that they have never had a fair trial, that experiments have been made for their advantage which have not been explained to them, and of which they have been not unnaturally jealous, and that the best means to counteract the idleness and drunkenness of which they are so widely accused would be to provide them with better food and better lodging. Meantime, in a scientific spirit, the S.B.C.P. proposes to collect information concerning the charitable efforts already in existence and to see how they could be improved and extended. The first subjects to be dealt with are friendly societies, a village shop, workhouses, a spinning school, a gaol, fireplaces and fuel, the last topics being evidently the hobbies of Count Rumford. As the volumes multiply the range of subjects is largely extended, and there is hardly any suggestion known to the modern social reformer which does not find place in their pages. For instance, a plan of 'old age pensions' is discussed whereby every employer should be answerable for the regular payment of a twenty-fourth or thirty-sixth part of his men's wages to a fund, to be supplemented by a payment of a shilling in the pound from every occupier of land, instead of the present poor-rate. The same fund was to provide sick relief.

Education in Ireland is discussed, and it is roundly asserted 'that the children of Papists attend the Protestant schools without objection whenever education, not conversion, is the object'; and 'that there are several Catholic schools where Protestant children attend and are instructed in the sacred Scriptures, and in the Catechism of the Church of England'! Mr. Bernard becomes a little nervous at such extreme toleration, and appends a footnote to the effect that while 'kindness and mutual concession' are recommended, a caution is needed 'against that particular species of *religious candour* which originates in *indifference* to every religious concern.'

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A large number of the Reports, and perhaps some of the most generally interesting, describe the Schools of Industry then very common in country districts. These Schools of Industry have no exact [counterpart at the present time, though slightly akin to the technical classes of the modern County Council. The technical classes, however, supplement the serious business of ordinary school routine, whereas in a School of Industry 'technical instruction,' in the form of spinning, knitting, or some other handiwork, was the main object, with a little reading and writing often tacked on as an extra. Spinning-schools seem to have been originally the most popular and profitable until the competition of factories interfered with their trade.

These schools were often an object of great interest to the local landlords. In the *Harcourt Papers* Countess Harcourt gives in a letter written to her sister a charming account of the annual Nuneham spinning feast, when a spinning competition was followed by a distribution of prizes, garlands of flowers were presented, appropriate poems recited, and the whole terminated with dancing and illuminations, the neighbours from miles round coming by road and river to share in the sport. Apart from such festive scenes the work in the schools was much harder than would be approved in our easier days. The S.B.C.P. includes extracts from a report supplied by Lord Winchilsea of a spinning school at Oakham. Any inhabitant of the parish might attend, but anyone refusing to send children to this school forfeited all claim to parochial relief unless it were proved that the children could be more profitably employed elsewhere. Spinning and knitting were taught gratis, and any who chose might learn to read; but as all earnings belonged to the children it is probable that the literary scholars were few and far between. The hours of work were *ten* daily, from 8 to 1, and from 2 to 7. On Saturdays there was no work after dinner. From 1 to 2, dinner and rest, and dinner was provided at the school for all who chose to pay sixpence weekly. The bill of fare consisted of pease porridge, rice milk, rice broth, and potato pudding, it would seem in rotation, for when the children were not supplied with rice milk and pudding a quarter of a pound of barley bread was added to their portions. Of anything except bread they might eat as much as they liked. Between sixty and seventy children worked and dined at this school. The sixpences of the children covered the cost of the food, but who paid the teachers and furnished the plant is not specified—apparently the parish.

A remarkable instance of philanthropy is reported by the Hon. Mrs. Childers from Campsall, in Yorkshire. Here three young ladies, the daughters of a Mr. Frank, as soon as they had finished their own education, undertook the gratuitous instruction of poor girls in their father's house. The numbers rose by degrees to between sixty and

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seventy, to all of whom the Misses Frank taught reading, knitting, and plain work without the help of any mistress. The father must have been as forbearing as the daughters were excellent. Even on Sundays the children came to school morning and afternoon, and attended church regularly, presumably escorted by the young ladies. On weekdays the hours were from nine to noon, and from one to four, when we can only hope for his own sake that Mr. Frank was absent at an office. Though this was not officially a School of Industry, the articles made by the children were sold, and by an elaborate system of reward tickets the proceeds ultimately returned to them either in money, clothing, or other gifts.

At the Schools of Industry at Kendal, where 112 boys and girls from three years old and upwards were received, the instruction was most varied, including spinning, weaving, knitting, and sewing for the girls, shoemaking for the big boys, and for the younger ones card-setting—*i.e.* making cards for teasing wool. In addition to this, reading and writing were taught, and, marvellous to relate, somebody presented a set of maps, and, after much searching of heart as to 'the propriety of making this a part of the education of *poor* children,' simple lessons in geography were permitted. For these 'extras' a master aged eighteen was engaged, and an usher aged fourteen. The latter, named Daniel, was such an adept at maps that Mr. Bernard speculates as to the service which he might, later on, render in the Metropolis 'by finishing the education of our men of high rank and learning in *practical geography* before they set off on their travels.'

Again and again in these Reports laments occur as to the injury done to the poor by the multiplication of spinning-mills, which ruined the home industry hitherto carried on by women and children. Many were reduced to subsist on parish pay, for which, anyhow in Wiltshire, they had in return to pick stones and help in the repair of the roads. It seems to be generally assumed throughout these papers that a labourer's wages alone could not support his family.

To alleviate this distress straw-plaiting was introduced in many neighbourhoods, and a curious account is given of the initial difficulties of its establishment at Avebury. An instructor from London was engaged, two schoolrooms hired, neighbouring farmers gave the straw, and all the women and children in the parish were invited to come and learn the art. All that was required was personal cleanliness, but this appeared to be a demand impossible to fulfil. The poor people had sold their clothes and bedding, and possessed nothing but dirty rags. Some children, having been washed and cleaned, attended one day at the school, but, returning at night to those of their families who had failed even in this effort at cleanliness, the effect of contact was such that the would-be scholars were rejected next morning despite their tears. However, a second appeal to the

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parish, which had already provided funds for the teacher, resulted in a further grant to provide clean bedding and to whitewash the cottages. A division was also made between those workers who were quite clean and those who only wished to become so. The former were put in the inner, the latter in the outer of the two rooms. So effectual were these dispositions that within a year from the introduction of the industry nearly a hundred women and children were at work, earning from three to ten shillings a week at their own homes, children of eight years old being able almost to support themselves.

Besides accounts of these Schools of Industry, descriptions are given of Sunday and other schools, from which space forbids extracts, but it may be noted that there seems to have been a general desire on the part of the promoters to treat the children kindly. One injunction is too characteristic to be omitted. In a school near Hawkstone 'the mistresses are enjoined to treat the children tenderly, and not to use the rod except in cases of necessity. But in order to reconcile their young minds *to flogging, when necessary*, several sayings of King Solomon are put in a conspicuous part of the schools, and read once a quarter, so as to attract their attention and show them the advantage of their being whipt.'

With regard to the vexed question of pauper children, it is interesting to notice that both boarding-out and district schools were brought to the notice of the S.B.C.P. Mr. Bernard strongly deprecates 'the injury done to the rising generation by continuing the children of paupers in the workhouse until the age of service arrives.' Six or eight children might, he says, be kept 'in some widowed cottage' at less expense than in the workhouse, 'and some poor widow might be therefore supplied with a far more acceptable maintenance than her pauper's pension.' For supervision 'each of these *little seminaries* would find patronesses, who would make their superintendence a subject of amusement.'

Mr. Bernard knew how to keep the ladies at work, and ladies' societies and committees form a prominent feature in his Reports. The Kensington Ladies' Society consisted of nearly sixty members, who visited schools and met monthly at the house of one of their number to discuss methods of benefiting the poor.

The Birmingham Guardians, however, having tried the system of boarding-out pauper children between the ages of four and ten in neighbouring villages, found 'some inconveniences,' and tried another plan. In 1797 they took a large house about a mile from the town, which happened to be vacant, and started an establishment which differed very little from our district schools. The girls were trained in domestic work and needlework, and the boys during the summer were occasionally employed in neighbouring gardens and farms. It is remarkable what profits were derived from child labour in those

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days. With the money earned by the children the committee built two shops. In one, forty boys were occupied in heading pins and sticking them in papers in rows; in the other, forty girls were 'employed by a respectable draper in plaiting straw for ladies' hats and bonnets.' From January 1800 to July 1804 the children earned 576*l.* 4*s.* 4*d.*, of which 348*l.* 10*s.* 7*d.* was expended in building and repairs.

It should be noted that they had meat three times a week, 'also soup, puddings, rice, milk, bread, cheese, and beer [!], and these the best of their kind.'

Workhouses, or, as they were sometimes called, Houses of Industry, occupied much of the attention of the S.B.C.P. The welding of parishes into unions in several districts had taken place not long before the Society commenced its operations, and the results do not seem to have been eminently satisfactory. In Norfolk we are told of the union of thirty-two parishes, in which there was a large workhouse containing on an average 500 persons, of whom about half were children under fourteen years of age. On reaching that age the boys and girls were balloted on farmers or tradesmen, who were compelled to keep them for a year or to forfeit 10*l.* At the end of the year they often returned, being found too delicate to perform the same service as children hired from cottages, and in many cases they ended by becoming permanent inmates of the institution.

The usual complaint is made that the workhouses of that day were indiscriminately crowded with the aged and infirm, the honest poor who had fallen on evil days, the idle and profligate, and with children who easily acquired bad habits. To add to the evil the inmates were often 'farmed' at so much a head, and the contractor would take care that they should not leave the 'house,' even when well able to work, lest his profits should suffer diminution. We hear of one case in which nineteen persons of different sexes, ages, and families were found crowded together in two rooms twelve feet square and little more than six high.

In a large union, nearly eighteen miles square, in Salop and Montgomery, a gallant attempt was made to solve the difficulty of relieving the poor without overburdening the rates. A large House of Industry was built, which it was hoped would in time become self-supporting, and overseers were appointed to report on the local relief required in their respective parishes. The area proved, however, much too extensive for due supervision. Each overseer wanted to get as much as he could for his own parish, no one could check his statements, and paupers were found to have been kept on the list long after the occasion for relief had ceased, and even, it was shrewdly suspected, after their departure from this life. The idle and worthless were recommended for aid, the deserving passed over, till at length, weary of an effort which seemed hopeless, 'a sweeping and

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indiscriminate order' went forth 'for bringing all the out-poor into the house.' Inside the building things do not seem to have gone much better. Almost everything had been left to the steward, and the unfortunate man proved unequal to the responsibility of 'not only the provisions, clothing, manufactory, and farm, but also the moral discipline and domestic arrangement of the establishment.'

Added to all this, herding together so many paupers produced 'smallpox, measles, and fevers of the most infectious kind,' and confinement with too much food resulted occasionally in 'diseases of the most alarming nature.' The moral drawn was that the whole thing was much too big for proper management.

A very different story is told of the parish of Boldre, in Hampshire. This village was fortunate in having as its vicar the Rev. W. Gilpin, a man of sense and cultivation, who had formerly been master of Cheam School, and was a skilled draughtsman and engraver. This gentleman devoted both time and talent to the good of his parishioners. He founded schools for the education of boys and girls, which he maintained at his own expense, and proposed to endow after his death by the sale of his drawings and sketches. In addition to this, he was the moving spirit of a committee of gentlemen and farmers who determined to have a workhouse in which young and old should be properly tended and cared for.

The number of paupers was small—about ten adults and between twenty and thirty children—but they formed a happy family under the care of a man and wife. Particulars of the dietary are given. The dinners were ample and varied, meat being provided three or four times a week. The institution brewed its own beer, but for breakfast the beverage provided was beef broth or milk porridge, 'except for a few old women, who, having been in the habit of drinking tea all their lifetime, are allowed that indulgence on account of their good behaviour.' How Mr. Gilpin and his friends would have wondered if they had seen the marvellous apparatus for brewing endless gallons of tea in the modern workhouse! The economy of the household expenditure is remarkable, while the food is declared to have entirely satisfied the inmates. The average weekly cost of food per head, exclusive of garden produce, was 1*s.* 8*d.*; the average value of each individual's work sold was 11*d.*, the value of work done in house and garden not being reckoned, so the average cost of feeding each person for a whole week was 9*d.* Happy ratepayers of Boldre!

Before leaving the subject of workhouses, the account given by a Mr. George Brooks of an incident at Stoke Poges must not be overlooked. There lived in this Buckinghamshire parish a widow, Mrs. Parker Sedding, who rented a farm at upwards of 400*l.* a year. This good woman, seeing that the poor were neglected, consented to become an overseer. Further, finding that the workhouse was dirty and

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badly managed, and that it was too far from her house for her to keep it under due inspection, she voluntarily left her own home and lived a whole month among the paupers.

St. Theresa reforming a convent can hardly have excelled the energy of Mrs. Sedding. And how the paupers must have grumbled! She made them clean the house from top to bottom, wash themselves, fumigate their clothes and bedding in the oven, mend such ragged garments as could be mended, and make the new ones needed. Before leaving she put a man and wife in charge willing and able to carry out her instructions, to set the idle to work, and to teach the children. As she could not induce the vestry to start a suitable industry at the workhouse, she established a small worsted manufactory there at her own expense. As an instance of the inducements offered to the workers, we are told that 'one little boy in petticoats, at the spinning-wheel, earned twopence a day, and had it all for himself; and as he knew he was to be put into boys' clothes when he had earned them, he was working very diligently indeed to obtain them.' Finding, moreover, that the poor were being 'farmed,' the lady took the whole matter into her own hands, made them more comfortable, paid off the arrears of debt owing by the parish, and, nevertheless, reduced the rates. After this it is not surprising to learn that Mrs. Sedding was 'universally allowed to be one of the best farmers, as well as best neighbours,' and that the S.B.C.P. passed a vote of thanks to her for her exertions on behalf of the poor, and presented her with a copy of its Reports as a testimonial.

It is impossible here to follow Mr. Bernard into the rather controversial conclusions deduced from the Reports which his Society received concerning parish relief. For several reasons it is plain that the questions raised had then to be regarded from a standpoint other than ours, and it is therefore difficult to say whether we should consider his deductions sound in the light of after-events.

In the first place, the line then existing between wages paid by an employer and parish doles was a very dubious one. Persons were often earning wages and receiving relief at the same time; and the Guardians seem to have swept people into the 'house' or provided for them outside as they found most convenient. Moreover, whereas the State now supplies education, technical and otherwise, without hope of pecuniary profit, the moment the child or 'young person' of a hundred years ago began to learn he also began to earn, and it depended on the will of the charitable person or Poor Law Guardian who educated him whether the profits went directly into his pocket or were applied to his maintenance. In any case, Guardians and philanthropists had a power, if they chose to exercise it, of making people work profitably outside the workhouse, which they seem to have found hard to exercise over a mixed multitude crowded together within its walls.

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Considering these things, Mr. Bernard unhesitatingly and repeatedly urged that outdoor relief should be given whenever and wherever possible, and that paupers should be kept out of the union at all costs. Had this been done on the prudent and systematic lines which he advocated, had the labourer, as he desired, been gradually taught foresight and self-reliance, the result might have been such as he anticipated. From causes too intricate to investigate here, the contrary proved to be the case; the poor learnt to look upon outdoor relief as an easy provision for their children, and a means of shunting all responsibility on to the broad shoulders of the ratepayers. The Poor Law Reports issued some thirty years later than the period which we are considering show the many fatal consequences, amongst others the multiplication of illegitimate children, owing to the reckless payment of so much per week per child; and the refusal of young men to take well-paid work at a distance from their own parishes lest they should lose the right to unearned doles accruing to them from their 'settlement.'

Certainly nothing of the kind would have met with the approval of the S.B.C.P., which hotly condemns the 'false and deceitful encouragement to population' held out by the Poor Laws, and persistently inculcates thrift. Among its Reports are several from Friendly Societies conducted on much the same lines as those of the present day. There is also an account of a Sunday Society at Wendover which partook of the nature of a benefit club. People paid sums from twopence upwards after service on Sunday morning, and received back the accumulation with the bonus of an additional third at Christmas. Much attention is devoted to the subject of cowkeeping, and one instance of success in bringing up a family on their profits is rather interesting. A small farmer, in Suffolk, rented fourteen acres of pasture land, for which he paid 13*l.* a year. Dying, he left a widow, fourteen children under fourteen years of age, and two cows. The parish immediately offered to take the seven youngest children into the 'house'; but the mother, in great agitation, refused to be separated from any of the family. She said she would rather go into the workhouse with the whole fourteen than divide them; but that if her landlord, Mr. Way, would let her keep the little holding she would undertake to bring up the tribe without help from the parish. Mr. Way consented and excused her the first year's rent; in fact, he privately enjoined his collector not to call for it in the succeeding years. The woman, however, paid it unasked, she kept her word, and never applied for help, carried her dairy produce two miles to market every day, while the eldest girl looked after the other children, and gradually placed her family out in service until she had thus disposed of twelve. She then gave up the land, and adopted the profession of nurse, which enabled her to provide for the remaining two with less exertion. While honouring the determination and good management

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of the woman, it is hard to believe that many would succeed in so arduous an undertaking.

The proverbial three acres were considered generally necessary for the keep of a cow, and details are given of cowgates rented to the poor on several estates, also of systems of letting out cows, or of facilitating their purchase on the hire system. In some places it appears that three sheep could be kept as an equivalent on one cowgate. The value of a cow is estimated at 12*l.*, and the rent of pasture averaged from 1*l.* to 1*l.* 10*s.* an acre. A large cottage could be built of brick and tiles for 70*l.*, and it is calculated that a labourer might rent such a cottage with half an acre of garden and three acres of pasture for 6*l.* 9*s.* 6*d.* per annum, thus being in a position to keep a pig as well as a cow. Mr. Bernard vehemently combats the view that this would induce men to try to live on such small holdings, and transform them 'into little starving farmers from opulent thriving labourers.' He asserts that experience showed that the proprietors of cows worked most steadily for those who employed them; but he allows the difficulties which might arise in providing cowgates where pasturage is scarce.

Though bread was very dear in those days, milk was comparatively cheap; it could be sold at a profit for twopence a quart during three winter months, and three-halfpence during the rest of the year.

Besides these methods of self-help the S.B.C.P. did not ignore more direct means of relief, such as maternity societies, and distributions, gratuitous or below cost price, of soup, linen, and blankets. Moreover, the needs of particular classes, notably climbing-boys and miners, were investigated.

Special attention was called to the treatment of factory hands, and the Society was in the forefront of a struggle which has lasted for over a century, and cannot be said to have yet concluded; certainly not, while Religious Houses are allowed to employ labour without proper inspection. In the introduction to the third volume of these Reports, written in 1801, stress is laid on the 'melancholy prospect of thousands of young children, bred up to vice and disease.' Pauper children from the agricultural districts and from towns in the South had been apprenticed to mill-owners in those Northern counties where factories had sprung up owing to the superior supply of water-power. The unhealthy conditions in which they lived and worked caused alarming outbreaks of epidemic fevers, and to counteract these evils the first of our long series of Factory Acts was passed in 1802. This began with stringent injunctions as to thoroughly ventilating the workshops, and washing walls and ceilings with lime and water. It also insisted on the proper provision of clothing and sleeping accommodation for the apprentices, male and female, and for their instruction, secular and religious.

To these regulations the mill-owners do not seem to have raised

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objections; but they resented extremely the prohibition to employ their apprentices between nine at night and six in the morning, and also the appointment of inspectors, who were to be chosen at Quarter Sessions from among magistrates and clergymen not interested in the factories. A certain period of grace was given prior to the abolition of night work in the larger factories, and the manufacturers immediately entered a protest in the form of Observations on the Act in hopes of inducing the Legislature to rescind or modify the objectionable clauses. The S.B.C.P. retorted by appointing a committee who made observations on the Observations. Without entering into the dispute, on the merits of which there could now be no two opinions, we may give the uncontradicted account of what night work really meant in a mill at Burley. The children working at night were generally boys from seven to thirteen years of age. They worked from seven in the evening till six in the morning; dinner was brought at midnight, but no regular pause in the work took place—they ate as they could conveniently find time for the purpose. 'After leaving the mill at six in the morning, they take what is to them a supper, and are employed till ten in the morning, either in learning, which is pursued in the winter season, or in summer in sportive exercises. They then go to bed, and rise at six or half-past six in the evening; and after their breakfast, go to the mill at seven.' It is added that 'the night workers are not changed, but do this work for four or five years successively.' Imagine lessons or 'sportive exercises' at six in the morning after eleven consecutive hours of night work!

The contention of the manufacturers was that 'free labourers cannot be obtained to perform the night work, but upon very disadvantageous terms to the manufacturers'; which, as the S.B.C.P. justly points out, was hardly a justification for compelling orphans and deserted children to do work so unattractive that free workmen would not undertake it on moderate terms.

Mercifully the Legislature held firm, and the particular abuse was abolished as regards apprentices; but this Act did not touch 'free labour,' and poor little white slaves, miscalled free, had many a weary year to pass through before their emancipation was complete.

As before remarked, these factories gradually crushed the Schools of Industry and the home trades which resulted from them. The Poor Law Reports of 1833 refer to the industries above mentioned as taught at Kendal, and say that the instruction in hand-loom weaving had become 'worse than useless' to the children in after-life, as it unfitted them for husbandry, while the products were almost driven out of the market by machinery, which had equally superseded the card-setting, an employment further condemned as hurtful to the eyes of the small scholars.

Nevertheless, a few of these technical schools lingered on until finally extinguished by Mr. Forster's Education Act. Such were the

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schools for making Buckinghamshire lace, of which about four existed in the village of Marsh Gibbon so late as 1840. These 'schools' were mere hovels attached to cottages, and even when well conducted were by no means of unmixed benefit to the parish, which has now become a model village. Girls having learnt the trade hung about the cottage doors instead of going to service, and often got into mischief in consequence; while mothers neglected their household duties in order to earn 'lace-money.'[1] 'Home industries' are a pleasing and useful supplement to regular work, but experience shows them to be a doubtful substitute, at all events in the case of girls.

It would be unjust to the S.B.C.P. to omit all mention of the deep interest which its members took in religious questions, though the Reports on this important subject afford little material for examples of the labourer's life in days gone by. Continual reference is made to the necessity and nature of proper religious instruction, and the Reports are from time to time interspersed with pious treatises, which are recommended for circulation or 'to be pasted up, for view, in every house.' One question very near to Mr. Bernard's heart, and which he took practical means to solve at least in one instance, was that of free seats in church for the poor. Previous to 1801 it appears that the four parishes of Marylebone, St. James, St. Giles, and St. George, Hanover Square, with a population estimated at 100,000, had between them but four churches belonging to the Establishment, and that of Marylebone was little more than a chapel. Moreover, the pews were fully let, and the poor, if they came to church at all, had to stand in the aisle, or occasionally found room on some neglected bench.

To remedy this evil, Mr. Bernard set on foot a movement, only partially successful, for free chapels, the first of which was opened in West Street, near Seven Dials. The body of the chapel was entirely free, the rents of seats let in the gallery contributing to the up-keep. This chapel was combined with a soup-kitchen, and had under it a depository for coals which the poor could buy at reasonable price. One fears that soup and coal may have helped to fill the chapel.

The sale of all kinds of commodities to the poor at cost price and for ready money is the subject of many of these Reports; in fact, the Village Co-operative Store existed in several places under another name. A precise account of one at Mongewell, in Oxfordshire, is given by no less a person than the Bishop of Durham. He gives cost of candles, bacon, and other articles, and the prices at which they were sold (in the case of bacon, 9½*d.* per pound); but the management is the most peculiar part. There was

the apparent inconvenience of not having a more proper person to sell the several commodities than an infirm old man, unable to read or write. He

[1] Of late years this industry has been successfully revived in Buckinghamshire and Bedfordshire under different and much safer conditions.

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received the articles that were wanted for the week; and it has appeared, by his receipts at the close of it, that he has been correct. As he has parish pay and his house-rent is discharged, he is perfectly contented with his salary of 1*s.* per week, having also the common benefit of the shop.

This Bishop of Durham was President of the S.B.C.P., and a frequent contributor to its Reports. He was one of the last of the 'Prince-Bishops' and is still remembered as 'the great Bishop Shute Barrington.' He reigned over the County Palatine for thirty-five years, died, in his ninety-second year, in 1826, and was buried at Mongewell, where he had a house on the banks of the Thames. He was the son of the first Viscount Barrington, and though, like his father, a strong anti-Popery man, was, nevertheless, exceedingly kind and hospitable to the French emigrant clergy. Great man as he was, he paid the utmost attention to every detail of the relief which might be rendered to the poor. Bread was, in his time, a very expensive article of food, and he took pains to introduce rice, and to have it properly cooked as a substitute. In a circular letter to the magistrates of the County Palatine he remarks that there are often prejudices against a new article of diet, but that such might be overcome if gentlemen with country houses would 'dress these articles for their own table, supply their poor neighbours with a part of them, and then give them an account of the mode of preparation and expense.'

We have only space for one more form of charity noticed in these Reports—the provision of what are called 'Houses of Recovery,' really fever hospitals. There were, about the middle of the eighteenth century, at least five general and six special hospitals in London, and many in the provinces. Only one of the London hospitals was destined exclusively for infectious diseases, and that was for small-pox. Little or nothing is said about these hospitals in the Reports, except to notice a Samaritan Society for helping the convalescents discharged from them; but much attention is devoted to the great necessity of making separate provision for sufferers from contagious fevers, particularly typhus, then the great scourge of the poor. An opinion is quoted that 'pestilential contagion' is 'more or less kept up in our gaols, hospitals, and dirty habitations,' sandwiching hospitals between these other undesirable classes of building; and certainly if, as appears to have been the case, fever patients were either left to die in their 'dirty habitations,' taken to the workhouse, or mixed with convalescents 'from other disorders' in the general hospitals, we cannot marvel at the sweeping accusation. Towards the close of the century, however, 'Houses of Recovery,' to which fever patients could be removed from their crowded homes, began to be established; and though London was less ready to move in the matter than some other large towns, a small isolated hospital of this description was established in Gray's Inn Lane. Before this was done, it had been

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customary in London to remove infectious and delirious patients to the workhouse in a common hackney-coach, an effectual method of spreading infection; when an ambulance, called a litter, was introduced, its strange form excited the resentment of the populace. A poor woman was being carried in it to Gray's Inn Lane when the mob attacked the bearers and compelled them to retreat; the patient, subsequently becoming worse, implored to be allowed to reach the hospital, and her neighbours were at length induced to permit the experiment, which happily resulted in her recovery.

The particulars given in Reports concerning the typhus patients in this House of Recovery are rather surprising to those who are accustomed to regard our ancestors as convinced opponents of fresh air and water. The greatest stress is laid on ventilation; but the treatment described as universally successful is 'affusion of cold water,' a series of douches. The temperature of the patients was regularly taken with a thermometer placed under the tongue, and specimen cases are fully described. John Beard, aged eleven, with a temperature of 103 degrees, has shower-baths with good effect for three successive days. On the fourth he says he feels much better; but 'in the evening, during a short absence of the nurse, feeling a slight return of heat and uneasiness, he poured a pitcher of cold water which was in the room over himself into the bed. The nurse returning immediately, she removed him to a dry bed; he slept quietly through the night, the skin moist, and awoke in the morning quite free from fever.'

The five volumes which we have here considered comprise the information collected by the S.B.C.P. during eleven years. At the close of that period the committee changed their form of publication, issuing the results of their various investigations under different headings, for the benefit of different classes of the community.

They had succeeded in interesting a large number of persons from the King downwards, the foundation of a School for the Blind is directly attributed to their instigation, and there is no doubt that they had given great and useful stimulus to well-considered, as opposed to spasmodic, charity. To a certain extent the 'Society for Bettering the Condition of the Poor' may be regarded as the precursor of the Charity Organisation Society. When it ceased to exist is uncertain. The author of a work on charity in various countries, published in 1815, refers to it as 'that valuable institution—too generally known and respected to need his mite of applause.'

Mr. Bernard, who, on the death of his brother in 1810, succeeded to the baronetcy, was not only interested in philanthropy, but aided in the foundation of the Royal Institution and other establishments for the promotion of art and learning. Never strong, he finally wore himself out in an agitation for the reduction of the duty on rock salt used in agriculture, and died in 1818. He was buried in a vault under the Foundling Hospital.

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In conclusion, we may ask what progress Charity has made during a hundred years, or rather whether the objects to which she directs her attention have substantially altered during that period. We need not embark on the never-ending discussion as to whether the world grows better or worse in the lapse of ages. Optimists can point to many signs of improvement; for pessimists we may cull laments from the volumes before us, which will, at least, show that jeremiads are not peculiar to any age:

> While it continues our ruling object to undersell all the world, we may without care and attention reduce the scale of *morality* and *happiness* in this country to as low and *cheap* a rate as the price of our *manufactures*.
>
> Directing our view to the British Empire, we estimate the recent and unmeasured increase of wealth, luxury, and dissipation in this country.
>
> The SABBATH is now reserved and set apart *as an open day* for the exhibitions of the vain, the feasts of the opulent, the concerts of the idle, and the philosophical meetings of the learned; while the menial servant and the casual passenger, within and without the doors, are corrupted and deteriorated by the example of those to whom they should look up for instruction and amendment.

So said Mr. Bernard in an introductory letter to Mr. Addington in 1802; so say our mentors in press and pulpit in 1905; and no doubt it is well that we should be reminded that those who do not tread the upward, will inevitably slip into the downward, path.

Yet 'Charity never faileth,' and Charity was doing a century ago pretty much what she is doing to-day. Only one marked difference is apparent. Charity, as manifested in landowner and lawyer, lady and clergyman, scientist and manufacturer, seems to have taken little or no part in providing and regulating the amusements of the working classes.

The Nuneham Spinning Feast mentioned above was not reported to the S.B.C.P.; and beyond stern reprobation of the harm done by the class of plays then produced on the stage, careful examination of these records can find in the Appendices only a few casual references to the poor man's pleasures. We there read, in an essay on his 'Comforts,' a sort of apology for his 'Social Enjoyments,' which, it is thought, may justly include 'the evening chat at a neighbour's door, the Sunday's churchyard politics, the holiday festivities, the rustic games and athletic exercises.'

Elsewhere we have part of a curious paper by a Spanish ex-Minister of Justice, who seems to have paid for his temerity in criticising his Government by subsequent imprisonment. He objects to the constant interference of the Spanish police with the amusements of his countrymen, and prefaces his protest with the general observation that the labouring classes will easily find diversions for themselves, if they are but 'protected in the enjoyment of them. A bright sky and fine weather on a holiday, which will leave them at liberty to walk, run, throw the bar, to play at ball, coits, or skittles, or to dance on the grass, will yield them gratification and contentment.'

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It is well known that games and amusements have always found votaries in England; and, apart from fairs and sports which the populace organised on their own account, great entertainments were sometimes given by the wealthy in which the poor had their share. Such, for instance, was the feast provided by Mr. Beckford on Twelfth Day, 1797,[2] for three hundred workmen employed in the erection of Fonthill, and for nearly a thousand of the neighbouring poor. Commenting on the good behaviour and contentment of the guests, a correspondent of the *European Magazine* remarks that they showed 'the vast influence which gentlemen of fortune and beneficent dispositions, residing on their estates in the country, can still maintain in opposition to the effects of more modern habits and fashionable life.' Nevertheless, the idea that clubs, institutes, and entertainments of all kinds should be a regular contribution to the happiness of the poor, and particularly of poor children, is an essentially modern development.

Probably, at the time of which we are speaking, the extended working hours left little leisure for play except in long summer evenings, and perhaps on Sundays. A clergyman brother of my great-grandfather, reputed an excellent man, used to encourage the village boys to play cricket on Sunday afternoons, after ensuring their attendance at Morning Service; but this may have been an exceptional case.

Many complain that too much is now done for the amusement of the people; yet, after all, there is something to be said for extending to others what pleases us and our children. Mr. Bernard gave himself what he asked from his helpers—'personal service.' The seed which he sowed ripened slowly, and maybe part of its fruit is the modern instinct not only to give material aid, but to share pleasure with those to whom the world offers little.

Surely this is one form of that Charity which is, in the words of the poet:

> Not what we give, but what we share:
> For the gift without the giver is bare.

M. E. Jersey.

[2] A dinner was also given to the gentlemen of the neighbourhood at which one of the toasts was: 'Christmas—Twelfth Night—Old times and old names for ever, and may the ears of John Bull never be insulted by the gipsy jargon of France.'

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THE ART OF CLASSICAL QUOTATION

THE history of lost arts is an interesting subject. If it were fully told, it would include not only such arts as have died out altogether, but such as have fallen away from their earlier beauty. For the difference between Science and Art is, that Science is always energetic, progressive, improving, but Art is subject to decadence and decline. There is no doubt that the world possesses a wider knowledge and enjoys a larger number of material comforts than in old days; but who will say with equal confidence that it is richer in grace or dignity or excellence? Modern works of art are not superior, they are not even equal, to the Parthenon or the Taj Mahal or the Apollo Belvedere or the Madonna di San Sisto. The great arts decay; the small arts, or some of them, disappear. No modern artist can reproduce some of the colours and effects of mediæval illumination or the granular work of ancient Etruscan jewellery or the *repoussé* work of ancient Greek bronzes. But even if the artistic processes endure, taste changes. The poet says:

> A thing of beauty is a joy for ever,

but the same thing of beauty does not always excite the same amount of pleasure. A visitor to the National Portrait Gallery, as he stands before the pictures of the reigning beauties of a bygone age—let me say, of Charles the Second's time, when the beauty of women counted for so much—cannot resist a feeling of surprise, if not of dismay, at the mutability of human taste; he is tempted to suspect that there are no absolute eternal canons of beauty at all.

It is so, too, with literary appreciation. Some few masters there are of literature who dominate all the ages—Homer, Virgil, Dante, Shakespeare, perhaps also Molière and Goethe. But how few they are! and how soon the rest pass into the shade, and what a gulf seems to yawn between the literary standards of to-day and even the prose of Johnson or the poetry of Pope!

It may be that oratory, more than any other branch of the literary art, varies with the changes of fashion and taste. Chatham's speeches, and Pitt's, and Fox's, and Sheridan's, belong to a world which has nearly or wholly passed away. But in no single respect do the

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parliamentary speeches of to-day more strikingly differ from the speeches of a hundred years or more ago than in the evanescence of all quotations from the Classics. Classical quotation was a fine art once; it was cultivated and admired, it was a source of pleasure and influence and distinction; it was the dividing line between culture and ignorance; and not to use it, or not to appreciate it, was to incur the dread and dismal censure of being commonplace. Beckford's *Non omnium meum mecum porto* did him even more harm by its false grammar in the House of Commons than Lord Clarendon's

Sunt bona, sunt quaedam mediocria, sunt plura mala,

did him harm by its false quantities in the House of Lords. But the art of quotation is a lost art now; nobody thinks of trying to revive it; few persons even regret it; it has gone the way of stage-coaches and crinolines; it is dead, and scarce a wreath is still laid upon its grave. Yet, before it is wholly forgotten, it may be worth while to collect a few signal instances of its felicity, that the world, which is drifting ever away from the old classical spirit, may reflect for a moment what it has lost. Only let me premise that I shall avoid, as far as possible, the ground so skilfully covered by my old schoolfellow, Mr. H. W. Paul, in his delightful article on 'The Decay of Classical Quotation' in this Review for April 1896; I think I must have read his article when it came out, but I had forgotten it, and I did not revive my memory of it until my own was practically complete. But even if I am thought only to tread in his footsteps, I shall be content.

The golden age of classical quotation was the eighteenth century Every educated gentleman could quote Latin then. Not a few quoted it easily and habitually. Sir George Trevelyan, in his *Early History of Charles James Fox*, says of him and of Lord Holland that 'the uncle and the nephew at times almost conversed in Virgil'; and he tells, as an instance, that when Fox was suffering under the dropsy which killed him, Lord Holland tried to cheer him with

Dabit Deus his quoque finem. (Of this, too, God will make an end.)

'Aye,' he replied with a faint smile, 'but *finem*, young one, may have two senses.'

It is pleasant to think of Samuel Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith, as Boswell relates, sparring once, so to say, in classical quotation. 'I remember, too,' said Johnson, 'once being with Goldsmith in Westminster Abbey. While we surveyed the Poets' Corner, I said to him,

Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis.

(Maybe our name too will be joined with theirs.)

When we got to Temple Bar he stopped me, pointed to the heads upon it, and slyly whispered me—

Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur *istis*,'

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where the point of the repartee must lie, as Boswell says, in the character of Johnson's and possibly Goldsmith's political opinions.

There is a well-known story of a Parliamentary wager arising ou of a classical quotation.[1] In February 1741 Mr. Sandys gave notice one Wednesday in the House of Commons that he 'should, on the ensuing Friday, open a matter of great importance which personally concerned the Chancellor, who he therefore hoped would be present.' Sir Robert Walpole received the notice with much composure, replying only that he wanted fair play but no favour, that he should not fail to be in his place on the day named, and that, as he was ready to meet his accuser and was not guilty of any crime, he might be said in the language of the poet

Nil conscire sibi, nulli pallescere culpa.

In those days the members of the Ministry and the leaders of the Opposition sat, not as now on opposite sides of the Speaker's chair with a table between them, but side by side, as being all Privy Councillors, on the Treasury Bench; and as soon as Sir Robert sat down, Mr. Pulteney sarcastically observed to him that his quotation was bad Latin. Sir Robert bet him a guinea that it was not. The question in dispute was referred by mutual consent to the Clerk of the House, Mr. Nicholas Hardinge, who was known to be a good classical scholar. He decided in favour of Mr. Pulteney, saying, correctly enough, that *nulla*, not *nulli*, was the proper reading. Sir Robert tossed a guinea to Mr. Pulteney; he caught it and held it up to the House with the words: 'It is the only public money I have received for many years, and it shall be the last.'

Sometimes the love of quotation remained strong even in death. Lord Lovat, the last of the 'Martyrs' as the Jacobite party loved to call them, died on Tower Hill in 1746, with the line of Horace,

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori

(It is a pleasure and a pride to die for one's country)

upon his lips. 'But in truth,' says Lord Stanhope,[2] who relates the story, 'no man was ever less strongly imbued with that sentiment—except perhaps its writer!'

Lord Brougham in his speech upon the Eastern Slave Trade, in the House of Lords on the 6th of May 1838, said, 'I have often heard it disputed among critics which of all quotations was the most appropriate—the most closely applicable to the subject matter illustrated; and the palm is generally awarded to that which applied to Dr. Franklin the line in Claudian,

Eripuit fulmen coelo, mox sceptra tyrannis.'[3]

[1] Stanhope, *History of England from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Versailles*, vol. iii. ch. 28, p. 69.

[2] *Ibid.* vol. iii. ch. 29, *ad fin.*

[3] *Ibid.* vol. v. ch. 43, p. 142.

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It was in the spirit of this line that Mirabeau spoke of Franklin as *ce puissant génie qui, au profit des mortels, embrassant dans sa pensée le ciel et la terre, sut dompter la foudre et les tyrans.*[4] But there is no such line in Claudian, nor, indeed, is the line a quotation at all, but apparently an invention of Turgot,[5] who first applied it to Franklin, and perhaps, though not indubitably, an adaptation of the words which Manilius uses about the Philosopher Epicurus

Eripuitque Jovi fulmen viresque tonandi.

(He wrested from the hands of Jupiter the mighty thunder and the thunderbolt.)

The quotations of the eighteenth century are practically all made from Latin authors, and almost all from the Latin poets, especially, as might be expected, from Virgil and Horace. There are hardly any quotations from the Greek. The eighteenth century was a century of scholars; but its scholarship, among others than professed classicists, was mainly, if not entirely, limited to the Latin authors, as indeed Addison's writings show; and if one unhappily notorious quotation from the Greek at a later date, in Denman's speech before the House of Lords in defence of Queen Caroline, may be taken as an example or a warning, it is well that the orators of a past generation should have left Greek severely alone.

A happier instance, however, of Greek quotation occurs in the peroration of Lord Brougham's speech in the House of Lords upon the Slave Trade on the 29th of January 1838. 'Let it be the earliest, and it will be the most enduring glory of the new reign, to extirpate at length this execrable traffic! I would not surround our young Queen's throne with fortresses and troops, or establish it upon the triumphs of arms and the trophies of war—no, not I!

οὐ γὰρ λίθοις ἐτείχισα τὴν πόλιν οὐδὲ πλίνθοις ἐγώ, οὐδ' ἐπὶ τούτοις μέγιστον τῶν ἐμαυτοῦ φρονῶ, ἀλλ' ἐὰν τὸν ἐμὸν τειχισμὸν κ.τ.λ.'

(It was not of stones or bricks that I built the city, nor is this the service which is the ground of my highest pride, etc.)

where the quotation appears in this mutilated form, although Lord Brougham himself revised the report of his speech; it is taken from the *De Corona* of Demosthenes; 'I would build her renown,' he continued, 'neither upon military nor yet upon naval greatness, but upon rights secured, upon liberties extended, humanity diffused, justice universally promulged.'

It was reserved for the nineteenth century to hear or read of a Lord Mayor of London quoting a line of Greek poetry at the Mansion House. In the oratory, as in the literature, of the eighteenth century there are a good many quotations from Latin prose writers as well as from the poets; but a prose quotation never differs in appearance

[4] *Discours du Comte de Mirabeau sur la mort de Benjamin Franklin.*

[5] Condorcet says: 'On ne connoit de M. Turgot qu'un seul vers latin destiné pour le portrait de M. Franklin

Eripuit caelo fulmen, mox sceptra tyrannis.'

(*Vie de Monsieur Turgot*, p. 200.)

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sufficiently from the context in which it occurs to produce the full effect of a quotation. Such quotations have been attempted from time to time, as by Brougham and Peel; but they have not hit the temper of the Houses of Lords and Commons or even of the literary world.

The art of Latin quotation in the eighteenth century may be illustrated from the speeches of Burke, Sheridan, Fox, and Pitt; and among these orators Pitt was incomparably the happiest in his use of the Classics.

Burke was not, I think, a master of quotation; he lacked the lightness of touch of Pitt or Canning; his quotations, whether in his speeches or his essays, are not frequent, nor are they as a rule strikingly felicitous, except perhaps some of the classical passages prefixed, as mottoes, to his splendid essays. If it were necessary to specify the best of his quotations, I should be tempted to cite the compliment paid in his speech on American taxation in 1774 to Lord Chatham: 'a great and celebrated name—a name that keeps the name of this country respectable in every other on the globe. It may be truly called

Clarum et venerabile nomen
Gentibus et multum nostrae quod proderat urbi'

(A famous venerable name among the peoples, and rich in blessing to our city);

or the beautiful figure in his speech on Conciliation with America in 1775, when he portrayed the beneficent effect of just and equitable treatment in the Principality of Wales. 'From that moment, as by a charm, the tumults subsided; obedience was restored; peace, order, and civilisation followed in the train of liberty, when the day-star of the English constitution had arisen in their hearts, all was harmony within and without.

Simul alba nautis
Stella refulsit,
Defluit saxis agitatus humor,
Concidunt venti fugiuntque nubes,
Et minax (quod sic voluere) ponto
Unda recumbit.'

(Soon as the fair star has shone once more upon the mariners, the tossed spray flows down from the rocks, the winds drop, the clouds flee, and at their will the threatening wave sinks back into the deep.)

To this speech, and to the Horatian lines quoted in it, Fox made express and eulogistic reference in the House of Commons, asking members to 'read the speech by day and meditate upon it by night,' to 'peruse it again and again, study it, imprint it on their minds, impress it on their hearts,' and it is an interesting fact that the occasion of his reference was Mr. Grey's motion in 1793 for a reform in Parliament. Sir Robert Peel, in his speech on the East Retford Franchise (May 5, 1829), referred to the same 'splendid passage' of Burke's oratory, and to the same 'quotation so often repeated.'

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Classical quotations are comparatively infrequent in Sheridan's speeches; but then his speeches were so badly reported that it is difficult or impossible to know what was really contained in them. His great speeches against Warren Hastings, like Burke's, are practically free from quotations. Yet in his speech upon the Address, in which it was proposed on the 12th of February 1793, 'gratefully' to 'acknowledge his Majesty's care and vigilance in taking the necessary steps for maintaining the honour of his Crown and vindicating the rights of his people,' in the struggle against the Revolutionary Government in France, he could refer to the 'inflammatory rants' and the 'war song' of 'this honourable gentleman,' meaning Mr. Burke,

Quo non praestantior ullus
Aere ciere viros Martemque accendere cantu

(Chief master of the art of sounding such a blast as thrills the hearts of such a paean as enkindles flames of war);

and in introducing his own motion upon the existence of seditious practices in the country on the 4th of March 1793, he could describe the danger of panic spreading from class to class through the community in the lines

Sic quisque pavendo
Dat vires famae, nulloque auctore malorum
Quae finxere timent. Nec solum vulgus inani
Percussum terrore pavet, sed curia et ipsi
Sedibus exiluere patres, invisaque belli
Consulibus fugiens mandat decreta senatus.

(So every man in panic lends new strength to rumour, and all fear imaginary evils which themselves have feigned. 'Tis not the vulgar only that are smitten with an idle pang of terror, but the parliament and the very fathers of the State leap of a sudden from their seats, and the fugitive senate commits to the consuls the abhorred decree for war.)

One quotation indeed of Sheridan has become famous, if not in itself, yet in its English equivalent. Few persons, perhaps, except classical scholars, are familiar with Martial's epigram:

Non amo te, Sabidi, nec possum dicere quare;
Hoc tantum possum dicere, Non amo te.

Sheridan quoted it in his speech on the Army Estimates (December 8, 1802) as expressing the irrational spirit of the Opposition, who 'seem as if they considered the Ministers, now the drudgery of signing the peace is done, as *functi officiis*, and as if they ought to go out; as if one was a mere goosequill, and the other a stick of sealing-wax, which are done with, and ought to be thrown under the table;' then he added 'The English parody may be more applicable to these gentlemen:

I do not like thee, Dr. Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell,
But this, I'm sure, I know full well,
I do not like thee, Dr. Fell.'

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A quotation from Horace occurs in Fox's speech on the 18th of February 1798, when Wilberforce had moved 'That leave be given to bring in a Bill for the abolition of the slave trade, at a time to be limited.' Among the opponents of the motion were Jenkinson, Sir William Young, and Dundas; and to them, and especially to the last of them, Fox spoke in reply:

The right honourable gentleman [he said] has alleged as a reason why we ought to give some quarter to this trade, the respect which we owe to our forefathers. We ought not, forsooth, to load their memories with all that accumulation of guilt which is charged upon this traffic, or to brand with such harsh epithets a practice which they encouraged by their example. Reverence for their characters and regard to their *manes* ought to sink the consideration of injustice, and extenuate the horror of cruelty. The tendency of mankind to degenerate has been a common topic of declamation among moralists and poets. If the complaint be well founded, we ought at least, by getting rid as much as possible of the vices of our ancestors, to endeavour to compensate for the particulars in which we fall short of their virtues. But if antiquity shall be found to sanctify injustice, and reverence for former times to diminish the detestation of cruelty—if we shall conceive it to be a point of honour to throw a gloss over the crimes of our ancestors, while we are led, from a sense of duty to their *manes*, to copy them in our own practice, then truly the prediction of the poet will be fulfilled:

Aetas parentum, pejor avis, tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiorem.

(Our grandsires' age was bad, our fathers' worse, and we, degenerate children of our fathers, shall in turn beget a yet more vicious offspring.)

Fox was not fifty-six when, in his speech on the Additional Forces Bill (June 18, 1804), he made use of the words:

Whatever may be the inclination of the right honourable gentleman opposite (Mr. Pitt) to enter on subjects of a personal nature, I can assure him that I do not feel the smallest inclination to follow his example; age has diminished my propensity to such contests, and instead of wishing to show my prowess, I wish rather to show my prudence. I can say

Lenit albescens animos capillus,
Litium et rixae cupidos protervae

(The silvering hairs do soften souls once eager for disputes and wanton quarrels);

although in other times, and in other circumstances of the country, the latter part of the quotation would have better suited my disposition,

Non ego hoc ferrem calidus juventa,
Consule Planco'

(I would not so have borne in the fervour of youth, in Plancus' consulship).

But he died little more than two years later, on the 13th of September 1806. Sir Robert Peel, the great master of approved quotations, made use of the same passage of Horace in his speech upon the Conduct of Baron Smith (February 21, 1834).

On the 17th of February 1792, in the debate upon the hope expressed in the King's speech that the state of the national finances

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would enable the House 'to enter upon a system of gradually relieving' his 'subjects from some part of the existing taxes; at the same time giving additional efficacy to the plan for reduction of the national debt,' Fox, in replying to Pitt's financial proposals, accused him of 'courting popularity by the dereliction of principle.' He complained that the aim of the Ministry was 'to make the functions of that House ungracious to the people,' to make the people 'out of favour with their representatives,' and to render it 'impossible for men to act faithfully in the discharge of their trust to the Empire without having odium excited against them.' Speaking of himself, he said that, as he had often shown his indifference to pressure exercised by power, he trusted he should be able on the present occasion to maintain an equal superiority, and testify himself no less unmoved by popular prejudice and clamour; and, though it would be presumptuous in any man to apply to his practice, yet he would take upon himself to apply to his sense of duty the celebrated passage:

Justum et tenacem propositi virum
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni,
Mente quatit solida.

(The man of just and constant purpose bears a will unshaken by the fury of a people who command him to do wrong or by the frown of an imperious tyrant.)

The King's message of the 28th of January 1793 contained a reference to 'the atrocious act recently perpetrated at Paris'—viz. the execution of King Louis the Sixteenth just a week before. Mr. Pitt, speaking on the 1st of February, upon the order of the day being moved for taking the message into consideration, declared that 'that calamitous event, that dreadful outrage against every principle of religion, of justice, and of humanity' had 'created one general sentiment of indignation and abhorrence in every part of this island,' and 'most undoubtedly' had 'produced the same effect in every civilised country.' Then, as often when his feelings were deeply moved, he took refuge in a classical quotation. 'It is a subject which, for the honour of human nature, it would be better, if possible, to dismiss from our memories, to expunge from the page of history, and to conceal it, both now and hereafter, from the observation of the world.

Excidat ille dies aevo, neu postera credant
Saecula, nos certe taceamus, et obruta multa
Nocte tegi nostrae patiamur crimina gentis.

(May that day be blotted out of history; may no after-generations believe it; let us at least hold our peace and suffer the crimes of our race to be buried in the utter gloom of night.)

a passage which the French historian De Thou, as Pitt himself admitted, had already applied to the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day.

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There is an almost pathetic historical interest attaching to Pitt's speech of the 31st of January 1799 upon the King's 'message relative to an Union between Great Britain and Ireland.' The initial terms of the message itself are indeed significant enough. 'His Majesty is persuaded that the unremitting industry with which our enemies persevere in their avowed design of effecting the separation of Ireland from this kingdom cannot fail to engage the particular attention of Parliament; and his Majesty recommends it to this House to consider of the most effectual means of counteracting, and finally defeating, this design.' But Pitt's speech and the quotation occurring in it will show what was his conception or theory of the union. 'Does an union, under such circumstances, by free consent and on just and equal terms, deserve to be branded as a proposal for subjecting Ireland to a foreign yoke? Is it not rather the free and voluntary association of two great countries, which join, for their common benefit, in one empire, where each will retain its proportional weight and importance' —a clause which it may be worth the while of modern politicians to bear in mind—'under the security of equal laws, reciprocal affection, and inseparable interests, and which want nothing but that indissoluble connection to render both invincible?

> Non ego nec Teucris Italos parere jubebo,
> Nec nova regna peto; paribus se legibus ambae
> Invictae gentes aeterna in foedera mittant.'

(Not I will bid the Italians serve the Trojans; I seek no newborn realm; let the peoples, both unconquered, both possessed of equal laws, consent to an eternal league.)

This quotation, too, or the latter half of it, was adopted by Sir Robert Peel in his speech on the Address (February 4, 1830). 'The quotation,' he said, 'had been applied by Mr. Pitt to the expected effect of the Union, and certainly it was not less appropriate when used with reference to the measure recently accomplished'—*i.e.* the Removal of Roman Catholic Disabilities. The King's Speech, at the opening of the Parliamentary Session in 1830, for once contained no reference to Ireland.

The peroration of Pitt's speech in the House of Commons on the 21st of February 1783 upon the resolution of censure moved by Lord John Cavendish against the terms of the Preliminary Articles of Peace with France and the Provisional Treaty with America contains a fine quotation, interesting in itself and in its personal relation as he employed it.

I am at the disposal of this House, and with their decision, whatever it shall be, I will cheerfully comply. It is impossible to deprive me of those feelings which must always result from the sincerity of my best endeavours to fulfil with integrity every official engagement. You may take from me, Sir, the privileges and emoluments of place; but you cannot, and you shall not, take from me those habitual and warm regards for the prosperity of Great

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Britain which constitute the honour, the happiness, the pride of my life, and which, I trust, death alone can extinguish. And, with this consolation, the loss of power, Sir, and the loss of fortune, though I affect not to despise them, I hope I shall soon be able to forget:

Laudo manentem, si celeres quatit
Pennas, resigno quae dedit . . .
. . . . . probamque
Pauperiem sine dote quaero,

where modesty led him to omit the words *et mea virtute me involvo*. To the same Horatian passage Canning refers in his speech on unlawful societies in Ireland; only he quotes it not in the original but in 'the more beautiful paraphrase of Dryden':

I can applaud her while she's kind,
But when she dances in the wind
And shakes her wings and will not stay,
I puff the prostitute away.

Pitt's faith in his country found expression in his speech of the 17th of February 1787 upon the recent treaty of commerce with France.

Oppressed as this nation was [he said] during the last war by the most formidable combination for its destruction, yet had France very little to boast at the end of the contest which should induce her again to enter deliberately into hostilities against this country. In spite of our misfortunes, our resistance must be admired, and in our defeats we gave proofs of our greatness and almost inexhaustible resources, which perhaps success would never show us.

Duris ut ilex tonsa bipennibus,
Nigrae feraci frondis in Algido,
Per damna, per caedes ab ipso
Ducit opes animumque ferro.

(As the holm oak lopped by cruel axes, amidst the luxuriant foliage of Algidus, spite losses, spite disasters, draws fresh strength and spirit from the very steel.)

But the most famous and beautiful of all his quotations was made in his speech of the 2nd of April 1792 upon the resolution moved by Wilberforce in Committee of the whole House. 'That it is the opinion of this Committee that the trade carried on by British subjects for the purpose of obtaining slaves on the coast of Africa ought to be abolished.' His speech lasted late into the night; and in the early morning, when the first beams of the newborn sun were beginning to shine through the windows of the House of Commons, as if in silent sacred correspondence with the celebrated image which he employed,[6] he ended it with the following passage:

I trust we shall no longer continue this commerce, to the destruction of every improvement in that wide continent, and shall not consider ourselves as

[6] 'I have heard it related,' says Lord Stanhope, 'by some who at that time were members of Parliament, that the first beams of the rising sun shot through the windows of the House in the midst of this final passage, and seemed, as Pitt looked upwards, to suggest to him without premeditation the eloquent simile and the noble Latin lines with which he concluded.'—*Life of Pitt*, vol. ii. ch. 16, p. 145.

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conferring too great a boon in restoring its inhabitants to the rank of human beings. I trust we shall not think ourselves too liberal if, by abolishing the slave trade, we give them the same common chance of civilisation with other parts of the world, and that we shall now allow to Africa the opportunity, the hope, the prospect, of attaining to the same blessings which we ourselves, through the favourable dispensations of Divine Providence, have been permitted, at a much more early period, to enjoy. If we listen to the voice of reason and duty, and pursue this right line of conduct which they prescribe, some of us may live to see a reverse of that picture from which we now turn our eyes with shame and regret. We may live to behold the natives of Africa engaged in the calm occupations of industry, in the pursuits of a just and legitimate commerce. We may behold the beams of science and philosophy breaking in upon their land, which, at some happy period in still later times, may blaze with full lustre, and joining their influence to that of pure religion may illuminate and invigorate the most distant extremities of that immense continent. Then may we hope that even Africa, though last of all the quarters of the globe, shall enjoy at length, in the evening of her days, those blessings which have descended so plentifully upon us in a much earlier period of the world. Then also will Europe, participating in her improvement and prosperity, receive an ample recompense for the tardy kindness (if kindness it can be called) of no longer hindering that continent from extricating herself out of the darkness, which, in other more fortunate regions, has been so much more speedily dispelled.

Nos primus equis Oriens afflavit anhelis,
Illic sera rubens accendit lumina Vesper.

(Upon us the early Dawn breathed with her panting steeds; there the red star of Evening kindles its late beams.)

It is a pity, I think, that he did not sit down with this quotation; but he went on to make another which, in comparison with this, can only seem meagre and pallid.

Then, Sir, [he continued] may be applied to Africa these words, originally used indeed with a different view:

His demum exactis . . .
Devenere locos laetos et amoena vireta
Fortunatorum nemorum sedesque beatas:
Largior hic campos aether et lumine vestit
Purpureo.

(This done at last, came they to the regions of bliss, green pleasaunces of happy groves, the dwellings of the blessed. Here the ether is more spacious; here it robes the fields in purple light.)

It is in this view, Sir, it is as an atonement for our long and cruel injustice towards Africa, that the measure proposed by my honourable friend most forcibly recommends itself to my mind. The great and happy change to be expected in the state of her inhabitants is, of all the various and important benefits of the abolition, in my estimation, incomparably the most extensive and important.

That was the speech of which Wilberforce wrote the next morning, 'Windham, who has no love for Pitt, tells me that Fox and Grey, with whom he walked home after the debate, agreed with him in thinking Pitt's speech one of the most extraordinary displays of eloquence they had ever heard. For the last twenty minutes he really seemed to be inspired.'

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It was in his speech on the 3rd of November 1801 that Mr. Pitt, upon the motion of Sir Edmund Hartop in favour of the ratification of the preliminaries of peace with the French Republic, said he had never insisted upon the restoration of the monarchy in France, yet there had been times when he had entertained

hopes of our being able to put together the scattered fragments of that great and venerable edifice, to have restored the exiled nobility of France, to have restored a government, certainly not free from defects, but built upon sober and regular foundations, in the stead of that mad system of innovation which threatened, and had nearly accomplished, the destruction of Europe.

Me si fata meis paterentur ducere vitam
Auspiciis et sponte mea componere curas,
Urbem Trojanam primum dulcesque meorum
Reliquias colerem, Priami tecta alta manerent
Et recidiva manu posuissem Pergama victis.

(Should Fate but suffer me to live under a star of my own choosing, and at my will to bargain with my destiny, 'twere my first thought to pay honour to the city of Troy and the dear relics of my people; then had the high palace of Priam still endured, my own hands had built anew the citadel, to be the home of the vanquished.)

This was, I think, the last great Parliamentary quotation of the great Minister, although he made many later speeches in the House of Commons before he died more than four years afterwards on the 23rd of January 1806, the anniversary of the day on which he had taken his seat in Parliament just a quarter of a century before.

To pass to the statesmen and orators of a later day: the earliest quotation in Canning's political speeches belongs to the 4th of December 1798. It was made on the occasion of Mr. Tierney's motion in favour of peace with France. Canning opposed the motion on the ground that 'its tendency' was 'to impair the power of prosecuting the war with vigour, to diminish the chance of negotiating peace with dignity or concluding it with safety,' to 'degrade in the eyes of the world the character of this country,' to 'carry dismay and terror throughout Europe,' and, above all, to 'administer hope and power and confidence to France.'

Let us recollect [he said] only the days and months of anxiety which we passed, before the intelligence of that memorable event [Nelson's victory in Aboukir Bay on the 1st of August] had reached us. It was an anxiety, not of apprehension, but of impatience. Our prayers were put up, not for success, but for an opportunity of deserving it; we asked, not that Nelson might conquer Buonaparte, but that Buonaparte might not have the triumph of deceiving and escaping him; not that we might gain the battle, but that we might find the enemy; for the rest we had nothing to fear.

'Concurrant paribus cum ratibus rates,
Spectent numina ponti et
Palmam qui meruit ferat.'

(Clash the opposing ships in equal warfare, be witnesses the deities of the main, be his the prize who merits it!)

Very graceful is Canning's allusion in his speech on the Catholic

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Claims (June 22, 1812) to the assassination of Mr. Perceval six weeks before.

Sir, when I first gave notice of the motion which I have this day brought forward, many weeks ago, it was my expectation that I should have to contend with my late lamented friend, as my most formidable antagonist upon it. I really wished for the opportunity of such a contest, I wished to see the side of the question which he espoused, arrayed in its most striking colours; I wished to hear all that could have been said upon it, and from him I should have heard it all; I wished for this contest for the sake of thorough discussion, and of arriving at the truth; but I anticipated it, God knows, with no feelings of hostility—I should have come to it with sentiments the very reverse of personal animosity; I should have argued the question with him in no other spirit, and with no other feelings, than

If a brother should a brother dare

to the proof and exercise of arms. I know not who is to buckle on his armour, and to wield his weapons against me on this day. Would to God that he were here to wield them with his own hand! Would to God that the cause had the advantage of his abilities, so that we had the advantage and delight of his presence!

Tuque tuis armis, nos te poteremur, Achille.

(Thine arms should have been thine, Achilles, and thou ours.)

It is an interesting coincidence that, nearly seventeen years later, Sir Robert Peel should have applied this same pathetic line to Canning himself. 'I say, with as much sincerity of heart as man can speak, that I wish he were here to reap the harvest which he sowed, and to enjoy the triumph which his exertions gained;' in allusion to the proposed Removal of Roman Catholic Disabilities. 'I would say of him, as he said of the late Mr. Perceval, "Would he were here to enjoy the fruits of his victory,

Tuque tuis armis, nos te poteremur, Achille."'[7]

There is an instance of Canning's felicity of quotation in his speech on the King's message relative to the Discussions with France (May 24, 1803).

We have found (and this is the experiment which I think the peace of Amiens has most fairly proved) that a country, circumstanced as this is, cannot safely abjure a dignified policy, and abdicate its rank among nations. That, with such a country, to be lowly, is not to be sheltered; to be unpresuming, is not necessarily to be safe. In vain we brought our minds to be contented with humble security, in vain did we profess ourselves satisfied to ask no more than that in our humility we should be unmolested.

Neque enim miser esse recuso,
Sed precor ut possim tutius esse miser.

(To be wretched I refuse not; yet I would pray for a less dangerous wretchedness.)

This might be the limit of our wish; but even this modest wish has been denied us.

[7] Speech in House of Commons, the 18th of March 1829. Cp. his speech on Parliamentary Reform, the 1st of May 1831.

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'I cannot,' he said in 1813 upon the motion to grant a sum of three millions of money 'to enable his Majesty to carry into effect certain engagements with foreign powers' during the Napoleonic wars—

I cannot think it a matter of regret that Spaniards are now recovering, from the grasp of an enemy on his own shores, that diadem which was stripped from the brow of the Bourbons, to be pocketed by an usurper. I cannot think it a matter of regret that England, formerly threatened with invasion, is now the invader; that France, instead of England, is the scene of conflict.

Ultro Inachias venisset ad urbes
Dardanus et versis lugeret Graecia fatis.

(The Trojan had been the invader, he had come to the Inachian cities, and Greece mourned the reverse of her destiny.)

In 1824 the condition of the slave population in the West Indies came under the consideration of Parliament. Canning argued for a lenient and pacific policy towards the Colonies.

Undoubtedly, Sir, it would be easy to select passages from the Jamaica Gazettes which, according to all legitimate inferences of reasoning, ought to put Parliament in a towering passion: but I must confess that upon a moment's reflection I find my indignation restrained by consideration of the powerlessness of the body from whom the offence comes, compared with the omnipotence of that to which it is offered. The consciousness of superior strength disarms the spirit of resentment. I could revenge, but I would much rather reclaim. I prefer that moral self-restraint so beautifully expressed by the poet, when he represents Neptune as allaying the wild waters, instead of rebuking the winds which had put them in a roar.

Quos ego—sed motos praestat componere fluctus.

(Which I—but it is best to hush the troubled waves.)

Seldom has a personal compliment, veiled in quotation, taken a happier form, when coming from a political adversary, than in Canning's allusion to Brougham.

I do not mean to speak lightly of the honourable and learned gentleman's support of this question, or the consequences attending it. I do not undervalue the services of such an advocate in any cause which he thinks fit to espouse; I acknowledge freely his great talents and acquirements, his accumulated knowledge, and the prodigious power with which he brings all those qualities into action. I acknowledge them the more freely because it has been often our fortune to be opposed to each other:

Stetimus tela aspera contra
Contulimusque manus; experto credite quantus
In clypeum assurgat, quo turbine torqueat hastam.

(We stood, sharp spear against spear, we fought as man with man; believe me—I have tried—how vast his person, as he towers upon his shield, how fierce the whirlwind of his spear-throw.)

The first part of the quotation was repeated by Sir Robert Peel in reference to the Duke of Wellington and Marshal Soult, 'the two men who held conspicuous offices—the most conspicuous offices in their respective countries, who had been opposed to each other in arms at

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Toulouse and Waterloo, and had come to 'exert all their influence in the two countries to inculcate lessons of peace.' [8]

Sir Robert Peel was a good classical scholar; but his quotations, as has been already shown, not infrequently lacked the charm of novelty. One of the best of them occurs in his speech upon the 'Removal of the Roman Catholic Disabilities' (March 5, 1829). After speaking of the difficulty of 'rigidly maintaining under the pressure of foreign war' what he calls 'stern resolutions of uncompromising resistance' to the Roman Catholic claims 'formed in the time of peace'—a difficulty only too painfully illustrated, as he said, by the events of 1793—he continued:

> We have also had the sad experience of that other greater calamity—civil discord and bloodshed. Surely it is no unmanly fear that shudders at its recurrence, no degenerate impulse that prompts one to exclaim, with Lord Falkland, 'Peace! Peace! Peace!'—that looks out with anxiety for the alternatives by which civil war may be honourably averted; which may rescue the natives of the same land, and the fellow-subjects of the same king, from the dire necessity of embruing their hands in each other's blood.
>
> Coeant in foedera dextrae
> Si datur—ast armis concurrant arma cavete.
>
> (Clasp hands in alliance, if it may be—but beware the clash of arms.)

But I am not aware that Sir Robert Peel was, or could have been, indebted to any English orator for the quotation which occurs in his speech of the 22nd of March 1832 upon Parliamentary Reform:

> It appeared as if the reins of the State had been confided to some youthful and inexperienced hands; and who, left without any guiding principle, or any controlling sense of duty, were rushing on with headlong violence, which wiser men could not moderate or restrain. If the older and more experienced members of the Cabinet choose to confide the conduct of this dangerous measure to the care of their youthful colleagues, known and distinguished for their rashness and presumption, they should have at least forewarned them of the difficulties they had to encounter, the perils they had to incur and the fate which would probably await them. They should have said to any one of those persons, whose ambition made him press for an employment so fraught with danger to himself and injury to others,
>
> Non est tua tuta voluntas.
> Magna petis Phaeton et quae nec viribus istis
> Munera conveniant nec tam puerilibus annis.
>
> (Not safe thy wish; Phaeton, thy prayer is ambitious, it beseems thy strength not, nor thy boyish years.)
>
> They should have given him the salutary caution, that the fiery steeds, which he aspired to guide, required the hand of restraint, and not the voice of incitement:
>
> Sponte sua properant, labor est inhibere volentes;
> Parce, puer, stimulis ac fortius utere loris.
>
> (Unurged they gallop; 'tis hard work to curb their spirit; boy, spare the goad, and with redoubled strength pull in the rein.)

[8] Speech of the 17th of February 1843, on the 'Depression of the Manufacturing Interests of the Country.' It is worth while to compare Marshal Soult's speech in the debate in the French Chamber, February 1–3, 1843.

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But if Sir Robert Peel was, in a certain sense and degree, the borrower of other speakers' classical quotations, he may claim, on the other hand, to have originated a quotation which Mr. Gladstone at a later date borrowed from him. It was on the 31st of January, 1840, in his speech upon a vote of want of confidence in the Government, that he taunted his opponents with their own internal differences. Few passages in the four volumes of his political oratory are so lively. His language might be used with not less point and effect to-day.

Here is the first result of your open questions. How edifying will it be to see the noble lord [Lord John Russell] and the right honourable gentleman [Mr. Macaulay], after a conference in Cabinet on the convulsed state of the country, or other *arcana imperii*, part company at the end of Downing Street, each to carry on his separate system of agitation! Great indeed will be the organs of your administration, and cordial the concert of your Cabinet. But suppose you abstain from agitation—suppose, in order to prevent collision in the Cabinet, you never discuss either corn-laws or ballot, or any other of the open questions, what answer will you make to your constituents at Edinburgh?

Here he turns to Mr. Macaulay, whose letter to his constituents, dated 'Windsor Castle,' had lately been a subject of angry ridicule.

Out of office you declared yourself in favour of these measures—in office, you repeated your assurance that you were faithful to your principles. From the proud keep of Windsor you proclaimed your fidelity to them, not from the gratification of any vulgar personal vanity, but from the firm resolution that truth should be spoken in high places, and that from the palace of kings the comfortable tidings of Radical reform shall be conveyed by a voice of authority. Will it suffice to answer, when your constituents require the fulfilment of your promises, 'I gave you no pledges—declarations in abundance, I admit, but pledges! I utterly disdain them.' They will remind you that they hailed your return from foreign lands to the shores of England,[9] that they found you panting for distinction, and lifted you through their favour into the councils of the empire. If their native tongue will not suffice for this classic constituency, you have taught them, by reminding me of former reproaches, where they may find, in the passionate exclamation of Dido, the fit expression of their sorrows:

Nusquam tuta fides.

Nay, they may proceed with the quotation:

Nusquam tuta fides! Ejectum littore, egentem
Excepi, et regni demens in parte locavi.

(There is no faith true in the world. Shipwrecked he was and starving; I welcomed him, mad fool that I was; I made him partner in my throne.)

'Shall there be no fruit,' they will exclaim, 'of our mutual love, no little Bill, stamped with the image of the father, and reflecting in its face the features of paternal vigour and intelligence?'

Saltem si qua mihi de te suscepta fuisset
Ante fugam soboles, si quis mihi parvulus aula
Luderet Aeneas, qui te tantum ore referret,
Non adeo omnino capta ac deserta viderer.

(Had I but borne thee a child before thy flight, were there some baby Aeneas playing in

[9] Macaulay came home from India in 1838.

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my palace, to reproduce thy countenance—no more—methinks I were not then so wholly captive, so entirely lone.)

You remain deaf to their entreaties; with all your protestations of fidelity, you have nothing to return but the miserable answer of Aeneas, after all his coquetting in the cavern,

Non haec in foedera veni. (Not such was the alliance I consented to.)

It would be difficult to find a more skilfully sustained example of elevated sarcastic oratory.

Mr. Disraeli is known to have sneered, not altogether unjustly, at the well-worn character of Sir Robert Peel's classical quotations. Certainly his own were original enough—more original perhaps than felicitous. It was in his bitter indignation at Sir Robert Peel's conversion to the cause of Free Trade in 1846 that he employed what is perhaps the most curious of them all. In the House of Commons he attacked the conversion and the reasons alleged for it, and the manner in which it had been announced.

How ingenuous [he cried] was the conduct of her Majesty's Government, and of that Minister who formed the omnipotent minority of the Cabinet, I leave the House to decide. But was it not strange that, after so much agitation, after all these schemes, after all these Machiavellian manœuvres, when the Minister at last met the House and his party he acted as if we had deserted him, instead of his having left us? Who can forget those tones? Who can forget that indignant glance?

Vectabor humeris tunc ego inimicis eques
Meaeque terra cedet insolentiae.

(Then shall I ride upon mine enemies' shoulders, and the earth shall pay its homage to mine arrogance.)

which means to say, 'I, a Protectionist Minister, mean to govern England by the aid of the Anti-Corn-Law League. And as for the country gentlemen, why, I snap my fingers in their face.'

Mr. Gladstone was even a better classical scholar than Sir Robert Peel; but in some, at least, of Mr. Gladstone's quotations, it is a curious feature that part of the words which he quotes, or words which he omits in the context of the quoted words, tell against himself. It is so in the lines which he borrowed from Sir Robert Peel to describe his own political conversion. It is so, too, in his controversy with Mr. Lowe over the Reform Bill of 1866.

The right honourable gentleman (Mr. Gladstone) [said Mr. Lowe], who had not time to give us a reason for introducing the Bill, found time to give us a quotation; and it was a quotation of a very curious kind, because, not finding in his large classical *répertoire* any quotation that would describe the state of perfect bliss to which his Bill would introduce us, he was induced to take the exact contrary, and make a quotation to show us what his Bill was not:

Scandit fatalis machina muros,
Foeta armis.

(The fatal engine climbs the walls, pregnant with arms.)

he exclaimed, 'and that,' he added, 'is not my Bill.' Well, that was not a

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very apt quotation; but there was a curious felicity about it which he little dreamt of. The House remembers, that among other proofs of the degree in which public opinion is enlisted in the cause of Reform is this—that this is now the fifth Reform Bill that has been brought in since 1851. Now, just attend to the sequel of the passage quoted by the right honourable gentleman. I am no believer in *Sortes Virgilianæ*, and the House will see why, in a moment:

O Divum domus Ilium et inclyta bello
Moenia Dardanidum! Quater ipso in limine portae
Substitit, atque utero sonitum quater arma dedere.

(O Ilium, home of the gods! O Dardanian ramparts famed in war! Four times it stayed upon the threshold of the gate; four times there was a clashing of the arms within its womb.)

But that is not all:

Instamus tamen immemores caecique furore
Et monstrum infelix sacrata sistimus arce.

(Yet in our houghtless and blind fury we persist and set the accursed monster in the hallowed citadel.)

He returned to the same illustrative passage in a later speech on the same subject.

I have said that I am utterly unable to reason with the Chancellor of the Exchequer for want of a common principle to start from; but there is happily one common ground left to us, and that is the second book of the Aeneid of Virgil. My right honourable friend, like the moth which has singed its wings in the candle, has returned again to the poor old Trojan horse,[10] and I shall, with the permission of the House, give them one more excerpt from the history of that noble beast, first premising that I shall then turn him out to grass, at all events for the remainder of the Session. The passage which I am about to quote is one which is, I think, worthy the attention of the House, because it contains a description not only of the invading army of which we have heard so much, but also a slight sketch of its general:

Arduus armatos mediis in moenibus adstans
Fundit equus, victorque Sinon incendia miscet
Insultans; portis alii bipatentibus adsunt
Millia quot magnis nunquam venere Mycenis.

In other words:

The fatal horse pours forth the human tide,
Insulting Sinon flings his firebrands wide,
The gates are burst; the ancient rampart falls,
And swarming millions climb its crumbling walls.

Yet there are some of Mr. Gladstone's quotations which, in spite of the fact that they might be turned against him, still live in history. One of the most famous of them occurs in the speech in which he concluded the debate upon the second reading of the Reform Bill on the 27th of April 1866, the eighth night of the debate.

My position, Sir, in regard to the Liberal party is on all points the opposite of Earl Russell's. . . . I have none of the claims he possesses. I came among you an outcast from those with whom I associated, driven from them, I admit, by no arbitrary act, but by the slow and resistless forces of conviction. I came among you, to make use of the legal phraseology, *in forma pauperis*. I had

[10] The reference is to Mr. Gladstone's speech of the 12th of April 1866.

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nothing to offer you but faithful and honourable service. You received me, as Dido received the shipwrecked Aeneas,

Ejectum littore, egentem
Excepi,

and I only trust you may not hereafter at any time have to complete the sentence in regard to me—

et regni demens in parte locavi.

The passage is the same which Sir Robert Peel quoted, as has been already said, in reference to Macaulay; but his use of it was happier than Mr. Gladstone's, as the last words

et regni demens in parte locavi

did not upon his lips need to be deprecated or explained.

In the celebrated peroration of the same speech of Mr Gladstone there is another fine quotation.

You may drive us from our seats. You may bury the Bill that we have introduced, but we will write upon its gravestone for an epitaph this line, with certain confidence in its fulfilment,

Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor.

(Arise thou—some avenger—from our bones.)

You cannot fight against the future. Time is on our side. The great social forces which move onwards in their might and majesty, and which the tumult of our debates does not for a moment impede or disturb—these great social forces are against you: they are marshalled on our side, and the banner which we now carry in the fight, though perhaps at some moment it may droop over our sinking heads, yet it soon again will float in the eye of Heaven, and it will be borne by the firm hands of the united people of the three Kingdoms, perhaps not to an easy, but to a certain, and to a not far distant, victory.

But the last and greatest of Mr. Gladstone's quotations was made in his speech upon the Affirmation Bill on the 26th of April 1883. No other living orator—few indeed among the dead—would have dared to use his argument or the stately lines of Lucretius by which he enforced it. His point was that the mere admission of a belief in God was not in itself any security for religion.

If you call upon us [he exclaimed] to make distinctions, let them at least be rational; I do not say let them be Christian distinctions, but let them be rational. I can understand one rational distinction, that you should frame the oath in such a way as to recognise not only the existence of the Deity, but the providence of the Deity, and man's responsibility to the Deity; and in such a way as to indicate the knowledge in a man's own mind that he must answer to the Deity for what he does and is able to do. But what is your present rule? No, Sir, you know very well that from ancient times there have been sects and schools that have admitted in the abstract as freely as Christians the existence of a Deity, but have held that of practical relations between Him and man there can be none. Many of the members of this House will recollect the majestic and noble lines:

Omnis enim per se divom natura necesse est
Immortali aevo summa cum pace fruatur,
Semota a nostris rebus sejunctaque longe.

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Nam privata dolore omni, privata periclis,
Ipsa suis pollens opibus, nihil indiga nostri,
Nec bene promeritis capitur nec tangitur ira.

(For the nature of the gods must ever in itself enjoy immortal life and perfect peace, far severed and far separate from our world. For being emancipate from all pain or peril, in its intrinsic majesty, without any need of us, it is not won by service, nor is moved to wrath.)

Divinity exists, according to these, I must say, magnificent lines, 'in remote and inaccessible recesses; but with us it has no dealing, of us it has no need, with us it has no relation.' I do not hesitate to say that the specific evil, the specific form of irreligion, with which in the educated society of this country you have to contend, with respect of which you ought to be on your guard, is not blank atheism. That is a rare opinion, very seldom met with; but what is frequently met with, is that form of opinion which would teach us that, whatever may be beyond the visible things of this world, whatever there may be beyond this short span of life, you know and you can know nothing of it, and that it is a fruitless undertaking to attempt to establish relations with it. That is the mischief of the age, and that mischief you do not attempt to touch.

Mr. Morley speaks of the 'reverential stillness' with which the House sat 'hearkening from this born master of moving cadence and high sustained modulation to "the rise and long roll of the hexameter" —to the plangent lines that have come down across the night of time to us from great Rome.'

Many things died, it is sometimes said, with Mr. Gladstone. His death marks the close of an era of statesmanship. The statesmen of the future may be as prescient, as high-minded, as enthusiastic, if they are not fully as eloquent, as he; but not in education nor in character nor in experience will they be altogether like him. Among the things which may be said to have died with him, one is the art of classical quotation. It died on the night that he sat down, after his great speech on the Affirmation Bill. If so, it could hardly have found a nobler death, or statelier obsequies. All that I have tried to do in this essay is, before it is too late, to speak the last words of appreciation over its grave.

J. E. C. Welldon.

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A CENTURY OF INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATIONS

THE world has completed about a century's experience of international arbitration. Rather more than a hundred years separate that which may justly be called the first treaty for the settlement of differences in this manner from the group of treaties concluded a few months ago with France, Germany, Italy, and Portugal, &c. There is about the same interval between the North Sea Inquiry which ended the other day and what may be termed the earliest of modern arbitrations. I use 'arbitration' in a wide sense, including not only, in the words of the Hague Convention, 'the determination of controversies between States by judges of their own choice, upon the basis of respect for law,' but also inquiries judicially conducted by representatives of States. There were, of course, centuries ago many international arbitrations. They were never quite unknown. Instances of them in antiquity and in the middle ages have been collected, and the list is long. But they had little in common with what we now call arbitrations. Their methods were not ours, and they were mixed up with mediation and diplomacy. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries all kinds of public arbitration fell into disuse. In the eighteenth century, with its confidence in the future of mankind, and its passion for perfectibility, were thinkers who devised schemes for establishing universal peace. But they did not look for aid to arbitration. Their schemes postulated great political changes. They built upon nothing existing. They wanted a new Europe—some said, a new kind of humanity. They trusted to general diets or federations of States acting collectively and putting down war by force of arms.[1] The statesmen who earliest foresaw and proved the possibilities of arbitration were among the founders of the American Constitution, notably Franklin, Washington, and Hamilton. The first of these wrote to his friend Price in 1780, 'We make daily great improvements in *natural*, there is one I wish to see in *moral*, philosophy; the discovery of a plan that would induce

[1] Even Penn's scheme contemplates that, if any State refuses to obey the judgment of the Imperial Diet, all the other sovereignties, 'united as one strength,' shall compel submission and performance of the sentence.

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and oblige nations to settle their disputes without first cutting one another's throats. When will human reason be sufficiently improved to see the advantage of this?'[2] Franklin did not live to witness his idea take shape. Washington, Hamilton, and Jay gave it effect. Arbitration, as we know it, dates from 1794, when the treaty signed by Lord Grenville and Mr. Jay was concluded between England and the United States; an instrument which the latest historian of arbitration describes as 'un acte capital qui sépare nettement les anciens errements des pratiques modernes.'

Some articles of the Treaty of Peace of 1783 were obscure and incomplete. It left a large heritage of miscellaneous disputes as to boundaries and other matters. Hot-headed men said, 'Let us fight them out.' The mass of the nation, sympathising with France, and not averse to a renewal of the struggle with England, saw in the Jay Treaty of 1794 a craven surrender to the enemy.[3] Even those who were prepared to negotiate with England as to money disputes said, 'We shall never submit to arbitration the fate of any part of our territory; it would be consenting to a dismemberment of our country.'

Hamilton replied, in words which seem now to express a platitude, but which were then altogether novel:

> It would be a horrid and destructive principle that nations could not terminate a dispute about the title to a particular parcel of territory by amicable agreement, or by submission to arbitration as its substitute, but would be under an indispensable obligation to prosecute the dispute by arms, till real danger to the existence of one of the parties would justify, by the plea of extreme necessity, a surrender of its pretensions.

Against a storm of contumely poured upon them and efforts to intimidate the executive,[4] Washington and his Cabinet stood firm. The treaty was ratified. In due time a mixed Commission sat to settle the boundary line between Maine and Nova Scotia, the claims of British subjects against the United States, and of the United States on account of captures by British vessels. That was the beginning of modern arbitration.

It may not be amiss at this time to review the chief features of this century of experience and to note a few of the chief results. The task is lightened by several useful works lately published, especially by Mr. J. B. Moore's *History and Digest of the International Arbitrations to which the United States has been a Party*, M. La Fontaine's *Pasicrisie Internationale*, M. Lapradelle's and M. Politis's very valuable *Recueil des Traités d'Arbitrage*, and Dr. Darby's *International Tribunals*. The results which they record

[2] Franklin to Price, 6th of February, 1780.

[3] Jefferson was opposed to the treaty: 'I am not satisfied that we should not be better without treaties with any nation. But I am satisfied we shall be better without such as this' (4, 120).

[4] *Sparks' Life*, i. 504.

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are not all that was expected by sanguine minds. A calm review of the facts is calculated to sober the enthusiast. There were in last century not a few wars which arbitration did not arrest, and could not have arrested. Diplomacy more than once proved itself much more efficient. But, on the whole, the visionary and enthusiast have here been more shrewd than the so-called practical statesman. The retrospect also suggests certain desiderata. It reveals drawbacks and inconveniences incident to arbitration as it is now conducted.

The fact to be emphasised is that international arbitration as we know it originated with the two English-speaking nations. It has been used by them far more than by others. The greatest disputes terminated by means of it have been those between the people of America and England. It is in a sense an Anglo-Saxon institution. It has passed into other lands even as has trial by jury. There are inevitably considerable differences in the computation of the exact number of international arbitrations; some including in their enumeration proceedings, such as mixed diplomatic commissions, which others omit. According to Mr. Moore, the United States have been in last century a party to fifty-three arbitrations out of 136. President Eliot stated in 1896 that there has been during the 104 years which had elapsed since the American Constitution was formed only four-and-a-quarter years of international war, and that 'within the same period the United States had been a party to forty-seven arbitrations, being more than half of all those that have taken place in the modern world.' M. La Fontaine, whose survey extends from 1794 to 1900, enumerates 177 instances, and assigns 70 cases to Great Britain, 56 to the United States, 26 to France, 9 to Italy, 4 to Russia, and Germany none. M. Lapradelle and M. Politis, in their carefully prepared *Recueil*, commencing at 1789 and ending at 1855, say: 'Dans cette période, qui couvre plus d'un demi-siècle, on compte vingt-deux procédures arbitrales, où, soit comme demandeurs, soit comme défendeurs, les Etats-Unis reviennent 13 fois, l'Angleterre 13 fois, les États allemands 4, la France 4, le Mexique 2, les Cantons Suisses 2, les Pays-Bas 1, la Grèce 1, l'Espagne 1, le Portugal 1"; in other words, 26 Anglo-American arbitrations, 6 interfederal, 4 French, 2 Mexican, the others 1 for each nation; or about 60 per cent. Anglo-American, the French element under 8 per cent., the German-Swiss about 12. Dr. Darby, who includes in his list very many cases which I should omit, enumerates no fewer than 471 'cases formally referred to arbitral judgment' in the nineteenth century. To about 131 of these Great Britain was a party, to about 82 of them the United States, the figure for Germany being 27. According to any computation the great majority of them have been between the two first-named countries. And of these arbitrations by far the most important have been those in which this country and the United States were concerned.

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Judged by any test, the awards as to the North-Eastern boundaries, the Alabama claims, the Behring Sea dispute, the Venezuela and the Alaska boundaries were the chief decisions within the last hundred years.

A further remark on this point; the form of arbitration which has lately found favour and which is now general—reference, not to a sovereign, but to one or more jurists—is of Anglo-American origin. The type which was long in favour on the Continent is being abandoned. MM. Lapradelle and Politis draw this distinction:

> Tandis que l'arbitrage Anglo-Américain par commissions mixtes est l'œuvre de particuliers, l'arbitrage de type français est l'œuvre de princes. . . . Le juge est souverain. Mais, comme entre souverains, il serait difficile de composer un tribunal, le juge est unique. Tandis que en Amérique, l'arbitrage, *justice de plain-pied*, se rend par des commissions, où, dans la pureté du système, les nationaux seuls pénètrent, en Europe, l'arbitrage, *justice en haut*, émane, aussi loin qu'on puisse remonter sur terre, d'un arbitre souverain, unique, étranger.[5]

For all this there were good reasons. The reference of disputes to one or more persons agreed upon was in accordance with the genius of our people, and was only an expansion of existing practices. The Americans had in early days had much experience of arbitration in settling disputes as to boundaries between the States. The founders of the Republic had taken part in such controversies. Washington himself had helped to settle the Virginia frontier line. Arbitration was only doing for disputes between nations what was customary in interstatal contests. 'The colonist knew the frontiersman's advance into disputed territory, the surveyor's chain, the diplomatist's pen, and the commissioners' conference.'[6] Private arbitration had always been common in those two countries. That is not true of the Continent. Neither in France nor Germany has private arbitration been so much used as it has been with us. There people are accustomed to settle their disputes in the manner and in the courts which the Government prescribes for them. It is comparatively rare to create by agreement tribunals for special disputes. I may hazard suggesting another reason for the priority of the two English-speaking countries. A despotic Government or a strong bureaucracy is naturally jealous of the interference of amateurs and outsiders. It does not care to invite the aid of an auxiliary that may become a master or rival. One cannot imagine a Louis the Fourteenth, a Napoleon, or a Metternich consenting to arbitrate anything. It is peculiarly the institution of free people. Business principles applied to politics do not suit the crooked ways of a certain class of diplomatists, or rulers with 'destinies,' 'missions,' or colossal schemes of aggrandisement on hand.

Two other conspicuous facts are to be noted. International

[5] P. xxxviii.

[6] A. Bushnell Hart, *The Foundations of American Foreign Policy*, p. 93.

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arbitration has not, as unthinking folk hoped, put an end to wars, but it has been successful far beyond reasonable expectation. All sorts of quarrels, big and little, have been determined by it; political matters of the first magnitude as well as trifling private disputes; the ownership of large tracts of territory; claims for wrongs suffered by foreigners at the hands of governments; obscure geographical questions. More than once, when diplomacy had come to a deadlock, and war seemed at hand, arbitration was the way out. One feat has been accomplished by means of it. In last century, as in no other time of the world's history, have States been engaged in defining their boundaries—a task too delicate and dangerous to be often attempted in earlier ages; and if this has been effected on a large scale, especially in Asia and America, without bloodshed, it is due to the employment of arbitration in some form. Of some hundred awards given in last century few, if any, were complete failures. It is indeed remarkable that, as to questions over which national feeling ran high, there have been no clear instances of downright injustice. Some of the awards, according to the best opinion, have been, in whole or part, questionable in point of justice. There was much hostile and deserved criticism of the San Juan award, and of certain parts of the Geneva award. But none of the awards of the last century were perverse verdicts. All of them were arguable. And of these many awards, some of which were very distasteful to the vanquished, only one was not obeyed; and in that case the arbitrator had gone outside the submission. It was a case in which, if the arbitration had been a private one, our courts would probably have set it aside. Could as much be said of a like number of private arbitrations? With some experience of their working, I say 'No.' To be sure, there is a 'sanction' to awards under private submissions or to judgments in private litigation; our courts will enforce them. Much good the 'sanction' does many a successful litigant. The sheriff is put in; but the victor is not paid. The international award is always carried out. The award without the 'sanction' may be, and often is, worth much more than that with it. Even when public arbitrations have been tardy, protracted, and inconclusive, they have had their uses. They often do for an international dispute what a royal commission does for a troublesome domestic question—they are a decent form of interment; they are a refrigerating chamber in which popular sentiment, when risen to a dangerous degree, may be cooled down. Diplomacy has good cause to welcome what acts as a corrective to passionate impulses hurrying nations to extremities. An award with all its preliminaries often serves as a lightning-conductor to draw off dangerous elements.

Several times in the period under review have attempts been made by men of eminence to set limits to the efficacy of arbitrations. It has been said: 'They may settle minor quarrels; for really

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important matters they are useless.' Such assertions have not proved true. In the forties feeling in the United States ran high with respect to the Oregon boundary, the subject of a long-standing controversy with this country. The ownership of a large portion of territory was in dispute, and the people seemed in no mood to arbitrate. 'Fifty-four or fight' was the cry. President Polk declared himself opposed to submitting to arbitration the territorial rights of his nation. In the end they were submitted all the same, and were ultimately decided, in 1872, by the award of the Emperor of Germany, in favour of the United States.[7] Another illustration of the precariousness of any attempts to circumscribe the area of arbitration may be given. In his admirable address to the American Bar Association in 1896, Lord Russell indicated three classes of disputes as fit to be arbitrated upon: (1) where the right in dispute will be determined by the ascertainment of the facts; (2) where, the facts being ascertained, the right in question depends on the application of international law; (3) where the dispute is one which may be determined on a give-and-take principle. This classification was carefully considered; and yet in about two years the author of it was acting, and with signal success, as arbitrator in a dispute not clearly within the large ambit which he had marked out. In the dispute between this country and Venezuela was every element of a quarrel to be pursued to the bitter end. The facts were obscure. The territory in dispute was worth comparatively little, to a large extent low, swampy, and poisonous; the white inhabitants were not many; and, a circumstance which in other days would have made war inevitable, a nation which had no direct concern in the quarrel interfered in it in a manner which seemed needlessly offensive, and for reasons which most enlightened Americans now admit were sophistical. And yet this question, lying somewhat outside the province of arbitration as defined by Lord Russell, was amicably settled by himself and his fellow arbitrators.[8]

Private arbitration has grave defects. Many arbitrators conceive themselves to be advocates bound to do the best for 'their side.' Rarely corrupt, they are often open to extra-judicial influences; it may be the opinions of friends, or the dominant sentiment of their trade or profession. Then, too, they will hedge and trim. Instead of being clear-cut decisions, their awards are compromises which may be conciliatory without being just. They need give no reason, and they never establish principles. What is true of private arbitration holds in degree of public arbitrations. Some of these evils are reproduced, and occasionally in an aggravated extent, in

[7] 'If this episode in the territorial history of the United States proves anything, it is that the most complicated boundary disputes may be harmonised by patience and with honour.'—A. Bushnell Hart, p. 101.

[8] In the address by the Attorney-General on International Arbitration are interesting and suggestive remarks on the different functions of Arbitration and International Congresses.

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the latter. Arbitrators too often assume it to be their sole business to look after the interests of their country and to get a verdict for it; to act as smart diplomatists rather than as unbiassed judges. An impartial arbitrator is hard to find when national interests are deeply involved; and there is a political element in most of the larger disputes. In regard to some matters one may look far to find the umpire with the open and not the empty mind; one who is both competent and unprejudiced. The range of selection is sometimes small; it is as if a 'good jury' had to be struck from a group of avowed partisans. To be sure, in most treaties is provision for nominating an umpire or a third party, generally a representative of some of the smaller States, which now play a part in the settlement of disputes similar to that in mediæval times filled by Popes. But what certainty is there that he will be a competent judge? The question may be as to the rights and duties of a neutral State with a large seaboard and many harbours. A Swiss jurist sitting as umpire may be pardoned if he fail to appreciate the difficulties besetting such a State in performing its duties. A tribunal of five London cabmen empowered to inquire whether a sixth cabman had recklessly run over a foot passenger might be tempted to find that there was no reason for censuring the former or depriving him of his license; and several admirals may feel much the same as to another whose conduct is in question. The report in the North Sea Inquiry shows the good and the weak sides of arbitration (in the large sense of the word). In substance, the findings, we may take it, were right; but the arbitrators, it is probable, did not wholly escape the influence of their nationality or profession; and, instead of proclaiming, as the occasion suggested, the right of peaceful vessels to navigate freely the high seas, the report seems to assume that vessels of a belligerent on a mission of war have some privilege, and may, subject to paying damages, shoot at sight at any craft which they suspect.

I touch the chief obstacle to the extension of arbitration in saying that there is needed a class of arbitrators known to be proof against the pressure of domestic opinion. There have been and are such persons. 'I believe he would decide against his country if he thought it was wrong,' was the exclamation of amazement of one who had witnessed the demeanour of Lord Hannen when sitting as arbitrator in the Behring Sea Inquiry; and the late Mr. E. J. Phelps, Lord Herschell, and Lord Russell were ideal arbitrators. Perhaps the greatest impulse given in late years to arbitration, the circumstance best calculated to increase confidence in it, was Lord Alverstone's agreement with the representatives of the United States in regard to one capital point in the late inquiry as to the Alaska boundary.

No doubt there has been of late improvement in the character

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and procedure of arbitral tribunals. A higher standard is imposed and observed. It is barely conceivable that a question such as that which was decided at Geneva should come before such a tribunal as that which sat there in 1871; some of the members imperfectly acquainted with our language, and with little preliminary knowledge of the matters in dispute. Nor are we likely to see a repetition of the extra-forensic consultations which during some proceedings shocked English lawyers, accustomed to the strict observance of rules of etiquette which shut out invisible and underhand influences. It is not so long ago since judges in this and other countries conceived themselves to be the King's servants, in the sense that they were biassed in favour of the Crown. It is too soon to expect all international arbitrators to rise above the region of so-called patriotism. One change as to the constitution of such tribunals is going on. In the past, Sovereigns were, on the whole, preferred as arbitrators, especially by Continental countries, as likely to be exalted above petty interests. But there are serious objections to this choice, and probably such references will become rarer. In the first place, the proceedings before them go on very much in the dark. Even if, as may be assumed, care is taken to arrive at the truth, the decision does not command the same weight as one reached after full argument conducted before the world. The determination may in fact rest with some unknown person, competent or not, impartial or otherwise. The Sovereign consults his Ministers, who put the matter before the Foreign Office; and an obscure official may ultimately determine that which is of profound consequence to two countries. Often, too, Sovereigns have omitted to preface and support their decisions, unimpeachable in point of justice, by a full statement of the reasons which have influenced them. Awards lose much of their value when they are not fortified by reasoning. Further, experience of such awards is not wholly favourable. Some of those which have been most criticised have been made by Sovereigns.[9] On the whole, it would seem that the best tribunal is

[9] Mr. John Quincy Adams has some remarks on this point: 'The question upon the construction of the first article of the Ghent Treaty was merely a question of the grammatical meaning of a written sentence. Nothing could be more simple, and a Sovereign could decide it in person as well as by ministers or commissioners. But a complicated question about the north-west angle of Nova Scotia, the north-western-most head of Connecticut river, the geocentric latitude, charters of English colonies, proclamations and acts of Parliament, geographical surveys of North American wildernesses, and ridges of highlands dividing rivers that fall into the St. Lawrence from those that fall into the Atlantic Ocean, it is impossible that a sovereign absorbed in the cares of his own Government should have time or be willing to take upon himself the labour of acquainting himself with the merits of the dispute sufficiently to decide with justice, and in a satisfactory manner, either to himself or to the parties' (*Memoirs of John Quincy Adams*, 6, p. 42). M. Lapradelle's and M. Politis' remarks are to the same effect: 'Non seulement les solutions n'ont pas de motifs, ou ces motifs, de développements; mais, en elles-mêmes, elles n'ont pas de justesse. Les sentences de Guillaume I^er de Hollande (10 Janvier, 1831), de la

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one composed of lawyers hearing evidence in open court and giving reasons, subject to professional criticism, for their decisions. They are at least as likely to come to a right conclusion as any other class, and their decisions help to evolve a complete system of international law. This is at present the dominant type.[10]

This recalls another obstacle to the expansion of international arbitration. As to not a few questions the parties do not know what principles will be applied. A statesman may be excused if he sometimes hesitates to submit to arbitration grave questions while large parts of international law are obscure and unsettled. Such is still the case; it is strikingly true of a class of questions likely in these days to give rise to disputes. It is possible that at the close of this war Japan may make a claim against France for unduly sheltering or aiding Russian ships of war. Over such a controversy there would arise differences as to matters of principle. The code and practice of France as to this differ from ours and from those of Japan. These differences have been widely discussed; almost every expert has committed himself to an opinion upon them; and the selection of the arbitrators or umpire might be almost equivalent to the determination of the dispute. Private persons would shrink from arbitration if they did not know whether the law of Japan or of France was to be applied to the settlement of their disputes. The field for arbitration will be much enlarged when the rights and duties of neutral States are settled. Of another obstacle I write with hesitation, but it is too serious to be passed over in silence. The refusal of the Senate of the United States to ratify general treaties of arbitration with this country or with France or Italy may be justified on the ground that it would be an unconstitutional delegation of the Senate's powers.

Reine Victoria (1er Août, 1884), de Louis Napoléon (30 Novembre, 1852), méritent, quant au fond, les plus vives critiques. Celle de Guillaume III. de Hollande (13 Avril, 1852) n'est pas non plus parfaite, quoique infiniment moins critiquable. Les meilleures sentences de souverains sont celles d'Alexandre Ier de Russie (22 Avril, 1822), et du roi de Prusse Frédéric Guillaume IV. (30 Novembre, 1843). Mais la première subordonne la question de droit à la question de grammaire; la seconde, qui manque de motifs, bénéficie plutôt d'une heureuse coincidence que du juste sentiment des délicatesses de l'affaire. Les six arbitrages par souverains qui se placent dans la première période, que couvre ce volume, mettent tour à tour en jeu les plus belles questions de droit; celle de la nature juridique de l'*occupatio bellica* (1822); celle des pouvoirs de l'arbitre en matière de conteste territorial (1831); celle du blocus d'un territoire national en fonction de fermeture des ports; celle des effets de la déclaration de guerre, quant à la responsabilité du belligérant vis-à-vis de son adversaire, quant à l'expulsion des nationaux (1844), et quant à la transformation, en confiscation, du séquestre antérieur des navires (1844 et 13 Avril, 1832); celle de la responsabilité du neutre en cas d'agression d'un belligérant dans ses eaux (30 Avril, 1832). Mais ces théories de droit, si interéssantes, sont, la première écartée, la seconde incomprise, la troisième entrevue de loin, la quatrième et la cinquième mal saisies, la sixième prise à rebours.'

[10] MM. Lapradelle and Politis point out that certain groups of countries favour certain types of arbitration; *e.g.* Great Britain and the United States a mixed arbitral commission (p. 31).

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Or it may be explained as a protest against President Roosevelt's policy. The discussion of the treaties, however, reveals the existence of a minority, very small but active, now as in 1897, who think that the ratification of a treaty of arbitration with Great Britain would imperil a valuable national asset, the traditional hatred of her surviving in certain classes. That fact is a real impediment,[11] and it unfortunately exists in the country which has done so much for arbitration.

I add one word as to the procedure in arbitrations. We see, as the authors of the *Recueil* point out in their luminous introduction, a gradual evolution; arbitration ceasing to be diplomatic and becoming more and more judicial in character; arbitrators bound not to 'settle,' but to judge and to give reasons for their conclusion. Some questions which once gave trouble are no longer mooted; for example, whether arbitrators are free to determine the scope of the submission to them. There are well-understood usages as to taking evidence and as to the delivery of a case or memorandum and counter case or counter memorandum. A system of procedure already fairly complete has been evolved. But it is too soon to think of stereotyping it. Some friends of arbitration deprecate special treaties. 'Keep to the machinery of the Hague Convention,' they say. Arbitration, it seems to me, is much too big for this. Variety here means vitality and growth.

Looking back on the arbitrations of last century, they are seen not to be detached incidents in its history. We witness the formation of a new institution, a new organ for harmonious relations between States, with functions of its own; an evolution not unlike that which created ages ago in most countries tribunals for the settlement of domestic disputes. The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries gave the world permanent embassies, permanent means of conducting intercourse between nations. The eighteenth century at its close gave the rudiments of a rational law of neutrality. The nineteenth gave international arbitrations, which, in the words of William Penn, tend not a little 'to the rooting up of wars, and planting peace in a deep and fruitful soil.'

JOHN MACDONELL.

[11] 'Customary disfigurement at the hands of the United States Senate,' is Mr. Cleveland's phrase.—*Presidential Problems*, p. 277.

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THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER

No. CCCXXXIX—May 1905

THE DEFENCE OF THE EMPIRE

I.—*IS OUR RESERVE OF WAR-SHIPS AMPLE?*

So much has been spoken and written during the last four months in connection with the revision of the list of effective British war-ships that one hesitates before making a contribution to the subject. Careful investigation has convinced me, however, that there is still a widespread misunderstanding in regard to some of the changes made or in progress, and that this has been due largely to imperfect or contradictory statements made officially at different times. It has been exaggerated, no doubt, by numerous officious, if unauthorised, articles that have appeared in the daily Press and the Reviews, joining in a chorus of unstinted praise for action of which the bare outlines had been announced. For official details of that action the public had to wait three months from the publication of Lord Selborne's Memorandum in December last, and the final Parliamentary Papers on the subject did not appear until late in March.

The late First Lord's statement on the Navy Estimates, his

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'swan-song' in the House of Lords, the naval debates in the House of Commons, and the Naval Appropriation and Expense Accounts have all added information of a character that assists the formation of a definite judgment, and it is now proposed to examine these statements. For one whose life-work has been chiefly devoted to naval construction the subject naturally has great interest; and the conclusions which have been reached by the writer, after careful study of available information, may possibly have some claim to consideration. They represent the honest and deep conviction of one who desires above all else the maintenance of our naval supremacy, and may claim a special knowledge of naval *matériel* in the war-fleets of the world.

The provision of an ample *reserve of ships* is undoubtedly an essential condition in the maintenance of naval supremacy. Much more has been said in regard to reserves of *personnel* for the Royal Navy than in regard to reserves of ships; but it may be questioned whether, under existing conditions, greater importance does not attach to reserves of ships. Our continuous-service system gives to the Royal Navy a much larger supply of thoroughly trained men, capable of using and maintaining the delicate mechanisms and weapons of precision abounding in war-ships, than is possessed by any foreign navy, and these trained men can be rapidly supplemented by sufficient numbers of other and less-thoroughly trained men, even when our strongest fleet has to be equipped. But, unless adequate reserves of war-ships are maintained and kept ready for service, they cannot be extemporised or adapted from other classes of ships; and if the utmost possible rapidity of construction is secured, the period necessary for building even the smaller classes of war-ships much exceeds the time that would be available for making good the waste of war. More than a year is required to build a small cruiser or destroyer; two or three years are needed to build large cruisers and battle-ships; and in a naval campaign, as recent events have demonstrated afresh, much may happen in two or three months.

Lord Selborne, in his first Memorandum, emphasised 'the importance of having the whole Fleet ready for war, in the sense of being ready to deal an immediate blow.' He associated this statement with a description of arrangements to be made for redistributing ships in commission and for giving 'nucleus crews' to 'ships in commission in reserve.' The principle applies no less to our reserve of ships not in commission, which, so far as fighting and steaming qualities are concerned, ought to be held ready for use at short notice if they are really to be of service. The doctrine that the first blows delivered in a naval war should be swift and heavy is no novelty. It has been a recognised principle in our naval policy for many years. As new and more powerful ships have been completed since the Naval Defence Act 1889 they have been

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commissioned and attached to the principal squadrons, so that the first blow might be as swift and heavy as possible. When the *Royal Sovereign* class became available for service, the *Admiral* class fell back into the second rank. The *Royal Sovereigns* in their turn gave place to *Majestics*, and the *Majestics* to *Formidables*, while the *King Edward* class are now coming into the front rank. Similarly with cruisers: protected vessels of the *Blake* and *Edgar* classes were followed by *Diadems*; then the *Cressy* class of armoured cruisers took precedence of the *Diadems*, and they have been succeeded by the *Drake* class, of greater power and speed; while the *County* class has been multiplied and now occupies the place previously taken by the *Diadems*. But when full effect has been given to this principle, and British fleets in commission have been constituted of the most modern and powerful units available—so as to be superior in power, mobility, and distribution to any fleets that can be opposed to them at the outbreak of a war—it still remains true that there is need for an ample reserve of ships. The process of damaging and destroying an enemy's first line will inevitably make serious gaps in our own most powerful effective force. A courageous enemy, with a much inferior force, may make the victor issue from the combat with many important ships so damaged as to be long unfit for further service, until costly repairs have been effected; while total losses of ships are practically unavoidable in a hard-fought action. The conditions of Nelson's days no longer prevail: war-ships are not practically self-contained, they cannot draw off after a fight, repair damages with their own resources, and carry on long campaigns without return to properly equipped bases. Recent events in the Far East have only emphasised conditions which were clearly understood, and given fresh data for estimating 'wastage' in active war-service. The absolute necessity for a reserve of ships ready to fill gaps in the fighting line has been demonstrated afresh together with the fact that vessels of earlier types, held in reserve, increase in relative value as war makes ravages in the ranks of the more recent and powerful vessels. Ships treated as obsolete or worthless at the outset may assume great importance as a war progresses.

Increase in the power of artillery and explosives, and the extended use of under-water attacks—by mines, locomotive torpedoes, and submarines—have rendered greater the probability of serious damage to structures, armament, and equipment. Developments of mechanical power and of elaborate, as well as delicate, organisms in armament and equipment have enlarged the risks of injury to offensive power and manœuvring capability, and have added seriously to the time and cost of making repairs. Both sides engaged in a conflict must suffer; but it is undoubted that supremacy on the high seas can only be assured by considerable superiority in numbers, as well as in

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the power of individual ships of the several classes. The British Navy ought, therefore, to possess such a reserve of ships available for service that, after a campaign with a powerful enemy, its effective force shall still be able to meet, with assurance of success, any fleet which is likely to be brought against it; even if that fleet has not been engaged in the earlier stages of the war, and consequently remains practically intact; while many of our ships will be war-worn and to some extent deteriorated. These are the common-sense considerations which have governed our naval policy for nearly twenty years, and have led to the retention on the effective list (although in admittedly inferior categories) of a considerable number of vessels belonging to various classes which had passed, by lapse of time, through the process of gradual degradation in rank above described. It has been recognised that, as 'in the kingdom of the blind the one-eyed man is king,' so in the last stages of a great naval struggle these ships might play a decisive part.

Other navies have followed our lead in this policy of accumulating a reserve of ships. France keeps on her effective list of first-class battle-ships vessels like the *Duperré* and *Dévastation*, launched in 1879; she spends large sums on the maintenance or reconstruction of smaller armoured vessels, like the *Requin* class laid down twenty-five years ago, and keeps cruisers which are twenty years old in commission or reserve. Germany is carrying out a great programme of new construction, based on the assumption that twenty-five years is the useful life of a battle-ship, twenty years for a large cruiser, and fifteen years for small cruisers; but meanwhile has built up a valuable reserve by repairing and reconstructing battle-ships of early types (such as the *Sachsen* class, launched 1877–8) and cruisers which are twenty years old. Italy has not struck off the effective list the *Italia*, launched in 1880, or the *Dandolo*, launched two years earlier, and still retains cruisers launched twenty years ago. Japan finds use for vessels quite as old, although its first line consists of splendid modern vessels. Russia has carried further the policy of retention of ships on the effective list, and is now making use of her older vessels of the Baltic Fleet; the value of these ships has been emphasised by Captain Klado in his recently published book, which may be commended to all who are interested in naval affairs. In short, there is universal agreement that a reserve of ships is a most valuable asset in naval force, and that such a reserve should not be lightly reduced.

In deciding what ships shall be maintained on the effective list of the Royal Navy it is obviously necessary to take into consideration the ages, characteristics, and qualities of corresponding reserves in foreign fleets, and not to limit comparisons to the most modern types. In the history of every vessel, whether built for war or commerce, there comes a time, of course, when she must be set

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aside as unfit for future service. Steel hulls are so durable, when properly cared for, that modern ships do not wear out as wooden ships did. The period of active service has therefore to be determined by other conditions than durability. For merchant ships there is the commercial test: if a ship does not retain her power of profit-earning, in competition with other ships, she disappears. For war-ships there is no such commercial standard; authorities who have to decide when active service shall be terminated for particular ships, or classes of ships, must be guided by consideration of the possible use which may be made of individual vessels in war, and whether their present fighting value justifies retention and consequent expenditure on maintenance and repairs. The Admiralty necessarily has to take this responsibility for His Majesty's ships: and it may be presumed that, before striking ships off the effective list, all the foregoing considerations are weighed by the Board. But, while recognising that responsibility and the necessity for leaving it unimpaired, there is no impropriety in examining the official statements made by Parliamentary representatives of the Admiralty, and seeing how far the action taken and explanations given are in accord with recognised principles or avowed policy.

The value of a reserve of ships depends greatly upon the methods adopted for their maintenance in effective condition, and readiness for immediate employment in case of war. Changes have been introduced recently in these arrangements; and it may assist those unfamiliar with the subject if a brief explanation is given of the system previously in force, and that recently substituted for it. In 1891, when the Naval Defence Programme began to bring new ships into service, a reorganisation of the Reserve was carried out by Lord George Hamilton, then First Lord. Particulars can be found in his statement on the Navy Estimates for 1892–3. The main features were as follow: All effective ships and torpedo-boats not in commission were to be placed under the orders of commanders-in-chief in the home ports so as to constitute a Fleet Reserve. Ships building or undergoing extensive repairs and refits were to remain in the charge of the dockyards; when completed they passed into the Fleet Reserve. Two main divisions were recognised in that reserve: first, that in which vessels were held ready for mobilisation and immediate commissioning; second, that including ships which required moderate repairs and alterations that made the vessels unfit for immediate commissioning, although they would remain in that state for comparatively short periods. It was intended to keep crews available for all vessels in the Fleet Reserve so that they could be rapidly mobilised: and it was laid down as desirable that a certain proportion of the engine-room and artisan ratings and marines should be assigned to each ship in the Reserve, for care and maintenance duties; men so assigned were to continue part of the

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full complement when ships to which they had been attached were commissioned. This provision was intended to ensure that some portions of the crews should have obtained thorough knowledge of the machinery and armaments of the ships before commissioning. While ships were in reserve the crews did not live on board, but were accommodated in special depôt ships. At Portsmouth and Chatham most of the Fleet Reserve ships were kept in the dockyard basins, but at Devonport they lay in the Hamoaze. In this manner Lord George Hamilton and his colleagues hoped to constitute 'a ready reserve of different classes, the strength of which may be regulated from time to time as desirable.' Lord Spencer carried on and extended the system, and expressed the opinion (in 1894) that 'for ships in the Fleet Reserve skeleton crews are needed to render them ready for service within a few hours of mobilisation.' Possibly the long-established custom of the French Navy which gave skeleton crews to their first reserve ships, and at stated periods completed the complements and assembled squadrons for training, may have had something to do with this expression of opinion. Whether this was the case or not, it is well known that, owing to the rapid development of the fleet since 1891, and to the comparatively long period of training required for corresponding additions to the *personnel* of the Royal Navy, the intentions of the founders of the Fleet Reserve have never been fulfilled, nor has the system been given complete or thorough trial. On the whole, it has done well; and Lord Selborne, in his recent Memorandum, recorded his opinion that, while changes were necessary, the arrangements for mobilisation 'have worked smoothly and quickly, and the ships have been commissioned and proceeded to sea within the specified number of hours.' No doubt these mobilisations have usually been made under favourable conditions, the approximate dates having been known beforehand. But, after making all allowances, it must be admitted that the Fleet Reserve regulations, on the whole, proved successful in enabling ships to be rapidly mobilised. Lord Selborne, however, added a frank confession when he said that the

> Board of Admiralty have never been able to retain at home a proportion of the *personnel* of the Navy sufficient to keep the ships of the Fleet Reserve in such perfect condition that on mobilisation for war they would feel confident that there would be no mishaps to the machinery on first commissioning; nor have the newly-commissioned crews had sufficient opportunity to acquaint themselves with the innumerable details which go to make up what may be called the individuality of the ship.

That is to say, there has been hitherto such a 'shortage' of trained men available for Fleet Reserve duties that the fundamental condition above stated—viz. the assignation to each ship of a certain proportion of the engine-room or other ratings and their retention in that ship when she was commissioned—has not been carried out in

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practice. The real want has been men, not method, so far as the facts stated enable an opinion to be formed. The main principles of the scheme started in 1891 appear sound and permanent, and adequate for the proper maintenance of a reserve of ships. There will always be three classes on the effective list of the Royal Navy and any other fleet: viz. ships ready for sudden calls, ships available after short periods because moderate repairs are necessary, and ships in dockyard hands for large repairs. There will always be a need for 'regulating the Reserve from time to time' as conditions change, and for striking ships off the effective list as they diminish in fighting value and become more expensive in maintenance. It will always be necessary to have a proportion of the crews accustomed to the ships and familiar with their machinery and armaments if mishaps are to be minimised; and that result can only be secured by assigning special ratings and certain officers to ships in reserve and retaining them in these appointments when ships are commissioned.

The plan now to be tried aims at the same objects, but provides for keeping ships in reserve in commission, and gives to each vessel 'a captain, a second in command, a proportion of other officers,' including engineers, gunnery, navigating and torpedo officers: 'all the more expert ratings' are to be included also: what is termed a 'nucleus crew,' like that of the French reserve squadrons; differing in name, but not in principle, from Lord Spencer's 'skeleton crews.'. If these skeleton crews are made up to 40 per cent. of the full complements, as proposed, and are maintained without serious disturbance on board the respective ships, undoubtedly considerable advantage should result; more thorough maintenance of efficiency should be secured because of the numbers borne and the familiarity of officers and men with their surroundings.. In each port the ships in commission in reserve are to constitute a group under the command of a Flag officer, who is held responsible for its efficiency and takes command in active service. Time alone can show whether the prescribed conditions will be fulfilled. As yet there has been only preliminary work, and little authentic information is available in regard to the numbers and ratings actually borne in the 'ships in commission in reserve'; we are not told how close an approach has been made to 40 per cent. of the full complements, and whether officers and men, after appointment to individual ships, have been left undisturbed or removed to meet more pressing needs in commissioned ships on active service. Rumours there are in abundance, and some to the effect that as yet the intentions of the new scheme have not been approached. Judgment must be suspended until experience has been gained; but everyone interested in the Royal Navy will hope that this new departure may have a better chance of full and fair trial than its predecessors had, in consequence of 'shortage' of men in relation to the growing demands

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of the new Fleet. Other features of the scheme, no doubt, will have considerable influence on its future; but as the purpose of this paper is to deal with our naval *matériel* and its maintenance, these will not be discussed. The first cruises of the several squadrons of the Reserve have been made, and are stated to have been satisfactory. Much has been alleged as to the superiority of results already obtained on these cruises as compared with corresponding mobilisations under the older scheme. These claims, however, have no official sanction or support, and may be dismissed as resting upon experience insufficient to justify any comparisons or definite conclusions. In a few years the truth will be known, and meanwhile the reasonable course is to suspend judgment.

Turning to the consideration of recent changes in the Effective List of ships in the Royal Navy as disclosed by official documents issued in March, one finds a remarkable contrast between the facts and the popular impression on the subject, produced by speeches and publications during the previous three months. Until these returns were available there was considerable uncertainty as to the action of the Admiralty. In his Memorandum of December last Lord Selborne made some general statements of policy: the circular letter issued simultaneously to commanders-in-chief contained fuller particulars of the future mobilisation and distribution of the Fleet, and added some facts as to the constitution of the Effective List of ships; but the information given was incomplete. The *Navy List* for January classified the Fleet, and gave particulars for ships in commission, at sea and in reserve: while it enumerated 126 'vessels available for subsidiary services, hulks, and vessels for sale.' The latter list apparently had been hastily prepared, and contained some obvious errors which have since been rectified; but it gave evidence of the intention of the Admiralty to remove from the Effective List a number of vessels of comparatively modern type. Immediately the Press teemed with statements as to the ships which would be 'thrown on the scrap-heap' and the enormous economies which would result. Lists of the condemned vessels were published, with estimates of their capital value and the economies on repairs and maintenance that would follow upon their disappearance. Nothing less than a revolution, according to these writers, would be effected by the change in policy; and, either directly or by inference, the previous policy and its administrators were condemned in the most sweeping fashion. Probably there never was a more general chorus of approval, or higher estimate of official action, than occurred on this occasion; but all the time careful students of official utterances realised that there was still a lack of facts authoritatively stated by responsible persons. On the 12th of January the Prime Minister spoke at Glasgow, and dealt at length with the changes about to be made in the distribution and mobilisation of the Fleet, which changes

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he described in the phrase 'of all the reforms which have taken place since the time of Nelson this is perhaps the biggest that has yet been made.' In regard to the removal of ships from the Effective List, Mr. Balfour said that the Government had

> abolished 180 vessels—my figures are not exact, I speak from memory—180 vessels that figured upon the list of the British Navy. They have in so doing made an economy. They have not weakened in the process for the mere sake of saving so many hundreds of thousands or millions a year, for they have not sacrificed the strength of the force on which the very being of this country depends. (A voice: 'Good riddance of bad rubbish.') That brief interruption puts even more concisely and pithily than I can do one of the aspects, but only one of the aspects, of the great reform. It is not merely that the Board of Admiralty have laid down the rules that a ship, however useful in time of peace—and we have to do, it must be admitted, a great deal of small police work in a time of peace for diplomatic or other purposes—is not only useless but worse than useless in time of war. If it possesses neither fighting power nor speed it is merely a ship which exists to embarrass British admirals and to discredit the British flag. Well, with one courageous stroke of the pen, as it were, these ships have been removed; the cost of their maintenance, the cost of their repairs—I will not give the figure to which it comes; it is a very big one—are all struck off the annual Estimates.

This statement, coming from the Prime Minister and President of the Committee of Imperial Defence, naturally attracted great attention. It was taken to indicate that the Government, before deciding on their action, had had presented to them a complete and well-considered scheme, containing particulars of ships to be abolished and of economies consequent upon their removal from the Effective List. Mr. Balfour, it is true, spoke from memory, and did not profess to make exact statements in respect to numbers or economies, but the general impression was undoubtedly as described, and reasonably so under the circumstances. It was natural, therefore, to expect when the Navy Estimates for 1905–6 were published that they would either contain or be accompanied by detailed information in regard to ships to be struck off the Effective List, and the resultant economies anticipated in expenditure on maintenance and repairs which had impressed Mr. Balfour so deeply as 'a very big one.'

This expectation was not fulfilled: no information was given until it was moved for by Mr. Edmund Robertson, formerly Civil Lord of the Admiralty under Lord Spencer; and up to the present time, although the point has been pressed repeatedly in the naval debates, no exact or even approximate estimate has been put forward for the savings which will be effected by the removal of ships from the Effective List of which so much has been heard. The official view, as expressed in the debates by the Financial Secretary to the Admiralty, Mr. Pretyman, amounts to this: there must be a large economy, and any exact estimate or even a close approximation is therefore comparatively unimportant. Obviously the fair

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conclusion from Mr. Balfour's speech was that he had been impressed by some figure, and, without committing himself to the mention of any specific sum, he desired to impress his hearers and the public with the 'very big' economy which would be obtained without sacrifice of efficiency.

The public has a right to know whether or not an estimate was made of the economy to be obtained by removing certain ships from the Effective List; if it was made, what was the approximate amount, and whether this anticipated saving had influence on the decision to get rid of the ships. Lord Selborne did not allude directly to the amount of possible economy: in fact, he seemed to attach greater importance to the fact that officers and men now serving in some of the vessels would be made available for nucleus crews of ships in commission in reserve; his actual words were as follows:

> In order to provide the *personnel* for all these purposes [*i.e.* the new arrangements for nucleus crews, &c., of ships in reserve] a certain number of ships of comparatively small fighting value have been or will be withdrawn from commission, but care has been taken to leave enough ships on every station for the adequate performance of, what I may call, peace duties of Imperial police; and the four cruiser squadrons will be employed to show the flag in imposing force wherever it may be deemed to be politically or strategically advisable.

From the returns presented to Parliament, however, one cannot even ascertain what is the number of men who have been set free for service in nucleus crews.

It would be easy to give many illustrations of the general impression that the removal of ships from the Effective List has much to do with the reduction of three and a half millions in the Navy Estimates for the present financial year. One of the latest must suffice. Lord Glasgow, in his presidential address at the Institution of Naval Architects on the 12th of April, said that this reduction was accounted for 'partly by the fact that the *Swiftsure* and *Triumph* had already been paid for, and *partly by the saving in the repairs bill of the Fleet*, brought about by the decision to abandon the costly upkeep of certain obsolete vessels.' This statement was made, it will be noted, after the publication of official documents showing clearly that the reduction in the estimates was chiefly due to the following items: On new construction (about) two and a quarter millions; on armaments 660,000*l.*; and on sea-stores about 109,000*l.*: a total of about three millions sterling having no connection with repairs. The decrease on the provision for repairs is a little over 500,000*l.*, and it was explained by Lord Selborne in his statement on the Navy Estimates for 1905–6 that, 'as the arrears in the repairs of the Fleet have been mastered and are a thing of the past,' it was no longer necessary to continue the

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large expenditure of the years immediately preceding, or to call in the further aid of private firms to whom large sums had been paid for repairing-work. Mr. Pretyman in the House of Commons' debate virtually admitted that the reduction on repairs this year was not chiefly or largely accounted for by the removal of ships from the Effective List. When Mr. McCrae asked for particulars of diminished expenditure on Votes 8 and 9, the Financial Secretary said that it was difficult to answer the question, but that 'the main reductions were due to the swelling of the votes last year.' Further he said that the 'exact economy, measured in pounds, shillings, and pence, by the withdrawal of ships and saving in repairs could not be calculated without a great deal of labour'; from which remark it may be inferred that an exact estimate of the saving, or even a close approximation, has not been made in the department. Mr. McCrae then asked for a round sum, and suggested that the saving attributable to the new scheme could not exceed 100,000*l.* out of the total reduction of three and a half millions, but Mr. Pretyman made no answer. Yet, with these facts in evidence and readily ascertainable, Lord Glasgow, who is unusually well-informed in naval matters and was speaking to a professional audience, evidently shared the general impression of the public that one great cause of economy in this year's Estimates was the removal of obsolete ships on which large expenditure for repairs would have been incurred under the previous system. One is hardly sanguine enough to hope that the impression having been fostered for months past by numerous unauthorised and imperfectly informed writers will be removed by any statement of facts, but it seems desirable to make the correction even if it has little effect on the mind of the public.

The Parliamentary Papers obtained by Mr. Robertson were incomplete during the progress of the naval debates, and this is an additional reason for studying them closely. Returns No. 74 (Parts 1 and 2) and No. 77 are of great interest, especially when treated as an explanatory appendix to Mr. Balfour's speech at Glasgow, and as illustrations of the views expressed by the Financial Secretary of the Admiralty in the recent debates. Return 74 was asked for in order to obtain particulars of names, ages, original costs, and cost of repairs of vessels struck off the Effective List; Return 77 required information as to dates of completion, costs and complements of protected and unprotected cruisers *not* struck off the Effective List. The first fact which strikes an inquirer as singular is that sixteen vessels (ten second-class and six third-class protected cruisers) appear on both lists. Lord Selborne explained this fact by stating that he objected to the 'headings' given by Mr. Robertson for his Returns, because they did not recognise the existence of a 'middle class' of ships intermediate between those in 'the fighting line and those not in the fighting line.' This middle class, Lord Selborne explained,

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had been created in the recent re-classification of the Fleet by the Admiralty; and, in order that the intentions of the Board may be understood, Lord Selborne's own words shall be quoted:

> Roughly there are only two classes of ships: the ships in the fighting line and those not in the fighting line. Though the first class are not all going to be used immediately a state of war is declared, they are all effective fighting ships. Now as long as a ship was classified under the fighting fleet the obvious duty of the Controller of the Navy was to keep her absolutely repaired. He could not tell when war was going to take place. It might take place within the next few months, and then he would be responsible if that ship was not in effective fighting order. The consequence—I freely admit it—was that considerable sums were spent on ships that shortly afterwards were put on the sale list. Now one of the reasons, though not the only reason, for the re-classification of ships has been from the point of view of economy, to establish an intermediate class of ships that are still combatant ships, but which are approaching the time when they will be struck off the effective fighting list. On that middle class it has been decided not to spend money on repairs, so that in future it will be impossible to find ships on the sale list upon which a few years before a large sum of money has been spent. But it must not be implied that these ships of the middle class are of no use. On the contrary, these ships would be employed to supply the waste of war. If war were to break out they would not be immediately manned, but they would be brought to the dockyards near which they lie for the necessary repairs, and they would come in to supply the waste in war. They are by no means rubbish.

Lord Selborne then went on to state that Russia and Japan had found all classes of ships useful in the present war, including those used, not for fighting, but for subsidiary purposes of the fleet.

This statement is intelligible, although the policy it describes is one from which the present writer strongly dissents, believing that it could not in practice give the results intended. Lord Selborne evidently took great pains with his explanation, and there was urgent need for it after what had happened in the debate on the Navy Estimates in the House of Commons. The Financial Secretary, no doubt with a view to relieving the dulness of the proceedings, applied to this 'middle class' another designation, based upon a well-worn American joke, originally applied to humankind. Mr. Pretyman said, 'There is an intermediate class of ships of which a naval officer rather wittily said, "They are neither sheep nor goats; they are llamas." There has been a "llama" class created.' All through the debate this terminology was freely used, but it did not seem to assist members to understand better the functions which the class were to fulfil, or to clear up the difficulty of their classification both as 'struck off' and '*not* struck off.' Indeed, the Financial Secretary himself was lacking in definiteness, and his hearers might be pardoned if they failed to obtain full understanding of what the Admiralty intended. On the first occasion, when no Returns had been presented, Mr. Pretyman stated that the Admiralty had removed certain ships 'from the first line of battle,' and added:

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The Prime Minister said they numbered 130, but I believe he was under the number; I think the number is something like 160 removed from the first line —that they are removed altogether. I may say here that in removing these ships it does not mean that they are all necessarily obsolete and useless for any purposes of war.

At a later stage of the debate, after incomplete Returns were available, the Financial Secretary said that he wished to correct a misapprehension;

he himself had used rather a loose expression in stating that 160 ships had been withdrawn from the fighting line. That was not so. A large proportion of these ships had not been in the fighting line for a long time. He should have said ships in use and commission. The number of ships which had been withdrawn from the fighting line was much smaller than it had been supposed to be.

This supposition rested, of course, on the explicit statement previously made by the official representative of the Admiralty in describing to the House of Commons the salient features of what he termed a 'great scheme of reform' in which 'the elimination of out-of-date ships' formed an important feature. On such an occasion strict accuracy of statement was obviously desirable, especially as no returns of the ships struck off the Effective List were then available: but accuracy was not realised.

In this matter, as in that of economies to be obtained by eliminating ships from the Effective List, there is a large amount of misunderstanding in the public mind, and amongst men specially interested in naval affairs there are many who still firmly believe that large numbers of obsolete ships until recently reckoned as available for 'the fighting line' have been removed, while efficiency as well as economy have been increased. Mr. Balfour's speech and the Press comments thereon have chiefly contributed to this result, and the impression is probably too deep to be readily effaced. Still it is well to ascertain and summarise the real facts of the case as now stated in Parliamentary Papers.

Return 74 shows a total of 155 'vessels struck off the Effective List'; this compares with Mr. Balfour's approximate total of 130. Of these, 27 vessels (classed 1*b*) are the 'middle class' of Lord Selborne and the 'llamas' of Mr. Pretyman. They are regarded as of 'comparatively small fighting value,' but their armaments have not been surrendered and they are presumably the force which the Admiralty treats as available to 'repair the waste of war.' We will return to them hereafter. Deducting them, there remain 128 vessels, made up of the following groups:—Group 2*a*. Ships which are available for subsidiary purposes of war: total number 36. Group 2*b*. Troop and store ships &c., total number 2. Groups 3 and 4, vessels obsolete, for sale and sold; guard, receiving, stationary school ships, &c.: total number 90.

It is not stated whether the armaments have been surrendered

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for the 36 ships in Group 2*a* reckoned still available for subsidiary purposes of war. In the group there are 2 second-class cruisers completed about twenty years ago, and 2 third-class cruisers completed in 1886–88. The group includes also 15 sloops, of which 9 have been completed quite recently (in 1900–4) and 4 were completed in 1895–99; the other two are of older types, one being the *Racer*, which is now a stationary training-ship at Osborne, and the other the *Melita* in Devonport Reserve: neither of them has any fighting value. Sixteen gunboats appear in the list; 3 of these (the *Dwarf* class) were completed for special service as lately as 1899–1900, while the torpedo-gunboats *Onyx* (completed in 1894) and *Rattlesnake* (1897) are the only representatives of that class. The remaining gunboats date from 1882 to 1890, and are chiefly of the sea-going type, with good sail-power, which have been employed on distant stations for so-called 'police' duties. On one of these (the *Thrush*), which originally cost about 41,000*l*., 13,000*l*. has just been spent on a complete refit; on the *Rattler* over 16,000*l*. was spent in 1900–1, and on the *Magpie* 8200*l*. in 1899–1900. These gunboats and sloops, no doubt, constitute the chief part of the vessels to which Lord Selborne alluded as 'of comparatively small fighting value [which] have been or will be withdrawn from commission; but care has been taken to leave enough ships on every station for the adequate performance of . . . peace duties of Imperial police.' Cruiser squadrons, it is added, 'will be employed to show the flag in imposing force wherever it may be deemed to be politically or strategically advisable.'

Without entering into a discussion of the redistribution of the Fleet, which lies outside the purpose of this paper, it may be remarked that this scheme involves an abandonment of the principle, accepted for a century at least, which has maintained on distant stations for the protection of British interests a considerable number of small and lightly armed vessels of comparatively shallow draught. No one has imagined that such vessels had great fighting value, or that they would form units in the first line; but to speak of them as sources of weakness rather than as useful items in the Fleet is to ignore experience and the teachings of history. It has always been true and will always remain true that a war-fleet must include vessels of many types, and that the less powerful vessels will be at the mercy of the more powerful. Brigs surrendered to frigates, and frigates to battle-ships, in former days, without disgrace if they could not get away, yet brigs and frigates were multiplied. The policy of construction for our modern small craft was thoroughly reconsidered less than ten years ago by a Board of Admiralty very strongly constituted, and as a result it was decided to build a certain number of the sloops now set aside in Group 2*a*, and to supplement them by shallow-draught gunboats of the *Dwarf* type, specially adapted for

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the African coast or river service, as well as by very light-draught gunboats which have been found valuable on the Niger, the Yang-tse, and elsewhere. This carefully-framed scheme, based on large experience, is now set aside, for reasons which are certainly not conclusive to many authorities. Vessels which are practically new have been put out of commission and many are laid up at foreign ports or at home with only caretakers on board, and will certainly deteriorate rapidly. The Pacific Station is left to the protection of the *Shearwater* sloop, the West Coast of Africa to the gunboat *Dwarf*, and in the West Indies for a part of the year British interests will be protected by one third-class cruiser. The south-east coast of America has no permanent protection. As to the occasional showing of the flag by an imposing force of modern cruisers, it may be observed that their draught of water absolutely precludes access to many important regions, even if they could be detached from the fleets to which three of the cruiser squadrons are to be affiliated. No doubt the advent of wireless telegraphy has introduced new conditions, although it has already been demonstrated that confusion and difficulty in its working may be introduced by a skilful enemy. But with wireless telegraphy at its best, and with the swiftest cruisers afloat, distance cannot be annihilated; nor can a squadron of cruisers be made to fulfil simultaneously its essential services with a fleet and detached service in showing the flag. Lord Selborne, in his last speech in the House of Lords, when challenged by Lord Spencer on this point, expressed the opinion that there would be no practical difficulty in realising this double function, because he believed that 'a great war is not going to drop from the sky on a day when there is no diplomatic cloud on the horizon,' and because it would be 'easy to recall them'—say, from the other side of the Atlantic. No doubt with wireless telegraphy, if the enemy does not confuse and interrupt, a First Sea Lord

> can call squadrons from the vasty deep:
> But will they come

in time and in condition to be of service? Even the most recent and powerful armoured cruisers afloat—my last designed vessels of the *Drake* class—can only cross the Atlantic at a speed which involves a week's hard steaming in fair weather, and no one can ensure fair weather at sea. But if this condition were fulfilled, after the squadron's arrival, further time would be occupied in coaling and getting ready for service with the fleet, and meanwhile the fleet could not act without its 'eyes.' Nor does it appear that, in proportion to the number of battle-ships in our various fleets, we have any armoured and powerful protected cruisers to spare when the needs of the fleets in scouts and the requirements of commerce-protection have been met.

In short, there is good reason for concluding that the new scheme

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really involves the practical abandonment of the time-honoured principle of local protection of British interests, and that the display of the flag in imposing force will be more honoured in the breach than in the observance. Lord Selborne's doctrine as to ample notice of a naval war, as applied in this connection, stands in strong contrast to what has been said by himself and the Prime Minister on other occasions as to the immediate readiness of our Fleet for the operations of war being the cardinal principle of the new scheme. Further, it is well worth notice that, simultaneously with this change in British policy, Germany is said to be proceeding on contrary lines. While we are withdrawing our small vessels, Germany is reported to be increasing her corresponding force, and the necessity for strengthening the so-called 'Colonial' element of her fleet is emphasised by various authorities, while care is being taken to maintain in serviceable condition vessels of these classes now on the German Navy List. No one would suggest that we should permit our policy to be determined by that of foreign navies; but it is equally necessary to scrutinise carefully what they are doing before deciding. At present little harm has been done by laying up our smaller ships, but if they are treated as proposed this cannot long remain true; and a high price may have to be paid for restoring them to an efficient condition, even if it could be done in time to be of service.

Lord Selborne thought that 'we have left sufficient [small craft] for the work they are called upon to do; but as to that experience will show.' On this point it may be remarked that if a reduction in numbers had been determined on as desirable, it could just as well have been made by gradual and successive steps as by the sudden method and telegraphic orders actually adopted. There was no urgency or sudden need for action: gradual change would have given equal experience, with the absence of risks inevitable when sweeping alterations are made in haste. Lord Goschen did not exaggerate when he said that the recent change of policy had probably 'been carried out in a too sensational and slap-dash manner.' He might have added that there was no sufficient reason for such hurried action. On the other side, official apologists urge that the scheme must be considered as a whole and that the commissioning of ships in reserve at an early date was important, while the provision of nucleus crews demanded the paying-off of smaller and less important vessels in order to release their officers and men. Lord Selborne explicitly connected these changes in his statement on the Navy Estimates. Mr. Robertson asked for the aggregate complement of officers and men corresponding to the vessels struck off the Effective List; and this portion of Return 74, Part II., is, perhaps, the most singular, if not misleading, information given. The total aggregate complement given at the foot of the Return is 30,748; and a note states that this number is 'calculated from the estimated

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complement of the ships if commissioned for sea-service.' Then follows an explanation which is all-important:

> It must not, however, be assumed that this number of men has been set free for use in other ships. Some of these vessels have had no complement assigned to them during the last ten years, and others would not have been employed in time of war, and have not, therefore, been recently considered in assessing the total requirements of officers and men.

That is to say, the 30,000 is a purely hypothetical estimate, and conveys no idea of the number of men actually made available for service in other ships by recent eliminations of ships from the effective lists. As to the actual number of men made available, the Return is valueless. Lord Spencer, in the House of Lords, asked for specific information on this matter, and Lord Selborne referred him to the Return about to be issued, but it is not to be found there; and the knowledge is so important that it should be made public on official authority. An estimate, no doubt, can be made with close approximation by anyone familiar with the subject, but this is not a satisfactory method, as the matter is one of an official character.

What can be stated absolutely is that the actual number of men made available is a small fraction of the 30,000 named on the Return, and no good purpose was served by stating that figure. Further, it seems singular that the Navy Estimates for 1905–6 should provide for a reduction of 2100 men, and explicitly associate it with 'the policy . . . of eliminating as many ships as possible that would be comparatively ineffective fighting factors in time of war,' if there was such urgency in the constitution of the nucleus crews of ships in commission in reserve.

This footnote naturally suggests a closer scrutiny of the vessels in Groups 3 and 4, obsolete and stationary ships—which make up no fewer than 90 out of the 128 ships struck off the Effective List. These ships stand in their official classification, and to the ordinary reader this may cause some misapprehension. A few explanatory remarks may therefore be of service. Six armoured vessels head the list; all of these had been previously struck off the Effective List, and did not appear in Sir Charles Dilke's Return two years ago. Mr. Pretyman recently stated, in answer to Mr. Buchanan, that 18 other ships mentioned in this Return had been previously classified in official Parliamentary Papers as 'unfit for service.' The 'courageous stroke of the pen,' consequently, only 'slew the slain' so far as these vessels were concerned. Another notable fact is that 27 out of the vessels now struck off are hulks or stationary ships, some of them having been sailing training-vessels. Amongst these figures the *Royal Adelaide*, completed in 1828; the *Lion*, completed in 1847; and the *Implacable*, for which there is 'no record.' Can it be that complements have been estimated for these veterans, on the basis of their being commissioned for sea-service? Again, one finds

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grouped with second-class cruisers the *Active*, *Boadicea*, and *Raleigh*, completed about thirty years ago, and for years past only used for sea-going training purposes; and the *Northampton*, a first-class cruiser retained for similar service. Naturally, when training in sailing ships disappeared, the vessels used for that purpose disappeared also; but they have not been reckoned as effective fighting ships for years past. There are 16 gun-vessels and gunboats, some dating back to the Crimean War, which have been used for miscellaneous services in harbours or on the coast. One of these (the *Fancy*) has been used as a 'drying-room' for a boys' training-ship at Portsmouth; others belong to the small coast-defence type, of which a large number were built on the pattern of the *Staunch* and generally laid up at Haslar, or used as tenders to gunnery-ships; and a few belong to more modern sea-going classes. In this fashion the list is swelled to the total number stated. The clearance of such vessels required no great courage, while the fighting power of the Fleet is unaffected. Nor is there likely to be much dispute as to the wisdom of eliminating the seven unprotected vessels of the *Archer* class, which are nearly twenty years old and have done excellent service. The criticism which is unavoidable in regard to them is that the Admiralty should not have spent such large sums upon the vessels quite recently, and then have placed them on the sale-list. Neither Lord Selborne nor Mr. Pretyman has found an explanation for spending nearly 32,000*l.* on the *Porpoise* and 26,000*l.* on the *Mohawk* in 1901–3, 19,600*l.* on the *Tartar* in 1902–4, 28,000*l.* on the *Fearless* in 1900–2, and other large sums on the refit of the class, and then 'throwing them on the scrap-heap.' As several of these vessels must be in excellent condition, it may be questioned whether they should not be retained for a time.

The *Melpomene*, *Magicienne*, and *Marathon* represent a class of protected and sheathed cruisers now approaching sixteen years of age, the *Medea* and *Medusa* being practically of the same type, but unsheathed. The two last-named are in the 'middle class,' the other three are on the sale-list. On the *Melpomene* nearly 19,000*l.* was spent in 1901–3, and large refits, costing nearly 44,000*l.*, were carried out in the *Magicienne* and *Marathon* within the last six or seven years. Here also there seems to be reason for reconsideration, having regard to the speed and fighting-power possessed by this class as compared with protected cruisers still retained on the effective lists of other navies. Even stronger exception may be taken to the decision which placed on the sale-list eight protected cruisers of the *Pallas* class completed in 1891–92. There are nine of these vessels, five having been built for Australasian service under the Imperial Defence Act of 1888, and four under the Naval Defence Act of 1889. One, the *Philomel*, is retained in the middle class, her refit in 1903–5 having

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cost nearly 24,000*l.* During the last five years a sum exceeding 100,000*l.* has been spent on the repairs and refits of seven other vessels of the same class, a large part having been spent in 1903–4, yet they are all condemned. The *Pallas* has been suddenly paid off at Bermuda and left to deteriorate; two are in reserve at home; and, strangest of all, the March *Navy List* showed no fewer than four of these condemned vessels in full commission abroad. One may well ask what good purpose can be served in publishing to the world the official opinion that vessels are obsolete and to be sold when they are still carrying the flag on active service, and why it should have been thought preferable to pay off the *Pallas* abroad rather than to let her bring home her officers and men? It is inexplicable also why a far inferior vessel like the *Pylades* is kept in the middle class while the *Pallas* is struck off. But the chief reason for questioning the action taken is found in the fact that foreign navies retain on the effective list many cruisers of no greater fighting power; while the *Denver* class just commencing service in the United States Navy is fairly comparable with the *Pallas* class and inferior in speed.

The *Apollo* class is superior in size and power to the *Pallas* class, and ten of them are relegated to the 'llamas'; no more money is to be spent on them and they are to remain in the charge of caretakers on the Motherbank, in the Forth, or elsewhere. This can only be described as 'suspended elimination,' as will be explained hereafter.

The sale-list also contains the names of eight torpedo-gunboats. Two of these are of an early type and small value, but six are of the *Sharpshooter* type, of which a number are retained on the effective list. It has been proved that when these vessels are fitted with efficient machinery and boilers they attain high speed, and are more than a match for destroyers and torpedo-boats in a very moderate sea; while they have an armament of great relative power, larger coal supplies, and are far superior in sea-keeping capacity. It is most desirable, before the numbers of this type of vessel are diminished by selling six and placing three others in the middle class, to have their possible utilisation in the Channel and home waters reconsidered.

It is not possible, nor indeed necessary, to enter into further detailed criticism of this list of so-called obsolete vessels. No clear principle seems to have been followed in the selection. Sister ships receive different treatment, and vessels are retained which are distinctly inferior to others assigned to the scrap-heap. Decisions may have been somewhat hastily reached, and in the first statements there were errors which have been corrected. There was no need for haste, however, and it may be hoped in many instances

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there will be reconsideration and revision. Statements in the Press recently allege that this is possible. Our great naval ports may have been unduly crowded, and there was probably a need for clearance of stationary ships in order to provide for the much larger vessels now constructed, and for the ships in commission in reserve to lie afloat at moorings. But it was not, and is not, necessary or wise to reduce unduly our reserves of ships from mere motives of increased accommodation, or to diminish the number of ships in commission chiefly to provide nucleus crews. No doubt it will be replied that neither of these motives has sensibly influenced the action taken; but no impartial reader of the Parliamentary Papers and debates can doubt that they loom large in official utterances.

The first great sale of 'obsolete' war-ships took place early this month and realised about 138,000*l.* Amongst the vessels disposed of and to be broken up were the *Warspite* armoured cruiser, which was the model taken by the Russians in building the *Nakhimoff*, which still ranks as one of the powerful cruisers in Rodjestvensky's squadron. The *Warspite* was completed seventeen years ago, and cost 627,000*l.*; she realised 18,000*l.* Her sister ship, the *Impérieuse*, has been turned into a hulk. Two protected cruisers (*Mersey* and *Severn*), finished in 1887–88, which cost together rather over 500,000*l.*, were sold for a little over 14,000*l.* They closely resemble in age, protection, and speed, the *Naniwa* and *Takachiho*, which I designed and built for the Japanese navy in 1884–86, but the Japanese find their vessels worth keeping on the effective list, and they have done good service throughout this war, taking part in the actions which led to the destruction of the *Variag* and *Rurik*. Two belted cruisers, the *Australia* and *Galatea* (built under the Northbrook programme and finished in 1888–89), which cost together about 535,000*l.*, were sold for 22,000*l.* They belong to a type which has a high reputation for good seagoing and steaming qualities, large coal supplies, triple-expansion engines, and powerful armaments. Four sister ships are kept in the 'middle class,' and although recent changes have depreciated their fighting value in consequence of their limited protection, yet it may be claimed for these ships that they are more than a match for a considerable number of the cruisers still kept on the effective lists of foreign fleets. But they have disappeared from our naval force, and there is barely 22,000*l.* to show for them. The *Simoom* (long known as the *Monarch*) was also sold. She had been re-engined, and to some extent reconstructed about fifteen years ago and was an excellent steamer. Her armament was muzzle-loading and of old type, but she would have been a welcome addition to either the Japanese or Russian fleets, and compared well with some foreign vessels still classed as

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effective. Although she appears in the list of 155 vessels, she had been struck off our Effective List for some years. She cost nearly 480,000*l.* and was sold for 14,500*l.* There will be a serious glut in the market if the sales of the remaining ships are forced. Clearance of the lists obviously ought to be a gradual process, conducted on lines of well-settled and continuous policy, rather than by intermittent if 'courageous strokes of the pen.' In determining on the vessels to be eliminated, it is wise to err on the side of retention, since the penalty involved is, at the worst, the corresponding increase in cost of maintenance, whereas a vessel broken up cannot be replaced readily.

Protected cruisers are especially hard hit by Return No. 74. Under Group 3—vessels obsolete—no fewer than eighteen are named, and into the middle class sixteen more are turned. This is a serious decrease on the total of 108 protected cruisers shown for the Royal Navy by Sir Charles Dilke's Return for 1904. There is no dispute that the modern type of armoured cruiser is much more powerful than the protected type. On the other hand, many vessels officially classed as armoured cruisers are not such powerful fighting machines as so-called 'protected' cruisers, which have no vertical armour protecting their vitals, buoyancy and stability, but have instead strong steel decks which have been proved of the greatest value in the present war. It is obviously wise to develop the armoured cruiser type under existing conditions, and the last five years of my official life were largely occupied with that work, including the *Cressy*, *Drake*, and *County* classes. But it does not follow, as has been said above, that the introduction of a superior type absolutely destroys the value of its predecessors. With our enormous commerce and shipping, and the necessity for protecting Imperial communications there is a need for large numbers of cruisers capable of fulfilling varied services and of meeting corresponding vessels in foreign fleets.

My clear conviction, which I share with a large number of those who have studied the subject, is that there are and will long remain services which can be efficiently fulfilled by cruisers of the protected type; and that the forces possessed by other maritime Powers, including both regular and auxiliary cruisers, make it imperative that we should not lightly dispense with any elements of naval power. It must be repeated that the true test of value is to be gained by the investigation of what we have to defend against possible attacks: and that involves the consideration of the means of attack possessed by other Powers. It really would appear sometimes that critics of naval policy based their conclusions on the hypothesis that British ships were to fight one another, rather than to encounter foreign war-ships, regular or improvised. From this side the protected types

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of cruisers still have considerable value, and are worth keeping, although they are not equal to the more recent armoured type. Sir Charles Dilke's Return of British and foreign fleets, issued on the 15th of April, shows a total of eighty-seven protected British cruisers complete and one building; whereas the corresponding figures last year were 102 complete and six building. Consequently there has been a decrease of twenty vessels. Last year twenty-eight armoured cruisers were complete, thirteen building, and four projected; but of the last-mentioned only three were begun. This year there are twenty-four complete, fifteen building, and four projected. This large diminution in the number of cruisers available for immediate service cannot fail to be regarded as a very serious matter, and has been so represented by officers of large experience whose opinions are entitled to respectful consideration.

The scheme for the creation of the 'middle class,' on which no money shall be spent, and which shall be in charge of caretakers only, is inconsistent with the proper maintenance of modern warships. With their powerful engines, complicated mechanisms, and specialised fittings, it is not possible to keep the essential features of propelling machinery and armament fittings in proper condition. Deterioration will take place if proper precautions are neglected; and all experience proves the correctness of this view. Lord Selborne and the Financial Secretary have been informed that a comparatively short period would suffice to restore these vessels to an efficient condition. Mr. Pretyman said:

> They will not be available for instant use in war, but will be moored in the immediate neighbourhood of a great shipyard, such as the Clyde: and in the course of three months, in case of war, these ships might be made available and be very useful. In the meantime the money of the country will not be expended upon them. That is the principle.

From this principle and procedure I strongly dissent. There cannot fail to be serious deterioration under the conditions described, even after a moderate time has elapsed; and that deterioration will increase rapidly and progressively as time goes on. The time and cost of repairs after such neglect must be greatly increased as compared with what would be incurred on wisely controlled and gradually expended outlay by properly constituted parties of men. True economy demands that machinery and fittings shall be kept up in essentials, and that the minimum expenditure shall be assigned to alterations or improvements on ships in reserve. The latter class of expenditure tends to grow; but for reserve ships, of subordinate or secondary value in the first stages of a war, there is no need to bring fittings or accommodation 'up to date,' or to imitate the latest practice in details of armament. They constitute a reserve, not the

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first line; and must be accepted for what they are worth, not be subjected to constant modification. All that is necessary for steaming and fighting and safety at sea must be maintained in an efficient state; other items may deteriorate and be left to do so.

Mr. Buchanan sensibly replied to Mr. Pretyman that under the new scheme 'llamas would soon become goats'; and it is far too sanguine to anticipate that after considerable periods of neglect three months' work will suffice to turn 'goats into sheep.' Moreover, it is contrary to all sound principles to assume that time for such restoration will always be available; and it clearly would be unwise to wait for war and then to crowd upon the shipbuilders the task of making good the ravages wrought by neglect.

The only point in favour of this new 'principle' is that it tides over the immediate demand for repairs and so reduces current estimates. Possibly this consideration may have had some weight; but whether this be true or not, the plan, in my judgment, leads to a false economy for the present, and serious inconvenience and expense hereafter. If ships are to be reckoned in the effective reserves, they must be maintained continuously as regards the essential features above mentioned. I have seen both methods applied, and the result has been conclusive. It would be justifiable, if the authorities are of opinion that we ought to dispense with the services of any ship or class of ship, to remove them absolutely from the Effective List, and if necessary to fill their places with others. But it is futile to assume that if no money is spent on modern war-ships, and their custody is entrusted to caretakers and their families, the vessels can be rapidly and at moderate cost restored to an efficient condition. Immediate reductions in expenditure can be obtained by leaving work undone; but it will have to be faced, and compound interest must be paid for the period which elapses before repairs are undertaken. We have built up a reserve during the last twenty years, as well as greatly increased the numbers and capital value of our war-ships. The charge for maintenance and repairs must grow proportionately to the increase in capital value and must be faced. It would be folly to endeavour to evade this obligation and still hope to maintain naval supremacy. No one favours strict economy on the Royal Navy more than the writer; but he is convinced that the national sentiment demands that there shall be no sort of doubt as to the sufficiency and efficiency of our naval force and our possession of adequate reserves. It appears that there has been recently no such heroic or extensive reduction in our effective fleet as is generally supposed; that the ships struck off consist largely of vessels which for some time past have been reckoned ineffective; and that the claim that large immediate economies on repairs are due to the elimination of ships has not been realised.

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There is good reason also for reconsideration of the policy which would sweep away a very large number of protected cruisers, many of which have been repaired recently at great cost, as well as for proceeding cautiously in the diminution of our reserves of ships, for (as Lord Selborne said in his farewell speech to the House of Lords) 'in actual war both Japan and Russia have found use for almost every conceivable class of ship.'

W. H. White.

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THE DEFENCE OF THE EMPIRE

II.—*IS NOT INVASION POSSIBLE?*

MR. ARNOLD-FORSTER, the Secretary of State for War, when introducing the Army Estimates on the 28th of March in the House of Commons, is reported to have made the following statement. He said:

> The Prime Minister has simply echoed what is, so far as I am able to ascertain, the view of every single naval and military authority of any competence whatever on this subject of invasion. He has said that the question of the invasion of these islands in such a force as to inflict a fatal blow or threaten our independence is impossible. In that he speaks with the absolute and undivided authority of the Committee of Defence, and I want to know who is the honourable member who is going to question this? The naval view is that the crew of a dinghy could not land in this country in the face of the Navy.

He then goes on and recounts some of the impressions he formed from his own military and naval experiences on Clacton beach this last summer, when 13,000 men were landed in two days and re-embarked in four, and he states that from these experiences he is absolutely convinced of the entire immunity of this country from the dangers of invasion.

Bold words, indeed! Most reassuring and comforting, if well founded! Unfortunately it has occasionally happened, not only in the history of the past, but also in the common occurrences of life, that opinions and assertions equally decided, and declared with almost equal dogmatic assurance, have proved absolutely fallacious. The fact of his being 'cocksure' does not prove that a man is right, even although this individual is a Minister of War, backed up, as we must believe he is backed up, since he says so, by the undivided support of his Council of Defence, presided over by the Prime Minister. There was once another Minister of War, by name Lebœuf, who was equally dogmatic, equally 'cocksure,' who assured Napoleon the Third, on the eve of the '70 war against Prussia, that the French army was fully ready and prepared, 'even to the last button on the soldiers' gaiters.' No doubt this most confident person also had, so he must have believed, the undivided and

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unanimous support of his Council of Defence, such as it was. Let us not, therefore, put too much confidence in those who are so confident and so dogmatic, so convinced of the soundness of their own view in what, in any case, can only be a matter of opinion, or, at the best, one of calculation.

Let us, however, first test the correctness of Mr. Arnold-Forster's statement that 'every single naval and military authority of any competence' shares his opinion.

Our thoughts naturally recur to some letters written by the great Duke of Wellington in 1846 and 1847 calling attention to the dangers of invasion, more especially one to Sir John Burgoyne, to which attention has recently been called in the House of Lords by that most distinguished and evergreen veteran of our Volunteer Force, the Earl of Wemyss.

The letter is too long to be quoted in its entirety, although the whole of it is worthy of the most careful attention and study by those who desire to form their own judgment of this new theory, recently propounded by the Prime Minister and the Secretary of State for War, and which is apparently based on the experiences of last year's manœuvres. A few paragraphs, however, are sufficient to illustrate, and, it would seem, enforce our point. The Duke writes:

> You are aware that I have for years been sensible of the alteration produced in maritime warfare and operations by the application of steam to the propelling of ships at sea. This discovery ultimately exposed all parts of the coast of these islands, while a vessel could approach at all, to be approached at all times of the tide and in all seasons by vessels so propelled, from all quarters. We are, in fact, assailable, and at least liable to insult and to have contributions levied upon us on all parts of our coast. . . .
>
> I am accustomed to the consideration of these questions, and have examined and reconnoitred over and over again the whole coast from the North Foreland, by Dover, Folkestone, Beachy Head, Brighton, Arundel to Selsey Bill, near Portsmouth, and I think, except immediately under the fire of Dover Castle, there is not a spot on the coast on which infantry might not be thrown on shore, and from which such a body of infantry so thrown on shore would not find, within distance of five miles, a road into the interior of the country through the cliffs practicable for the march of a body of troops; that in that space of coast (that is, between North Foreland and Selsey Bill) there are no less than seven small harbours, each without defence, of which an enemy, having landed his infantry on the coast, might take possession and therein land his cavalry and artillery of all calibre and establish himself and his communication with France.
>
> The French Army must be altered indeed since the time when I was better acquainted with it if there are not now belonging to it forty Chefs d'État-Major, generals capable of sitting down and ordering the march to the coast of 40,000 men, their embarcation with their horses and collecting at the several French ports on the coast, their disembarcation at named points on the English coast—that of the artillery and cavalry in named ports or mouths of rivers, and the assembly at the named points of several columns, and the march of each of these from stage to stage to London. Let any man examine our maps and road-books, consider the matter, and judge for himself.

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The Duke goes on to urge the necessity of having a properly organised force, partly composed of regular troops, ready to meet and defeat such a force should the invasion occur.

No doubt it may be, and almost certainly will be, urged that, thanks to recent advancements in science, the conditions of warfare have entirely changed since the days of the Duke of Wellington. In a great measure this is true. The rapidity with which ships can steam has been more than doubled; their size and power of carrying troops, as well as their numbers, have been augmented in almost equal proportion. Physical appliances for embarking and disembarking troops have likewise improved, and, above all, the range and power of ships' guns, under cover of which an invading force would naturally effect its landing, have been increased in a manner that would appear incredible to our forefathers. We ask our readers to use their own judgment. Do these vastly altered conditions favour an invading force or the reverse? It would seem that this question is absolutely incontestable even by Mr. Arnold-Forster and those who would support him; the advantage all lies with the invader. The only one point at issue is, how far would an opposing fleet, on which, according to these new ideas, we are to stake all our hopes of protection, be affected by the conditions of modern warfare?

Let us turn from the Duke of Wellington to more recent times. We have before us the evidence given before the Norfolk Royal Commission on the Militia and the Volunteers taken less than two years since; the witnesses were selected from those who were supposed to be the most capable from their experience and ability of affording the best information available in this country. The question of a possible invasion was not unfrequently referred to, and the trend of the opinion was entirely in contradiction to the recent declaration of Mr. Balfour and Mr. Arnold-Forster. There is not space in these pages to give even a selection of the mass of evidence given by various witnesses which bore directly or indirectly on the point we are discussing; perhaps they might not be regarded as 'authorities of any competence'; it will suffice to give a few extracts from the evidence of Lord Wolseley, who has had more experience of war than any living soldier. Should our present War Minister question his competence, it will be for the country to decide which of these two authorities they will trust, which they will believe, since their opinions are absolutely irreconcilable.

On the 9th of June, 1903, Lord Wolseley, when questioned as to the possibility of invasion, said:

I eliminate the action of our Navy from this calculation, for of course the invasion of England is only possible after a heavy naval defeat, or when our Navy has been decoyed from the Channel, and I believe that both are contingencies to be provided against. I know how difficult it is to win a battle on shore, and what the dangers and the risks are *pro* and *con.* on land, and how much greater they always have been, and always will be and must be, on the

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sea; and I therefore think it would be living in a fool's paradise were the English people to depend exclusively on the Navy for the defence of this country from invasion. We have the greatest and the best Navy in the world. Napoleon had the finest and the greatest army in the world, and yet it was entirely destroyed at Waterloo.

In answer to another question he says:

I have no doubt our Navy is better than it ever was before—in my own heart I think that, and I think that we have every reason to believe that, but I base my opinion simply on history and the study of the possibilities of invasion and the opinion of the great men who have studied this subject before. . . . But the fact of 15,000 men arriving in Bantry Bay on board a large sailing fleet direct from Brest without any opposition from the large British fleet then cruising off Brest, or without being seen by it, is the best answer that I can give to the Navy when they say it is ridiculous to imagine that this country can ever be invaded so long as our fleets are effective.

As regards the general effective action of our Navy in the event of a great war, such as protecting our commerce, ensuring our food supply, and dealing a crushing blow on the naval forces of our opponent, it would be as well if those adherents of what are termed the Blue-water School should ponder over the following remark of Lord Wolseley. He says:

Another point is this. Supposing we adopted our present system, which, let us assume, is inadequate for defence against the invading force, and that we relied practically for our defence upon the fleet, does it not appear that this is tying our fleet down to our coasts or their vicinity, which might possibly interfere with their efficient employment in their other natural duties? I think, taking England as a fighting man, it would be like tying one of his arms to his side if you tied our fleet down to the Channel. After all, one of the greatest elements of our fighting power is that in our fleets we possess the means of being able to strike the enemy at a distance from our shores.

Our readers may well ask, how does it happen that, in the face of such recent evidence not only from Lord Wolseley but from other witnesses, whom perhaps impartial and unprejudiced people might regard as competent, quite apart from the Duke of Wellington, the Council of Defence, composed as it is of military and naval experts, now on the active list of the army and the navy, should have given their adherence to the amazing and entirely novel doctrine, which has suddenly been sprung on the public by recent utterance in the House of Commons? Without wishing in any way to impugn the credibility or good faith of those who are responsible for the statement that the Council of Defence has given its 'absolute and undivided authority' to this so-called 'blue-water' doctrine, it would certainly seem desirable, for the satisfaction of the public in a matter of such vital importance to the safety of the nation, that some clearer and more explicit evidence should be placed before it regarding the individual and personal opinion of each separate expert member of this so-called Council of Defence.

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Even, however, should each individual member of this Council be as confident, decided, and dogmatic on this point as Mr. Arnold-Forster himself, then the writer and the very many who agree with him would wish to associate themselves entirely with the following reply of Lord Wolseley, which is the last we shall quote:

> The answer I should give if the Navy said that to me would be that, while I have no doubt that the men who gave it were very able men, there are other admirals and generals still more illustrious, who have taken a diametrically opposite view, and for whose opinion I am bound to have a greater respect than for any admiral or general now alive, I mean Lord Nelson and Collingwood, both of whom believed in the absolute possibility of the invasion of this country, as did also the greatest of all human beings in my opinion, Napoleon and the Duke of Wellington. All these great soldiers and sailors believed in the possibility of this country being invaded by a French force. If you have bigger admirals nowadays than Nelson and Collingwood and greater generals than Napoleon and Wellington to gainsay what they said, I have no answer to make them beyond quoting the experience of history, which is on my side.

In the various quotations from expert opinions, as given above, reference has only been made to the possibilities of an invasion from France, no doubt from the fact that French territory lies nearest to the coasts of England, and that hitherto France has been the only neighbouring Power which has possessed any naval strength of real importance. Of recent years, however, the situation has assumed another aspect from the rapid growth of the German navy, and from the intention of the Government, as publicly announced in the Reichstag, to go on augmenting the navy and increasing its strength until it is capable of holding its own with 'the greatest naval Power'—in other words, with ourselves.

On a recent occasion German newspapers displayed a remarkable amount of sensitive alarm because the Civil Lord of the Admiralty, in what was intended to be a perfectly harmless speech to his constituents, while endeavouring to explain to them the measures recently adopted to increase the efficiency of the navy, made some remarks as regards possible enemies, which might be deemed as having reference to the Germans: at least, our Teutonic neighbours took these observations to themselves, or, in other words, 'the cap fitted.' Such strange sensitiveness certainly appears rather out of place on their part, as year by year, when justifying an increase of the German army and the addition of fourth battalions to various regiments, comparison was regularly made with the forces which were then, or would soon be, at the disposal of France, and that not quietly in a chance speech by a subordinate official, but openly in the Reichstag by the Minister for War.

No one in his senses could suggest that Great Britain would ever willingly go to war with Germany, or that such a conflict, were it unfortunately to occur, would not be a gigantic calamity for both nations. We must, however, not blind ourselves to facts; we must

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face the situation as it is, not as we would wish it to be. If we see a young lion becoming daily more and more powerful and daily more inclined to snap and growl at us, we must see that the fence which protects us from his unwelcome attentions is made absolutely secure.

The facts which we have to consider are that the German navy is already most formidable, out of all proportion to the requirements demanded for the protection of its commerce; that it is daily growing stronger; and that, if the present programme is adhered to, in eight years' time it will have a fighting force in the North Sea and Channel certainly equal, if not superior, to any fleet which, consistent with our other naval requirements, we could possibly bring against it. Such being the case, is it wise or prudent, in view of the expert opinions of distinguished sailors and soldiers, as quoted above, to place our eggs in one basket, to neglect entirely all our naval defences and measures to resist invasion, and to have an unquestioning faith in the dogmatic optimism of Mr. Balfour and Mr. Arnold-Forster?

It has long been an axiom in all considerations of naval or military strategy that the offensive has an enormous advantage. The force that adopts it can deceive, baffle, and worry the defender by feints and similar devices, and can finally concentrate a superior force on his selected point of attack. It is also well known that a river is the worst possible guard and defence for any frontier. Behind its shelter forces may be concentrated at various points, and then the passage may be forced at the place selected before the defender has been able to divine where his adversary has selected his line of attack. We believe that it has scarcely ever happened in military history that a river has proved an insuperable or even a very formidable obstacle to an invading army. The Shaho and the other huge rivers of Manchuria have not prevented the advance of the Japanese, any more than the Rhine or the Danube hindered the invasions of Napoleon. To all intents and purposes the Channel and the North Sea take the place of rivers in the defence of the frontier of Great Britain. It is true they are broader, deeper, and more difficult to cross, and cannot be bridged, unless we adopt the views of the Duke of Wellington, who regarded every line of communication from one port to another as a bridge, by which troops and material could be conveyed to our shores. These seas, however, while presenting more difficulties than rivers as regards transit, have undoubted advantages—large ships can escort a flotilla, heavy guns can cover its landing, and, above all, the actual points of attack can be changed at the last moment, according as information, conveyed by wireless telegraphy, may indicate as desirable. It would be well worth the cost to sacrifice one or two flotillas, provided one were successful and could land a small, efficient army in what, according to the schemes as now foreshadowed, would be an entirely defenceless country. London might be occupied from

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one quarter, while the guns of our fleet were sinking the crews of many 'dinghies' in others. We cannot count on having warnings. Had Arabi imagined that the expeditionary force of 1882 intended to land at Ismailia, rest assured the Suez Canal would not have been left free for the passage of transports. Had the Russians imagined that Togo would deliver a torpedo attack on that fleet lying off Port Arthur at the commencement of the war, it is fair to conclude that the results would have been very different. Any such expedition to be successful must be secret, sudden, and unexpected, and we may be certain, were such an attack ever made on these shores, from whatever country it was delivered, these conditions would not be wanting. It would be well for those who imagine that we are certain to have ample warning of danger—that a declaration of war will be handed us in due form—to study a paper compiled for the Intelligence Department by Sir F. Maurice in the year 1883, and entitled, 'Hostilities without Declaration of War from 1700 to 1870.' From this historic abstract it would appear that during the period in question no fewer than 104 cases of this have occurred. Probably since that date there have been some additional instances. Certainly there was one in the action of the Japanese fleet at the commencement of the present war.

It does certainly appear a strange anomaly that we, of all people, should throw any doubts on the possibility of the success of maritime expeditions and landings from ships, or that we should minimise the damage and loss that can be inflicted by such enterprises. If we take up the map and look at the extent of the British Empire, does it not occur to any of these optimistic prophets that every one of these vast possessions over the sea has been won by such hostile invasion, and by landings from ships? Moreover, when Mr. Arnold-Forster speaks of 'an invasion being impossible in such a force as to inflict a fatal blow or threaten our independence,' does he not realise the damage that would be done to our commercial prosperity, to our credit among nations, were London occupied or even threatened for a day by a comparatively small force, provided, as apparently he now would advise, there were no organised body of troops in the country capable of meeting and routing our adventurous invaders? If there is one point more than another on which all experienced witnesses are agreed in the enormous mass of evidence which has been given before the various Royal Commissions and Departmental or other Committees that have from time to time been assembled, it is this: that, with their present amount of training, neither our Militia nor Volunteers could be expected, without the support of Regulars, to meet with success the picked Continental troops which would inevitably be selected for any such invasion were it attempted. Nevertheless, Mr. Balfour is reported to have said in the House of Commons on the 3rd of April: 'While we do not believe that, in existing circumstances,

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a serious invasion of these islands is possible, one of these existing conditions is the Volunteer Force.'

The writer is the last one who would wish to suggest any sinister designs on the part of the Germans, who have hitherto never been our enemies, and were our valued and warm allies in the great struggle with Napoleon. Mutual respect, however, is the best guarantee for lasting friendship; other rulers may arise 'who know not Joseph,' and it would, indeed, be the height of madness not to take all due precautions for our safety, as the friends of to-day may be the enemies of to-morrow. If anyone will take the trouble to study the peculiarities of the German coast-line as it now exists, he will scarcely fail to see that it is admirably adapted for the assembly and concealment of a hostile flotilla. The creeks and islands from Emden to Bremerhaven, to say nothing of the stretch from the mouths of the Elbe northwards to the German Schleswig frontier, behind the North Frisian islands, form a natural shield and rendezvous, the value of which can scarcely be overestimated, and the distance to the English coast is only from 250 to 300 miles, which at a moderate computation would require from thirty to thirty-five hours' steaming.

Perhaps it may not be out of place here to mention that the writer has had the advantage of discussing the military and naval problem, which is the subject of this article, as well as other abstract strategic questions, with some foreign military experts of great experience and admitted ability. Were he at liberty to mention their names, he thinks that even our present Secretary of State for War would acknowledge the 'competence' of these officers and their unrivalled opportunities of study. One of them, more especially, who has now passed away, was Moltke's favourite pupil, and had a European and well-deserved reputation for exceptional ability and genius. This special question, it may be added, was alluded to some years since, at a time when there was not a cloud in the political horizon of the relations between Great Britain and Germany, and discussed especially as regards our relations with France, and in a most friendly spirit. Suffice to say that every one of these authorities and students of strategy were on the side of Nelson and Collingwood, of Napoleon and Wellington, and that their views were diametrically opposed to those recently enunciated by the representatives of the Government in the House of Commons. Serious warnings were given by these Continental experts as regards the insufficiency of our land preparations. As they said, 'It is all very well to talk of your fleet; but are you certain that, under all possible circumstances and under all conceivable conditions, your fleet will be at the right spot at the critical moment?'

In conclusion it would appear essential to make some reference to the Council of Defence and its present constitution, since the entire responsibility of this, as we consider it, very dangerous doctrine has

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been thrown on the shoulders of this heterogeneous body. In the first place, it would seem entirely anomalous that the Prime Minister should be president, and, as inevitably must occur, should exercise a controlling influence on its decisions. It would also seem strange that so many members of this tribunal, commanding a preponderance of votes, should be composed of those who, however able in their own departments, have not had the time, and do not profess to have turned their attention to questions of naval and military strategy, which are essentially in close connection with the defence of the Empire. If we might use a homely parallel, it is much the same as if there were to be a consultation of eminent surgeons regarding the condition of a sick child to decide whether a serious operation, say for appendicitis, was necessary or not, and as if the father or guardian of the child, the nurse as being responsible for its relations with other children, and the family lawyer as controlling the purse-strings, were called into the consultation and recorded their votes as to the action to be adopted. If we imagine also that each of these lay members laid some claim to surgical or medical knowledge from having occasionally perused the *Lancet*, we may imagine the result of this consultation might not be entirely satisfactory as regarded the treatment of the unfortunate patient.

Thus it would appear to be with the present Council of Defence. Such a tribunal so constituted, and with such functions, does not exist in any foreign country, except, perhaps, China, of which, however, we have no clear evidence. We may, however, entertain no doubt that, had the Japanese dealt with the problems of their national defence in this fashion, the history of events in the Far East during the past year would have been somewhat different. Of course, before any recommendation of the Council of Defence were adopted or seriously considered, the Prime Minister, the Foreign Secretary, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer would have to give their assent and recommendation to the Cabinet; but this is an entirely different matter from taking part and having a preponderating voice in the deliberations.

It now only remains to express a hope that the British public may be aroused to realise in time the true position of this country, otherwise it will be an illustration of the well-known Latin saying: 'Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat.'

FRANK S. RUSSELL, *Major-General.*

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THE DEFENCE OF THE EMPIRE

III.—UNIVERSAL MILITARY TRAINING FOR LADS

THE question of the defence of the Empire is becoming yearly one of greater and of still greater importance. Successive Secretaries of State for War have tried to solve the problem how to raise by voluntary enlistment, and without increased expenditure, an army numerically sufficient for the defence of the largest Empire with the most extensive land frontiers the world has ever known—and each in turn has failed. The problem still remains with us—unsolved—and we cannot avoid it, however much we may desire to do so. Our fleet, powerful and efficient as it is, cannot defend land frontiers. It cannot effect the impossible. The late Marquis of Salisbury, when, on one memorable occasion, a portion of the British nation, carried away by honest but thoughtless sentiment on behalf of persecuted Christians in Asia Minor, clamoured for immediate and energetic action to be taken in their defence, reminded his critics (who, by the way, were largely composed of the very men who on all occasions denounce any attempt to increase the army) that the British fleet could not cross the moun tains of Armenia. This awkward little fact—that ships cannot sail on land—seems always to be escaping the attention of a certain portion of the public. These people expect the impossible. They require the interests—usually the commercial interests—of Britain to be defended in all portions of the globe, against the most powerful Governments which control the movements of millions of men—the entire armed and trained male populations of their respective nations. And, if ever they give the proportion of means to ends a thought, which is very doubtful, in cases where the navy cannot act, what is the instrument which they consider sufficient for this purpose? A voluntary army of some 200,000 men—the most costly in the world, supplemented in time of war by as many men as can be induced by mixed motives to volunteer for military service. The South African War has shown us the limit of our resources in this respect. We know now, if we did not know before, that patriotism, plus 5s. a day, can with difficulty place in the field some 230,000 men on a distant shore. I do not in the least wish to disparage this number. We raised

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altogether some 350,000 during the war. I am certain that no other nation, except the American, could produce under similar circumstances and under a similar system anything approaching these numbers; but the fact remains that these figures are inadequate for the proper fulfilment of the duties which the British nation expects of its army. Had we learnt no other lessons than these from the war they would be worth the cost at which they were purchased, if—and the 'if' is a very important one—we have really learnt our lesson, and are prepared to act upon the knowledge we have gained. For what are 230,000 men, even if supplemented by an Indian army, the entire numbers of which are only about 200,000 men, when compared with the forces which Russia, let us say, could bring to bear on the north-western frontiers of India?

Let it be remembered that the British Empire occupies one-fifth of the surface of the earth, and that 400 millions of people, about the same proportion of its population, owe allegiance to King Edward the Seventh. These figures will at once demonstrate how numerous must be the points where the British Empire comes into contact with foreign Powers, and how serious must be the danger which continually exists of friction arising, which may require the presence of armed forces at more than one spot at the same time for the protection of British interests.

That our army is not sufficiently numerous to safeguard these gigantic interests has been acknowledged by almost every eminent military authority, and warning after warning has been given by them on this point, but as yet without effect. The last warning is one given by Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, in an article which appeared in the last January number of this Review, in which he said:

> I maintain that it is the bounden duty of the State to see that every able-bodied man in this country, no matter to what grade of society he may belong, undergoes some kind of military training in his youth, sufficient to enable him to shoot straight and carry out simple orders if ever his services are required for the national defence.

To justify universal military training for lads two questions must be answered in the affirmative. They are: (1) Is some form of universal military training necessary for the safety of the Empire? (2) Would such training given in youth be sufficient to meet the military requirements? Now, with regard to the first question, it would seem as if the answer must necessarily be in the affirmative. No individual who has given attention to the subject of the defence of the Empire can come to any other conclusion than that it would be impossible for Great Britain, if she, without allies, were at war with a first-class Power, to come out victorious with her present form of military service. And for this good reason, that however successful she might be at sea, she would be unable, through inability to contend on land, to deliver the death-blow which would end the contest. We possess

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an ever-increasing Empire with extensive land frontiers. There are many who do not appreciate the extent of these frontiers. For so long a period in our history were we an island kingdom that we have got accustomed to think that we still are more or less an island empire. But is that the fact? It is anything but the fact.

If we look into the matter, we find that our Empire has extensive frontiers conterminous with no less than sixteen States possessing an organised Government. They are: the United States, France, Germany, Russia, Spain, Portugal, Holland, Belgium—if the Congo Free State be considered as practically administered by Belgium—Italy, Turkey, China, Persia, Siam, Mexico, Venezuela, and Guatemala, with numberless semi-civilised or barbarous States and tribes with whom, do what we will, we must often come into hostile contact. The dominions of the King are to be found in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australasia, and the land frontiers of our Empire are probably more extensive than those of any other Power in the world.

It is difficult to discover the exact length of our land frontiers, but a very good idea of them can be obtained by remembering that the frontier of Canada alone, including Alaska, is over 6000 miles in length. It is about the same length as the new line of railway from St. Petersburg to Port Arthur.

It is most earnestly to be hoped that we shall never be at war with our friends in the United States. We hope that such a calamity may never overtake the world. But still it is only right for a nation to consider all eventualities, and, because we hope never to go to war, we ought not to neglect to be prepared for war, even against those with whom we think there is little chance of ever having to contend. Here we have a frontier of 6000 miles to defend. Now, it may be said that we have the pre-eminence on the sea. So we have, and may we long maintain it. It is absolutely necessary for our Empire that we should have predominance at sea; we should be starved out if we failed to maintain that predominance. Moreover, we should be unable to defend our Empire by conveying our troops across the ocean. On the other hand, we must remember that, although we may possess that predominant power at sea, still it will not in any way prevent certain nations from being able to make land wars upon us, of which the United States might be one.

Coming over to Europe and Asia, we find that there are other powerful nations that could attack us by land. In the first place there is Russia, and if Russia were combined, which is not impossible, with Germany and France, we should have to fight Russia, Germany, and France by land. At this moment there are two lines of railway that come direct from St. Petersburg to the Afghan and close to the British frontiers—the one line approaching from the Caspian, the other from the Trans-Siberian line, emerging, the former at Kushk, and the latter very shortly at Tarmys, within easy striking distance

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respectively of Herat and Kabul. Both these lines are united, and therefore the power of Russia could be brought from east and west to converge in two lines on our Afghan frontier. Let us consider what this portends. It means that the Anglo-Indian Army, a voluntarily recruited army, would have to contend with the conscripted millions who could be brought into the field by Russia, or, if allied with Germany and France, by all three Powers, which have at their disposal the entire manhood of their respective nations—in figures 11,000,000 of men.

What number could we bring to oppose these masses? Lord Kitchener has recently been organising the Anglo-Indian Army with a view to its being able to take the field at a moment's notice, and he states that at the first alarm of war he hopes to have at his command some 135,000 British and Indian troops. Well, what are those compared to the enormous masses which could be brought against us from Russia alone? It may be said that we could increase that number under the present system. So we could; but we had an object lesson in regard to that in South Africa. As already stated, we know that, with the utmost exertions, and by paying 5*s*. a day, 230,000 was the highest number of men which the Empire was able to place at one time in the field during that campaign. At this moment we are informed that Russia has some 800,000 men in Manchuria alone, and is reinforcing them at the rate 25,000 per month. If she be able, with one line of railway, to place such a huge army in the field at a distance of over 6000 miles, how much easier would it be for her to place her overwhelming forces on the Indian frontier at half that distance and along two lines of railway?

Having shown that the possession of an all-powerful navy, although imperative on Great Britain if she intends to maintain her Empire, would not prevent certain great Powers from assailing her in vulnerable parts, with all the advantages to be obtained from the enormous numbers raised by conscription, it surely follows that some form of universal military training is necessary for the safety of the Empire. If this be acknowledged, it may be said, 'Very well, let us then meet conscription by conscription.' Although personally not in favour of what is known on the Continent as conscription, I answer, 'By all means, if the country be prepared to accept the burden of universal adult military service. But is there the least chance of the country doing anything of the sort in time of peace? and when war has once commenced it would then be too late to take effective action. Only after a crushing defeat, and when the shores of Britain were actually either invaded or most seriously threatened, is it likely that the British nation would ever consent to submit to compulsory adult military service. It may be said there is another alternative—that advocated with such force and admirable persistency by Lord Wemyss—namely, the enforcement of the ballot.

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There appears to me even less chance of this ancient enactment being put into force, inasmuch as it is less in touch with the modern democratic feeling, which might tolerate universal service but would fight shy of the selective principle.

If there be no chance of obtaining conscription, which I do not want, nor of obtaining the adoption of the Militia ballot, what is to be done? Something must be done, or it is absolutely certain that if we are at war with any great Power we shall find ourselves in a very awkward position. It cannot be said that the present Secretary of State for War has been very successful in solving the problem. The objections to adult compulsory military service may be summed up as follows: (1) the infringement of the liberty of the adult citizen; (2) the interference with his industrial pursuits; (3) the disorganisation caused to trade, commerce, and agriculture by the withdrawal of men from their prosecution; (4) the moral objection to the housing of large numbers of men in barracks. None of these objections would be applicable to the training of lads during the educative period of their lives. The liberty of boys is always restrained with universal consent. They are not asked whether they will learn to read or write, but are compelled by law to submit to tuition. What would be the hardship of requiring our lads to perfect themselves in another branch of knowledge, that of being able to use the rifle? It would be exceedingly popular. The lads would like it; they would not attempt to run away from it; they would look upon it as a sport. Such training could be given so as not in the least to interfere with their preparation for the business of life. On the contrary, the discipline and healthy exercise would improve their health, strengthen their moral and physical fibre, and add to their professional, industrial, or labour value when they attained to manhood and entered on the serious business of their lives. If it be considered inadvisable to make shooting with the rifle a compulsory subject in our schools like reading, writing, and arithmetic—though why it should not be placed on the same footing as the latter subjects it is difficult to understand—then at least let it be encouraged by the Government and by the school authorities, and let facilities be given to all healthy boys over fourteen to render themselves, under proper supervision and guidance, efficient in this manly exercise.

Now, let us consider the second question with which I commenced this article, stating that it was one which would require an affirmative answer in order to justify the adoption of universal military training of lads. Would such training given in youth be sufficient to meet the military requirements? I have already quoted the latest opinion of Lord Roberts on this point, and I may add that a few years ago he stated that 'lads who have been efficiently trained would probably become quite as efficient soldiers as would Reserve men after they had been away from the Colours for three or four years.'

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The truth of this statement was amply proved by the Natal Cadets in the South African War, to whom Lord Roberts was referring when at Pietermaritzburg he said: 'I hope the old country will follow the example of one of her children and insist upon all boys joining cadet corps.'

Lord Roberts is not alone amongst distinguished soldiers in thus highly rating the value of youthful training, and I shall shortly take the liberty of quoting other opinions on the subject. The South African War showed plainly that under modern conditions our army is inadequate to compete with first-class nations, and that therefore some plan must be devised by which we shall be able, in time of need, largely to increase its numbers.

If training in youth were made universal, not only would the adult male be capable of taking his place in the ranks, but, what is of still greater importance almost, the spirit of patriotism and the sense of duty would be quickened in the nation, and in time of difficulty young men would rush to the ranks and compulsion would be unnecessary. Moreover, by the training of young men no military caste or profession would be created which would desire war. There are a number of people who are terribly afraid of militarism. Now, if I felt in the smallest degree that any suggestion made by me would increase the danger of war I should certainly not advocate it, but I feel perfectly certain that the very reverse would be the case. Foreign newspapers assert that we are much more likely to go to war than any other nation, from the very fact that so large a proportion of our population know that under no circumstances could they suffer in their bodies by war. Whether that be true or not it is difficult to say, but if every lad were trained to arms and taught that it was his duty, if necessary, to volunteer for the service of the country he would think twice before he went to a music-hall and waved a British flag with a view to create a war simply and solely for the sake of glory. He would have to take part in that war, and he would think twice before he rushed into it. In other words, there would be much less chance of militarism if our youths were trained to arms and knew in some degree what war meant, with all its horrors. There would, indeed, be much less vicarious pseudo-patriotism which calls for war, and which, when blows are struck, is willing to shelter itself behind a professional army. The sense of duty and moral responsibility would be quickened.

What do we see taking place in Japan? The spirit of Japan has been an object lesson to the world, and it is to be hoped that we are learning from it. It is not altogether to the military efficiency of the Japanese Army, in the sense of great preparations, that their success has been due. The success has been attained in great measure in the schools of Japan. Ever since the revolution in 1867, day by day 'Bushido,' or the spirit of chivalry, has been taught in the schools—

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a system which includes the inculcation of patriotism, obedience to authority, and self-sacrifice. The children are taught that the individual is nothing, and that the State is everything. In every school in Japan there is a picture of the Emperor, veiled. It is not shown except on three or four days in the year, when it is unveiled with great ceremony. All these things tend to create a patriotic spirit, and we see what has been the effect of it in this war. It is not only in war that this spirit can be seen. In a few years' time we shall see the same spirit thrown by Japan into the avocations of peace.

The spirit which makes a man do the best for his country in all circumstances will come to the front. A man will not consider whether he is receiving perhaps a few pence or a few pounds less than he ought; he will do the best work he can for his country's sake and for his own honour, and by that means the training which the youth of Japan are receiving is not only one that is wanted for a time of war, but one that is calculated to promote peace. It would be well if some kind of imitation of 'Bushido' were introduced into our schools; if the children were trained, not in militarism, but to understand the horrors of war and to appreciate that it is their duty to take steps, by obtaining a knowledge of self-defence, to avoid, if possible, those horrors coming upon the shores of our Empire. It is a curious fact, told me by a distinguished ex-Cabinet Minister of Japan, that the idea of training the youth of that country to arms in the schools came through the late Viscount Mori, then Japanese Minister in London. The idea, therefore, came from this country that has not adopted it, and that is so afraid of putting arms into the hands of its lads.

In support of the argument for the training of lads to arms, I should like to call witnesses whose opinions are worth considering. In the first place I propose to call as a witness Dr. Macnamara, a Liberal Member of Parliament, who is reported to have said that:

> He would make gymnastic training a compulsory feature of every evening continuation school. He would go still further. He thought that every young man between sixteen and twenty ought by law to be compelled to give two hours a night for two nights a week, for two years, to compulsory physical evening training, which would include first-class gymnastic training, such formations as might be necessary for the moving together of large bodies of men, and practice in the use of the rifle. That was not conscription. Conscription, of course, was a very ugly word which we must never mention. But what he suggested was, in his opinion, one way of obviating conscription. Every young fellow who was physically fit should be compelled to undergo that course.

I will now quote a former Liberal Prime Minister, Lord Rosebery, who in a letter to Mr. G. S. Hazlehurst, late Mayor of Birkenhead, dated the 31st of October, 1903, said that he 'quite agrees with the view expressed by Lord Kitchener, that it is very desirable that some elementary military training should be added to the curriculum of instruction in public schools.'

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Lieutenant-General Sir Ian Hamilton, whose deeds in South Africa still ring in our ears, stated in his evidence before the Scottish Commission on Physical Training that he 'would feel very confident of obtaining creditable results if he were placed in command of a mounted infantry brigade composed of boys who had previously been well grounded in handling arms, in skirmishing, and the attack.'

Lieutenant-General Lord Methuen has expressed his firm belief that there is a great future before this movement, and has appealed for the support of the governing bodies of schools and the powerful influence of County Councils through their Education Committees in bringing it about. In an article in the February number of this Review Lord Methuen urges the military training of boys, and recalls the old English law that every lad should be an expert with the bow and arrow. Major-General Lord Dundonald, referring to the cadet system in Canada, says: 'Youth is the time for improvement —the season for preparation. A well-trained and disciplined cadet, with all the self-sacrifice that this involves, will not only be of great value to his country when it needs him, but he will be a better citizen and a better man.'

Admiral Lord Charles Beresford has said that 'lads should be taught to load and fire rifles at 100 yards and have to undergo company drill and discipline. Such lessons once learned are never forgotten.'

Major-General Sir Edmund Barrow says:

> When every healthy boy in the United Kingdom has been compelled by law to learn the rudiments of discipline and the use of arms; when he is fitted by early training to take his place in the defence of his country or its interests; when he is taught that the profession of arms is an honourable one, and that his first duty is to his country, then we may be sure that the Army will be popular and will attract to its ranks the flower of the nation's youth. That, to my mind, is the bedrock of military organisation.

My witnesses are not all military men. I have already quoted the remarks of Lord Rosebery and of Dr. Macnamara, M.P. I will now call upon headmasters as represented by the Rev. C. G. Gull, who, on the 25th of November, 1902, said: 'The aim which both the Headmasters' Conference and the Headmasters' Association, the two bodies which together represent the whole of the public secondary schools, have set before the War Office and before themselves is that every boy, if in sufficient bodily health, in their schools should be trained to the use of arms.'

Next I will call as a witness one of our most distinguished Empire makers, Sir George Taubman-Goldie, who in his note attached to the Report of the Royal Commission on the South African War advocates national juvenile military education, 'as vital to the security of the British Empire,' and he states that he 'is firmly of opinion that it would result in great diminution of expenditure by permitting a large reduction of the number of men serving with the Colours.'

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Our Colonies are far ahead of us in this respect. All our Colonies, more or less, have got trained cadets, and in Canada they have lately reorganised their cadet system and placed it on a satisfactory footing. In Australia, under the 'Commonwealth Defence Act of 1903,' provision is made for the maintenance of naval and military cadet corps consisting of (*a*) boys over twelve years of age who are attending school; or (*b*) youths between fourteen and nineteen years of age who are not attending school. Cadet corps consisting of youths who are not attending schools are called 'Senior Cadet Corps.' The corps are furnished by the Defence Force authorities with such arms, ammunition and accoutrements as are prescribed. In his report on the military forces of the Commonwealth, General Hutton says: 'It is impossible to overestimate the value of military discipline on the rising generation.'

In Natal a Staff Officer for Cadets has been appointed, and in his report the Commandant of the Natal Volunteers refers to the appointment as 'an important one,' and adds: 'When it is remembered that the future defence of the Colony is in the hands of our youth, the importance of early training in the use of arms is one that no State looking to the future can afford to neglect.' In 1902 the number of cadets earning the Government grant was 2236. The number is considerable when it is remembered that the available manhood of the Colony was estimated that year at 12,000.

In New Zealand, owing largely to the influence of Mr. Seddon, who is a great enthusiast for the training of lads to arms, the number of cadets has increased from 4126 in July 1902 to 12,000 in 1904. When we consider how small is the population of its islands, it will be seen that New Zealand has produced a very large number of trained lads. With regard to these cadets, the Prime Minister of New Zealand writes: 'It would be difficult to lay sufficient stress on the importance to be attached to the cadet movement in this Colony.'

Now, what is the position at home? The War Office recognises, though it can hardly be said to encourage, such training. It is hardly necessary to say that it is not compulsory, as in many of our Colonies but *as long as boys wear uniform*—and this is a *sine qua non*—the War Office will supply free arms and ammunition to the boys—*i.e.*, 50 per cent. of serviceable and 50 per cent. of defective, or D. P. arms, as well as eighty rounds of miniature or sixty rounds of ball ammunition per boy. The restriction of the Government grant to the corps which can provide themselves with uniforms practically confines it to the sons of rich men, and withholds it from the sons of poor men. This is an invidious anomaly which should be rectified. No national system of teaching the youth of the country the use of the rifle can be hoped for as long as lads are required to provide themselves with uniform and with the necessary rifle ranges.

The Lads' Drill Association, of which I am chairman, has approached

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the Government and has asked that the sons of men who cannot afford uniform should be placed on the same footing as the sons of richer men as regards ammunition, and that one serviceable rifle be given for every fifteen boys. This is a very modest proposal. It is less than what strict justice would demand, but even this proposal has not yet been accepted. It is sincerely to be hoped that it may not be long before the Government will recognise that the best and most economical guarantee of national security and of peace would be the universal training of British youths to arms, following the wise and patriotic example set to the Motherland by her self-governing Colonies. If this were done, the Empire would never need to resort to any system of compulsion in order to fill the ranks of her army. In time of need the trained manhood of the country would rush to arms, and those who offered themselves would not be, as was so often the case in the Boer War, men who were absolutely useless in the field, but those who from their youth had been made familiar with the use of weapons, and whose bodies and minds had been strengthened and quickened by healthy exercise and by wholesome discipline. If it be asked why lads who had been trained to arms might be expected to offer their services to the country in time of need more readily than those who had not received such instruction, I would reply that an untrained lad is aware of his helplessness in the field, and dreads the preliminary drill; moreover, it has never struck him that, if the Empire be in danger, personal service is the duty of each true and loyal Briton. He has been brought up to consider that payment of taxes can take the place of personal service without his incurring the reproach of dishonour or of failure in civic duty; but when once a lad has been thoroughly trained to arms he would have imbibed a different and more lofty spirit, which would impel him to place the duties of citizenship on a higher moral plane, and consequently the call of his Motherland to arms would appeal to his patriotism in a far different and more imperative tone than it does at present.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, on his return from visiting the Colonies, made the following remarks in his speech at the Guildhall:

> I am anxious to refer to an admirable movement which has taken strong root both in Australia and New Zealand—that is the establishment of Cadet Corps. On several occasions I had the gratification of seeing march past several thousand cadets armed and equipped, who at the expense of their respective Governments are able to go through a military course, in some cases with an ample grant of practice ammunition. I will not presume, in these days of Army reform, to do more than call the attention of my friend the Secretary for War to this interesting fact.

It was on one of the occasions above referred to by the Prince of Wales that Dr. Morrison, Principal of the Presbyterian College at Melbourne, in an address presented to his Royal Highness, who is the

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Patron of the Lads' Drill Association, said: 'We have striven to send forth from our schools good and true men, loyal and patriotic citizens, who will not only do their work well in every social, civil, and religious capacity, but will fight, if need be, for their King and country, as so many of our old boys recently fought.'

This is the ideal which the Lads' Drill Association places before its members and the country. It advocates the healthy preparation of the youths of the Empire for all the duties, both in peace and war, which they may in after-life be called upon to perform in the fulfilment of their important responsibilities as heirs of the most mighty heritage of which the world has cognisance.

MEATH.

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THE DEFENCE OF THE EMPIRE

IV.—*THE DEARTH OF OFFICERS*

I MAKE no apology for calling attention to the difficulty which is being experienced in obtaining officers for the Army, because I do so in the hope that it may be possib'e, altogether apart from any political considerations, to bring home to the people of this country the very serious dangers which this shortage will entail if we are suddenly called upon to put an army in the field.

The British public, with the happy fatalism of the amateur actor who comforts himself with the hope that 'it will be all right on the night,' is content to let things drift, on the chance of muddling through somehow.

But the days of muddling through are over, as has been abundantly proved in the present war, to say nothing of our own experience in South Africa. This dearth of officers is a serious, and may prove a fatal, defect in our organisation. In the Foot Guards alone the deficiencies amount to between forty and fifty, and the Cavalry are about the same number below their establishment. To a certain extent it may be possible to improvise the rank and file; but officers, to be of any use, must be professional, and should be the best 'at that.'

Sir Ian Hamilton tells us that he has learnt in the war between Russia and Japan that 'nothing but the very best will do.'

Now, why won't our boys come forward? What is it that disgusts our officers and makes them leave the service?

It has hitherto been assumed that the supply of officers is inexhaustible, and that no matter how they are treated it will continue so. It has been argued that there are always more applications than there are vacancies, and that the latter could be filled up even if no pay were given at all.

Now all this is changed. The suitable young men have gone on strike. An abnormal number of officers are sending in their papers, and it is becoming more difficult every day to fill their places. The

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supply no longer equals the demand, and we are face to face with a very grave national danger.

Now, there must be some reason why men are leaving the Army, and why men of a suitable age and position are not coming forward to officer the troops necessary for the defence of their country.

The way they volunteered for the South African war proves that it is from no want of patriotism.

What, then, is the reason for the slump?

In the first place, officers and would-be officers are beginning to ask themselves whether the terms offered them are good enough for the sacrifices they are called upon to make, and the answer is that they are not. The game is not worth the candle. The dearth of officers is, I firmly believe, due to the inadequacy of the pay, to the uncertainty as to their prospects, and to the constant worrying to which they are subjected. In the old days, no doubt, when the service required of an officer was comparatively light, and when many men joined with the object of passing a few years among pleasant companions and with pleasant surroundings, the pay was enough to attract and keep the requisite number of officers.

Now, however, when so much more is asked of them, when they have to give up their whole time to soldiering, when they have to pass through continuous examinations, to lecture their men, to supervise their musketry, and to instruct them in all their duties, and at the same time have their leave docked to a very great extent, it is little wonder that they don't think the service good enough at the price. I am well aware that it is necessary and right that they should do all these things; but I quite see their point when they expect more pay for more work. Surely this is a case where the labourer is worthy of his hire.

The private soldier's pay has increased much in the last thirty years, and in many ways he is far better off than he was.

The officer's pay alone has remained stationary, while his work has increased tenfold, and this at a time when the cost of living has gone up to a very considerable extent.

There is, I think, another reason why young men are not so keen about joining as they used to be, and that is a feeling that, if a war takes place, they can always get out in the auxiliary forces without undergoing the drudgery of learning the trade and training their men. In the Boer War the Regulars were often much disheartened by seeing the bread taken out of their mouths by amateurs.

Then again, the education craze is being run a little too strongly. It is all very well when you have a plethora of candidates, but I cannot see how at the present moment you are going to fill the ranks

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of officers by making the examination harder. Good generals are born, not made. No amount of education will make them. Nothing but force of character and strength of will can do that. Many instances in South Africa can be recalled where the most highly educated generals were unsuccessful, while men of strong character and common sense came to the front with far less advantages from an educational point of view. This high standard of education, on which you insist, cuts both ways. The highly educated young gentleman is not to be caught with chaff. He is beginning to know his market value, and to wonder whether he had not better turn his attention to something more lucrative than what you have to offer him. Apparently he is already acting on this principle.

Then again, another reason for the depletion of officers is, I venture to think, that they are getting a little tired of being continually lectured and told that they are stupid and only half-educated, and more or less ignorant of the rudiments of their profession.

They are a little inclined to take the public at its word, and to say to these superior persons, 'Very well. We are content to stand aside while you undertake the congenial task of guarding the shop yourselves. Leave your comfortable armchairs and your counting-houses, and show a little patriotism, not by paying money—anyone who has it can do that—but by taking some of the risks and facing some of the discomforts which we have relieved you of for so long. Either do this, which you will tell us means conscription, or make it worth our while to do it for you. You can't have it both ways. Either pay the market price and give us a living wage, or take upon yourselves the burden which is really yours.' Surely there is nothing unreasonable in such a contention.

Now, what are the conditions under which you ask the British subaltern to serve? In the first place, he has to pass a very stiff examination. His parents have to pay through the nose to enable him to do this, in consequence of the wretched education provided at our public schools. Having successfully gone through this ordeal, you pay him the wages of an artisan, and expect him to live like a gentleman—and, mind you, unless he does keep up appearances he is no use to you as an officer. And for this miserable wage he runs a very good chance of getting killed or dying of fever in some out-of-the-way part of the world, in order that the said artisan may follow his trade in peace and security. If a distant grumble is heard as to the hardness of his lot, instead of increasing his pay, you begin cutting off his little comforts, and making his life as unattractive as it well can be. There is nothing so pleasant or comforting to the conscience of the ordinary citizen as lecturing the subaltern on his extravagance. He mustn't drink wine, he mustn't ask a friend to dinner, he mustn't hunt or play polo even if he can afford it. Now all this was excellent

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as long as he would stand it, but at last the worm has turned, and the supply has fallen below the demand. 'It isn't good enough,' says the worm, and the worm is right. There can be little doubt that unless some further inducement is offered, the young men of the country will not come forward in sufficient numbers to fill the vacancies.

It is impossible to compare our officers with the Germans, as is sometimes done, with the object of showing how much more expensively the former live than the latter. The whole standard of comfort is, in the first place, so much lower in that country than in ours. Then again, the officer in Germany gets a social standing altogether out of proportion to that of any other calling. Military rank takes precedence of all other social distinction, so much so that, if an officer imagines himself to be insulted by a civilian, he draws his sword and runs him through, with a very fair chance of being acquitted if tried, and, in any case, being lightly punished. With us military rank gives comparatively little position in the social world.

At present we are falling between two stools. We are losing the men who are fairly well off and who make excellent officers, especially in the Cavalry, because they won't stand so much interference with their liberty; and we are not getting the poor men, because the pay is not good enough. Surely it would be wiser in the first place to make the service sufficiently self-supporting to attract the poor man before getting rid of that class which has served us so well in the past. If we are not careful we shall end by getting neither. What we want in the Cavalry are sportsmen. Why was it the Boers were so good at scouting? Not because they were scientific soldiers, or were particularly well educated. They were neither. But because of the outdoor and sporting life they led. The cavalryman who can afford to hunt and play polo is, other things being equal, a more useful man to the country than the man who only plays cricket and lawn tennis, and never gets on a horse except on parade. He is a better horseman, and, what is even more important on service, he is a better horse master. He develops an eye for country, and is accustomed to making up his mind in a hurry. Some of the best scouting work in South Africa was done by the fox-hunting officers of the first contingent of Yeomanry. We have the authority of the late Commander-in-Chief that these sports are the best training for Cavalry officers, and this view is so strongly held in America that, instead of prohibiting polo, forty ponies are kept at the public expense at West Point for the use of the students. Now, it is only men who are fairly well off who can afford to indulge in these pastimes, and, instead of driving them out of the Cavalry, it seems to me it would be wiser to try and keep them, at any rate until we have something to put in their places. That they are the best class from which to draw Cavalry officers has

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always been the opinion of every Inspector-General of Cavalry and every commanding officer of a cavalry regiment. I understand that at Sandhurst at the present moment the number of candidates for the Cavalry (*i.e.* the British Cavalry) has almost reached the vanishing point, whereas there are plenty of applicants for the Indian Cavalry, where the pay is better and the pension worth looking forward to. Now, even assuming that the regiments can be filled up without any increase of pay, the question arises, 'How are we to make the more capable of our officers remain on?' A love of adventure and the chance of seeing service will always attract a certain number of young men, but after a year or two the abler among them begin to look ahead and to see what their prospects are, and whether they cannot find a better opening in private life. In fact, it begins to dawn upon them that soldiering is not good enough at the price, and the result is that often it is the less capable who stay on and become the generals of the future, *faute de mieux*. Let us suppose that a man after, say, thirty years' service, retires, having commanded a regiment, on 420*l*. a year, or is put on half-pay at 300*l*. Is it not likely that in almost any other walk of life, with a similar amount of energy, and supposing him to have been even moderately successful, he would not find himself in an infinitely better position? No doubt, if he is a first-class man, he will get employed again; but all men are not Napoleons, and there are many who have done good service in the lower grades, and who have by sheer hard work welded the machine with which their abler comrades have climbed to fame, who are worthy of a better fate than being put on the shelf at a comparatively early age with an inadequate pension. The fact is, the plums are too few to make soldiering a paying profession. A few years back, when the command at Portsmouth was vacant, three or four generals had to be passed over because they could not afford to accept the position, and the junior on the list had to be appointed because his private means enabled him to do so. The same remark applies to Dublin and other high commands. Now, surely these commands should be looked forward to as rewards for meritorious service, and should be paid accordingly. Otherwise it seems to me that it is a mockery to talk of soldiering as a 'poor man's profession.' In the Cavalry the prospects are even worse, because the chances of employment of an officer, after he has done his regimental service, are so much smaller, there being infinitely fewer billets in the higher grades open to Cavalry than to Infantry or Artillery. If a boy were to ask my advice as to going into the Cavalry, I should say, 'By all means, if you want to have a pleasant time for a few years, and can afford it; but if you really want to make a profession of it, choose some other branch.' There is no doubt that this dearth of officers is a very serious matter, and constitutes a very grave danger to the country. What I contend is that, if the country wishes to avoid conscription, it must no longer

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pay the officers starvation wages. The sweating principle is unworthy of a great country. If it wants to attract the best men it must pay the lower grades better, and give a greater certainty of employment in the higher; in other words, it must make the service 'good enough.' At present the prospects are too shadowy to attract good men and, what is of more importance still, to keep them.

ERROLL.

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THE DEFENCE OF THE EMPIRE

V.—*COMMON-SENSE TRAINING FOR RECRUITS*

To produce in these modern days a professional army having a fighting value equal to the standard of earlier times is, I think, impossible. The military instincts of the inhabitants of thickly populated and highly civilised countries have perished from disuse, and the individual European is, consequently, inferior to the savage, or to the white 'pioneer,' under all circumstances when the natural aptitude of individuals is in question. A regular army of the twentieth century is superior, as an army, to an equal or even greater number of undisciplined adversaries; but when small bodies are opposed to the like, and success depends to a very great extent upon individual initiative, Boers, backwoodsmen, or native hordes possess advantages against which ordinary 'training' will often be found of little use.

The reason why the trained soldiers of Julius Cæsar proved themselves so consistently superior to the warlike ancestors of both Britons and Boers was that the individual soldier was, in the first place, still endowed by nature with a combatant aptitude almost as great as that of his opponents, and, in addition to such qualities, had also the power of concerted action, conferred by drill and discipline. Battles in those days were decided by hand-to-hand fighting, and yet trained troops, when handled by competent generals, were almost invariably victorious, even against the most tremendous numerical odds.

Turning from the exploits of the Roman legions to the conquest of India, we find that at Assaye, the 23rd of September, 1803, Sir Arthur Wellesley utterly defeated the army of Scindia and his allies, although the latter had 30,000 horsemen, 102 guns, and 10,000 infantry, whilst the British general had but 8000 men, of whom 6500 were native troops. The odds in this case were more than five to one, the weapons were practically equal, and for the most part the combatants upon both sides were natives of India. How is the result to be accounted for? That Wellington was a great general is, of course, true; but all the generalship in the world could not have sufficed had the quality of the troops been unequal to the task. Superior training and discipline must be accepted as the key to the riddle; and without

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these the mere leadership of European officers could not have made the natives upon one side so immensely superior to their equally brave and warlike adversaries upon the other.

To pass now to later times. The Boers of 1848 lived under conditions far more primitive than the Boers of 1899; they were constantly engaged in wars with savages, and their country was full of dangerous wild beasts. Almost every Boer of that day was a hunter of big game and a natural warrior. But in 1899 such men were not numerous, although the instincts, which altered circumstances had not recently called so prominently into play, were, indeed, merely dormant, and were, to some extent, speedily revived. At all events, it cannot be denied that the Boers with whom we ourselves fought had not all the natural advantages enjoyed by those whom Sir Harry Smith defeated at Boomplaats in 1848; and yet Sir Harry drove the latter like so many sheep from a very strong position, and with a force scarcely more numerous than that of the defenders. How, then, was it that the somewhat degenerate descendants of the Boers of 1848 so often defeated our troops from 1899 to 1902, even when actually attacking positions held by the British in superior numbers? The answer is, I think, plain. We, as well as other European nations, have suffered deterioration in natural military qualities to a far greater extent than has been the case with the Boers. This deterioration has been gradual, and it has thus escaped notice or been ignored. We appear to imagine that drill, discipline, and field-days can of themselves serve to make efficient soldiers, forgetting that, the natural aptitude of the individual having perished with the growth of population and the emigration from rural districts into the towns, it has now become needful first to make the soldier, and only *afterwards* the army.

Suppose a regiment officered exclusively by country gentlemen and recruited solely from gamekeepers, Highland gillies, and poachers, or from colonials bred in up-country areas; such a regiment would only need to become disciplined, and to learn a few simple manœuvres, in order to furnish a fighting machine capable of beating thrice its numbers of our own or of any army in the world. To make it thus would not take more than three months at the outside. This is because the individual, guided by natural instinct and familiarity with field sports, would already be fitted for his individual business, and would require only to learn the art of combination, so that the skill of the whole number might be properly concentrated upon the attainment of the common object.

But suppose a regiment recruited from the streets of one or more great towns. It would take twelve months at least to bring the men to anything approaching the individual value of the raw material suggested in the previous case. Indeed, I fully believe that the first, after one month's *drill*, would beat the second even after the latter had been *trained* under a perfect system for an entire year. Yet

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drill is only an advantageous, whilst training is an indispensable, means towards the desired end—fighting efficiency.

Drill and training are not identical. Of drill we know a good deal, but of training we know nothing, because we have never, since Sir John Moore, made any genuine attempt at it. This is the more curious because the recruit at his early drills is treated as an individual; but the moment that which we call 'training' is commenced the individual disappears, and squads, companies and battalions, &c., are immediately treated as the units! In short, we make no real effort to train the *man* by attempting to revive in him the inborn qualities and instincts of his forefathers—the hunting and fighting instincts of primitive man. To revive those instincts sufficiently to enable an army of 30,000 *trained individuals* to beat 100,000 ordinary European regular troops is, in my opinion, perfectly feasible; though without a complete alteration of system it would be impossible even to make the attempt, upon however small a scale. Such training as we now have is the training of the mass only, and so much time is expended upon this that the far more important training of the individual is absolutely prevented.

It is constantly asserted by many ignorant persons, who nevertheless pose to the public as 'experts,' that the lack of individuality so generally exhibited by the British soldier is solely due to the stultifying influences of the barrack-square. 'You make your soldier a machine with your endless drills,' they cry; 'what should be done is to train men to *think*, to fight as intelligent beings, capable of reasoning out the needs of a situation, not as mere automata, capable of action only when the usual wire is pulled the right way.' Very true; but the barrack-square has never exercised the stultifying influence suggested. The result is indeed as stated, but the cause is not that which is alleged. Where the barrack-square has gone wrong is in drilling *men* instead of *soldiers*. It has been tacitly assumed (for company training is so restricted as to be of little use) that the mere drilling of a man will make him an efficient soldier, and that, once he has been taught his drill, his training for war can be completed by brigade, divisional, or greater field-days and manœuvres. Actually, the man who has never been taught the alphabet of the soldier's trade, beyond acquiring a certain smartness in the performance of evolutions by word of command, is of no greater individual value, as a factor of success, than an absolutely undrilled civilian possessed, nevertheless, of intelligence slightly superior to that of his ever-so-well drilled rival. We should not gain, but the contrary, by having less drill; actually we need more drill, but we must combine practical training for war with the drill, and regard the latter in its true light—as a stepping-stone to tactical obedience; and, secondly, as the means whereby military spectacles can be rendered imposing instead of ridiculous. So long as there are armies there will be reviews and marches-past,

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and upon the principle that what is worth doing is worth doing well there must be drill, or the ceremonial parades will be ghastly failures. Smartness and 'spit and polish' are often railed at as superfluities, because the people who express such sentiments fail to see that the habit of prompt obedience which causes men to comply instantaneously with words of command given at drill will also ensure, if anything can, their equally prompt obedience in battle, when their leaders call upon them to seize the fleeting opportunity. 'Spit and polish' have also their uses, for they promote pride, and pride is, after all, the foundation of courage.

Where, however, we go wrong on our barrack-square is in deferring tactical instruction until after the recruit has been drilled, in place of grasping the chance offered by the most receptive period of the soldier's life in order to teach him his field duties simultaneously with his drill, and thus constructing not a cramped, sticky 'machine,' but a flexible organism, capable of playing its part in accordance with circumstances. The fact is that we very imperfectly teach our men what they have to do, and omit to instruct them how to do it; we teach them to obey orders, but not how to utilise their knowledge and discipline as aids to their intelligence. In this we are not different from other nations, and actually, I believe that, with all their faults, our officers and men are almost as superior, in their powers of self-reliance, to Continental troops as the Boers proved themselves superior to ourselves. To effect any substantial improvement in the value of the individual soldier we must, as already said, cultivate the intelligence of the recruit by teaching him from the first that he has brains as well as ears, and must learn to rely upon the former as well as upon the latter for his guidance in war. To the methods suggested for the production of this desired result we will now turn.

What we need to do, as already stated, is to resuscitate the dormant or perished aptitude for war which used to pervade the raw material of former times; and having succeeded in doing this, to the best of our ability, to teach the trained individual to devote his skill to the attainment of the common object—the defeat of the enemy; not incoherently, but in the most intimate co-operation with his comrades. The individual soldier must be taught to regard himself as a responsible, thinking unit, within his section; his business being at all times to observe, or, when it lies in his power, to create, opportunities for that section, with a full understanding of the fact that, just as his personal conduct may have important results for his section, so also the consequent action of the section itself is likely to aid materially the company to which that section belongs. The principle of co-operation, thus instilled into the private soldier, needs to travel up the ladder of responsibility from the smallest to the greatest unit, until we finally arrive at the strategical manœuvres of a large army, undertaken with a view to assisting another in the accomplishment

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of some highly important strategical task, for the performance of which the two are acting in combination.

The question is, How we are to set about the training of the individual so as to obtain such results. Different men will advocate different methods, and it is highly improbable that any single opinion could obtain general approval. Instead, therefore, of stating what I think ought to be done, I propose now to give a sketch of what I myself actually did during the two years that I was engaged in training recruits at the depôt of my own regiment, at Taunton, from the end of 1895 to the end of 1897. The foundation of my system was that from the earliest possible opportunity every recruit should be compelled to accept a certain amount of *responsibility*, not only on account of himself, but also on behalf of others. My chief boast in this connection is that except by means of 'lectures' I taught *nobody* anything whatever after my first three months at the depôt. In short, after having laid what I deemed to be a sufficient foundation of knowledge, I confined myself to seeing that those who knew their business taught those who did not. Suppose, for example, that recruit Thomas Atkins appeared on parade for the very first time in his life this morning, and that I was going to carry out some simple tactical exercise or go through some fighting or outpost drill.[1] Recruit Atkins, though still in civilian dress, would be placed in the ranks as rear-rank man to Recruit Robinson, a clever lad in the 'first squad.' It would be Robinson's affair to see that he not only did right himself, but that Atkins conformed thereto. Suppose that the lesson consisted in the manœuvring of a skirmishing line by means of whistle and signal; there was no difficulty in carrying out 'at the double' any evolution in the book (and some others) so long as every front-rank man was reasonably competent. There was, of course, as a natural consequence, some talking in the ranks, and it was not always of a drawing-room description; but the result was what I wanted; Robinson landed Atkins where the latter ought to arrive, and in order to do so had to pay attention, keep his eyes open, use his wits, and thus acquire *a sense of responsibility*. A few weeks later Atkins would similarly find himself looking after Brown. Having thus introduced the method, it will, I think, facilitate further explanation to give in detail the general results which I expected to achieve with the *average* recruit by the end of his three months' course of instruction. I do not think that more than 10 per cent. fell below the standard;

[1] Tactical *drills* are 'living pictures,' intended to illustrate the elementary features of tactical methods, and are quite distinct from tactical *exercises*. In tactical drills a corner of the barrack-square or drill-field, with real men arranged thereon, takes the place of the blackboard and chalk of the lecture-room; the dispositions are in miniature, and are made regardless of 'the use of ground.' But in tactical exercises the knowledge previously gained is practically applied, upon the principle that, having been taught what he has to do, the soldier has now to learn how to do it, and by experience to become efficient for service in the field.

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but of these a few, owing to lack of intelligence, would be very inferior; whilst of those who rose above the average, instances of extraordinary superiority were, I admit, rare, for the simple reason that the course of instruction was not long enough to permit a great development. I ought, I think, also to point out that these results were obtained with recruits who were mostly of agricultural origin. Had the men been town-bred the drill would have been better and the field work not so good. At all events, the standard to which I expected the average recruit to attain was that he should be:

(1) Reasonably smart in all squad drill and capable of taking his place in a company composed to some extent of trained men.

(2) Fairly smart at handling his arms in manual exercise and otherwise.

(3) Able to lay an 'aim' accurately on the tripod, and to load, aim, and fire blank cartridge without danger to comrades.

(4) Quick at using ground and cover so as to avoid danger, and use the rifle to advantage.

(5) Thoroughly acquainted with the field signals; not only able to understand them, but also to give them properly.

(6) Smart and quick when working in extended order [2] by signal—including the 'emergency formations.'

(7) Acquainted with the work of advanced, rear, and flank guards.

(8) Well up in all duties on outpost that fall to the lot of the group leader or private soldier.

(9) Clever at scouting, so far as regards using ground in order to see without being seen, and possessed of some capacity to interpret natural signs.

(10) Acquainted with the nature of the most important exploits of his regiment in the past.

(11) Sufficiently good at gymnastics to satisfy an inspecting officer of the Army Gymnastic Staff.

Before proceeding to detail the methods employed for the execution of the foregoing programme, I feel compelled to explain that an essential element of the system was a complete disregard of the 'Regulations' in all cases where they were found antagonistic to success. The Regulations of those days rendered training difficult, if they were observed; whilst, in my opinion, the present Regulations have rendered it impossible.

I will now take the items in their order.

(1 and 2) Though I spent far less time on these matters than is usual, the officer commanding the 'home battalion' was good enough to say that the general results were actually more satisfactory than before. My plan was to ensure that no particular kind of instruction was continued for long at a time, and weariness was consequently

[2] All recruits would also have had some practice as section commanders, and about 80 per cent. would be fairly capable by the end of the course.

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prevented. If the attention of recruits is to be kept, there must be variety.

(3) Musketry instruction was not provided for in the regulation course, so I arranged with the officer commanding home battalion that this should take the place of 'kit inspection,' which the recruits were left to learn after joining the battalion.

(4) This was dealt with by exercising very small squads, chiefly in the drill-field, and larger squads elsewhere, as opportunity offered. The facilities for the latter were not great. We had also a certain number of small field-days, in conjunction with the local Volunteers, and in these exercises the old soldiers of the depôt were called upon to take part.

(5) The foundation of instruction in field signals was 'signal drill.' The squad would be formed as for bayonet exercise (that is to say, in four ranks, with intervals between men), the more advanced recruits being placed in front. The whole squad then went through all the signals by word of command, those who did not know how to make them copying those who did. A little signal drill would often be interpolated just to give variety in the course of other instruction. Every time the squads marched to the drill-field a variety of signals would be passed by the advanced guard, through the connecting files, to the main body of the squad.

(6) Extended order drills were carried out daily, at the end of the midday parade, on the grass alongside the barrack-square or in the drill-field, except when an exercise was performed in the country. All recruits took part, including men not yet clothed in uniform. The uninstructed were each placed in charge of a first squad recruit.

(7) Advanced guard and other *drills* were similarly performed on the barrack-square, so that all could see what had to be done, and by whom. In the country, from time to time, the men were taught to put in practice the knowledge they had gained.

(8) The procedure in this case was the same as for No. 7. Outposts were also practised, by night, with the local Volunteers.

(9) The foundation of this class of instruction was no more nor less than 'hide and seek.' A simple scheme would be written out and hung up, with a map of the country, in the 'coffee-shop' the day before the exercise. Half a dozen men, natives of the selected district or well acquainted with it, were sent out under a sergeant to represent hostile scouts, whose object it was to approach or get into Taunton. The rest of the recruits then reconnoitred the prescribed area and tried to capture the scouts. A scout who penetrated the cordon received, on arrival in barracks, a bottle of ginger beer. The scouts, being well acquainted with every field-path, were very often successful. All were as keen as possible, thoroughly enjoyed themselves, had plenty of exercise, and learned to 'see without being seen,' as well as the working of a reconnoitring party, including the

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transmission of information. These exercises took place on the days set apart by regulation for route marching. There was but one route march during the whole of my two years, and this one was unavoidably executed, there being no officer off duty to conduct a tactical exercise.

(10) At every lecture some incident from the history of the regiment was introduced, if possible, in order to serve as an illustration of something alluded to. Lectures by officers were abolished by regulation, but I continued them. The use of the blackboard, combined with catechising in the lecture-room, is a great help to teaching the soldier his business on advanced rear and flank guards, on picquet, and in attack and defence.

(11) I paid no attention to the Regulations under which recruits were supposed to have gymnastic merits in accordance with their number of weeks' service. My recruits went ahead as each was able. One man might be in the 'First Gymnastic Squad' a few days after joining, or another never during his time at the depôt. At gymnastics, as also at drill, I personally passed on all recruits from the lower to the higher squads, advancing them on parade in sight of their comrades, and thus promoting emulation. The Chief Inspector of Gymnasia expressed himself highly pleased with what he saw.

Before ending these reminiscences it is, perhaps, worth while to remark that upon the first 'general's inspection' that I underwent the test of efficiency applied was a performance of the bayonet exercise, 'judging the time,' by the old soldiers of the depôt! Naturally this was a very poor display. I had imagined that the business of the old soldiers was to do all the fatigues, and when brought on parade to be of assistance in training the recruits. Consequently, 'show' had in their case been sadly neglected. We obtained a bad report, but, fortunately, the Colonel was strong-minded, and did not care. The following year we succeeded in getting the General to have a look at the recruits and to ignore the old soldiers; with the result that we were well reported upon. Yet the first year's experience had been rather heart-breaking. I had looked forward to showing the General what the recruits could do out in the drill-field, but was not permitted to exhibit them. For example, I had particularly desired to prove the simplicity of the 'emergency formations' afterwards described in my lecture at the Royal United Service Institution on the 3rd of March, 1898, by performing them all with practically untrained recruits, and, moreover, with recruits acting as section commanders. Any recruit then in the barracks who had a month's service to his credit could have explained to the inspecting officer the object of each 'emergency formation,' and why it was performed in the manner presented. My disappointment may be imagined when I found that the result of all our work was to be judged from the proficiency of the old soldiers at bayonet exercise, a performance which I knew that they

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were unequal to (because unpractised for it), and in which I did not care twopence whether they were expert or not.

This article has already extended to a length far exceeding what I expected it to attain ; but I trust that those who may have the patience to read it through will thereby be enabled to realise what is needed, what has hitherto been done to that end, and how much remains to be done. I was told that field instruction would be wasted upon recruits—that they would speedily forget. This was not the opinion of Major-General Bengough, whose brigade at Aldershot the home battalion afterwards joined. General Bengough stated publicly that 'the young soldiers of the Somersetshire Light Infantry knew more about their field duties than the old soldiers of regiments that had been two and three years at Aldershot.' For this boasting I crave forgiveness upon the ground that it furnishes an essential piece of evidence.

A. W. A. Pollock,
Lieut.-Colonel (late) Somersetshire L.I.

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THE BLACK PROBLEM IN SOUTH AFRICA

Two years ago an inter-colonial conference in Bloemfontein resolved:

> That in view of the coming federation of South African Colonies, it is desirable that a South African Commission be constituted to gather accurate information on certain affairs relating to the natives and native administration, and to offer recommendations to the several Governments concerned, with the object of arriving at a common understanding on questions of native policy.

This represents the first serious step ever taken towards the framing of a uniform South African native policy. Six months later the Commission was appointed. It consisted of eleven members: two from each of the Colonies, one from Rhodesia, one from Basutoland, and a chairman. The Commissioners were selected on account of their special knowledge of native affairs, and, after many months of painstaking toil, during which they travelled all over South Africa, making personal investigations and collecting with patience and discrimination a mass of invaluable evidence, they compiled a report that surpasses, in point of completeness and lucidity, anything ever produced on the subject. This report was published by the Colonial Office three weeks ago. As it will constitute the basis for the remodelled native policy of the various South African Colonies, an examination of its main propositions may be not altogether valueless.

At the outset let it be said that the Commission, in its investigations and decisions, was inspired by no hostility towards the natives. It included men like Sir Godfrey Lagden (the Chairman) and Colonel Stanford (Secretary for Native Affairs in Cape Colony), who are known for their benevolence where the native is concerned. Every page of the Report bears marks of this benevolence. The Commission insists that the European population, as the governing and superior caste, has certain serious duties to fulfil in regard to the natives and their welfare, and that upon the Governments of the South African Colonies is laid the task of promoting the moral and intellectual elevation of the subject race. It is well to note this, as it emphasises the significance of the Commission's observations in regard to the native franchise and other matters. They are not the observations of negrophobes, or feather-brained alarmists, or ignorant theorists, but of

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level-headed Colonials who have spent years studying various phases of the native question, and who cherish for the black man nothing but good will.

The first business to which the Commission addressed itself was the defining of the term 'native.' In a country where you have almost every variation of colour, and endless confusion arising out of the intermixture of the races, this was no simple matter. Though in a general way people distinguish between 'natives' and 'coloured people,' the former being aborigines, and the latter half-breeds with a strain of white blood, it has been difficult to know where to draw the line between the two. Every Colony has its own definition of 'native.' Worse still, in some Colonies there are several definitions in different statutes. In Natal, for example, a man may be a native under one Act and a European under another. The confusion is such that some time ago a coloured man who brought a case before the native High Court was told that he was a European, and consequently must go to the Supreme Court, which in turn informed him that he was a native, and must submit his case to the native High Court. As the order of neither Court is binding on the other, the unfortunate man was deprived of legal remedy. Therefore, while for the purposes of the Report the Commission had no alternative but to use the term 'native' in the sense accepted by the various Colonies, leaving each to interpret the Report according to the local definition of the term, it was imperative, as an essential preliminary to uniformity, to devise, for future use, a definition that could be accepted throughout South Africa. So the Commission recommend: 'That the word "native" shall be taken to mean an aboriginal inhabitant of Africa, south of the Equator, and to include half-castes and their descendants by natives.' If this definition is adopted it will result in many so-called coloured people in Cape Colony being classed as natives, the Cape Colony laws describing only pure aborigines as natives. On the other hand, in the Transvaal and Orange River Colony, where anybody who is not white, or an Asiatic, is liable to be classed as a native, many coloured people will be released from the disabilities under which they at present live. In effect the Commission's definition embraces (*a*) all South African aborigines, (*b*) all who are the offspring of a white and an aboriginal parent, such offspring being styled half-caste, and (*c*) the offspring of parents one of whom is a half-caste and the other an aborigine. Thus the child of a half-caste and a European escapes being a native.

With this simple definition before them, the Commissioners proceed to give the results of their labours, which included an investigation into the political status of the native. It is with this question that I specially wish to deal, not only because of its conspicuous importance in South African affairs, but because it may become the subject of controversy in this country should a section of the natives, encouraged by the sickly sentimentality of the Exeter Hall party, carry out their

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threat of appealing to the Imperial Government against whatever action the Colonial Administrations may decide to take in order to preserve white supremacy.[1] It cannot be too earnestly stated that any attempt on the part of the Home authorities at tampering with the native policy of the Colonies is bound to produce the most deplorable consequences. There is no reason to anticipate such interference at present. But once public opinion is set in motion in any given direction there is no telling what it may compel a weak Government to do. The 'equal rights' and 'man-and-a-brother' cries still have a peculiar fascination for people who know nothing of the native. As the bulk of the British population is necessarily composed of such people, anything that is calculated to supplement their knowledge, in the measure that this Native Commission's Report should, deserves attention.

In an article which appeared in the last May number of this Review I drew attention to the seriousness of the native problem in its relation to white supremacy. I pointed out that, pitted against a limited white population, is a comparatively unlimited and virile black race, which, under the influence of civilisation, is becoming year by year a more formidable element, and a source of danger to the commonwealth. I referred particularly to the growing power of the black vote in Cape Colony, and submitted that the logical outcome of the present process of political evolution must be the ruling of the white man by the black. Of course nobody imagines for a moment that such a situation will ever be allowed to arise. But up to a comparatively recent date there was a grave risk of things being left to drift until a catastrophe could have been averted only by heroic measures. The findings of the Inter-Colonial Commission, and the interest they have awakened, inspire the hope that the *laisser-faire* policy is at an end, and that we shall be spared the maledictions which a future generation would be moved to shower upon us if we left the solution of the native problem to posterity instead of attempting it ourselves.

After reviewing the position in Cape Colony the Commissioners find that 'a situation has arisen requiring fair but resolute treatment, a situation not only immediately unsatisfactory, but pregnant with future danger'; they dismiss the proposition that 'full and equal

[1] Since this was written a telegram has been received from Pretoria announcing that a petition is being circulated in the Transvaal, and signed by thousands of natives, praying the King to see that when full autonomy is granted to the Transvaal the interests of the natives shall be remembered. The petitioners fear that *if the government be handed over wholly to the whites* 'class legislation of a character to degrade and oppress the natives will be introduced.' The terms of the petition are described as practically identical with those of the famous Uitlander petition sent to London before the war. This can only mean that the natives demand the franchise and look to the Imperial Government to give it them in the teeth of colonial opinion. Quite apart from all other considerations—and they are many—compliance with such a demand would be a gross violation of the Vereeniging Peace Covenant. The petition is to be sent to the King through the Colonial Secretary.

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political rights should be granted to all classes of men fulfilling the necessary franchise qualifications'; they remind us that 'the native population of the Cape Colony is about one million and a half, out of which a quarter of a million are adult male natives and potential voters,' while the number of white voters is only 115,000; and they add by way of comment that 'the present number of native voters is, therefore, the merest fringe of the impending mass, and, in view of this fact, the full magnitude and gravity of the situation may be apprehended.' The Commissioners then observe that in seven of the Eastern Province divisions the native can determine the issue of the elections; that there are other constituencies 'in which the native voters are sufficiently numerous to exercise a strong influence in any election'; that 'in the present state of parties the native vote has acquired an excessive importance'; that 'the growing power of the native vote is not confined to these eastern divisions,' but is spreading towards the seaports and the towns; and that 'in five only out of the forty-six constituencies of the Cape Colony are there no native voters.' The Commissioners also find that natives are acquiring the franchise more easily than in the past; higher wages are being earned by the unskilled labourer, education is spreading fast, and the holding of fixed property is becoming more common. From this it is clear, in the opinion of the Commissioners,

> That in the near future native voters in at least some of the constituencies will outnumber the Europeans. Under such circumstances the voting of the future may proceed upon race lines, and no one acquainted with the conditions of life in South Africa will hesitate to say that a conflict would then arise fatal to the good relations which have upon the whole hitherto existed between white and black in this country. The wise course, therefore, is by forethought and timely provision in the interests of all classes to avoid the evil already looming in the distance. It is certain that the Europeans in any constituency will not rest content to be represented in their Legislature by a member returned against their wishes by the native vote alone, and it is equally certain that throughout South Africa the Europeans will not tolerate in any Legislature a Ministry dependent upon a majority consisting of members owing their seats to the native electorate.

This passage expresses, temperately and clearly, the opinion of the mass of Colonials. It is their answer to the misguided mortals who glibly expatiate on the manifold virtues of the 'man-and-a-brother' doctrine, secure in the consciousness that they are never likely to be condemned to experience the practical application of their Utopian theories.

While recognising the dangers of the situation, and the pressing necessity for corrective action, the Commissioners do not ignore the native point of view. They realise that as the natives increase in material wealth, become skilled in various crafts, enjoy and utilise more and more the advantages of education, contribute increasingly to the State revenue, and altogether rise in the social and economic

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scale, they may with reason claim to have their interests represented more directly in Parliament than they are at present. Under the old tribal system the natives were not without representation, and the wishes of the tribe at all times played an important part in guiding the policy of the chief. The system still survives in a more or less modified form in the Reserves, where the chiefs are surrounded by councillors who, though not elected, are nevertheless the direct representatives of the people, being allowed by common consent, because of their mental or physical accomplishments, or both, to rank above their fellows, whose spokesmen they become. The councillors are not the important personages they once were, since tribal control is being transferred gradually from the chiefs to magistrates and native commissioners. But they still serve a very useful purpose as medium between their people and the authorities. In Basutoland there is a national assembly, presided over by the resident commissioner, and consisting of a hundred selected native representatives, which maintains to a great extent the traditions of the past, and in the other Reserves the natives have equally effective means of making their wishes known, the commissioners, magistrates, deputy commissioners, and other officials being picked men, who understand the natives and keep in closest touch with them.

But as the natives adopt the ways and ideas of civilisation, they will claim a system of representation more in accordance with the civilised model, and although it is not a claim about which the average Colonist can be expected to display enthusiasm, he will have to face it sooner or later. He has got to decide whether he will pursue a policy of uncompromising repression in the vain hope of keeping the native for ever under, or give the natives an outlet for their legitimate ambitions, while exercising over them a just but firm control. The latter is the safer alternative. As the Commissioners remark, there arrives a time when it becomes necessary to consider whether a system has served its purpose and prepared the way for a change; and, if so, what the change should be. Unduly to perpetuate that which hinders a lower race from advancing, if it shows the desire and capacity to advance, is neither intelligent nor right. The investigations of the Commission go to show that contact with Europeans, with their mode of life, their industries, their Christianising influences, their business dealings, and their laws and forms of government; facilities for travel, exchange of ideas, and a number of other factors are slowly but surely transforming the whole social system and life of the natives. To retard this process, by withholding from them the educational and other civilising agents which they now so eagerly solicit, and by thwarting their ambitions at every turn, would be as sensible as sitting on the safety-valve of a locomotive, and as effectual as endeavouring to sweep back the sea with Mrs. Partington's mop. Nobody in his senses imagines it possible to stem the rising flood of native aspiration

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in South Africa. But the flood may be so diverted as to leave unharmed the fabric of white dominion which otherwise might be wrecked. So far as Cape Colony is concerned the ideal course would be to disfranchise the natives, giving them instead a modified form of representation, and leaving them in possession of all their other privileges. But disfranchisement seems to be outside the pale of practical politics. Neither the Progressive nor the South African party is strong enough alone to carry a disfranchising measure, and there is small chance of the two co-operating to that end. The Commissioners no doubt recognised this, and also considered the objections to depriving a section of the community of a right which had been confirmed by the lapse of years. So they devised a scheme the adoption of which will safeguard white supremacy almost as effectively as wholesale native disfranchisement, and be free from the difficulties attending the execution of such a project. Following the excellent New Zealand precedent, the Commissioners recommend that the natives should vote as a separate constituency or constituencies. These black constituencies will have a limited number of members—

> Not more than sufficient to provide an adequate means for the expression of native views and the ventilation of their grievances, if any, the number of members not to be regulated by the numerical strength of the native vote, and no native to vote at the election of any candidate or member who is to represent Europeans.

By this arrangement the black vote will at once be robbed of its terrors, since the increase in the number of enfranchised natives, however great, will not necessarily involve any increase in the number of members representing natives. The object of the Commissioners is to give the natives direct representation of their views and interests through members elected exclusively by the natives themselves. That object is attained as well by granting them four or five members as by allotting them a dozen or a score, and the four or five will experience no more difficulty in voicing the desires of a hundred thousand enfranchised natives than they would in presenting the case of only a quarter of that number. Hence the Commission's explicit recommendation that the number of members must not be regulated by the numerical strength of the native vote; they must simply be sufficient to provide an adequate means for the ventilation of native grievances.

Given such a scheme in being, the Colonist could contemplate the growth of the black vote with serenity. Whether there were ten thousand or a million natives on the electoral roll would be to him a matter of comparative indifference. The supremacy of the white man would be assured, and all questions affecting the betterment of the natives would be freed 'from any considerations of consequent increase in their (the natives') political power, and from the resulting hostility to measures conducive to their progress and improvement on the part

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of many Europeans otherwise friendly to the native cause.' That is a statement made by the Commissioners in justification of their plan, which they claim would assure, among other good results, 'the avoidance of racial strife,' inevitable under the existing system, and 'the direct and continuous exchange of views on questions affecting the interests of our large native population, between the Government and the member or members elected by the natives to represent them,' without violating the fundamental principle affirmed by the Commission that there must be no conferring on the native of political power 'in any aggressive sense, or weakening in any way the unchallenged supremacy and authority of the ruling race, which is responsible for the country, and bears the burden of its government.'

So far as Cape Colony is concerned this plan is a triumph of ingenuity. It places on the exercise of native political influence the limitation which is indispensable if white supremacy is to be maintained, yet does not leave the natives politically destitute; on the contrary, they are enriched by being represented in Parliament by men who will devote themselves wholly to the promotion of the natives' welfare, instead of by members who have to give a great part of their attention to the concerns of their white constituents.

But it is not the intention of the Commissioners that their scheme should be applied to Cape Colony alone. They recommend its introduction throughout South Africa. In practice this means that while in Cape Colony and Rhodesia (where the Cape Colony system prevails) native rights would be curtailed; in Natal, the Transvaal, and the Orange River Colony, where the natives do not enjoy the franchise, new rights would have to be created. The Commission resolved: 'That in each Colony now self-governing, or when it becomes self-governing, there should be created an electoral district or districts in which native electors only shall vote for the election of a member or members to represent them in the Legislature,' separate voters' lists and separate candidates being provided for the natives, whose enfranchising qualification should be the same as that of the whites. The Commission also resolved that the number of seats to be granted to the native constituencies should be settled by each Legislature, and that 'at least one such seat should be granted in each of the self-governing Colonies of South Africa now, and in each Colony or possession as it becomes self-governing.'

In the Transvaal and Orange River Colony, if not in Natal, this proposal will meet with considerable opposition. To the Boers, who form about one-half of the white population, the idea of giving political rights to the coloured man or the Kaffir, or anything remotely resembling them, is unspeakably abhorrent. The old Grondwet distinctly provided that no equality between white and black was to be recognised in Church or State. The Boers, through their Government and individually, interpreted this provision in its widest sense,

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though not with the heartlessness sometimes attributed to them. Perhaps the best commentary on the strange misrepresentations to which Boer native policy has been subjected is to be found in the fact that that policy is endorsed by the great majority of Englishmen who have lived for any length of time in the Transvaal or Orange River Colony. In its essential principles—the negation of equality—it is being so faithfully observed under Imperial rule that—to quote two dissimilar but typical illustrations—natives are not allowed to use the sidewalks, and marriage between a native and a white woman is a punishable offence.

This being the temper of the new Colonies, the suggestion that natives should have a share in the Government is not popular. Some hint of the probable reception awaiting the Commission's proposal when it comes to be formally discussed is contained in the observations of a leading Transvaal newspaper.[2] The whole idea, says the writer, 'is absurd and preposterous.' The native is

> utterly unfitted for the franchise, and still less is he fitted to sit on equal terms with the European in the Councils of the State. . . . This proposal . . . should certainly be resisted, and it is to be deeply regretted that what is otherwise an able and practical State document should have been marred by its inclusion.

The inference drawn, that the Parliamentary representatives of the natives will be coloured, is not altogether warranted. The Commission recommends that 'the qualification of the member or members to represent the natives should be determined by each Legislature,' thus leaving the different Colonies the power to impose, if they choose, conditions that may bar completely any coloured man from becoming a candidate for the Legislature, and consequently ensure the representation of the black constituencies by Europeans alone. This may influence some people who, though deprecating the admission of the native on an equality into any department of public life, least of all into Parliament, are not averse from affording him a more effective means than already exists for the expression of his grievances and aspirations. But it would be rash to assume that therefore the new Colonies will adopt the Commission's scheme. The Boers, and most Englishmen, are opposed to giving the native any sort of suffrage, and the experience of Cape Colony serves to confirm them in their opposition.[3] They have to be converted before

[2] The *Rand Mail*, February 11, 1905.

[3] The list of principles adopted by the Transvaal Progressive (British) party has just been published. The first principle is: '*Votes for white men only*, and every member elected to Parliament to represent the same number of voters, whether in the country or in the towns.' The fourth paragraph of the programme provides for 'a firm native policy, with a view to encouraging habits of industry among the natives, and insisting that they shall contribute an equitable share to the obligations of the State whose protection they enjoy. The encouragement of the principle of the Glen Grey Act.'

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the Commission's aim of 'a uniform and permanent political status for the natives throughout South Africa . . . removing all grounds for discontent arising from a comparison of their position in this respect in different Colonies' can be attained. The task of inducing the two political parties in Cape Colony to co-operate in restricting the scope of the black vote presents certain difficulties, but nothing compared with those awaiting the Government which engages to persuade the new Colonies of the wisdom of giving the native the franchise. For political reasons the South African party in Cape Colony is ostentatiously negrophile. But in his heart of hearts the Dutchman loathes the very thought of equality as between white and black. The sublime sensation of rubbing shoulders with Jan, Piet, and Klaas in the high places of the earth appeals to him not a bit, even though Jan and his friends wear fine apparel and possess wondrous mental equipment. He cannot forget that his ancestors left British territory and trekked into the desert for less than this. The average English Colonist is no more in love with the equality theory than is his Dutch neighbour. Consequently the leader, whether Dutch or English, who has the courage to initiate franchise reform, and can persuade his fellows to sink for a season their party differences in order to present a determined front to, and overcome, the black political danger which menaces Dutch and English alike, will find the great body of both races with him For this reason I believe that the scheme recommended by the Inter-Colonial Commission, or something approaching it, will eventually be accepted without serious trouble in Cape Colony. But in the new Colonies the situation is quite otherwise, and I do not envy the man who there sets out to preach black suffrage. He who did so at the present moment would have difficulty in escaping the charge of being either a knave or a fool.

The cardinal difference between the application of the Commission's recommendations to Cape Colony and their enforcement in the new Colonies consists in the fact that the one is an indispensable forerunner of federation, while the other is not. The unwillingness of the new Colonies to enfranchise the natives would never, in itself, be a barrier to federation. But the refusal of Cape Colony to rearrange its political system would either delay federation indefinitely, or result in federation without Cape Colony. Nothing will persuade the Transvaal and Orange River Colonies to enter a federation that suffers a state of affairs such as exists south of the Orange River. An influential Transvaal newspaper[4] summed up the popular thought when it declared that 'the policy of exclusion from equality must be applied throughout South Africa: the dream of federation can never be realised upon any basis other than the frank and complete denial of the political equality of the races.' The obligation upon Cape Colony

[4] The *Transvaal Leader*, October 15, 1904.

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to take action is therefore greater than that imposed upon its neighbours. If they shelved the Commission's franchise recommendations for the next decade nobody would be much the worse. But every year's delay by Cape Colony renders the white man's position more difficult and, in the event of a general election, more intolerably degrading.

Outside of Cape Colony no particular desire for political rights, and certainly no capacity for exercising them, has been manifested by the natives. The effect of introducing a system of native representation, apart from the means which the natives already have for communicating their wishes to the Government, would be to create political complications now non-existent, and to interfere seriously with the natural evolution of the black races. Anybody who knows the Transvaal, for example, is well aware that the Kaffirs are far from being ripe for even a modified franchise. If they had a vote they would not know how to use it, and would become the prey of unscrupulous agitators, who quickly would plunge the country into strife. In his last annual report Sir Godfrey Lagden, deprecating violent changes in the established order, affirmed that 'there are no short cuts in native affairs, and no remedies to be found in immature legislation which often has produced results of a reactionary character.' Truer words never were written. They epitomise pages of advice on native policy, and may with advantage be borne in mind when projects are afoot for giving primitive natives a share in the making of white men's laws.

The establishment of a 'uniform and permanent political status for the natives throughout South Africa,' after which the Inter-Colonial Commission strives, is in itself most praiseworthy. In time it may be attained. But its attainment is neither essential nor possible, before or even directly after the birth of the federation. The Commissioners themselves admit that immediate uniformity is impossible owing to the diverse conditions under which different sections of the natives live, and the varying degrees of advancement to which they have attained. The Commissioners simply urge that the eventual accomplishment of uniformity should be kept in view. At one end of the scale are masses clinging to tribal custom and in a relatively raw state; at the other are natives eagerly assuming all the trappings of civilisation. Between these two are men at every stage in the progress from semi-savagery to enlightenment. Manifestly it would be absurd to apply precisely the same method to them all simply because they all are black. Even in Cape Colony, where the theory of equality finds complete expression—not because Colonists love equality, but because it is imposed upon them by the Constitution—the Government has recognised the need for flexible native administration based on varying local conditions, the code prevailing in the Transkeian territories, where polygamy and other tribal customs are

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still legal, being quite different from that applied to the native in the Colony proper.

The Commissioners left the question of native representation under the federation severely alone. But in their plan for local representation they lay down the principle 'that no native shall vote in the election of any member or candidate for whom a European has the right to vote.' The application of this principle to the federal elections would involve either the exclusion of the black vote, or its admission under conditions similar to those which may prevail in the State elections—that is to say, the natives would be embodied in separate constituencies and return their own members. But this presupposes the existence of the 'uniform and permanent political status for natives throughout South Africa' the creation of which, as I have indicated, is out of the question for many years—more years than the period for which it would be reasonable to delay federation. In these circumstances the only alternative is to exclude the black element altogether from the federal parliamentary scheme. In time it might be desirable to consider the question of giving the native, in relation to the federal Parliament, privileges resembling those which meanwhile he may obtain in regard to the local legislatures. But as matters stand, such a concession would be as imprudent as it is unnecessary. Direct representation in the local legislatures should and must suffice the native for many a day.

So much for the methods by which it is proposed to appease the political hunger of the native. His cravings after other things must also be taken into account. The Commissioners record the conviction that no native policy can be complete or sound which is limited to political or economical considerations only, and they recommend generous treatment of the natives in regard to both religion and education. As I pointed out in my last article, the natives are manifesting on all hands an extraordinary predilection for learning. This, the Commissioners rightly hold, cannot and need not be suppressed. They find that education has been beneficial to the native, and that its effect has been to increase his capacity for usefulness. They note the liberality of the Cape Government in the matter of financial aid, but assert that evidence discloses the need generally for more generous total grants. They recommend the special encouragement of schools and institutes which give efficient industrial training, and they particularly urge the establishment of a central college, aided by the various States, at which native teachers can be trained and native students afforded opportunities for higher education. The Commission suggests that, in the matter of more advanced trade and technical institutions, the endeavour should be in the direction of equipping a few high-class establishments, rather than increasing a number of second-rate ones likely to turn out poorly trained workmen. But above all the Commission insists on the necessity for 'moral and

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religious instruction,' asserting that for the moral improvement of the natives there is available no influence equal to that of religious belief. The report says:

> No merely secular system of morality that might be applied would serve to raise the natives' ideals of conduct or to counteract the evil influences which have been alluded to (sexual immorality, intemperance, and dishonesty; born of contact with civilisation), and (the Commission) is of opinion that hope for the elevation of the native races must depend mainly on their acceptance of Christian faith and morals.

The cherishing of these amiable sentiments must be held responsible for the gentle spirit in which the Commission deals with the Ethiopian movement, described in the report as 'having as its origin a desire on the part of a section of the Christianised natives to be freed from control by European Churches.' The Commission has little sympathy with the movement, but suggests that, so long as it remains unassociated with mischievous political tendencies, 'any measure capable of being represented as religious persecution should be avoided.' The Commissioners, without definitely saying so, imply that the movement so far has not been politically mischievous. They surely must have received convincing evidence in refutation of the abundant testimony, published from time to time, that wherever the apostles of Ethiopianism have appeared—whether in Cape Colony, the Transkei, Natal, or the Transvaal—they have caused unrest amongst the natives and have been condemned by the authorities. The Commissioners refer to the movement as if it were purely religious. But when Ethiopian missionaries, saturated with American democratic ideas, go up and down the land telling the Kaffirs that South Africa is a black man's country, and that the blacks must 'stand up for their rights,' it is impossible to ignore the political aspect of the propagandism. There can be little doubt about the effect of such statements upon a face which is just awakening to a realisation of its great strength. The emissaries of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, an American negro body whose history in South Africa has been detailed in this Review,[5] are the worst offenders, and it is against them that white public opinion is most strong. They were regarded as sufficiently dangerous to justify the Imperial Government in prohibiting them from entering the new Colonies after the war to visit their dioceses, and although this prohibition was removed a year ago on the representations in London of Bishop Derrick and Bishop Coppin, two prelates of the A.M.E.C., acting in conjunction with the American Ambassador, it was subsequently reimposed; and when the newly appointed head of the Church in South Africa, Bishop Spencer Smith, arrived in Cape Town last October, he found to his dismay that he could not go to either the Transvaal or the Orange River Colony, chiefly, it seemed, on account of a protest from all the religious bodies

[5] 'The Black Peril,' *Nineteenth Century*, May 1904.

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in South Africa against the continued operations of the A.M.E.C., the protest being embodied in a resolution passed by the Missionary Conference held in Johannesburg. Bishop Spencer Smith, like his predecessors, energetically denies that his colleagues exercise any sinister influence. He recoils from the very suggestion of disloyalty. But men and institutions are judged by their works. So judged, the A.M.E.C. cannot escape censure. Granted that everything apologists of the Ethiopian movement say is true; granted that the A.M.E.C. came to South Africa with the purest motives and the loftiest ideals; granted that no one of the A.M.E.C. clergy has ever breathed a word which by any possible twisting could be construed as inimical to Britain; the fact which still remains to be explained is that, under the influence of the A.M.E.C. and of other Ethiopian bodies, thousands of natives have thrown off white control in Church matters, and have displayed, in regard to white control in secular affairs, a spirit which has been a source of preoccupation to those who are entrusted with the administration of native affairs. Governments do not behave out of sheer caprice as the Transvaal and Orange River Colony Governments behaved towards the A.M.E.C. Public servants —magistrates, native commissioners, and the like—do not for their own amusement write reports to the Central Administration complaining of the dangerous character of this 'religious' movement, in which people are asked to see no guile. And the average man cannot regard as altogether without significance the utterances of the *Voice of the Missions*, the official organ of the A.M.E.C. in America, which at one time discussed how the Kaffirs would eventually 'boss the white man,' and 'whip the British back to the Thames as the Afro-Haytians whipped the French,' finally establishing an 'African Republic,' and reserving 'Africa for the Africans.' Addressing the pupils in a native training institute at Thaba 'Nchu a month or two ago, Sir Hamilton Goold-Adams, Lieutenant-Governor of the Orange River Colony, warned them to beware of the A.M.E.C. 'I earnestly implore both you and other natives of this Colony,' he said, 'to think twice before separating yourselves from the Churches over which white missionaries have control.' He then read some extracts from a recent number of the *Voice of the Missions*, amongst others, these: 'If the Anglo-Saxon cannot mingle his blood by wedlock with the aborigines of the country which he grabs, why does he not keep his heels in England on the fenders of his hearth?' Again: 'Bishop Turner (an A.M.E.C. missionary sometime in South Africa) is convinced that God meant that the negro shall retain Africa and build up a republic of his own.' From this it is clear that the *Voice of the Missions* has neither mended its manners nor grown in sagacity since the outcry provoked by its earlier indiscretions; and that nobody can be blamed for being sceptical about the protestations of innocent motive so vigorously voiced by Bishop Spencer Smith. In Natal a

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particularly bitter feeling has been aroused against the A.M.E.C. During a debate in Parliament last session the expulsion of all American negro missionaries from South Africa was seriously advocated. The Prime Minister expressed entire sympathy with the opponents of the organisation, but pointed out that as it was a powerful American body the Government had to proceed with circumspection. Sir Albert Hime, the ex-Prime Minister, said the archives were literally stuffed with official correspondence regarding the Ethiopian movement, and all the South African Governments, without exception, were opposed to the presence of the negro preachers. This is only a particle of the evidence which might be adduced to show that, notwithstanding the inference to be drawn from the Inter-Colonial Commission's report, the movement of which the A.M.E.C. is the mainstay has not remained 'unassociated with mischievous political tendencies.'

At the same time it would be idle to deny the wisdom of the Commission's advice to avoid, so far as possible, any measure capable of being represented as religious persecution. Nothing is more likely than persecution to foster the very ill which it must be the white man's endeavour to cure. The Commission, without laying down any precise rule of conduct, recommends the adoption of a policy that shall secure such wise control and guidance of the movement that its potentialities may be exercised for good and not for evil. The course which commends itself to the Commission is to accord recognition to such native Churches as are possessed of sufficiently stable organisation to control their pastors and enforce discipline where necessary, and to ensure the appointment to the ministry of reliable and worthy men only; but not to encourage those bodies which owe their existence to the discontent or misconduct of men who, with some following, have severed connection with the parent (white) Church, and own no competent authority. The Commission is led to hope that, by differentiating in this way, whatever is worthless and unstable in the Ethiopian movement will dwindle into insignificance, while so much of it as is lasting and in harmony with the true principles of religious and social advancement will not be unduly impeded, but will grow to be a power for good. Beyond recommending the withholding of a licence to solemnise marriages from the native ministers who, in their morals, education, and general conduct, are unfitted for the duties and responsibilities of their office, the Commission suggests no measures designed to emphasise the distinction between good and bad Ethiopians, perhaps because it is not easy to conceive any measure that will not be described by some people as religious persecution. What one man regards as the proper preservation of public order, another stigmatises as a monstrous interference with the liberty of the subject. There are people in South Africa—in Natal and the Transvaal particularly—who would bundle the American negro, bag and baggage, out of the country, under a law excluding

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undesirables. There are others who would feel impelled to resist such a proceeding, because they hold that to close British territory to any vagabond is un-English, and consequently reprehensible. And on the whole it is debatable whether the bag-and-baggage policy would be a success. It would create a very unfortunate impression amongst the aborigines who have embraced the American cult, and would exalt their teachers into martyrs. All history goes to show that religious movements, however unworthy, cannot be counteracted by force. They are best left alone, or, at the most, guided. In the fulness of time they expire or survive according to the measure of their iniquity or virtue. Contemplating the conduct of these American negroes, whose teaching, if not deliberately seditious, implants in the native mind crude ideas about the brotherhood of man, and fosters a separative spirit wholly incompatible with strict loyalty to British or any other white rule, some may be tempted to welcome any legislation, no matter how harsh, which will deprive these people of their power for harm. But on calm reflection most men will come to the conclusion that the course recommended by the Commission is not to be despised. In native policy caution is worth cultivating. Infinitely better is it to try a temperate policy, leaving room for sterner measures if that policy fail, than to begin with rigorous disciplinary legislation which certainly would excite antagonism, and perhaps would prove no more efficacious than the simpler method of the Commission. The Ethiopian movement, represented by the A.M.E.C., the Ethiopian Order in the Anglican Church, and the numerous schismatic congregations detached from every denomination operating in South Africa, is a thing to be controlled rather than repressed. The success of the control depends largely on the tact and discrimination of the Governments who seek to exercise it. Under proper guidance the natives may, of their own free will, eliminate much that is deleterious in the movement. Quite recently an agitation has sprung up amongst the Ethiopians in the Transvaal with the object of expelling the American negro element, and in one at least of the native newspapers, the *Koranta ea Becoana*, published in Bechuanaland, the A.M.E.C. has an uncompromising foe. I may remark incidentally that this same paper is singularly sensible in other respects.

> We do not hanker after social equality with the white man [it says], and if any one tells you we do he is a lunatic and should be put in chains. . . . The renegade Kaffir who desires to pay court to and marry your (the white man's) daughter is a perfect danger to his race, for, if his longings were realised, we would be hurrying on the pathway of inaugurating a generation of half-castes, and the total obliteration of our race and colour, both of which are dear to us. . . . We respectfully ask our civil and political recognition as loyal British subjects [note: not equal rights], and discountenance as much as lies in our power the attempt of some educators of black humanity to make impossible white men out of possibly good black men, thereby wasting good material.

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Unfortunately this is the voice of one crying in the wilderness. The influential native paper *Imvo*, as well as other native prints, speaks very differently, and, for the moment, the tendency of the natives, where it is an upward tendency, is in the direction of equality with and detachment from the white man. So far as the Ethiopian movement is concerned, the secession of Dwane and his followers from the A.M.E.C. and their admission into the Anglican fold as a separate Ethiopian order, the revolt of some of the Transvaal Ethiopians against the Americans, and the attitude of the *Koranta ea Becoana*, are symptoms of discontent with pan-Africanism. But their value as factors in the situation is, at present, small, and we may be certain that the A.M.E.C., now it has a secure foothold in the land, will not be easily discouraged, particularly as, in point of membership and money, it is probably stronger than all the other Ethiopian Churches—the Anglican Ethiopian Order, and the schismatic congregations who do not recognise any established ecclesiastical authority, white or black—put together.

The Report deals with many other subjects: the tribal system, polygamy, aboriginal family life and habits, native laws, and, most important of all, land tenure. As the Commission says, many serious native problems have a common origin in the land question. Twenty-five years ago there were comparatively few native landowners by purchase in the Cape Colony and Natal, where to-day they exist in considerable numbers. There is a manifest effort on the part of the natives to possess land, which is not counterbalanced by any reluctance on the part of the European holders to sell, so long as they are not themselves bound to live in proximity to the natives. The Commission points out that if this process goes on, while at the same time restrictions exclude Europeans from purchasing within the native areas (some of the finest agricultural and mineral areas in South Africa are reserved to the native), it is inevitable that at no very distant date the amount of land in native occupation will be undesirably extended, and many administrative and social difficulties will be created by the multiplication of native units scattered amongst the whites and owning land equally with them. Such a situation cannot fail to accentuate feelings of race prejudice and animosity, and to hinder the preservation of the absolutely necessary political and social distinctions between white and black. Refusal on the part of the Colonist to dispense with these distinctions does not necessarily imply a deep-seated enmity expressed in active opposition to all endeavours of the black man to emancipate himself from the thraldom to which Nature originally condemned him. It is simply the working of the law of self-preservation, and is not incompatible with such benevolence as permeates the Inter-Colonial Commission's Report. While some South Africans would be glad to keep the uncivilised natives in their present state, and thrust back into barbarism—were such a thing possible—

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those who, so inconveniently for the white race, have emerged from it, most thinking Colonials recognise the expediency of affording the native some outlet for his ambitions, and of not interfering with any native effort after self-betterment which does not menace white supremacy. Once the inviolability of the white man's dominion is assured, many of those who to-day strenuously oppose the granting of any concession to the native, lest it should strengthen him against that dominion, will be ready to help him to satisfy, within prescribed limits, his yearnings after higher things.

RODERICK JONES.

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ENGLAND AND RUSSIA IN AFGHANISTAN

No one who has watched the relations of Afghanistan with British India since the present dynasty came into power can be surprised at the aloofness displayed by the late Ameer, or, until recently, by his son and successor. The invitation of Ameer Habibullah, therefore, to the Indian Government for the despatch of a special mission to his capital to discuss questions of mutual interest is an event, although not unprecedented, of so important a character that it has naturally attracted considerable attention both here and in India. It shows an exceptional amount of confidence on the part of the Afghan ruler in the present head of the Indian Government and in his policy. This confidence can alone explain the sudden change in the attitude hitherto maintained, an attitude which was friendly and 'correct,' but not cordial.

The occurrences of Shere Ali's reign, his unavailing efforts to place his relations with the British Government on a solid basis, the rebuffs he received, which drove him into the arms of Russia, and his eventual fate, could not fail to have some effect on the minds of those whom fortune had placed on his throne. The danger signals ahead have, however, warned the son of Abdur Rahman of the necessity of a closer tie with India. He sees that wisdom born of experience has found in the Sulaiman Mountains a natural limit to British expansion westward. To the advance of Russia towards the south, to Russian ambition, there is no limit but the ocean; and he has naturally appealed to the Power least likely to entertain sinister designs against his independence and vitally interested in the maintenance of his authority.

What fruit the negotiations, or rather the conferences, between the Ameer and the Indian envoy will bear, it is of course impossible, especially for an outsider, to tell; but so much may be forecasted that the mistakes of former years will not be repeated, and that nothing which a sound and wise statesmanship requires will be neglected to make Afghanistan the outer bulwark of India, and for that purpose to ensure her safety against all possible attacks. It is to be hoped that the policy of the Indian Government in that direction will be

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allowed to maintain an assured continuity, uninfluenced by the party politics of England.

For some time past it has been the fashion among Continental writers, especially German and French, to discount the loyalty of the people of India to the British Crown, and even to suggest that they are waiting the appearance of a hostile army on the Hindu Kush to raise the standard of revolt. Nothing can be more untrue as a fact. I do not believe there is a single inhabitant of India, whatever his station in life, who would like to exchange British for any other foreign rule. Not that the British system of government is regarded as perfect, or that there is no room in it for improvement; but what is felt is, that in spite of what from the people's point of view may be regarded as mistakes and deficiencies, it is certainly the best alien government India can have—best suited to develop her resources and to promote her social and moral advance. The prosperity of the country and the permanence of its institutions are thus bound up in their minds with the stability of British rule.

Again, the interest of the educated sections of the Indian people in the outside relations of their Government is born of the antecedent history of India. For ages she has been exposed to attacks from the west, and her immunity from inroads from that quarter depended as much on her internal strength as on the nature of her relations to the country beyond the Sulaiman Range. It was due to a clear conception of this fact that the Mogul Sovereigns, until the complete decline of their power, held tenaciously to Cabul and Candahar as the 'Gates of Hindustan.' And although now nobody, not even the most earnest advocate of the 'forward policy,' would suggest the annexation of those countries, the Mogul theory that the key to India was to be found in Cabul and Candahar is fully recognised.

Of course, the resources of England in India to repel attacks or to repress intestine troubles are far greater than lay in the hands of the Mogul Sovereigns. It would be foolish, however, on that account to underrate the importance of those places to the security and peace of Hindustan. The traditions of the early struggles of Portuguese, Dutch, French, and English to obtain a foothold in India have not faded from the minds of men. Hence the keenness with which the educated classes watch the relations of the Indian Government, not only with the Afghans, but with that great half-European, half-Asiatic Power which looms like a nightmare over the whole of Asia.

I do not propose to discuss in this article questions of imperial policy. Any such attempt would be regarded by the numerous 'experts' as a presumption. But I think it is permissible to me to state my conviction that, do what England may to avoid it, a conflict between her and Russia for the dominancy of Southern Asia is inevitable—as inevitable, in fact, as the one now raging in the Far East. In putting forward this view, and some of the grounds on

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which it is based, I claim for it no value beyond this—that often an onlooker is as good a judge of the game as the player, and that a student of history is sometimes as competent to form an approximately correct opinion on current events as those who, with or without reason, are supposed to be its makers.

Although of recent years the self-governing colonies of England, chiefly owing to the utterances of a great politician, have absorbed a great deal of public attention, yet few people under-estimate the importance to the British Empire of the 'inarticulate dependency of whose interests England is the trustee,' and over whose resources she professes to watch so carefully. Putting aside the imperial and commercial aspect, and treating India merely as a private asset, a field for individual energy, there are few families in England, Scotland, or Ireland who are not in some way or another connected with that country, or who have not a scion there earning his livelihood or winning fame or honour.

In truth, to England India is as valuable and necessary as England is to her. The very nature of the connection between England and India makes, therefore, a conflict such as I apprehend full of the gravest import to both. And yet one often hears from men whose opinions are entitled to consideration that England should come to an agreement with Russia! Afghanistan alone, with respect to which an 'understanding with Russia' is suggested, furnishes an object-lesson of the utmost significance in Russian politics; and one has only to read backwards the events that have taken place since Dost Mohammed's death to realise the hollowness of Russian profession and Russian promises. Most of us who know how Shere Ali was urged on to his fate, or remember the pledges repeatedly given and as repeatedly broken, would not be easily induced to trust the future of India to an 'agreement' with her.

It may be said, perhaps, that in 1876–77 England had checkmated Russia in her advance on Constantinople, and that her intrigue with Shere Ali, like the part her agents played in fomenting the Indian Mutiny—a part now only faintly remembered, if not wholly forgotten—was in the nature of a counter-deal. Such counter-deals are always within the range of possibilities. With two great Empires, whose aims, ideals, and interests are in no direction coincident, questions may crop up at any moment which they may not see eye to eye. Even now, when the two countries are at peace, and England is doing her best to preserve it, the Russian official world, judging from the utterances of a censor-ridden Press, does not seem to be animated with sentiments as friendly as one could wish. Under these circumstances would it not be wiser to draw closer the union between India and Afghanistan, and give to her the means of strengthening her defences, rather than to rely on agreements or pledges that are constantly liable to the shock of 'counter-deals'?

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My object in this article is to show, on the testimony of an acute and unprejudiced observer of the beginning of the game Russia is playing in Middle Asia, that for the last three-quarters of a century, if not more, her policy in that quarter has never varied—that it is as crooked now as it was then.

When he wrote, her territories were not conterminous with those of the Ameer; Afghanistan was still divided from the Empire of the Czar by the khanates of Bokhara and Khiva, powerful principalities which took her long years to incorporate with her ever-advancing dominions; the Turkoman tribes were still unconquered; and the founder of the Barukzye dynasty had just succeeded in creating an orderly kingdom out of the *débris* of the great Abdali monarchy. At that time she had no interest to seek connection with the kingdom of Cabul.

The witness I refer to was the Syed Kerâmat Ali, who afterwards, for nearly forty years, held the office of superintendent of a great Mahommedan endowment in Bengal, and in that capacity enjoyed the respect and friendship of viceroys like the first Lord Lawrence, Lord Mayo, and Lord Northbrook. A descendant of the Arabian Prophet, he was entitled to the honorific designation of 'Syed.' Born at Jounpore, in the Upper Provinces, he had left home at the early age of eighteen in quest of knowledge, a common custom in those days, as in Europe of the Middle Ages. After spending two years at Lucknow, which at the dawn of the nineteenth century was a great seat of Mahommedan learning, he went to Persia. He remained in that country for ten years, in the course of which he visited every city of note or scholastic importance. He also travelled much in the khanates of Turkestan. On his way back to India through Afghanistan he met Arthur Conolly, the famous traveller. To him he proved of inestimable service; in fact, saved his life from the fanatical populace of Cabul.[1] Conolly never forgot his debt to the Syed, and in 1832, when the Indian Government was casting about for the right man to represent its interests in the Court of Sirdar Dost Mohammed Khan, the great-grandfather of the present Ameer, its choice fell on Kerâmat Ali, chiefly owing to the recommendation of Conolly. After an interview in Calcutta with the Governor-General, Lord William Bentinck, and the ill-fated Mr. William Hay Macnaghten, he proceeded to Ludhiana to receive his final instructions from Captain Claude Martin Wade, the agent to the Governor-General. Between Captain Wade, his official chief, and the Syed there seems to have existed strong friendship and mutual respect, which subsequent events did not affect. From Ludhiana the Syed went to Cabul. His papers, now in my possession, do not give any indication of the route he took, but from copies of his letters to Captain Wade it might be inferred

[1] The Syed 'was held in great esteem by the English in Persia'; Conolly's *Journey*, vol. i. p. 14.

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that he passed through the territories of Ranjit Sing. At Cabul his learning and strong character won him the respect of the suspicious Afghan chiefs, and even the friendship of some. Among these was a brother of Sirdar Dost Mohammed, named Abdul Jubbar Khan, who was noted for his English proclivities, and who appears to have been better educated than the general run of Afghan nobles. In his admiration of English institutions, Sirdar Abdul Jubbar went so far as to send, under the advice of Kerâmat Ali, his eldest son, Abdul Ghyas, to India to receive an English education.

At this time most of the neighbouring States seem to have had a representative at the Court of Cabul. The Ameers of Sind and Ranjit Sing had *vakils*, the Khan of Bokhara had an *elchie* or envoy, whilst Abbas Mirza, the Crown Prince of Persia, kept an *akhbâr nawîs*—literally a news-writer, but, in fact, an agent and a medium of communication. This was also the designation under which Kerâmat Ali acted for the British Government in Dost Mohammed's Court. The Syed gives a curious account of the relations of Abbas Mirza with Russia. He speaks of a proclamation issued by the Russian Government declaring that the Persian prince was the lieutenant of the Emperor (*nâib-i-imperator*). What this move meant I have not been able to gather from the Syed's journals.

Besides these recognised agents there was a Frenchman whose name I have not been able to decipher.[2]

Later we hear of the arrival, with presents, of a Russian 'traveller,' whom the Syed does not hesitate to characterise as a spy (*jâsus-i-Rûs*). He had thus to combat and counteract, so far as possible, the intrigues of the emissaries of various States, working for their own ends.

A man of sterling integrity, devotedly loyal to the British Government, for two years he remained at Cabul, carefully noting and faithfully reporting to his chief the passing events, recording all the facts which came under his observation, and collecting information regarding the cities of Afghanistan, its trade, products, and minera and agricultural resources. His inquiries seem to have often excited the natural suspicions of the Afghans, but they were always disarmed by his tact and judgment. His journals, which consist of three MS. volumes, throw a flood of light on the history of Cabul at that period. The esteem in which the Syed was held in Sirdar Dost Mohammed's Court is a sufficient answer to the convenient theory that a native of India cannot command the respect or win the confidence of Asiatic States. Jealousy was, however, at work against him, and in January 1835 he was recalled. On the 10th of March he writes to Mr. William Hay Macnaghten, enclosing a letter for the Governor-General, in which he dwells on his ungenerous treatment, and asks that Government might at least help him to publish his journals. As Lord William Bentinck left India that same month, no notice

[2] It reads like Wimsen, but the Syed's handwriting is often illegible.

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appears to have been vouchsafed to this appeal. A year later the Government seems to have become ashamed of the way in which he had been treated, and conferred on him a judicial appointment in the Upper Provinces, which he threw up shortly after, as the atmosphere of a court of law, pervaded in those days by an inferior class of practitioners, did not agree with his upright and straightforward character. Just then, by a decision of the Sudder Court, the charge of a great Mahommedan trust devolved on Government, and the Syed was selected for the office of superintendent or curator, which he held with such marked success and distinction until a few months before his death.

During the dark days of the Mutiny he threw the whole weight of his character and influence, as the head of a great religious endowment, on the side of Government, and his counsel was often sought by the then Lieutenant-Governor. In spite of his blunt outspokenness, which often was not very palatable to the powers that were, and which probably stood in the way of any conventional recognition of his services or distinguished attainments, he was held in the highest estimation equally by the public and the officials.

The views of such a man, expressed at a time when, as I said before, the game between Russia and England had just begun, have, I venture to think, an exceptional value. The battle of Candahar [3] was yet unfought, and Shah Shuja-ul-Mulk's unaided attempt to recover the kingdom his own incompetence had forfeited was still undefeated. Herat was in the possession of the cruel and treacherous Kamran, a nephew of Shuja-ul-Mulk; Peshawar and Cashmere had been seized by the wily Ranjit; Candahar was held by three brothers; Cabul and Ghazni alone were in the hands of Dost Mohammed. Of the three Candahar chiefs the Syed had a very poor opinion, which subsequent events fully justified. Kamran he considered a wholly unworthy prince. Dost Mohammed, in his opinion, was the coming man, the only man capable of restoring the unity of Afghanistan. And he reported to that effect to the Indian Government, and urged the advisability of coming to some definite understanding with him before any other influence was brought to bear on him. Repeatedly he writes to Captain Wade, calling attention to the persistent endeavours which were being made by the emissaries of Persia and Russia to win over the Sirdar. On several occasions we find him saying: 'I do not know what the views of Government may be, but having regard [to the facts mentioned] my humble opinion [4] is that immediate steps should be taken to remove the doubts of the Sirdar, and assure him of the friendship of the British Government [*doulat-i-Inglishia*].' It is curious to note how Dost Mohammed rises in the Syed's estimation.

[3] Not Lord Roberts's battle of Candahar.

[4] Literally, 'the opinion of this humble individual.' The Syed seems to have kept drafts or copies of most of his correspondence and incorporated them in his journal.

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At first he is simply the 'Sirdar' or 'Sirdar-Saheb,' later he is always described as the 'great Sirdar.'

In April 1833 he forwards to Captain Wade the copy of a letter addressed to the 'great Sirdar' by the secretary to the Persian Crown Prince, at that time entirely in the hands of the Russians, and again calls attention to the intrigues going on in Cabul; mentions the refusal of Dost Mohammed to receive either the French or Russian emissary until the arrival of definite news from India; and again urges the advisability of making him our 'friend.' What effect these representations had on the official mind it is difficult to say. But I find, among the Syed's papers, a copy of a letter written apparently in May 1833 by the Sirdar to Lord William Bentinck, in which he thanks the Governor-General for the expression of good-will and friendship of the British Government, conveyed in the communication he had received through the 'high in dignity, holy, and learned Syed Kerâmat Ali Khan,' and expresses the 'hope that the friendship spoken of by his Excellency would increase day by day.' Another letter of the same date is addressed to Captain Wade, in which the Sirdar acknowledges with thanks the presents sent to him by the Governor-General.' [5]

Later we find that return presents were sent by Dost Mohammed, much more costly than those he had received, consisting of valuable horses and articles of manufacture peculiar to Afghanistan. But apparently nothing came of these preliminary overtures, the British Government being unable to make up its mind as to the policy to be pursued in Afghanistan, which was in direct contrast to the Russian attitude. Again we find the Syed writing to Captain Wade how the emissaries of certain interested States were trying to cajole the Sirdar. About this time Dost Mohammed evidently received from the Russian side the offer of 'protection' of which he speaks, in an interview, to the Syed.

Tired of British indecision, the Sirdar writes a letter direct to Captain Wade, in which he details at some length the circumstances leading to the expulsion of Shuja-ul-Mulk and the overthrow of the Suddozye dynasty. 'Now for the space of four years we have been the rulers of this kingdom, and all the people and the tribes are friendly to us and hostile to the Suddozyes.' He mentions the advances made to him by Persia and Russia, reiterates his reliance on British friendship, and concludes by expressing his disbelief in the report that the Indian Government, in breach of its professions, would support Shuja-ul-Mulk. He also asks Captain Wade to send a special and trustworthy messenger to inform him of the intentions of his Government.

Dost Mohammed does not seem to have entertained any illusions

[5] Consisting of a gun and, as I read it, a *chatar* (I suppose a State umbrella). The Russian traveller appears to have brought much more valuable presents.

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regarding Russian designs or the ultimate trend of Russian policy. His anxiety to unite himself to England, and in that union to find safety for his kingdom and permanence for his dynasty, sprang no doubt from motives of self-interest. But in the promotion of his own interest he was willing to detach himself entirely from her enemies, and, in fact, make Cabul the outer bulwark of the Indian Empire.

Foiled for the time in their endeavours to win over Dost Mohammed, the Russians helped the Persian enterprise against Western Afghanistan. They were pressing also on the Khans of Turkestan, who saw clearly the doom impending on them. As a measure of self-protection, and as a barrier against Russian advance, the Ameer of Bokhara tried to bring about a coalition among the different Central Asian States, including Afghanistan. In July 1833 the Syed informs Captain Wade of the arrival of an embassy from Bokhara, and of Dost Mohammed's reply to the Bokharan request for a defensive alliance. The passage in Dost Mohammed's letter which refers to the part played by the Russians is significant. 'An alliance between us for the safety of our respective dominions is essential, especially in these times (*darîn-âwân*), when from the side of Irân the Kâjâr, under the instigation of the mischievous Russians [*ba-eghwai tâifa-i-Rusia shore-afghan*] have so many [sinister] designs on Khorasan.'

The Syed again points out that Dost Mohammed was the one strong man in Afghanistan, and how necessary it was to cultivate his friendship and unite that country to India. In a subsequent letter he recounts the results of two interviews, one with the Sirdar himself, and the other with his confidential secretary, Mirza Abdus Sami Khan. Dost Mohammed, the Syed writes, after mentioning the communications he had received from 'Russia, France, Irân and Rûm,' inquired as to the system of British administration in India, the policy of the Indian Government, and its intentions with regard to Afghanistan. In the interview with the secretary, the conversation appears to have taken a wider range. He first asked the Syed if the English wanted to take 'this country.' To that the latter replied that he was unacquainted with official secrets; but so far as he knew and believed they had no such design, that their empire was great, and 'there was no likelihood of their rule suffering decline'; they could have no reason to take Afghanistan, their sole object was to strengthen it. The secretary then said that the Sirdar was most anxious to enter into an alliance with the British Government 'which should endure in perpetuity for generations.' In reply the Syed stated that the English were gifted with wisdom and foresight, and he thought that, having given him their friendship, they would abide by their word. Asked about British intentions regarding Shuja-ul-Mulk, the Syed replied that he did not think his Government would waste its resources in helping him; in his opinion they would be glad to see Afghanistan strong and well administered, 'for it was the Gate of Hindustan.' Regard-

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ing Herat, the Mirza said that if the Persians, assisted by the Russians, were to attack the place, the Afghans would not be able to resist them. To this the Syed replied that the English could break the power of Abbas Mirza by sending two vessels of war towards Bunder Abû Shahr (Bushire). Next morning the conversation was reported to Dost Mohammed, and there was a fresh interview with his brother (Abdul Jubbar Khan), in which the same questions were discussed at greater length. He was again asked as to the policy of the British Government, and whether it would help the Sirdar to withstand foreign attacks or to ensure permanence to his dynasty and power.

In reporting these conversations to his chief, the Syed lays stress on the evident suspicions entertained by the Afghan chiefs respecting British designs on Afghanistan. One fact stands out clear in the pages from which I have abstracted these matters—that if the Sirdar was suspicious of the English, he was still more suspicious of the Russians, and that he was really anxious to secure the good will and support of England.

The policy of the Indian Government seems to have 'see-sawed' a good deal at this time; at one moment favouring Dost Mohammed, the next inclining towards Shuja-ul-Mulk. Dost Mohammed naturally began to lose confidence in the English, just when his hold was becoming more assured. In this state of affairs the position of the British agent was by no means comfortable. Matters thus drifted on until July 1834, when the battle of Candahar and the utter collapse of Shuja-ul-Mulk's first invasion made Dost Mohammed practically the undisputed master of Afghanistan, save Herat, and justified the assumption of the title of Ameer, bestowed on him by the consensus of the Afghan nation. The Syed speaks of him with admiration, extols his desire to organise his kingdom, to consolidate the tribes, and give peace and good government to his people. He points out the opportunity now offered of making him a firm friend, and adds significantly that if this opportunity were lost there were others who would not let it go by. 'To restore Shuja-ul-Mulk would entail heavy cost and enormous sacrifice of life. Your best course is to help the Sirdar to consolidate Afghanistan, and make it the outpost of India. But if you intend to bring back Shuja-ul-Mulk, and do not wish to incur the loss of life and expenditure of money it would involve, make use of Abdul Jubbar, who is the friend of the English.'

On another occasion he records his conviction that Russian influence would gain ground in Persia, that the kingdoms of Bokhara and Khwârism would disappear, and that then there would be a contest over the kingdom of Cabul. I can find no trace of how these communications were received, unless his recall be taken as furnishing the clue.

In 1835 Lord William Bentinck left India; the following year Lord Auckland landed in Calcutta and inaugurated the policy which

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ended so disastrously for England. The blindness with which the Government rushed to its fate has this peculiarity, that most of the principal actors in the reckless enterprise of replacing on the throne of Afghanistan, with the help of alien bayonets, a discredited and discarded prince, were men who had been warned of the risks in unequivocal terms by a loyal servant of the Crown.

The rest of the story is known to all readers of British history. In 1842 Ameer Dost Mohammed returned to his country more like a victor than a quondam captive, and reassumed the reins as if they had never been forced from his hands. From that date the Syed's predictions have been fulfilled to the letter. Russia has annexed the Khanates, conquered the Turkomans, and acquired a mortgage over Persia which she may foreclose at her convenience. Her action in Cabul during the reign of Dost Mohammed's son was in exact accordance with what the great Ameer had feared and the Syed presaged. At the present moment, in spite of preoccupations at home and disasters abroad, her policy in Middle Asia is as active and alert as ever. Although Afghanistan has been acknowledged by her to be beyond 'the sphere of her influence,' she watches every move of the British Government in that country with the keenness of a rival competitor.

Evidently Ameer Habibullah does not mistake the signs of the times. His kingdom is better organised and better united than in any previous period of its history. And if I judge aright from interchange of ideas with Afghans themselves, their feelings towards the British are different from what was the case twenty-five years ago. He has, therefore, turned to the Power most interested in the security of his dominions, and in the maintenance of peace and order in his country, for counsel. England on her side, since the abandonment of the fantastic policy which sought to make Afghanistan strong by amputating one of its limbs, recognises still more clearly the necessity of an independent, well-governed, and united Afghan kingdom.

The question naturally suggests itself at this juncture: Is anything being done to help the Ameer in developing his resources and strengthening his defences?

AMEER ALI.

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THE BALANCE OF POWER IN EUROPE

In the year 1511—when the Spaniards and Portuguese were discovering and conquering the New World, and were building up vast colonial empires in both Indias, in North and South America, and in all parts of Africa; when the names and the deeds of Columbus, Cortez, Pizarro, Prince John of Portugal, Balboa, Magellan, Amerigo Vespucci, Vasco da Gama, Diego Velasquez, Bartolomeo Diaz, Albuquerque, and of Giovanni Cabotto, the Genoese, who is better known under the name of John Cabot, of Bristol, were on everybody's lips; and when the division of the New World between the Spaniards and the Portuguese by the celebrated bull of Alexander the Sixth was still discussed by all European diplomats—Henry the Eighth joined the Holy League against France, and prepared for war against that country. According to Lord Herbert of Cherbury, his advisers then urged the King:

> 'Let us, in God's name' [they said] 'leave off our attempts against the *terra firma*, as the natural situation of these islands seems not to suit with conquest of that kind. . . . The Indias are discovered, and vast treasure wrought thence every day. Let us, therefore, bend our endeavours thitherwards; and if the Spaniards and Portuguese suffer us not to join with them, there will yet be region enough for all to enjoy.'

The councillors who, four hundred years ago, told Henry the Eighth that England's greatest interest lay outside of Europe have proved seers and prophets, and from 1511 to the present day British statesmen and countless leaders of public opinion in this country have held that Great Britain has no political interest on the continent of Europe. Consequently, a large section of the public in this country has always condemned, and condemns still now, all interference on our part in the politics of the Continent. Even when, a century ago, Great Britain fought against Napoleon the First for her national existence, there was a very powerful party in this country which strenuously opposed that war, condemning it as wanton interference.

Unfortunately, we are not in the happy position in which are the United States. Although our most valuable possessions lie far away from the continent of Europe, the 'silver streak' is so narrow that it gives us only some protection, but not complete security, against the attacks of Continental nations and against possible invasion. Our

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possessions in far-away India and elsewhere may easiest be attacked in the English Channel, and our geographical position requires us to keep constantly our eye on those nations which, with unsleeping vigilance, are watching us across the narrow waters, biding their opportunities.

Whether the balance of power in Europe, which has been maintained, at the cost of countless wars, for many centuries, is a blessing to the Continental nations, may well be doubted. They would probably be happier if some strong nation either ruled the whole of the Continent, or if it possessed at least an absolute and unchallengeable supremacy among Continental States. If the Continent had but one master, the nations of Europe might be able to disarm, and only rare civil wars could be expected to occur on the so often battle-stricken mainland of Europe.

The rise of an absolutely supreme Power on the Continent, which, considered in the abstract, may appear highly desirable from the Continental point of view, would be the reverse of desirable for this country. A nation which had the mastery of the Continent could hardly allow a strong Great Britain to maintain an independent existence. Owing to our strong strategical position on the flank of Europe, the lord of the Continent would consider this country a permanent menace to his Continental supremacy. He would exclaim with Napoleon the First: 'Let us destroy England and then Europe will be at my feet.' Therefore it cannot be doubted that a Power which had acquired the supremacy on the Continent would eventually attack this country in order to consolidate and to secure its possessions, even if it should not covet our Colonies. Hence it is clear that a Power which aspires to become supreme on the Continent indirectly threatens the national existence of Great Britain, although it need have no hankering after our wealth, our trade, and our Colonies and possessions.

Our position in Europe is secure, and will remain secure, only as long as the various Powers or groups of Powers in Europe are so nearly equal in strength that no Power or group of Powers is able to obtain that supremacy which, earlier or later, would cause it to attack Great Britain. For these reasons it has, since time immemorial, been the object of British diplomacy to maintain what is known as 'The Balance of Power in Europe.'

When practically the whole Continent was ruled by one Power, Great Britain lost her liberty. Rome's supremacy on the mainland of Europe inevitably led to the invasion of this country on Cæsar's plea that the Britons had assisted the Gauls against Rome, and to centuries of national servitude. The lesson of the Roman conquest and occupation has never been forgotten. Therefore, when Spain, France, and Russia in turn tried to obtain the supremacy in Europe by land, and when Holland tried to obtain the supremacy in Europe

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on the sea, each of these nations came into collision with this country, and each was prevented by Great Britain from attaining that supremacy which would, undoubtedly, have endangered our national existence.

The preservation of the balance of power, or rather of the balance of Powers, in Europe is, and will continue to be, the first condition of our national independence and safety. Therefore the preservation of the balance of power in Europe is, and will always remain, the vital interest of this country. Great Britain has fought all her great wars for the preservation of the balance of power on the Continent, and she may soon again have to fight, at least diplomatically, in defence of her traditional policy.

Divide et impera was the maxim of Imperial Rome. *Divide ut pacem habeas* would be Rome's advice to Great Britain. However, although we are interested in the preservation of the balance of power, we need not, and we should not, go so far as to sow dissensions among the States of Europe, for the balance of power is not by any means an artificial creation, as has so often been asserted by would-be conquerors.

Through the differences in language, religion, race, character, and aims, the co-existence of a number of independent, approximately equally strong and mutually divided and opposed nations, is the natural condition of Continental Europe. This natural condition of division, of conflicting interests and ambitions, and of permanent tension between the nations of Europe is the best guarantee of our safety. The duty of self-preservation, which is the first law of Nature, not jealousy, absolutely compels us to preserve and to perpetuate these natural divisions and dissensions in Europe and thus to maintain the balance of power. Hence, the often-heard accusation that perfidious Albion has always endeavoured to make mischief between the European Powers, and to set them against one another in order to benefit from their quarrels, is an audacious and malicious invention, and a deliberate perversion of historic truth for which those are responsible whose ambitious plans of universal dominion have been foiled by this country.

From the foregoing, it is clear that the preservation of the balance of power in Europe is most important to this country. It is certainly more important to Great Britain than is the Monroe Doctrine to the United States.

Of late years we have heard surprisingly little of the balance of power in Europe; but the fact that many British politicians and publicists have, for some considerable time, been anxiously discussing the possibility of an invasion of this country, and that some of our leading statesmen and military experts are seriously considering the necessity of introducing universal compulsory military service in some form or the other in these islands, is sufficient to show that the position of Great Britain towards the military Powers of Europe is not satisfactory, and that that balance of power on the Continent,

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which hitherto has been considered indispensable for our national security, fails to give us the wanted protection; that, in fact, the balance of power has been disturbed.

Prevention is better than cure both in medicine and in politics. If we wait till an ambitious Power, or group of Powers, has actually become paramount on the Continent, a great, dangerous, and costly war between Great Britain and that Power will, sooner or later, become inevitable.

In a war between ourselves, who wish merely to preserve our property and our liberty, and an ambitious Continental Power, which strives to acquire our property and to destroy our liberty, we should be at a great disadvantage, because the risks run would be totally different and out of all proportion. The Continental aggressor would merely risk defeat, whilst we should risk national annihilation; our Continental opponent would hope to make enormous territorial acquisitions, at our cost, a price which would make the risk run seem insignificant, whilst we, if we should be victorious, could not hope to indemnify ourselves either by seizing territory on the Continent or by exacting an adequate monetary compensation. Our struggle for liberty against Napoleon the First cost this country more than a thousand million pounds. A repetition of that struggle would cost several thousand million pounds. Evidently, everything that can be done should be done in order to prevent the occurrence of such a war. History teaches us how to avert this danger.

In the year 1739, a few months before he came to the throne, Frederick the Great wrote a most interesting book, the *Anti-Machiavel*, in which he summed up his views on statecraft and in which he also gave a programme of his policy. In the last chapter of that remarkable treatise the following passage occurs, which is in so far most noteworthy as it contains not only the crowning thought of the book, but also that principle of political conduct by which Prussia has constantly been guided since 1740, when she was a third-rate Power, with barely three million inhabitants, down to the present day, when she is at the head of the strongest nation in Europe. Frederick the Great was as prominent as a diplomat as he was as a soldier. Hence his advice, which contains the essence of Prusso-German diplomacy, is well worth heeding. He says:

> When the excessive aggrandisement of one Power threatens to break all bounds and to overwhelm all others, it is wise to oppose barriers to its encroachments as long as there is time to stay its progress and as long as it is manageable. When clouds are seen to gather, and lightning announces the approaching storm, the sovereign who is unable to contend against it alone will, if he is wise, unite himself with all those who are menaced by the same common danger, for their interests are identical. If Egypt, Syria, and Macedonia had combined against the Roman power, they would not have been overthrown. A wisely-framed alliance and an energetic war would have preserved the ancient world from the chains of a universal despotism.

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The counsel of Frederick the Great, which is the counsel of common-sense, ought constantly to be kept in mind by British statesmen. It should be the unalterable policy of this country never to support the strongest and most ambitious Power on the Continent, but always to take sides with the natural opponents of that Power. If we ally ourselves with the strongest and most ambitious Power, our position may appear for the moment absolutely secure; but we foolishly assist at the same time in making that Power overwhelmingly strong, to our danger. On the other hand, if we ally ourselves with the opponents of the strongest Power, we take its preponderance away from it, and check it in its otherwise irresistible progress.

Our safety lies with the weaker Powers of Europe, and if the maxim 'always support the weaker Power or Powers of Europe against the stronger' should constantly be adhered to, those ambitious and powerful States which strive to obtain the mastery of the Continent will find their progress automatically arrested. They will not be able to grow all-powerful, and many great wars which, otherwise, might devastate the continent of Europe will remain unfought, to the advantage of the Continent and of ourselves. Thus the restraint exercised by the balance of power would prove a blessing to humanity.

On the other hand, if we assist the strongest Power to become supreme, fancying that to be allied with the strongest Power in Europe means safety, and putting our trust either in paper promises, or in the uncertain tie of dynastic or racial relationship, we help to fatten the wolf which some day will devour us.

Before the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War, the balance of power in Europe was absolutely perfect. The Triple Alliance, the countries of which approximately cover the enormous Empire of Charlemagne after the separation of Gaul, and the Dual Alliance by which it is flanked, were considered to possess militarily almost equal weight and value. The number of soldiers of France and Russia combined was about equal to the armed forces of Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Italy. Owing to the greater concentration of forces, and to various other favourable circumstances which it would lead too far to enumerate, the Triple Alliance was probably the stronger of the two combinations. Still, the difference was considered to be so small that a war between the two groups of nations offered quite incalculable risks to either. On the sea, likewise, France and Russia on the one hand, and the Powers of the Triple Alliance on the other hand, possessed almost equal strength. In fact, the two national combinations balanced one another to a nicety, and this exact balancing, one might almost say this equipoise of Powers, acted as a deterrent to all the allied Powers, and was, therefore, the strongest guarantee of peace in Europe, and at the same time the best safeguard of our national security. Hence peace reigned in Europe for an unusually long period, and Great Britain found herself in the enviable position

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that she could act as the balance-holder, being able, if she was so minded, to direct and to control the policy of Europe by throwing, or by threatening to throw, her weight and influence sometimes into the one and sometimes into the other scale. If Great Britain did not sufficiently utilise this most favoured position for her own ends as she ought to have done, it was due to the lack of grasp or lack of enterprise on the part of her statesmen. Owing to this exact balancing of Powers, the various attempts which were made to raise a coalition against this country at the time of the Fashoda crisis, the Jameson Raid and the South African War, were bound to prove abortive. Not the peaceful or friendly disposition of one or the other monarch or statesman, nor the skill of British diplomacy, but the balance of military and naval power in Europe preserved Great Britain thrice within a decade from the calamity of a great war.

The exact balancing of military and naval power, which ensured peace in Europe for such a long time, was impatiently borne by those nations whose impulse of expansion is stronger than their instinct of preservation. Hence, unceasing attempts were made by various diplomats to give to their combination a distinct preponderance over the rival group of Powers in order to obtain a free hand for action. To attain this end, attempts to induce Great Britain or the United States to take sides with one of the allied groups were constantly made by diplomats and monarchs, and diplomatic manœuvres which aimed at weakening the opposing combination either by sowing distrust between its members or by involving one of its members in war were constantly noticeable.

That the outbreak of the Russo-Turkish War of 1877–78 was caused by Bismarck has been proved by German writers and historians, and it is not astonishing that it has been asserted that the Russo-Japanese War also was caused, or at least brought about, by the action of a third and so-called 'friendly' Power. German publicists have accused Great Britain of having brought on the war with British gold, and British publicists have retaliated by accusing Germany of having incited Russia to attack Japan. As yet, nothing positive is known on this most interesting subject, and history will perhaps never lift the veil which covers the *causa causans* of the Russo-Japanese War; but so much is sure, that British diplomacy would have acted with perfectly incredible stupidity if it should have incited Russia or Japan to enter upon a war which was certain either to greatly strengthen Russia, to the danger of our Indian possessions, or to greatly weaken Russia, whereby the balance of power in Europe would be destroyed, to the danger of Great Britain. Under these circumstances it seems quite impossible to believe that British diplomacy tried to bring about a war which it was bound to discountenance in its own interest and which it was bound to oppose with every means in its power.

The course of the Russo-Japanese War has profoundly affected

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the balance of power in Europe, and the peace of Europe and of this country may consequently be endangered in the near future. Although Russia has been fighting bravely, the signs of her exhaustion are unmistakable. The prestige and confidence of her hitherto unvanquished army have been destroyed, her fleet has been shattered, her financial position is seriously compromised, her people are impoverished and dissatisfied, and are becoming unmanageable. For at least ten years Russia will be reduced to playing a passive part in European politics. For at least ten years Russia will be unable to conduct a war outside her own frontiers. For at least ten years Russia will, therefore, be considered as a *quantité négligeable* by her neighbours in the West. For at least ten years the Triple Alliance will rule the Continent.

However, Russia may disappear from the concert of Europe for a much longer time than ten years. The ferment, the dissatisfaction, and the revolutionary movement among the masses in Russia, which is unprecedented in that country, may profoundly, and possibly permanently, alter Russia's character as a nation. Since the time of Peter the Great, Russia has essentially been a conquering and aggressive military Power. Her failure against Japan, and the growing impoverishment, dissatisfaction, and rebelliousness of her population so greatly endanger the very foundations of the State and the very existence of the autocracy that Russia may resolve to confine her attention exclusively to domestic affairs. She is so immensely strong for defence that she hardly requires an army, especially as no nation covets Russian territory. Consequently Russia may, and very possibly will, in the near future reduce her army to a police force, cut down her navy, and break off all engagements with foreign Powers which may oblige her to engage in wars which she will avoid at all costs. She may, therefore, resolutely shut herself up in her frontiers, stay at home, and devote all her energies to the arts of peace, disregarding all events outside her own frontiers.

Through Russia's misfortunes, the balance of power in Europe has at least temporarily, but possibly permanently, been destroyed. For all practical political purposes, Russia has ceased to count. The Dual Alliance is a source of anxiety, but not of strength, to France, for Russia would not be able to fulfil her treaty obligations to her ally, even if she wished to do so. Besides, *ultra posse nemo obligatur* is a guiding principle of every Government. No nation can be expected to commit political suicide for the sake of its ally. France will, therefore, stand for a time, but may soon stand permanently, isolated on the continent of Europe, and one cannot help remembering Bismarck's prophecy that the next great European war may mean the wiping out of France from the map of Europe.

Owing to the temporary disappearance of Russia from the political stage, the Triple Alliance is absolutely supreme on the Continent.

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Being a defensive alliance against the attacks of France and Russia combined, it has, through the collapse of the Colossus of the North, lost its *raison d'être*. The nations of the Triple Alliance may therefore, singly or combined, embark upon a more active and more adventurous foreign policy, if they feel inclined to do so, for they need no longer fear to come into collision with the Powers of the Dual Alliance.

The restraining influence of the sense of common danger and of mutual responsibility has likewise disappeared. No longer will warnings be addressed by one Power of the Triple Alliance to one of its partners not to compromise its ally by some dangerous enterprise. Hence, Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Italy find themselves in a position of greater freedom and less responsibility.

Through the breakdown of the balance of power, the States of the Triple Alliance have obtained a greater liberty of action in Europe than they have enjoyed for a very long time, and they may be expected to use the fleeting opportunities of the present to their best advantage. Consequently, it seems likely that the prolonged period of European peace through which we have been passing has come to an end, and that we may stand at the opening of a period of political unrest which may convulse Europe.

The collapse of Russia, which has made the Triple Alliance all-powerful and which has set its forces free, is a matter of more serious concern to France than it is to this country, which is, to some extent, protected by its insular position. Consequently, France may have to bear the brunt in the political developments which may possibly soon take place. Her position is not a comfortable one, for France can, without an ally, hardly be expected to hold her own against Germany. In fact, France is becoming weaker from day to day, if compared with Germany, because her population remains stationary, whilst that of Germany is rapidly increasing. How seriously France has been losing ground, and what her position in the future will be, may be seen when we compare the growth of the population in France and in Germany since the Franco-German War. The following table shows the relative position of France and Germany at a glance:

—	Population of France	Population of Germany	Excess of German Population
1872	36,103,000	41,230,000	+ 5,127,000
1876	36,906,000	43,059,000	+ 6,153,000
1881	37,672,000	45,428,000	+ 7,756,000
1886	38,219,000	47,134,000	+ 8,915,000
1891	38,343,000	49,762,000	+ 11,419,000
1896	38,518,000	52,753,000	+ 14,235,000
1901	38,962,000	56,862,000	+ 17,900,000
1905	39,400,000 (estimated)	60,000,000 (estimated)	+ 20,600,000

From the foregoing figures it appears that the population of France

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was almost equal to that of Germany after the Franco-German War. At present the population of Germany is no less than 50 per cent. greater than is that of France, and in twenty years it should be twice larger than that of France. In Germany more than 2,000,000 children, but in France less than 850,000 children, are born every year. Moltke spoke truly when he said: 'The French lose every day a battle,' for every day 3,150 fewer children are born in France than are born in Germany. If we further remember that the proportion of men able to bear arms in Germany is greater than in France, that the Germans make better soldiers than the French, and that Germany has, through her powerful wealth and arms creating industries, an enormous advantage over chiefly rural France, it is clear that the present position of France is very precarious, and that it becomes more precarious from year to year.

The sense of her growing weakness has completely altered the character of the French nation. Her rulers and the people think less of glory than they used to. France is no longer a military nation. She no longer aspires to rule the Continent. She has become a peaceful and conservative nation which will do everything she can do to avoid war.

Thoughtful Frenchmen cannot help considering the downfall of Russia and the consequent isolation of France with grave concern, and they cannot help feeling that France must have a strong and reliable ally in Europe. Without a strong and reliable ally, France would be condemned to a purely passive policy. Enormous changes of the map of Europe may soon take place, which would still further compromise the position of France, and which, eventually, would threaten the independence of this country. France might with open eyes watch the development of events which would reduce her to a second-class Power, and yet she would be unable to lift her hand. She would be condemned to remain a spectator when standing alone. In future she might have no more influence upon European politics than has Belgium or Holland. France might be unable to do more than defend her own frontiers against attack.

Under these circumstances, it is natural that France has turned towards this country, and that her people instinctively feel that their safety lies in a close understanding with Great Britain. The *entente cordiale* comes, as far as the French nation is concerned, from the heart.

For preserving the *status quo* in Europe and for preserving peace, an Anglo-French understanding is good, but an Anglo-French alliance would be better. If British statesmen are of opinion that a strong France is necessary in Europe, that France is the natural defender of the independence of Belgium and Holland, that France is a Continental bulwark and a *tête-de-pont* to this country, it clearly follows that Great Britain cannot, under any circumstances, allow France to be,

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either directly or indirectly, further weakened. If it is the view of British statesmen that a strong France is indispensable for preserving the *status quo* in Europe, it would seem advisable and, indeed, necessary that an Anglo-French alliance should be substituted for a vague Anglo-French understanding, which does not give a sufficient guarantee of mutual assistance and of national security either to Great Britain or to France.

An open alliance between Great Britain and France, such as the Anglo-Japanese alliance and the Triple Alliance, has a great advantage over a vague understanding or a secret alliance. A public alliance is a serious and solid fact, which is taken seriously by all whom it may concern. It cannot be explained away by either contracting party, and it is an unmistakable warning to all would-be trespassers not to trespass. On the other hand, a vague understanding leaves much room for involuntary or deliberate misunderstandings. A vague understanding, backed with most excellent intentions on the part of our present statesmen, will allow weak statesmen who may guide British policy later on, and will even allow the same statesmen who at one time possessed such excellent intentions, to explain away their obligations at a critical moment. Therefore the uncertainty of the binding force of an understanding or a verbal agreement will enable third parties to speculate upon the weakness or foolishness of one of the contracting parties, and will leave room for ceaseless and most dangerous intrigues. For these reasons the Anglo-French understanding, although it may have been reinforced by excellent verbal undertakings, seems hardly a sufficient guarantee of the European *status quo*. A formal written treaty between Great Britain and France, which is confirmed by the Parliaments of the two countries, seems absolutely necessary for the safety of the two countries.

Recent history supplies a warning against vague understandings, and furnishes an example which should be borne in mind by British and French statesmen. In 1859 Napoleon the Third had fought for Italy and had procured for that country its liberty and independence. In 1864 Denmark was crushed by Prussia, and in 1866 Austria-Hungary was humbled and defeated by the same country. Italy owed, therefore, a heavy debt of gratitude to France, whilst the feelings of Austria-Hungary and of Denmark against Prussia were naturally those of hatred and revenge.

Napoleon the Third, who was, of course, well aware of the sentiments which animated Austria-Hungary, Italy, and Denmark with regard to France and to Germany, thought these three countries so firmly tied to him by their sentiments, and he felt so certain of their support against Germany, that he thought that no written treaty with these countries was necessary. In the mind of Napoleon the Third Austria-Hungary, Italy, and Denmark figured as his faithful retainers

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in a war against Germany, who were ready to put on their armour as soon as called upon.

In 1870, only four years after the Austro-Prussian War, war broke out between France and Germany. Napoleon the Third, who previously might easily have concluded an alliance with those Powers which were hostile to Germany, and who had offers of alliance absolutely thrust upon him by those Powers, fancied that he had an understanding with Austria-Hungary, Italy, and Denmark, but he was deserted by these Powers at the critical moment. Although the sympathies of Austria-Hungary, Italy, and Denmark were undoubtedly with France, these Powers did not even try to save France from the greatest disaster in her history. The understanding which Napoleon the Third imagined he possessed with these Powers proved, owing to Bismarck's action, a delusion and a snare.

Before the Franco-German War broke out, Bismarck had taken the precaution to find out whether a secret alliance existed between France and those countries which might be expected to stand on the side of France, and it cannot be doubted that he decided on war only when he felt assured that France possessed no formal alliance with Austria-Hungary, Italy, and Denmark, her natural allies.

Many of Napoleon's advisers, who foresaw the Franco-German War, had, since 1866, urged the Emperor to conclude a quadruple alliance against Germany, with Austria-Hungary, Italy, and Denmark, and preparatory steps for concluding such an alliance were actually taken by the Emperor. However, Napoleon the Third was a dreamer. He could not make up his mind to sign a formal treaty. He was vaguely afraid of sharply-defined engagements, seeing in a formal alliance the source of uncertain entanglements. Therefore he refused the formal alliances which were offered to him, and when, in the hour of trial, he anxiously sought for help in every quarter, relying merely on sympathy for support, he received sympathy everywhere, but nowhere assistance.

The lack of support on the part of those nations which Napoleon rightly considered to be the natural allies of France, which were the natural allies of France, and which were anxious to conclude an alliance with France and to help her against Germany, led to France's downfall. If a defensive alliance had existed between France and some of Germany's natural opponents, the Franco-German War of 1870–71 would probably never have been fought.

Various objections may be raised against formal alliances in general, and against a formal alliance between Great Britain and France in particular, and it is worth while to consider the principal objections which may be brought forward.

Those politicians and political writers who are better acquainted with Parliamentary politics than with foreign policy, and who judge of every measure by the standard of its popularity, are apt to think with a vague dread of 'entanglements' as soon as they hear the word

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'alliance.' Alliances and entanglements are synonyms to them, and the risk of signing an alliance is to their minds similar to the risks of taking a lottery ticket. To these people an alliance seems a vague and dangerous speculation with unlimited risks, but not a sober and well-defined business proposition. Happily, the demand of those who see in an alliance the fruitful source of uncertain and dangerous entanglements, and who judge of political measures by their popularity, can easily be satisfied, for the political instinct of nations is so fine that a good alliance is always popular, whilst a bad alliance is always unpopular. The Venezuela affair and the Anglo-Japanese Alliance are cases in point, and it cannot be doubted that an Anglo-French Alliance would be as popular as is the Anglo-Japanese Alliance.

An unpopular alliance is nowadays unthinkable in any country, least of all in a democracy, and an alliance which may be able to engulf a nation in unforeseen pitfalls and dangers is equally unthinkable. The following definition of the Triple Alliance, which Prince Bismarck gave on the 6th of February, 1888, before the German Parliament, is worth recalling, inasmuch as it gives the characteristics, the aim, and the scope of a good alliance, and as it defines the nature of the engagements entered into in the fewest words. He said:

> We are bound to our ally Austria-Hungary not only in the love of peace and by the bond of sentiment and of friendship, but also by the most urgent interests, for preserving the balance of power in Europe and for safeguarding our own future.
>
> I think it was absolutely necessary to have concluded that alliance. If we had not yet done so we should have to conclude it to-day.
>
> Our alliance possesses the most distinguished feature of an international treaty, which is that it is the expression of the common and permanent interests both of Austria-Hungary and of Germany.
>
> No great Power can, for any length of time, be tied by the wording of a treaty which is opposed to the interests of the people, and if it has done so it will eventually be compelled openly to declare, 'The times have altered. I cannot do it.' And it must justify its action before the people and before its ally as best it can. But to ruin its own people by fulfilling one's treaty duties to the letter, that is an action which no great Power can assent to. However, this is by no means demanded in any treaty. . . .
>
> Treaties are only the expression of a community of aims and of risks run by the treaty-concluding Powers.

Evidently concluding a treaty cannot well be compared with taking a lottery ticket, as is so often done in this country. A good treaty cannot possibly lead to unforeseen entanglements, nor can an ally trap and trick his partner under the text of a treaty, as is so often believed.

Those who do not wish for an Anglo-French alliance, and who would like to see Great Britain and France keeping apart, have frequently declared that France can never be England's ally, that France will never forget that England deprived her of her colonies, and they will remind her of Canada, of Egypt, and of Fashoda. No doubt this

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country has done much harm to France by conquering her colonies through the accident of war, but France has done even more injury to this country in our own colonies. We have conquered colonies which at the time were of little value to France, but France has deprived us of our most valuable possessions. Had it not been for the action of France, the United States would never have made themselves independent, and, by a strange coincidence, the first shot against the French in North America was in May 1754 fired by the same George Washington who, twenty-two years later, signed the Declaration of Independence. Although France has suffered much at our hands, we have suffered more at hers. We have deprived her of colonies, but she has deprived us of an empire. Surely the two nations can afford to cry quits.

Fifty years ago France and Great Britain fought side by side in the Crimea, and forty-five years ago the troops of both countries fought together in China. But since then the two countries have often quarrelled with one another. Misunderstandings and mutual jealousies over trifles were responsible for part of our recent differences with France, but the strongest cause of friction between the two countries lay probably in Bismarck's action. It was Bismarck's deliberate policy to sow dissensions between France and her possible allies, a policy which was clearly expressed in his despatch of the 20th of December, 1872, to Count Harry von Arnim, who, at the time, was Ambassador in Paris. In that despatch the German Chancellor wrote: 'We want France to leave us in peace, and we have to prevent France finding an ally if she does not want to keep peace. As long as France has no allies, she is not dangerous to Germany.'

Bismarck's special aim was to keep Great Britain and France asunder by encouraging France to extend her colonial empire in those parts where she was likely to come into collision with this country, and he succeeded admirably in accomplishing his purpose. To Busch, Bismarck said quite openly: 'It is in our interest that the French quarrel with the English, and when they have trouble in Tunis they forget the Rhine.'

It seems idle to speculate about what has happened in the past between Great Britain and France. Such investigations belong more to the province of the historian than to that of the statesman, who has to consider the problems of the present and of the future. Besides, alliances, like other business agreements, are arranged on grounds of practical utility, not on grounds of historical differences or of personal predilections. Hence, mutual recrimination about the past is vain and foolish if two States wish to transact business. For these reasons the attempt of those who, for reasons of their own, wish to weaken Great Britain and France, or at least to keep them asunder, by appealing to their history or to their prejudices, should prove unavailing.

Thanks to the far-seeing action of his Majesty the King, who has

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opened a new era in British foreign policy, the relations between France and Great Britain greatly improved immediately on his accession, and they have now become most cordial. The time when Douglas Jerrold could coin the then much-applauded witticism 'The best thing which I know between France and England is the sea' is past. Both nations have happily lost many of their ancient prejudices, and have learned to esteem one another. The ancient argument that French and British are totally incompatible, mutually antipathetic, and that they can never agree is no longer true.

Another objection against an Anglo-French alliance will probably be raised by those people who, for a long time, have been advocating an Anglo-Russian alliance. That Russia seemed a desirable ally to those British statesmen who considered her invincible, such as Sir Charles Dilke, is natural, but the present moment seems hardly appropriate for advocating an Anglo-Russian alliance. An Anglo-Russian alliance appears to be out of the question for many reasons which it would lead too far to discuss in this place, but it might be mentioned that alliances cannot be picked up like blackberries, and it is difficult to discover the common interest which an Anglo-Russian alliance could defend. Above all, there seems no wish in Russia to conclude such an alliance. Therefore the advocates of an Anglo-Russian alliance are preaching to deaf ears.

Great Britain need have no alliance, but she may well arrive at a good understanding, with Russia, by frankly supporting her in her European policy where she comes into collision with the Powers of Central Europe, and by delimiting the British and the Russian spheres of interest in Asia. For decades our policy towards Russia, both in Europe and in Asia, has been fitful, capricious, inconsequent, incalculable, and incomprehensible. Therefore it cannot be wondered at that Russia has hitherto looked upon this country with distrust as well as with dislike.

Great Britain is a world Power, and the safety of our scattered Colonies and possessions requires that the balance of power be preserved not only in Europe, but all the world over. Our interests in Asia are sufficiently safeguarded by the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, in Australia and in Africa we have little to fear, but in North America the British Empire is exceedingly vulnerable. The relations between the United States and Great Britain are, happily, of the very best, and it is sincerely to be hoped that Anglo-American relations will remain unclouded. Nevertheless, Great Britain cannot afford to consider the United States as a potential ally and treat that country as a *quantité négligeable* in her political calculations. Germany and the United States are rapidly building enormous navies, which are, at present, intended to be secondary only to the navy of Great Britain. In a very short time the fleets of the United States, Germany, and France will be equally strong, and British diplomacy must reckon

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with the possibility that a naval triple alliance may be formed against this country with the object of wresting from it the rule of the seas and despoiling it of its Colonies. There are many historical precedents for such a united attack. Venice, the England of the sixteenth century, was attacked in 1509 by France, Spain, Germany, and the Pope. The Netherlands, the England of the seventeenth century, were unprovokedly attacked in 1672 by England, France, and some minor German potentates. In both attacks the motive was envy, the object plunder, and Great Britain may be exposed to a similar attack on similar grounds.

Whether the financial resources of Great Britain, or the British Empire, will suffice to guarantee our continued superiority against the three strongest naval Powers may be doubted, but the British Empire will be safe from attack by sea if the second strongest naval Power is our ally. With France for an ally, our naval superiority over any conceivable combination of Powers would become so overwhelming that other nations would see the hopelessness of the contest, and would probably abandon their boundless shipbuilding programmes. Thus, an Anglo-French alliance would not only strengthen the British Empire in all parts of the world, but it might induce other nations to reduce their shipbuilding expenditure and enable this country to do likewise. However, the Two Powers standard could not be abandoned, for no alliance can be expected to last for ever.

The fact that Germany has, for some time, assiduously made advances to France and the United States, the strongest naval Powers after Great Britain, should give food for thought. In this connection it might be mentioned that Dr. Guttmann, a prominent German journalist who was recently received by Count von Bülow, published shortly afterwards an article in *Das Freie Wort*, in which he recommended a Franco-German alliance as the best security for preserving peace. As Germany is not threatened by any powerful and aggressive neighbour, such an alliance could hardly bear a defensive character, and one is inclined to inquire what the aims of such an alliance could possibly be, and why the desire for such an alliance should be found in Germany. At present the likelihood of a Franco-German alliance appears somewhat remote, but as this country could not look with equanimity upon such an alliance, the development of Franco-German relations should be closely watched.

Since the time when Dr. Guttmann recommended the conclusion of a Franco-German alliance, the Morocco incident has occurred. Germany has deliberately and determinedly crossed the path of France in Morocco, and is opposing France's legitimate ambitions in that country with considerable vigour. Therefore people have been wondering what is Germany's aim. Some writers have conjectured that Germany wishes to test the solidity of the Anglo-French understanding, whilst others have drawn ominous comparisons between

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the Morocco incident and the well-known episode of the Hohenzollern candidature to the throne of Spain which brought about the Franco-German War of 1870–71. However, both explanations seem erroneous and far-fetched.

It appears unlikely that German diplomacy wished to test the true inwardness of the Anglo-French relations by challenging France somewhat brusquely over Morocco, a proceeding which might be likened to that of testing the tone of a piano with a sledge hammer. It seems still more unlikely that the German Government was frivolous enough to think of making the Morocco question the pretext of a European war. Therefore it can only be assumed that Germany wished to impress upon France in the most unmistakable manner the value of Germany's good will, the danger of Germany's opposition, and the great advantage for France of a close understanding with Germany with the object of detaching France from Great Britain and attaching her to Germany as an ally. This assumption is strengthened by the attitude of the German semi-official Press, which, with surprising unanimity, chides France, 'more in sorrow than in anger,' whilst, according to the *Times* of the 5th of April, a friend and confidant of Count von Bülow declared to a French journalist:

> Here we have considerable doubt as to the sincerity of England, who takes your part against us. I am afraid that, according to a popular French expression, you will sit between two stools if you put too much confidence in England. The British sailors will fraternise with yours, but that is all you will get, and it would be much better for you to come to terms with us.

If it was the object of Germany's action in Morocco to drive a wedge between Great Britain and France, and to prepare the way for an eventual Franco-German alliance, she has not succeeded in her attempt. Instead, Germany's policy has caused people on both sides of the Channel to ask themselves: Why does Germany try to disturb the good relations between Great Britain and France, two peaceful and conservative countries which only wish to defend what they own and which do not threaten anyone? Why does Germany wish to force France against her will into an alliance with her? What would be the object of a Franco-German alliance, and against which nation would such an alliance be directed? Under these circumstances it is only natural that Germany's unexpected and rather abrupt, if not startling, proceeding in Morocco has filled many serious and peaceful people both in France and in Great Britain with concern, if not with alarm, as to Germany's ultimate aims, and that in consequence the feeling in favour of an Anglo-French alliance has been considerably strengthened. The meeting between King Edward and President Loubet was therefore probably not merely a friendly meeting, but a political event of the very greatest international importance.

During the last few weeks various writers have eloquently recommended that the Anglo-Japanese Alliance should be renewed in the

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form of an unrestricted and long-termed offensive and defensive alliance, which, especially if the United States should join in, would prove an irresistible combination. The idea of an offensive and defensive Anglo-Japanese or of an offensive and defensive Anglo-American-Japanese alliance strongly appeals to a lively imagination, but it is to be feared that it will remain a picturesque, but very unpractical, idea.

The United States are so strong for their defence, and they need so little fear attack, that they require no alliance whatever. Consequently the United States would hardly be prepared to conclude an alliance either with Great Britain or with Great Britain and Japan combined, as they could not see the advantage of such an alliance. The United States are the only nation in the world which can afford to live in splendid isolation, and they have no reason to tie themselves to any Power or combination of Powers and thus hamper their freedom of action.

An unrestricted and long-termed Anglo-Japanese offensive and defensive alliance would unfortunately prove unpractical. Such an alliance would no longer be a limited and clearly defined partnership for the settlement of some definite business, but it would be an unlimited one. It would make both Great Britain and Japan mutually responsible for every action of the other. If Japan should be involved in war with France, we should, under the terms of an unrestricted offensive and defensive alliance, have to attack France; if Japan should fall out with the United States, we should have to fight the United States for the sake of Japan. Are those who so strenuously recommend an unrestricted Anglo-Japanese offensive and defensive alliance prepared to fight at the side of Japan all comers, inclusive of France and the United States, or will they guarantee that a war between Japan and France, or between Japan and the United States, will not occur during the term of the unrestricted Anglo-Japanese offensive and defensive alliance which they recommend? If an offensive and defensive Anglo-Japanese alliance was concluded, Great Britain would be compelled to support Japan everywhere in the East, and Japan would be obliged to identify herself with all British interests in all parts of the world. Hence she would have to support us not only in Asia, but in Europe and America as well. Do those who so earnestly plead for an Anglo-Japanese offensive and defensive alliance seriously expect that Japan is willing to send her army and navy against a great Power on the European continent, say Germany, with which we may be at war, or against the United States? If a combination of the greatest naval Powers should suddenly attack England in the same manner in which Venice and the Netherlands were attacked in former centuries, or if a powerful enemy should succeed in effecting a landing upon our shores, the assistance of the Japanese army and navy, under the terms of an offensive and

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defensive alliance, would, of course, be invaluable to us; but, owing to the long distance which separates England from Japan, that invaluable help would, at the critical moment, unfortunately prove unavailable. The war would probably be decided by the time when our Japanese allies could bring us succour.

An unrestricted and long-termed Anglo-Japanese offensive and defensive alliance is, no doubt, a chimera. Such an alliance is not possible between two nations which have to grapple with totally different problems and which live at the opposite ends of the earth. However, a defensive alliance, and perhaps a defensive and offensive alliance, although hardly an unrestricted one, is possible, and appears necessary between two nations such as Great Britain and France, who are neighbours, who have identical interests, who are both peacefully inclined, who run the same risks, and who share the same dangers. For these reasons Great Britain and France could be, should be, and, I think, eventually will be allies.

The downfall of Russia is for both Great Britain and France an unfortunate event, and it may conceivably become a calamity to France, or even to both nations. The consequences of Russia's disappearance from the political stage, even if that disappearance be but temporary, are incalculable, and Europe may soon be convulsed by the action of the more ambitious nations on the Continent which are no longer restrained by the balance of power. The statesmen of Great Britain and France are able to avert what may possibly be a disaster of the greatest magnitude by timely action, and it is to be hoped that they will be alive to the requirements of the time. King Edward has, with marvellous political sagacity and skill, shown them the way, and has made their task easy by preparing their path. May they follow his lead!

O. Eltzbacher.

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THE SEPARATION OF CHURCH AND STATE IN FRANCE

As we are on the eve of witnessing a controversy which will solve the question of the relations between Church and State, it is of interest to consider the place held by the Catholic religion in our historical development, and which it continues to occupy in our national life. Aside from all political opinion and religious belief, it is proper to examine whether France is a nation in which such a separation can be effected, whether the State can abruptly ignore the Church, and whether the Church can consent to ignore the State. It can scarcely be denied that the very existence of France is due to the Catholic mission entrusted by the Church of Gaul to the Frankish chieftains who substituted the Catholic rule for the Arian heretic rule of the Burgundians and Visigoths. This mission was accepted in a modified form by the French Sovereign, who thereby assumed the double character of armed missionary of the Church and of head of the people. He considered himself as the representative of a nation which corresponded to a geographical unit, and it was under the protection of this shield that the French nation was formed.

The Frankish chieftain assumed a sacred character by the anointment from the 'Ampulla Remensis,' while retaining his national individuality. He was the Eldest Son of the Church, crossing the mountains to defend the Pope against the Lombards, and insuring the independence of the Pontiff by establishing and guaranteeing his temporal domains. He thus exerted an influence over the Pope through his temporal power, for the reason that he was free to protect him or to menace him in his worldly possessions, while, from the spiritual standpoint, he stood before the Vicar of Jesus Christ in the position of one anointed of the Lord and clothed with a sacred character.

Such was the privileged position inherited by the first chieftains of the race of Capet.[1] By them were established the union of the

[1] From the time of Charlemagne the Papacy had recognised France as a privileged nation. Later on, Gregory the Seventh and Urban the Second made repeated overtures to France.

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temporal and the spiritual powers, and the distinction existing between them.[2] These two powers were united in France for the reason that the King would not have been the 'King of France' if he had not been clothed with a sacred character, with a specific mission; and, on the other hand, France would not have retained its personality, its so clearly-defined national character, if, like the other States, it had been merged in the universality of the Church. Moreover, the Universal Church, the Papacy, looked favourably upon this personification of France in its kings, for the Kingdom of France represented, in the eyes of the Church, a power capable of defending the Catholic cause and making it prevail throughout the world. This exceptional position of the French Sovereign saved him from strife with the Papacy through conflict between the temporal and the spiritual powers. In the German Empire, which was less favoured, differences sprang up between the Pope and the Emperor. It was the heir to the Roman conception of the Empire, the successor of Charlemagne, the German Emperor, who, as a matter of course, entered into conflict with the head of the Church, for the reason that these two powers both aspired to the supreme rule of Christendom.

Notwithstanding the differences between the Kings of France and the Pontiffs of Rome, it can be said that France remained foreign to the strife concerning the Investitures.[3] Hardly a century after this strife, after the innumerable acts of cruelty and horror which it had caused, the figure of St. Louis appeared upon the throne of France, showing in marked contrast French royalty, which represented at the same time the national character, and the universal religion resplendent with light and justice.[4] There was also a great difference between the King of France and those of other countries. The one who most resembled him was the King of England, who likewise represented a rising nationality. But the King of England was not anointed of the Lord; he was a vassal of the Pope. The territory over which he ruled had been conquered by monks, the soldiers of Rome, and for that reason the Pope imposed his suzerainty upon him, sometimes rather severely, and, in fact, so strongly that he resorted to a schism to throw off the yoke, and founded a national Church independent of Rome.

[2] It was by ignoring these essential principles that M. Waldeck-Rousseau could say before the French Parliament: 'For centuries two doctrines have striven for possession of the world: that which confers supremacy in the State to the religious authority, and that which attributes it to the civil authority.'

[3] As regards the Investitures, see Luchaire, *Manuel des Investitures Capétiennes*; Mgr. Hefele, *Histoire des Conciles*; Viollet, *Histoire des Institutions de la France*. The Papacy would never recognise the Imperial investitures in Germany. In France, on the contrary, at the commencement of the twelfth century the compromise effected between Paschal the Second and Philip the First gave the Pope the right of investiture by the crosier and to the King the right of investiture by the ring.

[4] St. Louis only revived the privileges granted to the Crown of France by Paschal the Second.

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The privileged situation of the Kings of France, its superiority over that of the other Sovereigns, is due solely to the doctrine of the 'union and distinction of powers.' When the quarrel about the Investitures resulted in victory for the Papacy, it seemed as though the Holy See, which victory had rendered very ambitious, were about to enter into a violent conflict with the Kings of France, but the strife with Philip the Fair and the scene at Agnani had no sequel. The Papacy became weak through captivity and on account of the schism, and when it became necessary, for the first time, to settle the relations between the French Church and the Holy See by a public document or charter, King Charles the Seventh, in the year 1438, enacted, under the name of 'Pragmatic Sanction,' a most patriotic *régime*, a system which could give the Church of France the greatest possible independence and self-control in the Universal Church.[5]

The 'Pragmatic Sanction' was not a bilateral contract; it was an act of the King having no similarity to a compact with the Pope, and it remained in force during four reigns. In spite of the various protests raised against it by the Papacy at certain periods, it never endangered the union between the King and the Pope, between the Church and the nation, and the Sovereigns who made use of it retained the title, the power, and the prestige of 'Eldest Sons of the Church.'

Nevertheless, the French royalty and the Papacy had both been transformed, and circumstances rendered it necessary to make an agreement, a compact between them, in order to avoid all conflict between the two powers. At the time the Emperor Charles the Fifth sent his German mercenaries against Rome and made the Pope a captive, and Henry the Eighth broke with Rome and founded the Church of England, Francis the First and Leo the Tenth inaugurated the system which was afterwards adopted in the Concordat. What a great contrast to the present situation, which shows us the German Emperor and the King of England striving to gain the good graces of the Holy See at a time when France is destroying the Concordat. Another contradiction is that, while the same Sovereign who signed the Concordat also established the French protectorate in the East, the same statesmen who are now destroying the ancient bond are deliberately sacrificing the traditions and secular advantages of France in the Oriental countries.

The system of the Concordat, which they wish to destroy, dates back four hundred years. It represents one of our oldest political

[5] It is interesting to observe how the French of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries understood the rights of the King and of the Pope. Under Francis the First, Duprat and the Parliament found the 'Pragmatic Sanction' insufficient. They were more royalist than the King: they wished to make the King a spiritual Sovereign, not with a view to opposing the Pope, but in order to create a parallel power. See also Richelieu's theory upon absolute monarchy according to Le Bret's principles.

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traditions, which for four centuries has assured the relations between the Church and the French State. It is not correct to say that the system of the Concordat dates from 1802, and that it is of revolutionary origin. If it were so, those who wish to destroy it would not attack it any more than they attack the Civil Code or any other revolutionary law. But the Concordat of 1802 is one of the things that the genius of Bonaparte borrowed from ancient France; it was one of the doctrines with which he reconstituted the ancient *régime*, and nothing was more natural or more necessary for him than to thus continue the past. It is difficult to conceive that France should exist without this feature which makes her a national being, leading its own life, in the midst of the universal religion, and without which she could not develop.

The rule of the Concordat has, therefore, been the normal *régime* of France from the beginning of the sixteenth century to the present day. Before examining how it has been violated and amended, let us stop to consider the system in itself. It is the essentially modern conception of the relations between Church and State. In ancient times all governments united the spiritual and the temporal powers in one. The Hebrews, Chinese, Hindoos, Persians, Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans, the nations which had formed themselves into republics as well as those ruled by kings, had adopted the theocratic *régime* resulting from a confusion of the civil and religious powers.[6] To destroy despotism, to free the citizen crushed by the all-powerful State, which tyrannised over his conscience and tortured his body, the words of Christ were necessary: 'Give to God the things that are God's, and to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's.'[7] By these words

[6] Theocracy formed the basis of governments in ancient history, whether ruled over by a Sovereign or organised into republics of various forms, such as the republics of the Jews, of Greece, and of Rome. Auguries indicated the decisions or steps to be taken or followed in matters of moment at Sparta, at Athens, and at Rome, and it was the high priests who interpreted them. God Himself spoke to the Hebrew people through the voice of His prophets. The continuation of this system of government still exists among the Mussulmans. The Koran is the Prophet Mahomet speaking in the name of God; the Sovereign represents Him, and alone directs the destinies of the nation.

[7] St. Peter had refused to pay the usual tribute of the Temple, but Jesus interfered and said to him: 'From whom do the kings exact the tribute? Is it from their own children or from strangers?' Peter replied: 'From strangers.' And Jesus said to him: 'The children are therefore free. Nevertheless, in order not to create disturbance, and in order not to scandalise them, go and pay for yourself and for me' (Matt. xvii. 24-27). He caused tribute to be paid which He was not obliged to pay, being one of the people, for fear of causing the slightest disturbance to the public order. Christ never encroached upon the authority of the magistrates, but respected the temporal power in all its forms. One of His followers said to Him: 'Master, order my brother to divide with me.' 'Man,' answered Jesus, 'who has constituted me your judge to make partitions?' (Luke xii. 13, 14).

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the separation of the two powers was established, the system of government was changed according to more modern ideas, and the march of humanity was modified. But, in order that it might have its full force in our country, it was necessary that it should be put in operation by the leader of Catholicity and by the head of the French nation.

It cannot be forgotten, it is true, that several Popes transgressed these principles through their theocratic theories and by seeking to interfere in the temporal matters of the States. But the prerogative of intervention was seldom exercised except by way of arbitration, at the spontaneous request of the Kings and their people. The theories thus put in practice do not go back further than the eleventh century, and the Church has never recognised them as her own. The great councils of the fifteenth century, held in Bâle and Constance, repudiated these theories and proclaimed the complete independence of princes in temporal matters, and it can be affirmed that the Church has, ever since its foundation, always maintained the same doctrines, as it results from the commentaries on the words of Christ by the Fathers of the Church and the first Popes.

The first document upon this subject brought to light by the historians is a letter which Pope St. Gelasius addressed, in 494, to the Emperor Theodosius, the patron of the Eutychian heresy:

> There exist two principal powers, august Emperor [wrote Pope Gelasius], by which the world is ruled: the power of the Kings and the power of the Pontiffs. . . . If, therefore, the ministers of religion obey your laws in everything that concerns the temporal order, because they know that your power comes from God, tell me with what love should you not render obedience to the dispensers of the holy mysteries?

So it was that a Pope, at the end of the fifth century, proclaimed that the two powers were respectively independent, and that, inasmuch as the priest submits himself to the civil power in temporal matters, so also should the civil power submit itself to the priests in matters of spiritual order.

One century later another Pope, one of the greatest in history, interpreted the Catholic doctrine and tradition in the same manner. In 592, St. Gregory the Great received a law from the Emperor Mauritius, with an order to publish it; and although it appeared contrary to the interests of the Church, he consented to its publication in the provinces of the West which were subject to him, but he asked the Emperor to revoke the law in these terms:

> Subject as I am to your power, I have published your law in the various provinces of the world, but, as I consider it contrary to the law of God, I should not fulfil my duty if I did not submit to you certain observations through which I will accomplish, at the same time, two imperative obligations: that of obedience

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which I owe you, and that which requires me to raise my voice when injury to God and to His honour may result from my silence.[8]

This truth was recognised not only by the Church, but also by the State, in France. The body and the soul are distinct in the same individual, and the union of these two elements constitutes life; their harmonious development is necessary to a healthy and well-balanced existence, but their separation causes death. Parents who wish to give a good education to their children seek to develop equally in them the qualities of the soul as well as of the body. Such is the duty of Governments in a State.

This is more applicable to France than to any other country, for France is the only country in the world which has conveyed the impression of a real person, of a living being with one soul and one body. God seems to have particularly favoured the world at one special point—Paris. He has made of it the centre of the physical formation of a great people. The soul of the nation grew under the inspiration of a complex idea symbolised by the Cross and the Fleur-de-Lys. The body and soul of this being were developed by the King, who was impersonal, and was always chosen in the same family up to the Revolution. He was the third element created to maintain the union of the other two, partaking equally of one and of the other, at the same time heir to a temporal heritage and impregnated with a sacred character through his anointment from the 'Ampulla Remensis.' He really personified France and represented the country. Although distinct from the Church, he was united to it. It was for this reason that, as early as the time of Francis the First, the King of France entered into a Concordat with the Church.

What would a Concordat be if it did not presuppose two sovereignties, and what would these sovereignties be if one, that of the Pope, were not spiritual and universal, and the other, that of the French royalty, were not temporal and national? How could these two sovereignties sign such a document if they were not independent one from the other? On the other hand, how can one help seeing that the Concordat is the best proof that they could not live apart, that they were forced to act in concert, to come together, and to unite for the purpose of settling the interests of the National French Church in harmony with the Universal Church? Such were the necessities

[8] The Act of the Emperor Mauritius is of the year 592, and prohibits (1) those who were employed in public offices to enter the clergy; (2) the same persons to embrace the monastic life; (3) soldiers to assume the religious garb. St. Gregory accepted the first article, amended the second, and suppressed the third as being of a nature to threaten the safety of souls, and because the Emperor had no right to prevent the Christians from entering the service of God. (St. Gregory, epist. 65; Labbé, vol. v. col. 1293. See Hincmar, lib. xii.; and Thomassin, *Discipline de l'Eglise*, pt. 1, vol. iii. col. 61.)

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from which sprang the *régime* of the Concordat. It is the simple and profound idea expressed by that *régime*—'Union and distinction of the temporal and the spiritual.'

But what is the Concordat of 1516? The King and Pope mutually agreed by a covenant, accepted and approved by them and binding upon both, to settle the lines of their respective powers. To the temporal power was reserved the right to confer 'benefits' upon bishops and abbots, or the temporal advantages attached to the ecclesiastical office by grants of land which rendered the National Church independent. To the spiritual power was reserved the right to confer holy orders by the Pope. This conception was so just and so strong that it remained the rule which governed the relations between Church and State so long as the monarchy lasted—that is to say, during nearly three centuries. It was so just and so strong that the Revolution, after having destroyed it, had to restore it through the Civil Constitution of the clergy, when it felt the necessity of organisation in order to live.

There is certainly a difference between the Concordat of 1516 and that of 1802. The one applies to the Church, which was a land-owner and formed a class next to the aristocracy and the 'Tiers État'; the other ruled over a Church transformed, in the eyes of the Government, into a body of public servants. The salaries allowed to the priests by the new Concordat were, in a measure, a compensation and an indemnity for the property confiscated from them. To-day the State makes use of these conditions to look upon the priests as a class of public servants embodied in the hierarchy of public office-holders. This evidently constitutes an important difference between the two compacts of 1516 and 1802, but outside of this difference they have one essential feature in common. In both agreements the bishop or the priest holds his office and sacred character from the Church.

In so far the Concordat of 1802 re-established the distinction and union of powers. It continued during a century to be the law of Revolutionary France. Napoleon the First violated it without daring to revoke it. The Monarchy of July, the Second Empire, the Second and Third Republics, all Governments of revolutionary origin, used it as the basis of their policy towards religion. All sought to maintain the principles of the union and distinction of the powers, to guard against the confusion of the two powers, which would have created a theocratic State by the prevalence of the Church, or a state of anarchy by the disappearance of the union.

It is now proposed to separate the Church and the State. It is strange to use the conflicts which have sometimes arisen between the two powers as an argument against the principle of the distinction

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and union, which is the basis of the system of the Concordat. The Concordat is not at fault, because at certain times in our history it has been attacked by men who did not believe in it. It would be more consistent to declare that the violations committed by Louis the Fourteenth and Napoleon show that it was insufficient and harmful. At most, it can be conceded that the terms of the Concordat have not always proved to be sufficiently strong to restrain violent and immoderate ambitions and to enforce respect.

Unfortunately, this is an inherent fault in all human things. Both Louis the Fourteenth and Napoleon experienced at some period the dizziness that comes from power, the intoxication resulting from the force that was in their hands, and they both sought to absorb the Church of France in their omnipotent Government, to combine and confound in themselves the temporal and spiritual powers. This confusion is only dangerous to France and even to the Church when it is effected by the head of the French Government, who is strong enough to bring about its realisation. If effected by the Pope, it could not constitute a permanent danger even if it brought about temporary difficulties, because nowadays theocracy can only be the proclamation of a theory, and can never be realised. The danger has always come from the head of the French Government, the first time with Louis the Fourteenth and the second time with Napoleon.

The first of these men was the Eldest Son of the Church, the depositary of a tradition which dominated and guided him in spite of everything. He constituted an integral part of an historical formation, of a real organism which was called France, and the laws of which he could not avoid. For this reason his error was of very brief duration, and, in fact, it can be explained. Louis the Fourteenth is not to be blamed for having proclaimed the independence of the temporal power of France by the Four Articles of 1682, and for having reduced the power of St. Peter and of the Church in spiritual matters, nor for having upheld the principles and constitution of the Gallican Church. All this was legitimate because it was in keeping with the distinction of the two powers. Nor can he be blamed for using his influence in purely political matters of conflict with the temporal power of the Pope. In one attempt of an entirely different order he was certainly wrong, but he promptly abandoned it. When the Pope refused to confer holy orders on bishops appointed by him, he hesitated for a moment as to whether he would disregard Rome and establish a Gallican Church, of which he would be the head, in the same way as Henry the Eighth had done in England, and so to accomplish the confusion of the spiritual and temporal powers. When he contemplated this radical step, which would have led him to abandon the source of his power by abdicating his title of Eldest Son of the Church, Louis the Fourteenth drew back under the advice of

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the strong-minded Bossuet. From 1693, eleven years after the promulgation of the Four Articles above mentioned, his acts show a loyal and true enforcement of the Concordat. The French clergy rendered to God and to Cæsar, to the Pope and to the King, that which belonged to them.

Napoleon, son of the Revolution, inspired by his genius and his own personal interest to reorganise the France of the past, was not obliged to submit to the rules which forcibly bound a legitimate king. His arbitrary spirit did not hesitate to overthrow once more what he had himself built up, and it is quite true that he knew no restraint when he found the Universal Church and the Pope in his way. The first conflict between Napoleon and the Papacy was of a temporal order and resulted from political considerations. For the purpose of establishing his Continental blockade, Napoleon occupied the Papal States and annexed them to the French Empire in 1809. For a time the conflict was confined to temporal matters, and the Pope remained the uncontested head of the spiritual world. Later on, things changed when Pius the Seventh excommunicated the Emperor. The Emperor made him a prisoner, and the Concordat was virtually abolished, as the Pope would no longer confer holy orders on the bishops appointed by the Emperor.

Napoleon committed the fatal error of confounding the spiritual and temporal powers. He wanted to appoint bishops without the concurrence of the Pope, and then was started this ill-advised policy of rash attempts, as shown by the National Council, the Commission of Cardinal Fesch, the Sénatus-Consulte of February 1810, all of which collapsed almost immediately, the fruitless negotiations with the prisoner of Savona, the Council of Notre-Dame, the Decree of the 5th of August, 1811, granting the Metropolitan the right of conferring holy orders upon the bishops. The Concordat of 1813 produced no better effects, and resulted in a final submission, the liberation of the Pope and his return to his recovered domains, at the end of five years. Thus, Napoleon himself was unable to establish the confusion of the two powers in France. The doctrine of union and distinction of these two powers was so strong in our country that it triumphed even over his genius and arbitrary power. No sensible Government has ever renewed the attempt, and it required the present events to give life to the idea of again attempting the confusion of the two powers. By a strange coincidence, this sophism is advocated by the very persons who proclaimed themselves partisans of separation.

Would it not show great recklessness on our part to renew in another form and under another name, but with the certainty of similar results, an attempt which the unlimited power of Louis the Fourteenth, the brutal violence of the French Revolution, and the genius of Napoleon

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failed in? It seems paradoxical to compare Louis the Fourteenth and Napoleon striving to unite the temporal and spiritual powers with the acts of the Government under the Revolution, beginning with the civil transformation of the clergy and ending in an open warfare against Catholicism. In reality, it is the same doctrine, the theocratic doctrine, attempting to unite the right to govern and the right to direct the soul, seeking to regulate temporal and religious interests and to dominate over the people by forcing upon them an official religion and an official doctrine of psychology. It is a doctrine of civil war and oppression. Outside of this, the separation of Church and State can only lead to liberty without limit and without control for the Catholic Church. The Church is neither internationalist nor international; it is universal, and has no other object than to conquer souls and to govern them according to her laws in all matters pertaining to their salvation. She is hostile to no single nation; in fact, she ignores nationality. She instructs the peoples of the earth to render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, but she remains foreign to the development of the national traditions of every country subject to her laws.

The Kings of ancient France understood that such a power should be disciplined and adapted to the requirements of our national life, then commencing and growing amidst strifes and domestic and foreign wars, but finally ending in the definite formation of the nation. They realised that this discipline should only be used to ensure the independence of civil power without interfering with the dogmas of the Church, and that no universal influence should be permitted to alter the personal character and ideas of ancient Gaul in the geographical division of the earth. The Church saw in these kings a great independent force, which might be friendly or hostile, according to circumstances, and endeavoured to help them by moral influence in governing their peoples. The influence and the independence of the two powers grew progressively, and Concordats were signed embodying principles of common sense and wisdom, which were fought both by the Church and State, but which could not be destroyed, as they represented a political truth of a permanent and absolute character.

It is certain that if the separation results in complete independence, in the unlimited liberty of the Universal Church, it should be rejected, as it would grant too much. Every Frenchman who sincerely loves France should remain true to his country, his race and native soil, and should help to maintain the lasting work of the past, which tends to the moral and material grandeur of the nation. We must likewise reject, with the same energy, the other separation, which would resuscitate the former doctrine of Louis the Fourteenth, of Napoleon, and of the Revolution, and which appears in history as a

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fatality each time that a Government has sought to destroy the Concordat. The religious investiture of the priests and bishops cannot belong to the State, nor must we, under any circumstances, be obliged to go to Notre-Dame to worship the Goddess Reason or the Supreme Being, according to the fancy of the triumphant faction. We must oppose all theocracies, and separation, such as is proposed, is nothing less than the application of the theocratic doctrine. True liberty springs only from the distinction and union of the two powers. Oppression would follow if they were consolidated.

The French mind is so imbued with the profound influence of the Church that for centuries France has been the Catholic Nation rather than a Catholic Nation. The Kings protected the temporal independence of the Popes, and the Popes granted to the Kings supreme power in the East. Even during the most trying periods, when the two forces seemed to be separated for ever, when the King expelled the Pope from his States and the Pope excommunicated the King, the force of truth triumphed, and the Pope, the King, the Church, and France sought each other to sign a compact which for years reestablished harmony between them, and through them the peace of the world. History and its practical results cannot be lost sight of. France is not merely a strip of land; it is also a moral personality holding the highest rank, and essentially Catholic. It is Catholic to such an extent that it is as impossible to separate the idea of Catholicity from France as it is to separate the idea of Mohammedanism from Turkey.

To seek to disintegrate the organism of France means engaging in an enterprise of which the consequences are easy to predict, while throughout the world other nations are growing, and watch us with a jealous eye, ready to take advantage of our dissensions and to seize the spoils. The German Empire, although Protestant, is ready to take the place of the Kings of France in protecting the Popes. The Pope represents an undeniable moral influence corresponding to definite material advantages in the East and in the Far East. William the Second seeks to continue the work of France, and accepts its advantages and disadvantages. In this way France will lose, not only in Europe, among the Latin races which have remained so firmly attached to their secular faith, but throughout the world, the influence, authority, prestige which arise from her traditional *rôle* as the Protector of the Pope. Her moral strength and her prestige will be affected, and we shall perhaps witness the sad view, to use Lacordaire's expression concerning Napoleon, 'of seeing France, like a burnt-out star, drop in the deep waters of the Atlantic.'

Within the country it would mean anarchy or oppression: anarchy if the separation resulted in the unlimited liberty of the Church; oppression if, dominated by the Jacobin spirit, the separation should

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be effected without allowing sufficient liberty to the Church; if, through winding roads and diverging paths, we return to the confusion of the religious and temporal powers, or to a theocracy.

It may be contended that this doctrine is disproved by the example of certain countries, like the United States, where the Church is not officially organised, and expands freely under common-law rights. Circumstances there are not the same, owing to the differences of origin and races, and it would be unfair to establish a comparison between the two countries, one new, the other counting fourteen centuries of existence. In the first place, it is incorrect to say that the United States do not take the Church into account, or, at least, do not recognise religion. The existence of God is officially proclaimed there, and the American Federation is not hostile to religions or to religious belief. The legal measures which are proposed to us are only an incident in the strife directed against the Catholic faith. The United States are made up of the alluvion of all nations. The aboriginal race has successively disappeared before the afflux of population coming from all points of the earth. Even though the majority belong to the Saxon race, of which the language has been retained, the immigration from Germany, Italy, and all parts of the world has been considerable. In the presence of this confusion of races and religious diversity the State was bound to remain impersonal. Absolute and complete liberty was the necessary rule of law. Nothing was to be feared from a domination over the State by the Universal Church, as a majority of the people were dissident Christians. So long as liberty was guaranteed to each and every persuasion and sect, the law accomplished its purpose.

In France, in spite of the geographical divisions of the old *régime* and of physiological differences among the inhabitants, the sentiments of national union and national solidarity date back many centuries. They were developed by the King and Catholicism, and it might almost be said that our national formation in the intellectual order is the direct work of the Church, as she is, in the moral order, the direct work of the King. Consequently we cannot separate these two forces without exposing ourselves to the risk of dissolving the cement which maintains the solidity of the French national edifice.

We are in a situation unique in the world. Whatever may be claimed or desired, we are Catholics, if not in the theological sense of the word, at least through our intellectual construction, our method of thought, our way of looking at things, and the French Jacobins themselves derive that spirit of domination which is their own from their Catholic ancestry. Under such conditions, to separate the Church from the State would be to disintegrate the nation, to give it

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over to anarchy and enslave consciences. France does not require an oppressed Church, nor a State religion or irreligion, nor a Church completely independent of the State, of which the all-powerful action might, at certain periods, essentially alter our national spirit. Separation, such as it has been conceived and proposed, will lead the nation to religious oppression, to revolution and civil war.

COMTE DE CASTELLANE,
Député des Basses-Alpes.

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THE NEED FOR NATIONAL NURSERIES

I WISH to give in this article, in as vivid a manner as possible, some description of what is now going on inside elementary schools, and I shall start with the assumption that my readers are entirely ignorant of the subject. I will begin with large town schools, and reference will be made to some of those which I have actually visited in my official capacity. My object is a very simple one. I am anxious to interest women in these little children. Only women can deal satisfactorily with the present difficulties, and most of the evils I describe are produced by the absence of the quality known as 'motherliness.' Under existing regulations children of three years old cannot be refused admittance into elementary schools, and the attendance of all children over five is compulsory. The infants attending schools in this country numbered in 1903 no fewer than 2,044,902. Their number has, of course, now increased. I am unable to say exactly what proportion of these children would be under five years of age, but, judging from some statistics obtained in Manchester, I think the estimate of one-fourth would be a fairly accurate one. The usual age for promotion to schools for older children is between seven and eight, but as the Government has hitherto given a bigger grant per head on attendance for older scholars, there is a distinct desire on the part of the local authorities to promote at as early an age as possible. In Manchester the rule is that all children who will become seven before the expiration of the school year must be promoted at the beginning of the school year, unless special circumstances exist to prevent the arrangement. We therefore often get children of only six years and three months old who are being taught in schools for older scholars, and are thereby deprived of every opportunity for manual employment or Kindergarten occupations.

To return to the infant schools. If my calculation is correct, there were last year some 500,000 children under five years of age who were attending school regularly. In the eyes of both central and local authorities a school is a place where children learn to sit still, to obey orders, and where they receive instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic; for the little girls the extra subject of needlework is added. Besides these, it is now customary to provide what are

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known as varied occupations, and on this topic many words of wisdom are spoken, and even books are published. The theories of great men, such as Pestalozzi and Froebel, are built upon them, and the teachers who can produce a certificate saying that they have passed an examination in Kindergarten methods have a better chance than their fellows of preferment or of head-teacherships. The old-fashioned manager or inspector looks upon these things as 'fads'; the beginning and end of elementary education in his eyes is 'Teach 'em to read,' and the amount of time devoted to other things in any particular place will depend practically upon his personal bias.

Let us now follow the baby of three years through part of one day of school life. He is placed on a hard wooden seat (sometimes it is only the step of a gallery), with a desk in front of him and a window behind him, which is too high up to be instrumental in providing such amusement as watching the passers-by. He often cannot reach the floor with his feet, and in many cases he has no back to lean against. He is told to fold his arms and sit quiet. He is surrounded by a large number of other babies all under similar alarming and incomprehensible conditions, and the effort to fold his arms is by no means conducive to comfort or well-being. They are too short in proportion to his body to be placed anywhere but in a tight cross-bar over his chest. The difficulty of breathing in this constrained position is considerable, but he hunches his shoulders bravely to make his arms longer, and his back assumes the pleasing shape of a curved bow. He is very shortly attacked by the sensation of pins and needles in his legs, due to the lack of support for his feet, and the cap and coat which had reconciled him to this new venture in life are removed and hung on a peg out of sight. I heard of one motherly teacher who, realising the value set by the child on these possessions, allowed him to have them hung well within view till he was accustomed to his new surroundings. Why a baby should attach this importance to his cap I cannot say. Whether it is a guarantee that his present state of life is temporary, and that he will one day, by placing it on his head, return to the mother who made it, I know not, but so it is. A new-comer will always settle down more patiently if allowed to hug, or at least see, his out-of-door garments. Without these he has no protection from the gaze of his fellows, and the bigger brother or sister who escorted him to school has disappeared into another room. He is alone with strangers, and must endure existence as best he may. He usually spends the first day or two in tears, rising at times to sobs of so disturbing a character that he has to be sent into the playground, in charge of an older scholar, to make a noise where it will not interrupt the work of the other children. If he cries quietly, he becomes aware of the following proceedings. A blackboard has been produced, and hieroglyphics are drawn upon it by the teacher. At a given signal every child in the class begins calling out mysterious

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sounds: 'Letter A, letter A,' in a sing-song voice, or 'Letter A says Ah, letter A says Ah,' as the case may be. To the uninitiated I may here explain that No. 1 is the beginning of spelling, and No. 2 is the groundwork of word-building. Hoary-headed men will spend hours discussing whether 'c-a-t' or 'ke-ar-te' are the best means of conveying the knowledge of how to read cat. I must own to indifference on the point myself, and I sympathise with teachers who are not allowed to settle it for themselves.

The word 'Stop!' from the teacher, accompanied by an alarming motion of the pointer in her hand towards the class, reduces it to silence, the pointer then indicates a second hieroglyphic on the blackboard, which is followed by a second outburst, and the repetition of 'Letter B, letter B,' &c., chanted by the whole class. This occupation lasts perhaps twenty minutes, but of time our baby has no knowledge; it is many, many years since he left the delicious liberty and enchanting variety of the gutter. The many-coloured world has changed into one monotonous hue, and people say one thing so many times that it makes him sleepy. 'Wake up, Johnnie; it's not time to go to sleep yet. Be a good boy and watch teacher.' More hieroglyphics are placed on the blackboard, and more sounds follow in the same sing-song voices, for the arithmetic lesson now begins. 'Figure 1, figure 1, figure 1, figure 2, figure 2, figure 2,' replace the words 'Letter A, letter B,' &c.; otherwise there seems to be no difference between one lesson and the next, and no ray of light illumines Johnnie's gloom. I have actually heard a baby class repeat one sound a hundred and twenty times continuously, and from fourteen to twenty times is a matter of common occurrence. With the exception of a little drill or marching between the subjects, it is an incontrovertible fact that lessons unbroken by a single manual occupation are actually in progress the whole morning in many of our baby classes in the big infant schools; and without attempting to follow further the effect on the poor child's brain, I would most earnestly discuss the uselessness—nay, worse, the harmfulness—of the whole system.

What possible good is there in forcing a little child to master the names of letters and numbers at this age? The strain on the teachers is terrific. Even when modern methods are in vogue and each child is provided with coloured counters, shells, beads, or a ball frame, the intellectual effort of combining 3 plus 1 to make 4, or 2 plus 2 for the same total, has no value at such an age. The nervous strain must reduce the child's physical capacity, and this, again, reacts unfavourably on the condition of the teeth, eyes, and digestion. In the long summer afternoons things are at their worst. Baby after baby, overcome by sleep in the heated atmosphere, falls forward off his seat, banging his forehead against the desk in front, and awakes in tears to find such misfortunes are too common an occurrence for much

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comfort to be his portion. All that the hard-pressed and exhausted teacher has time to do is to fold the child's arms on the desk in front of him, place his head on them, and coax him to fall asleep again. But consider the conditions under which sleep is obtained. The child is in a close room—I have no hesitation in saying that not 20 per cent. of the classrooms I saw in Manchester are properly ventilated—he is bent forward, his back is all crooked, and his body is all sideways. In this position he spends an hour or two hours of many a summer afternoon. If statistics could be obtained of the number of children in infant schools suffering from curvature of the spine, the matter might perhaps awaken the sleeping conscience of the education authorities. In winter sleep is not prevalent to quite the same extent, but the time-table usually provides a second dose of lessons on letters and numbers, and the only variety the day affords comes under the head of 'Occupations,' 'Games,' or 'Object-lessons.'

Let there be no mistake about these. 'My child loves looking at pictures; surely the children must enjoy object-lessons on pictures,' says the comfortable mamma; while papa recollects reading to himself at four years old, and has always been told that he gave no trouble at all when learning his letters. Quite so. But how were those letters taught, and in what position did he sit when holding the picture-book? Cuddled tight in his mother's arms, with encouraging terms of endearment in his ears and kisses showered on his curls, he babbled unreproved his own delightful version of the contents or meaning of each page. Moreover, boredom could be immediately relieved by a quick turn-over to the next picture, or a rush across the room; and, as a rule, he might change his occupation at will, and seek diversion elsewhere.

Compare this with the class system. One picture only is provided at a time, and is made to do duty for many days in the year. It is stuck on a blackboard. It cannot be handled, often it cannot be clearly seen. The talking is done by the teacher, not by the child, the subject and meaning are fixed by her explanation, and only one child at a time may respond to a question. The others must sit motionless, and with arms tightly crossed, waiting for the notice that, in many cases, never comes.

In a log-book in Manchester the following entry was recently made by a man inspector: 'The babies should learn to sit still and attend.' That sounds dull, certainly, but what about the games? Games are opportunities for learning many virtues (see introduction to the Code, 1904). I would earnestly beg the reader's attention to this most admirably arranged book of platitudes, and I invite him to compare the sentiments expressed there with the methods that are actually in vogue in our schools. In a solemn ring, with anxious faces, and eyes fixed on the harassed face of the teacher, the children learn to personate one or other figure in the action song. 'It has

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to be perfect for the inspector at the end of the month.' Inspired by this motive and practised with labouring footsteps and faltering voices, the games often become as sad a performance as the lessons, and are treated quite as seriously by all who take part in them.

But there are still the 'occupations.' How many people know to what this refers? And how many would be willing to instruct in a 'manual occupation' a three-year-old baby? Paper-folding, stick-laying, bricks, chalk-drawing, or Froebel's gifts have a real meaning and value when handled by a few children—say, half a dozen to a dozen—in presence of a trained specialist. Only she can manipulate her material with any beneficial effect to the children. But for such a purpose conditions far other than those prevailing in most infant schools are essential. Imagine one teacher with sixty babies to instruct. That is the number for which every certificated teacher in this country may be made legally responsible; though in fact these numbers are often exceeded, and in summer it is not unusual to find one woman with eighty, ninety, or a hundred babies in her charge. So long as the average for the whole year is not above sixty there is no redress. In the last Blue-book the average number of children under the instruction of certificated teachers is given as 70·2 per head. I ask every mother, nurse, or maiden aunt who reads these pages to place herself in imagination in this position, and I think that most people will allow that a teacher's life must necessarily be one of the most wearing and least satisfying.

The task given to them with these enormous classes is an impossible one. Let me repeat it. A certificated teacher has sixty babies to instruct, many of whom are hungry, cold, and dirty. In slum schools the parents are often drunkards, and the children's nights have been but short. They are heavy-eyed with unslept sleep. They are perched tier upon tier on hard benches one behind the other. Only one way of dealing with them appears physically possible, and the 'discipline' so dear to the heart of the man inspector becomes almost of necessity the end and object of a teacher's life. Every child must be made to resemble his neighbour as nearly as possible. To obtain this effect some sort of drill is required. It usually takes the following form: 'Fold arms'—'Sit up'—'Eyes on ceiling' (all the heads are raised)—'Eyes on floor' (all the heads are bent)—'Eyes to the right'—'Eyes to the left'—'Eyes on blackboard'—'Eyes on me' (all the sixty baby heads are wagged in unison). 'Tommy Snooks is not attending to me. I sha'n't love you, Tommy Snooks. Now we must begin again, as Tommy Snooks is not a good boy.' Patiently the teacher repeats the same formula. Pathetically the whole class responds.

Then follows a second type of drill. We will suppose that every child has been provided with a small square of coloured paper, and that the time-table indicates 'Paper-folding' as the routine for twenty minutes twice a week throughout the year. 'I take my paper

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in my left hand.' All the children repeat the words. Then follows an interruption. Despite the fact that the teacher is going through the same movements as the class, it is easy at three and four years old to mistake one hand for another. She must therefore walk up and down the lines of her class removing the papers that are held in the right hand and placing them in the left. Meanwhile the children get tired. Little arms drop down—little pokes are given to little neighbours—the proceedings may even be diversified by a leg being placed on the desk, or a boot removed for nearer inspection. When the whole class has at last been reduced to uniformity of occupation, the teacher proceeds once more—'I fold it over in the middle.' And so on. More interruptions ensue, while the ever patient woman goes from child to child, to see how near the middle the fold has been made. Step by step, accompanied by repetition after the teacher of an unvarying form of words, a result of some kind is obtained; and after weeks of practice the best specimens are carefully put aside 'to show the inspector.'

The subject of needlework requires separate mention. I have lately been employed in Manchester in making a special inquiry upon certain points connected with infant schools. For this purpose I visited ninety-three infant schools and obtained statistics which referred to 22,320 children. I am in a position to state that forty-five out of these ninety-three infant schools give lessons in needlework which last from forty-five minutes to an hour on end, and thirty-three schools have 'needle-threading' as an employment for children under five years of age. Consider what this means. Needles the size of bodkins are put into the hands of these babies, and ten, fifteen, and even twenty minutes on end are spent in threading them. Such an employment would be, one can imagine, trying at any age; but to oblige a little child of three or four years old to focus its eyes on a point, and guide its fingers sufficiently steadily to thread a bodkin is a most harmful and injudicious proceeding. A tendency to squint shows itself very markedly among the children of our poorer classes, and the greatest care should therefore be exercised in the choice of judicious occupations involving no strain to the eyesight. Lessons of forty-five minutes and an hour on end are far too long. With big classes the giving out and collecting of materials is wearisome to the teachers, and leaves but little time for the actual work. The subject is often begun at four years old, and these mites of children are forced to sit in a cramped position, using their undeveloped nerves and muscles in producing the required strip of hemming which custom has made obligatory. The teachers would be thankful to postpone instruction to a later age, but so long as specimens of work are asked for, examined, and criticised by men inspectors the present system will continue.

The evil in Manchester is increased by the lack of proper desks; the children have constantly no support for their backs, the rooms

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are often cold and dark, and the inspector has no childish recollections of his own to arouse pity for the poor pricked little fingers or aching eyes. The constant glancing at the clock from far older children during needlework lessons is itself sufficient indication to a sympathetic observer of the strain from which they are suffering.

During both morning and afternoon one welcome break occurs; for 'an interval of not less than ten or fifteen minutes' is prescribed in the Code. The children troop into the playground, and those whose mothers are sufficiently careful to provide it produce newspaper parcels containing dry bread, cake, bread-and-jam, or hard pudding, as the case may be. But in some schools the babies do not have the benefit of this interval. 'They take so long getting in and out of the room.' This makes it, in the teacher's opinion, desirable to remain indoors; while in cold weather the necessity of dressing the children is a real difficulty. Without assistance, one woman can hardly get sixty babies into hats and cloaks, and out of them again, within the specified time. We thus get the youngest children deprived of the change of air and scene which is so specially desirable in consideration of their tender years.

Are we not slaves to tradition—slaves to custom—slaves to our own regulations? Of what possible use is all this routine? In my opinion—and surely in this matter I may expect the support and sympathy of the women of this country—little children require nurses rather than teachers, and lady doctors rather than inspectors. By placing the infant schools entirely in the hands of men inspectors, the whole atmosphere has been made into a forcing-house for the schools for older scholars. Even where Kindergarten methods are better understood, the teachers are hampered and hindered by a masculine love of uniformity and order. The discipline expected is military rather than maternal, and can only be maintained at the expense of much healthy, valuable, and, as far as the children are concerned, necessary freedom. The appointment announced in February will give universal satisfaction. Miss Lawrence has been made chief woman inspector to the Board of Education. It is earnestly to be hoped that this policy will be continued by the further appointment of a large staff of women inspectors, otherwise she will be hopelessly handicapped in the work she has undertaken. Up till now the number of women inspectors has never exceeded six, their position has been that of subordinate officers, and it has been impossible for them, both from their number and position, to render any revolutionary services to education.

With infant schools a revolution is necessary. May I briefly sketch the alternative 'nursery' into which I would fain see our infant schools transformed? The centre of my 'nursery' should be the playroom. The floor should be of blocked wood capable of being cleaned by some dry process. The space in the centre should be left

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clear. Round the walls Kindergarten desks could be placed, and above these in tiers should be a series of hammock beds, hammocks being less likely to harbour vermin than any other type of bed. These could be arranged like the berths of a steamer or the luggage-racks in a train, and, by allowing the iron framework to fold back, they might be laid flat against the wall when not in use. A flap of netting should be attached to each hammock to fold over the child and fasten against the wall, thus preventing all danger of falling out. One corner of the room could have a zinc floor and a miniature sea-shore with sand, &c. A few of the old Board schools are already provided with this. In place of the present certificate to infant teachers I would substitute an alternative certificate to rank with it in importance, and recognised by the Board of Education. It should certify that the teacher combines the qualifications and experience of a hospital nurse with a knowledge of Froebelian methods. Under the head teacher I would place a new type of teacher under Article 68 (a term to be explained later on), for whom the combined recognition of both head teacher and inspector should be required yearly.

All books (except picture-books) should be banished, and blackboards should only be used for purposes of amusement. All children should remain in the nursery, where they would enjoy play, occupations, and sleep, in an atmosphere of freedom, till six years old. At six I would admit each child for an hour per day into the neighbouring school (I assume that my nursery and school are under one roof). This should not consist of an hour on end, but be split up into three periods of twenty minutes each, and only ten children at a time should be under the tuition of one teacher. If that teacher were employed under what is known as Article 68, she would, though occupied five hours a day, instruct fifty children, as compared with her present allowance of thirty. I maintain that the national purse would gain, while one-tenth of her assistance for one hour would benefit each of the ten children far more than one-thirtieth of her attention for five hours a day as under the present arrangement. At seven years old, continuing the same system, the time for instruction might be increased to two hours. At eight years of age instruction might last for three hours, and at nine the child could join the regular school for full time. In each case these children would return to the playroom and be occupied under supervision for the remainder of the day. Toys of all sorts and kinds would be sufficient inducement for regular attendance. I contend that this family life, this mixing together of children from three to eight years old, is capable of far more humanising and educative results than the present school life. If some local authority were willing to try the experiment, I have no hesitation in saying that others would follow.

Lastly, I would suggest two minor and perhaps temporary means

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of assisting the overworked infant teachers. Some 18,000 of these, at a rough estimate, come under what is known as Article 68 of the Code. This means (*a*) that they are over eighteen years of age; (*b*) that they have been vaccinated; (*c*) that they are 'approved' by the inspector. If these conditions are satisfied, they are allowed to teach a class of thirty children. It will perhaps be a shock to many people to find that so many of our instructors are themselves uninstructed, but, like many another anomaly, the plan works out better in practice than it appears capable of doing in theory. To begin with, many teachers under Article 68 come from good homes, have had some sort of secondary school education, and work partly for the sake of employment and partly for the sake of pocket-money. Their salaries are usually too small for self-support, and they live at home and are cared for by parents or near relations. Many certificated teachers are living in solitude in lodgings. Next, teachers under Article 68, being only legally responsible for thirty children, can only act as assistants, and many a certificated teacher, who must herself instruct sixty children (or in the case of head teachers fifty children), will prefer two Article 68's to act as her assistants rather than one other certificated teacher. It is obvious that in infant schools a knowledge of the tributaries of the Ganges, or a capacity to solve equations, is at a discount. Three women can cope with 110 children better than two, and with younger children especially we should lose a very valuable amount of instinctive child knowledge if we limited the ranks of teachers to those capable of passing public examinations. As explained above, I should like a knowledge of infants, even when confined to matters of health and capacity to play childish games, to receive definite recognition. Such gifts and knowledge are of a rare and high order, and I have several times met with teachers under Article 68 who possess them to a remarkable degree.

Miss Fry (239 Marylebone Road, London, W.) is secretary to a society for providing ladies willing to go regularly for one hour or two hours a week to the neighbouring school under Article 68. They place their services at the disposal of the head-teacher, and help her by giving lessons in botany, gardening, geography, or even playing games. If the public only knew how solitary the lives of many school-mistresses are, I have no hesitation in saying that the daughter of the squire or clergyman, and possibly many others who find time heavy on their hands, would gladly help them. Such help can legally be given at the present moment. I understand that Mr. Rooper, late inspector of schools for Hampshire and the Isle of Wight, was personally interested in the scheme, and if any of my readers appeal to Miss Fry they will obtain full information of how best to begin.

The second suggestion applies solely to town schools. The Happy Evening Association has many hundreds of helpers on its list. These

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friends of the children go once a week or once a fortnight to some centre and devote themselves to amusing the little ones. Could not this plan be developed and the same help be offered also in the daytime? Attendance at infant schools for secular instruction need not exceed 1½ hour, but by order of the local authority many infant schools are kept open 2½ hours in the afternoons. Could not the last hour in the afternoon be made a time of rest for teachers and of variety for the children? Could not ladies, and, if they will, gentlemen, add 'happy afternoons' to the stereotyped curriculum so often in force under our present male administration?

Finally, I would most earnestly impress upon those in authority that Nature and nurture alike point out women as more fitted than men to deal with the details of a little child's life, and I would plead for the appointment of women inspectors, especially those with a Froebel certificate, to supervise the infant schools of this country.

K. Bathurst.

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WHAT IS THE 'RAISON D'ÊTRE' OF PICTURES?

When Rousseau, the French painter of forest scenery, was one day painting an oak in the Forest of Fontainebleau he became aware of some one standing behind him, and looking up saw a peasant, a woodcutter, staring with all his eyes at the picture in progress. The painter thought he was the object of admiration, when the rustic suddenly exclaimed: 'Eh, master, why are you making the oak, when it is made already?' Rousseau burst into a loud laugh, the only answer he could think of at the moment. But, after all, the woodcutter's question had sounded deeps of art-criticism unsuspected by himself. He had raised the question of the whole *raison d'être* of the art of painting. Why, indeed, do we make the oak, when it is made already? Why do those who can paint pictures paint them? And why do those who cannot go to look at them? 'What went ye out for to see?'

In the childhood of nations, as well as of individuals, the answer to the question is pretty simple; it is a matter of pleasure in one's own achievement. The attempts of a child to draw what he has seen, like the curious drawings of animals scratched on pieces of bone by the cave-men, represent simply the pleasure of the performer in his own ingenuity and sleight of hand. He has discovered that animals, or plants, or houses, can be imitated by lines drawn on a plane surface. It is, whether to the savage or the child, a remarkable discovery—a new source of amusement. It is not that the things themselves are of any special interest; it is the power of reproducing them that is so amusing. The earliest phase of art is thus purely the delight in exercising the faculty of imitation; and if this seems a very *naïve* sort of pleasure, let us not, from our modern standpoint, despise it too much. Down to the present day it is all that a great many people can see in art; but that is a point we will return to just now.

By degrees, both with the child and with the race or nation, it comes to be perceived that this faculty of imitative drawing may be made subservient to the record of facts; it may acquire a narrative or historical value. The horses, and men, and ships of the Bayeux tapestry are not very like horses, or men, or ships, but their

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intention is recognisable, and the tapestry forms one of the most valuable historical documents in regard to the Norman invasion. Imitation in outline, too, may serve to keep before us some kind of reminder of some one we love and whose semblance we wish to recall. The ancient legend of the Greek girl who traced the profile of her lover's shadow on the wall, when he was going away, may as likely as not be true, though it was not the beginning of the art, as some do vainly affirm, since the cave-men's drawings of antelopes and mammoths were ages before it. We may say, perhaps, that it is the earliest record, or professed record, of the application of drawing to a sentimental purpose. The survival of this simple view of the matter in modern times is noted by Longfellow in his little novel *Kavanagh*, where Mr. Churchill, the poetic schoolmaster, has his soul refreshed on his way to the school by one glimpse into the realms of art in the shape of an advertisement to this effect:

> The subscriber professes to take profiles, plain and shaded, which, viewed at right angles with the serious countenance, are warranted to be infallibly correct.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> A profile is a delineated outline of the exterior form of any person's face or head, the use of which when seen tends to vivify the affections of those whom we esteem or love.
>
> WILLIAM BANTAM.

Mr. Bantam's grammatical construction is a little mixed, but his meaning is obvious enough, and fairly represents what may be called the primitive or imitative phase of the art of painting.

In that phase the taste and perception of the great English public still for the most part linger. Of the crowds who go every year to the Royal Academy a considerable proportion, to judge by the remarks one hears, care in no way for a picture except as it represents something that is within their own experience, and which appears to them to be a truthful representation of facts. The kind of picture dear to the English public is such a one as Mr. Fildes's *The Doctor*. Many of the ladies who go to the Academy have children and nurseries, and their children have been ill, and they remember how anxious and attentive the good doctor was, and they like to see it on canvas. That is only one kind of subject out of many; but what English people like of all things are pictures that tell an easily understood story, or that point a moral; and any kind of metaphorical or imaginative title to a picture seems to bewilder them excessively. When Mr. Hemy exhibited, at the Royal Academy, what is perhaps the finest sea piece ever painted, showing a small yacht pounding into a heavy sea, and three young fellows hauling at the tackle, and all wet through and thoroughly enjoying themselves, with a fine sense of the fitness of things he called it simply *Youth*. One would say that was obvious enough—but no; I heard a lady exclaim, in a rather injured tone:

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'But why does he call it *Youth*?' On another occasion I came on a gentleman much delighted with a realistic picture entitled *A Case for Compensation*, a farmer confronting a hunting party with a goose which had been killed by the fox. 'Now, you know,' says our friend, 'that is something one can understand; but as for that thing over there, who can make head or tail of it?' 'That thing' was a perfectly recognisable picture of old Florence, Ponte Vecchio and all, with a perfectly recognisable figure of Dante in a musing attitude in the foreground; but the artist had given it some reflective or proverbial title—I forget what—and that was too much for the spectator: it should have been called *Dante on the Quay at Florence*; then it would have been all right. No; if you want to attract the English public you must paint the most realistic picture of something that comes into their daily experience or observation, and give it the plainest and most matter-of-fact title. And the Academy too often encourage them in this by hanging such pictures on the line. In their instructions to exhibitors the Academy include, in the list of things they cannot accept, 'no mere transcripts of the objects of natural history.' Surely they sometimes forget this wholesome regulation.

There is, however, one value in conscientious realistic painting which has been indicated by Browning in a passage so often quoted that it has become somewhat hackneyed:

> For, don't you mark? we're made so that we love
> First when we see them painted, things we've passed
> Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see,
> And so they are better, painted—better to us,
> Which is the same thing.

This is a kind of educational value of painting—educational in the first place to the artist. Begin to draw a thing carefully, and you notice for the first time a number of little points that you have never noticed before; you have to do so; you have to find out its construction. That is why drawing is so useful an element in primary education; it makes children look carefully at things and find out how they are made, besides the training it gives in the use of hand and eye. That is why painters in general attach so much value to studies of what is called 'still life'—colour and form of inanimate objects—as a training. The subject in this case can be studied for any length of time; every detail of form and colour can be mastered; and the training thus acquired is of use in giving the power of drawing and colouring with precision subjects of higher interest. This kind of art, as Browning indicates, may be of educational value to the spectator also. We look at the drawing more than we have ever looked at the real thing, and we say: 'Oh, it's like that, is it?' There was a realistic water-colour drawing of a lobster recently in the Society of Water Colours Exhibition, which made one consider more

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carefully the structure and design of a lobster than we generally do when we see it in a fishmonger's window.

All that is educational value. But the real object of art is not education; that is only by the way. The object of art is pleasure—of one kind or another. And wherein does the pleasure consist? We come back to the woodcutter's question, Why do we make the oak, when it is made already? Not merely as a memorandum of the scene; that is not art, it is only topography. I would put it this way: painting is the artist's own mood of feeling, expressed to us through materials taken from nature. In addition to this, and as a secondary but very important source of interest, is the painter's own particular style, his peculiar convention, in treating and representing the subject. Landscape painting (to keep to that for the moment) is not imitation of nature, for one very good reason—that you cannot imitate nature. Her detail is too interminable, for one thing. And we do not see anything in nature as it is; we only see it as it appears to us. And we cannot give the real effect of nature, because a painter has no real *light* at his command; he has only *colour*, which is, in fact, a stopping out of part of the light. The brightest thing that a painter has at his command to represent light is only pure white. Hence he has to sacrifice something to get the balance of effect. As Mr. Clausen told us in his Royal Academy lectures, the modern school of painters of what are called *plein-air* effects, whose aim is to paint things as seen in outdoor daylight, are very fond of merely foreground subjects, or of pictures arranged with high horizons, so that little or no sky is introduced. Why? Because if they want to paint the ground and the figures as they appear in a full blaze of outdoor light, they have no light left for the sky; they cannot keep it in its place in the picture. All landscape painting is full of these conventions; a painter has to sacrifice something in order to give effect to something else. Then the picture must be decorative in line; it must be a composition. Nature seldom obliges painters with this. Turner, in spite of all that Ruskin says about his truth to nature—which is quite true as far as regards foreground detail—when he professed to paint an actual scene treated it just as he pleased; it was his own composition, with nature as the basis. Then there is the infinite variety of style in the hands of real artists—the manner which each has of treating colour and indicating texture. A painter who has no special style, who only tries to make as good a reproduction of nature as he can with pigments, merely becomes commonplace. He cannot really give us nature, and he has nothing of his own to give. A lady said to me one day: 'It is curious how some people like ——'s landscapes so much,' mentioning a popular realistic landscape-painter, 'and others cannot bear them.' I said 'Yes; that is the difference between those who do not know what landscape-painting is for and those who do.' The landscape is the

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painter's own poem, expressed in terms of nature; and if he has no poetry in him there will be none in his landscape. Just as 'there are nine-and-sixty ways of constructing tribal lays, and every single one of them is right,' so there are nine-and-sixty ways of painting the oak, or whatever else it may be, and every single one of them may be right, provided the painter has feeling, and style, and imaginative power. This is much better understood in France than in England, and in this respect it is significant that in all English exhibitions till quite recently, and still in all the old long-established exhibitions, such as the Royal Academy, the Society of Water Colours, and some others, the subject of the picture comes first in the catalogue, the artist's name second. In a French catalogue it is the reverse; the artist's name comes first, the subject is merely added afterwards. The English public want to know first what a picture is about; the French want to consider how it is done and who did it.

In figure subjects the same principle holds good, with certain exceptions which do not apply to landscape. If a picture represents a scene in history or in fiction, the first thing, from the artist's point of view, is that it should be decorative in line, composition, and colour, and should have distinction of style. If it has not these qualities it is no good having painted it at all; and therefore the question whether this is how the incident really did happen, though not to be overlooked, is a secondary one. In portrait-painting it may be said that the object of a family portrait, or an official or 'presentation' portrait, is to give as faithful a likeness as possible of the original. But even here the 'personal equation' of the artist is an important factor. Mr. Orchardson, for instance, paints from time to time portraits of gentlemen in ordinary society costume, yet there is always an individuality in the colour treatment which makes it a work of art and not a mere kind of hand-made photograph. It need hardly be said that the highest type of portrait-painting is that in which the artist contrives to express not merely the outward semblance of the sitter, but symbolises his character, as in Millais's wonderful portrait of Gladstone—the one showing him standing with his hands clasped. It is only a painter of the highest order who can do this; the examples of it are not numerous. Watts succeeded in several instances; but I think sometimes it might be said that he put too much of Watts and too little of the sitter into a portrait; it did not represent so much what the sitter really was like as what Watts thought of him.

On the other hand, while it is true, and should never be forgotten, that what a picture *is* is the first thing, and what it represents comes only in the second place, it cannot be denied that there is at present a school of painters and critics—critics especially, and critics who are very loud-voiced and persistent—who have gone to the other extreme. In disgust at the public who consider *only* the subject of a picture,

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they propound the view that the subject is of no consequence at all, and that a picture is merely a pattern—an artistic arrangement of colour. There is a story of one of this band who, in answer to an objection that a certain portrait was not a good likeness, replied: 'Yes; but think away the head and face, and you get a residuum of pure colour.' Mr. Mortimer Menpes, in a magazine article, gave an amusing sketch of the humours of this clique. One of them had been commissioned by a man to paint the portrait of his wife. Here was a chance for an experiment in *plein-air* effect, and the lady was painted with a complexion of a strong violet colour. 'But that is not my wife,' said the husband. 'It is your wife in sunshine,' replied the painter. 'But I want a picture of my wife as I see her.' Here, however, he was checked, and told that he had never seen his wife. He might have looked at her; but the artist alone could really be said to see his subject. This is really not much exaggeration of the talk of some of these new lights in art; so that a painter who is still sane, Mr. Collier, thought it necessary to say, in a lecture some years ago, that he was old-fashioned enough to think that one of the objects of a portrait was that it should resemble the original; which seems, indeed, to the ordinary mind too obvious for question. In regard to subject-pictures other than portraits the problem is not quite so simple. It is certainly possible to have a picture which is a very clever and dramatic realisation of the scene and characters of some historic event, and yet which is horrid as a picture. Ward's scene in Change Alley at the time of the South Sea Bubble is an instance. I believe he has got the sort of people and their costumes (about which he took much trouble) wonderfully well, but the colour and the want of artistic refinement are dreadful; it is a picture interesting to study as a document, but I should be very sorry to have it hanging in my house. In the revulsion against this sort of painting the new school would persuade you that subject is nothing, and that the greatest painter of our time was Albert Moore, whose pictures were always beautiful both in line and colour. So they were, but the mistake was that he used the human figure for nothing but to make decorative lines. His graceful young women, clad or half-clad in charmingly figured stuffs, are all alike destitute of any intellectual or moral expression in their faces; they are so many decorative dolls. The human figure, and the figure feminine especially, was meant to express something higher than that. Corporal beauty of line and form if you like, but let us have the mind in the face. Then, in opposition still to the extreme new school of art criticism, I would say that to put on record an important scene in actual life, and, still more, to evolve and breathe life into incidents and personages of the past, is a not unimportant function of painting. Every one who saw Mr. Abbey's *Gloster and Lady Anne* a few years ago at the Academy must have felt that the picture helped him to realise Shakespeare's

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character of Gloster. That figure was a remarkable creation. The man was cajoling and yet dangerous; you felt that he was master of the situation. But the picture is also a picture in the artistic sense; it is powerful and effective in composition. There is even a certain defence to be made for such a picture as Mr. Frith's *Derby Day*. The Derby is an important phase of English life (of a kind), which it was worth while to commemorate in painting, and Mr. Frith was just the artist who seemed pointed out by Providence to do it. He was conscientious over that picture, at least, and took immense pains over his models; and his art was—as good as the subject required. But it is only a document; it is valuable as such, not as art. I will admit also that painting may be employed to enforce a moral, as a secondary object of the art, provided it is done with power and with first-class execution. My complaint against the English picture-going public, on this head, is that they are content and satisfied with such namby-pamby morals and meanings. But if you take such a picture as Mr. Orchardson's *Mariage de Convenance*—in which, mind, the painting of every detail is masterly, as painting—that is a moral picture so terrible in its force and reality that it gets quite out of the region of commonplace. One would not have it in one's house on any account; it is too painful; but it is well worth having in a public gallery, to be seen from time to time and to remind people of the lesson conveyed in it. And this and the same artist's *The First Cloud* really make painting, what Matthew Arnold said poetry ought to be, a criticism of life. That is a limited view to take of either painting or poetry; but it is one side of the truth.

Talking of morality and moral pictures naturally leads one to speak of the nude, which, of course, is immoral (in the eyes of the average English person). The attitude of the British public towards nude pictures is touching in its simplicity. People are a little more used to seeing them now, and they have begun to find out that it is considered rather foolish to be shocked at them; but still there is a vague feeling that they are not quite proper. If you do not see people undressed in real life, why may you in painting? That is the tacit argument of many people. Well, of course you do *not* see it in painting; almost all nude painting is more or less conventional: artists do not paint the realistic nude; they would rather defeat their own object if they did. For the great value of the nude figure in art is that it is at once the highest and the most abstract medium of artistic expression; it is that which gets away from all the accidental elements of life and is the symbol of humanity in the abstract. And to the artist, of course, it is the most interesting of all subjects, because it presents the most difficult task, and at the same time the one with the highest reward. To have accomplished a really fine painting of the nude figure, perfect in drawing and colour, powerful in design and expression, is an achievement after which a man may sit down and

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feel that he is not altogether a failure. And when you look at such a work of abstract beauty and significance as Titian's great picture, which is absurdly called *Earthly and Heavenly Love* (I am sure Titian never gave it that title !), or at such a modern work as Watts's *Daphne*, people who can look at that sort of picture and only think that it is naked, and therefore not quite proper, are simply vulgar-minded, or little-minded. But it must be admitted, on the other side of the matter, that it is sometimes rather the fault of painters that the public misunderstand the nude in painting. One thing is that painters are so interested in drawing and painting the nude figure that they will frequently do a mere nude life study, and then, for exhibition, call it by some classic or poetic name, for the associations with which it is absolutely inadequate. Thus Mr. Tuke, whose favourite subject is youths bathing (*i.e.* the treatment of the nude figure in full open-air light), chose one day to paint one of these same youths seated on the bank of a stream, put a caduceus in his hand, and call him *Mercury*. The result, in collocation with the title, was ludicrous; the figure was simply a Bank holiday youth stripped. And Mr. Swan, who paints the biped and the quadruped animal equally well, paints a naked youth capering about among a menagerie of wild animals, with a lyre in his hand, and calls it *Orpheus*, thus degrading an old poetic legend. Why didn't he call it *Boy and Tigers* ? He was not caring a rush about Orpheus; he wanted to show his skill in a nude figure in combination with animals. Then I think painters show a want of good taste sometimes in these things. Lady Godiva pictures are vulgar; it is almost as bad as if one had looked through the hole in the shutter at her. Lady Godiva is, in fact, merely a kind of property figure that painters make use of when they want a nude subject. M. Gervex, as another example, painted a picture of a lady in her dressing-room, one knee on a chair, and nothing on but a slipper on one foot, and her habiliments scattered about the carpet. To say it was 'improper' is perhaps rather harsh; but it is vulgar, and I should not be the least surprised at a lady thinking it improper. We want a better reason for nudity than that kind of display. Curiously enough, close to that picture (it was in the 1889 exhibition at Paris) hung another large work by the same artist, illustrating De Musset's poem *Rolla*—the breaking of the morning of what was to be Rolla's last day, the wretched Rolla standing half-dressed at the window in the cold morning light, and the poor young and innocent girl, as De Musset describes her, in a deep sleep naked on the bed. That was quite a different concern; that was tragedy and the pathos of life; though I am afraid, had it been exhibited in London, a good many people would have thought it as 'improper' as the other—perhaps worse. I thought it deeply affecting: the other picture was only vulgar display. Anyhow the moral is that the nude figure is to be used in art with respect, to express great artistic power, or great beauty, or

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poetry, or pathos; but not to be used for the commonplace display of cleverness of handling, still less for anything which suggests the most distant idea of indecent display, as Gervex's picture of the lady with the one slipper certainly did. In fact, the 'nude' is one thing, the 'naked' is another. One seldom finds an English painter forgetting the distinction; but a French one sometimes will.

The ultimate moral is, that although painting may be used to illustrate subjects in history or fiction or everyday life, although it may be used to point a moral lesson, these are secondary and incidental objects; that the main end is the intellectual pleasure of the spectator through an expression of the mood of mind or the imagination of the artist, using natural forms as a language; that imitation of nature, whether of human or inanimate nature, is not the end in itself, but only the means to an end; that a painter works on our minds through form and colour as a musician through sound. It is true that, as the human intellect cannot invent phenomena, but only combine them, we are driven to use the physical forms or facts of nature as the basis for an art the real and highest interest of which is metaphysical. It is true that in many, perhaps in the majority of instances, the physical facts of the subject are so bound up with the problem that it is difficult to disentangle them; but nevertheless the metaphysical element is there, if the picture is worth anything; it is not a mere imitation, and if it could suddenly be reduced to a mere imitation—such a one as it is within human power to make—we should find the charm had disappeared. And, as I complained at the outset that the British public always want a subject that they can understand, and that appeals to their own experiences, I would conclude by suggesting the most opposite position to this, viz. that the highest and most keen enjoyment of art is to be obtained exactly from those pictures the meaning of which, and the meaning of the pleasure they afford, can hardly be expressed in words at all. Referring again to Titian's great picture called *Earthly and Heavenly Love*, which I said was an absurd title; I would add, who wants a title to it at all? It suggests all kinds of things to one which could be expressed in no other way. Or take his other glorious picture, which we fortunately have in our National Gallery, the *Bacchus and Ariadne*. What do we care for Bacchus and Ariadne? It does not matter whether you know the legend or not; it is a glorious roll of triumph and energy, and the clashing of cymbals and what not, like a *finale* of a Beethoven symphony (it always reminds me of the *finale* to the Seventh Symphony); you hardly want a title to it. To take an instance more in the ordinary paths of painting, I have seen few pictures on the Academy walls that left a stronger impression on my mind than one exhibited about a quarter of a century ago (I can still recall the very place on the wall where it hung) by the French lady of genius who used to exhibit under the name of Henriette Browne.

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It was a picture of a solemn-looking old man, seated, clad in a long cloak, holding up a gold coin to the light. As a picture must have a name for the catalogue it was called, I think, *A Doubtful Coin*, or some such title. I went to that picture again and again; the memory of it has never left me. Now, if you ask me *what* it was that gave me such pleasure in it I cannot tell the least in words. It seems to consist in a kind of subtle indefinable harmony in the whole thing—a moment of life just caught and represented under the most effective conditions of lighting and composition. Such a picture is not a 'subject'; it is *itself*. It will not suggest, it will not bear, any explanation in words. But that is Art.

H. Heathcote Statham.

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SOME NOTICEABLE BOOKS

[*'Sur la pierre blanche,' by Anatole France—'De Profundis,' by Oscar Wilde—'Man and Superman,' by G. B. Shaw.*]

In his book *Sur la pierre blanche* M. Anatole France brings together in the Forum five learned Frenchmen—MM. Leclerc, Goubin, Langelier, Boilly, and Dufresne. With them he associates the Italian antiquary, Commendatore Giacomo Boni; and the six acquaintances talk of religion—especially of the religion of that pagan world which they are occupied in resuscitating by their researches. There is no page that is not good; but the creation of 'Gallio' in the narrative of Nicholas Langelier, one of the five Frenchmen, is a possession for always.

Langelier pictures Gallio in his palace at Corinth in the year 804 A.U.C., being the thirteenth of the reign of Claudius Cæsar, and gives us long imaginary conversations between the great noble and his brother and friends. Religion apart, the character of Gallio is sketched in considerable detail. Well read, philosophical, wealthy and upright, he is made to cut a fine figure as the ruler of conquered Greece.

As to his religion, we have been told that he 'cared for none of these things.' But as he is made known to us by M. Anatole France he was a more religious man than the disputatious ragamuffins who came to blows before his tribunal. We have long been taught to look on him as the type of man without faith or care for things divine. It was not, however, that he thought such things trifles. On the contrary, he is made to say (addressing his friends Lucius Cassius, Marcus Lollius, and his brother Annæus): 'As you know, dear friends, it is not enough to tolerate all religions; we must honour them all, and hold that all are equal, by reason of the faith of those who profess them.' How far are we from the righteousness of Gallio!

Even to his sympathetic contemporaries such abounding love and sympathy are made to seem dangerous. Lucius Cassius reminds the Proconsul how much Rome owes to her gods, and fears lest his mental attitude may prove too latitudinarian to be altogether patriotic. But

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Gallio, for the first time in the conversation, replies with some heat: 'My faith! No; I am no impious soul, rebelling against the law; and no man respects sacred things more than Gallio.' With fine exaltation he points out that the God of the wise, the sole Deity, comprehends all other gods, just as humanity includes all men.

What says the Rome of to-day to all this?

Whether or no the words which M. Zola puts into the mouth of the late Pontiff were ever spoken, those words are so faithful an echo of the voice of Christian Rome that it cannot but be instructive to consider them here. We all remember that the Abbé Froment, the central figure in M. Zola's *Rome*, wrote a book full of charm and beauty; a prophetic estimate of the destiny of Christianity. Cardinal Bergerot honoured the work with a preface, in which he approved the tender piety of the author and his gracious attitude towards Socialism and the troubles of the labouring world. To save his book being put upon the Index the Abbé betook himself to Rome, and was granted an interview with the Holy Father, who thus pronounced:

'Your crime is that you have presumed to call for a new religion, which is impious, blasphemous, sacrilegious. There is only one religion, our holy Catholic, Apostolic and Roman faith. Outside that there can be nothing but darkness and damnation. . . . Even if there was nothing in your book but those words, "New Religion," it ought to be destroyed and burnt as a deadly poison to the soul. . . . It is the wickedest and most dangerous of books. . . . A book of which the title alone—"New Rome"—is a poisonous falsehood.'

The Gallio of M. Anatole France was a great Imperial functionary of distinguished descent. He was proud, with the pride of a Roman or an Englishman, and rejoiced in his work, just as an Englishman rejoices, openly exulting in the good which the Empire has wrought to the world. His attitude towards things religious was exactly that of some discreet official of the British Empire. He kept his thoughts to himself or shared them with his intimate friends; maintained an orthodox attitude in public, and was curious about the opinions of the governed, merely because his curiosity might bring its reward in the shape of general information on the state of his charge. As for presuming to decide on religious matters, he would have thought such a course most impolitic and improper; hence, when an usher came to announce that a dispute of this kind had been brought into court, Gallio's friends urged him to leave it to his deputy. Their conversation had reached an interesting point, for they were discussing the religious future of the world, and the Proconsul had just offered to foretell the successor of Jupiter in the lordship of Olympus. But Gallio was keen on his work, and liked to know what was going on. So he took leave of his friends. On rejoining them he thus describes the scene in court:

'I haven't kept you waiting long, I hope. The case was as trifling as possible and very absurd. When I entered the court I found it invaded by a horde of

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those Jews who keep dirty little shops by the harbour, and sell carpets and stuffs and trinkets to the sailors. There was a horrible goaty smell, and they were all screaming at the top of their voices. I couldn't understand half they said, but I managed to make out that one of these Jews, called Sosthenes (who said he was the head of the Synagogue), was accusing another Jew of impiety. The defendant was a blear-eyed, bandy-legged, ugly fellow, called Paul or Saul, and came from Tarsus. He is a tent-maker, and has been working at his trade for some time in Corinth—he and some other Jews expelled from Rome. They make tent-cloths and Cilician clothing in goat's hair. They all talked at the same time in very bad Greek. However, Sosthenes, by what I could understand, accused this Paul of a criminal offence, in that he had come to the house where the Jews of Corinth meet on Saturdays, and had harangued his co-religionists, exhorting them to serve their god in some way contrary to their law. That was quite enough for me. I made them hold their tongues, not without some difficulty, and then told them that if they had to complain of any violence or injustice, I should have been very glad to hear what they had to say with all patience and attention, but since there was nothing at issue except a difference of opinion on the verbal interpretation of their law, I could have nothing to do with it, and could not possibly be a judge in such a matter. So I sent them away and told them to settle their quarrels among themselves.'

'What did they say,' asked Cassius; 'did they submit gracefully to your wise decision?'

'You can't expect brutes to appreciate wisdom,' said the Proconsul. 'They received my decision with bitter outcries; to which, as you may suppose, I paid not the slightest attention. I left them yelling and squabbling in court, and, so far as I could see, the plaintiff was getting the worst of it, and would probably get more than he wanted if my lictors could not stop the fight. Those Jews by the harbour are very ignorant, and, like most ignorant people, know of no argument except kicks and blows. They haven't the intelligence to support their beliefs by reasoning.

'The backers of that little bandy-legged Paul are particularly apt at that sort of controversy. Gods! How they went for the head of the synagogue. They smothered him with blows and then trampled on him. But I have no doubt that the friends of Sosthenes would have done just the same to Paul if they had been the stronger side.' Mela congratulated the Proconsul.

'My brother, you did well to send such wretched litigants packing.'

'What would you have me do?' replied Gallio. 'How could I decide between this Sosthenes and this Paul, each as violent and absurd as the other?'

So the Apostle of the successor of Jupiter passed through the court of Gallio, and this well-bred, enthusiastic public servant did not recognise him. Was he to blame? Or was St. Paul to blame? On this point the little group of literati, of whom one had described the scene in Gallio's court, hold converse, and Nicholas Langelier observes that if the two men returned to earth to-day the Apostle would be more bewildered than the Proconsul.

In London, Paris, or Geneva he would seek in vain for disciples. He would understand neither the Catholics nor those of the reformed faith, who vie with each other in quoting his Epistles. Still less would he understand those souls who stand clear of dogma, and base their views on the two forces that he most despised and hated—science and reason. He would only see that the Son of Man had not come, and he would rend his garments and throw ashes on his head.

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The Son of Man comes to all of us; and perhaps to each of us in a different guise. Let us, however, set aside these more intimate and individual revelations, and consider only the different ideals with which the nations have been content at different times to dwell; for, says Langelier, 'Religions are always changing . . . so that at the end of a few years nothing is left of the spirit in which they were founded . . . within a century a divinity becomes unrecognisable, and the Christian Divinity has probably been more completely transformed than any other.' This much we can, perhaps, grasp without difficulty, when it is pointed out to us; although, for those of us who cling to the Apostolical succession, it sounds rather startling. The following words in Langelier's own language give the illustrations by which he seeks to justify his opinion:

> Plus tard, à ne considérer que les Christs romains et pour ne s'arrêter qu'aux plus célèbres, on eut le Christ dominateur de Grégoire VII., le Christ sanguinaire de saint Dominique, le Christ chef de bandes de Jules II., le Christ athée et artiste de Léon X., le Christ fade et louche des Jésuites, le Christ protecteur de l'usine, défenseur du capital et adversaire du socialisme, qui fleurit sous le pontificat de Léon XIII. et qui règne encore. Tous ces Christs, qui n'ont entre eux de commun que le nom, Saint Paul ne les prévoyait pas. Au fond il n'en savait pas plus que Gallion sur le Dieu futur.

It may be remembered that when Gallio was called away to his court he had been upon the point of naming the successor of Jupiter, whose reign, to his mind, was clearly drawing to its close. He selected Hercules; and as Langelier's friend, Leclerc, objected that here at least Gallio had made a mistake Langelier replied: 'Less of a mistake than you think . . . for the gods conform exactly to the sentiments of their worshippers.'

If we for a moment project ourselves into the mind of Langelier, and follow up his train of thought, we may realise, by another's help, what type of the Divine might be anticipated as guiding the England of to-day.

Writing of the Son of Man, the author of *De Profundis*[1] says:

> He could not stand stupid people, especially those who are made stupid by education; people who are full of opinions, not one of which they even understand, a peculiarly modern type. . . . His chief war was against the Philistines. That is the war every child of light has to wage. Philistinism was the note of the age and community in which He lived. In their heavy inaccessibility to ideas, their dull respectability, their tedious orthodoxy, their worship of vulgar success, their entire preoccupation with the gross, materialistic side of life, and their ridiculous estimate of themselves and their importance, the Jews of Jerusalem in Christ's day were the exact counterpart of the British Philistines of our own. Christ mocked at the 'whited sepulchre' of respectability. . . . He pointed out that forms and ceremonies were made for man, not man for forms and ceremonies. . . . The cold philanthropies, the ostentatious public charities,

[1] *De Profundis*, by Oscar Wilde (London: Methuen, 1905), p. 106.

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the tedious formalisms so dear to the middle-class mind, He exposed with utter and relentless scorn. . . . He took a keen pleasure in pointing out to them that though they were always reading the Law and the Prophets, they had not really the smallest idea of what either of them meant.

Two or three lines on the much-used and much-abused word 'Philistine' will be in place; and then we may perhaps consider whither these reflections lead us.

The Philistine element in life is not the failure to understand art. . . Fishermen, shepherds, ploughboys, peasants, and the like, know nothing about art, and are the very salt of the earth. He is the Philistine who upholds and aids the heavy, cumbrous, blind, mechanical forces of society, and who does not recognise dynamic force when he meets it in a man or a movement.

Ten years have elapsed. Well-nigh a generation of the world of thought has passed away since the author of *De Profundis* disappeared into the depth of ignominy, from which he could write:

Prosperity, pleasure, and success may be rough of grain and common in fibre, but sorrow is the most sensitive of all created things. . . . Where there is sorrow there is holy ground.

The book is written throughout in this exalted and purified strain. One reads with astonishment. Is it possible that the same hand wrote this, and also wrote some other things that we may remember? It is possible; it is the fact. We may even echo, without misgiving, the victim's cry at the discovery of his nascent spiritual life: 'What a wonderful beginning.'

If Langelier is right when he says, 'Les dieux se conforment exactement aux sentiments de leurs adorateurs,' it is clear that we have not raised ourselves, in the course of nineteen centuries, so far as we are accustomed to believe. The divinity who is adored by a people dominated by Philistines will be hardly distinguishable from the 'Jahveh' in whose name the prophets and the Son of Man were slaughtered. In fact we may almost accept his view: 'What we call the triumph of Christianity is, more accurately, the triumph of Judaism; and the singular privilege of giving a God to the whole world has fallen to Israel.' Gallio, as we saw, could discover no difference between Jew and Christian. He had heard of an exceptionally troublesome sect of Jews, who followed the lead of a certain 'Chrestus' or 'Cherestus'; but it did not occur to him to connect Paul with that sect; and, if he had done so, it would have been to the Apostle's discredit.

But in all things English there are distinctions to be drawn which are not called for when we are contemplating other European nations. We are, and we always have been, a race of rebels; and in matters religious we have ever stood apart from the European concert, even when we were nominally connected with it by a common allegiance.

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The attitude of the Englishman towards dogma, for example, is unique. It is, perhaps, his one point of superiority to the Scot, who loves dogma, and is never weary of disputing about it. An Englishman, who may know nothing of Voltaire except his name, will yet act on the principle contained in a famous saying attributed to him. On being asked his opinion of the works of a certain religious author, he replied: 'He understands, on those subjects, as much as men have always understood; and that is very little.' Consequently, you may browbeat an Englishman as much as you like, you may reduce his dogmas to absurdity, and you will make no impression on him. He will even join you in your merriment; but he will none the less remain a Churchman, and very often a sound and sincere Churchman.

All this strikes a Frenchman, for example, as undignified and pharisaical; but it is not always either the one or the other; and if you have the good fortune to be able to get at the man's real belief, you will find it reduced to some such phrase as 'there must be something in it because So-and-so believes in it.' The real pillar of an Englishman's faith is his belief in somebody else, either a layman or a priest; and, generally speaking, the strength of the English Church has never lain in England's attachment to dogma, but solely in the character of the priesthood. If this conclusion from some small study of life and history be sound, it must be admitted to portend, at the present juncture, a gloomy future for the Church.

To return for one moment to the phrase 'Les dieux se conforment exactement aux sentiments de leurs adorateurs.' Such a phrase could hardly be spoken seriously except from the atheistic point of view. Nevertheless, let us consider it seriously. It is clear that it will not apply exactly in England. The atmosphere of authority which is assumed in the phrases 'le Christ dominateur, le Christ sanguinaire,' etc., is not to be found here. Every Englishman insists upon thinking for himself; or, as the late Cardinal Vaughan put it, being his own pope. In effect that is what we protested about, and is what we claim; even if it leads us to no nobler conclusion than that the Divinity is 'an immeasurable clergyman in a white tie,' which was Tennyson's definition of the average Englishman's faith. As for the 'gods conforming to the sentiments of their worshippers,' it is clear that the Olympus of England must be a veritable Pantheon on these terms. There is even strength in our weakness, for a vacillating priesthood is replaced by a stubborn laity, and Englishmen will insist on believing, and even on worshipping, in spite of their priests. None the less, the Church will do well to look to its priesthood; it has, at the present time, no very terrible enemies except the clergy.

The poetry of religion, its consolatory essence, was as much—or as little—understood in Roman days as in our own. It was also as

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much open to literal (or destructive) construction. Lollius, the mocking member of the little band of friends, allows himself some Ingersollian gibes at the accepted legends of the Divine, and the brother of Gallio is moved to replace those legends in his hearers' minds with the respect due alike to the Divine and to the intelligence of man, which is part of the Divine. 'We must not,' says he, 'take literally all that is said of the gods. The common herd call wheat Ceres and wine Bacchus. But where would you find a man foolish enough to believe he is eating and drinking a god?'

As touching the antique religion, of which Christians are often ready to say such hard things, Nicholas Langelier then pointed out that the religion of the Romans lent its aid to their political enterprises. 'It was marked,' he said, 'by a strong national character, yet it made its way among foreigners, and even won them over by its sociable and tolerant temper. It was an administrative religion, easily propagated along with the rest of the administrative system.'

The modern world is not without an 'administrative religion' with some points of resemblance to the faith of the Romans. True, it can hardly be called 'sociable and tolerant,' but it is decidedly national in character—the Greek Catholic Church—and is intimately connected with the 'political enterprises' of Russia. Perhaps its methods of propagation, such as those employed at Blagovestchensk, do not always attract foreigners; but let us read:

Chapter XIX. *Conversion of Jews to Christianity.*—Russian subjects of the Jewish religion who wish to adopt the Evangelical Protestant Faith abroad must address a request for permission to do so to the Department of Religious Affairs of Foreign Faiths of the Russian Ministry of the Interior, with two stamps of the value of sixty copecks each, or one rouble twenty copecks in money. Permission will then be given (according to Point I. Addenda to Act 7 of the Svod Zakonov, vol. xi. part 1, edition of 1896), through the Russian consulate of the district, for their baptism by a Lutheran clergyman; the certificate granted by the clergyman, certified by a notary public, must then be legalised by the Russian Consul.[2]

This is truly gracious. 'Permission' to renounce the religion of David and Isaiah, of Heine and Meyerbeer, Disraeli and Rothschild, may be bought for 1 rouble 20 copecks; in spite of which there are those who maintain that the Orthodox adumbration of the Divine lacks charm.

The last word on this question was said by the man (whoever it was) who said: 'Every country gets the Jew it deserves.' As to whether regulations like the one just cited are appropriate or not in Russia, only Russians can judge. To an Englishman they appear simply comic; but then Englishmen are a great deal too fond of

[2] *A Practical Guide for Russian Consular Officers*, by Baron A. Heyking (London: Eyre & Spottiswoode, 1904), p. 145.

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criticising other people's arrangements from the English point of view. We insist upon going our own way, and it is no more than reasonable to allow others the same privilege.

In the present instance the results are worth indicating. The English Jews are the best of the tribes, good citizens, good sportsmen, charitable, and public spirited. Sometimes they conform to the reformed Judaism which we have established; perhaps because they find it 'sociable and tolerant.' Sometimes they do not conform; but nobody interferes, still less asks them for 1 rouble 20 copecks, or its equivalent in stamps, before they go to church. In such a matter we are all Gallios. Russian Jews apparently are not quite such favourable specimens of the race, but that is Russia's affair, not ours; we have no reason to quarrel with the results of our own method.

The work of M. Anatole France, *Sur la pierre blanche*, from which the above adumbrations of the Divine are extracted, cannot be too highly praised. Its greatest merit is, perhaps, the presentation of the character of Gallio. English classic prose has De Quincey's apology for Judas and Stephen's apology for Pilate, which are at least as meritorious as pieces of reasoning, although neither has the exquisite irony and lightness of touch of M. Anatole France. Mr. G. B. Shaw, in his audacious *Man and Superman*, is surely wholly original. His adumbration of the Diabolic is a revelation. Most of us have been taught what heaven and hell are. Many of us have sighed (to music) for the 'pearly gates of heaven' and the golden floor, and have learnt the immeasurable superiority of the new dispensation over the old. Recently there were on view at Christie's two objects, carefully constructed by Messrs. Streeter, the eminent jewellers: one, an exact reproduction of Aaron's breastplate; the other, a reconstruction of the 'pearly gates' after the description in the Book of Revelation. Both were equally tawdry and inartistic. Mr. Shaw, perhaps realising the difficulties which confronted Messrs. Streeter, has contented himself with a mere indication of Paradise as 'æons of contemplation,' and has concentrated his attention entirely upon Inferno, and especially upon Lucifer. It is a wonderful performance. Firstly we are introduced to hell. 'Is there justice in Heaven?' exclaims an unhappy soul.

Don Juan. No; but there is justice in hell. Heaven is far above all such idle human personalities. You will be welcome in hell, Senora. Hell is the home of honour, duty, justice, and the rest of the seven deadly virtues. All the wickedness on earth is done in their names; where else but in hell should they have their reward?

Lucifer himself is contemptuous of mankind, and is more than vexed that hell is so little appreciated on earth.

'Hell,' he says, referring to men's limited understanding, 'is a place far above their comprehension; they derive their notion of it from two of the

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greatest fools that ever lived, an Italian and an Englishman. The Italian described it as a place of mud, frost, filth, fire, and venomous serpents: all torture. This ass, when he was not lying about me, was maundering about some woman whom he once saw in the street. The Englishman described me as being expelled from heaven by cannon and gunpowder, and to this day every Briton believes that the whole of his silly story is in the Bible. What else he says I do not know, for it is all in a long poem which neither I nor anyone else ever succeeded in wading through.'

Man and Superman is either a monstrous piece of mountebankery or else an immortal work, in the modern sense of 'immortal'—*i.e.* it will be read for twenty-five years, quoted for another twenty-five, and referred to for another half-century, by which time its ideas will have become commonplaces. Mr. Shaw adds to his work an appendix, which he calls 'The Revolutionist's Handbook.' The object of the handbook, and in particular of the 'Maxims' which it contains, would appear to be to make us think—a dangerous and even silly habit of mind, according to most Englishmen, and one which is wholly incompatible with a life of action. So long as this continues to be the accepted view England will continue to be decadent. 'In moments of progress the noble succeed,' says Mr. Shaw, 'because things are going their way; in moments of decadence the base succeed for the same reason.' Just at present we are all ruled by 'gentlemen.' How is the type produced? As follows: 'When a man teaches something he does not know to somebody else who has no aptitude for it, and gives him a certificate of proficiency, the latter has completed the education of a gentleman.' This is a bad look-out for England; but already the remedy is at work, and a specimen of the new man is offered us in the character of Henry Straker. It now becomes necessary to set forth the scheme of *Man and Superman*. It is no easy matter to do so. If one were asked to make an abstract of *Hamlet*, one might say, 'It is a story about a haunted castle and a disputed succession: and there are some topical allusions to a recent royal visit to England.' If we go behind this simple statement we lose ourselves in a labyrinth of commentary and analysis. It is much the same with *Man and Superman*. There will be an encyclopædia of commentary on this wonderful work before we have ceased to read it. In the meantime it is the narrative of some very ordinary incidents in the lives of quite ordinary middle-class people. The story takes them all to Spain; and in a dream we are introduced to the characters of *Don Juan* in Inferno. We recognise the types—the Statue, Dona Ana, and Lucifer himself—and are astonished to discover that most of them are the same types that we have seen motoring through Richmond Park. Lucifer alone is not very English; and, in point of fact, we learn, incidentally, that most of the inhabitants of heaven are English; the Southerners preferring Inferno. Apparently we have all been mistaken about the great question of heaven and hell; except, perhaps (in a dim and wholly Scandinavian way), Swedenborg. It is

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a question of temperament to begin with, and of choice after experience. Even Don Juan—— But let us take this fragment:

Ana (*in hell*). Can anybody—can I go to heaven if I want?

The Devil (*rather contemptuously*). Certainly, if your taste lies that way.

Ana. But why doesn't everybody go to heaven then?

Statue (*on a visit from heaven, chuckling*). I can tell you that, my dear. It's because heaven is the most angelically dull place in all creation: that's why.

The Devil. His Excellency the Commander puts it with military bluntness; but the strain of living in heaven is intolerable. There is a notion that I was turned out of it; but as a matter of fact nothing could have induced me to stay there. I simply left it and organised this place.

Statue. I don't wonder at it. Nobody could stand an eternity of heaven.

The Devil. Oh, it suits some people. Let us be just, Commander; it is a question of temperament. I don't admire the heavenly temperament. I don't understand it. I don't know that I particularly want to understand it; but it takes all sorts to make a universe. There is no accounting for tastes; there are people who like it. I think Don Juan would like it.

Don Juan. But—pardon my frankness—could you really go back there if you desired to, or are the grapes sour?

The Devil. Back there! I often go back there. Have you never read the Book of Job? Have you any canonical authority for assuming that there is any barrier between our circle and the other?

Ana. But surely there is a great gulf fixed?

The Devil. Dear lady, a parable must not be taken literally. The gulf is the difference between the angelic and the diabolic temperament. What more impassable gulf could you have?

All this is astonishing at first sight. Yet many of us have heard a not dissimilar thought beautifully set to music and sung in the most respectable drawing-rooms. There was a time (not longer ago than the Second Empire) when soprani and mezzo-soprani might be counted on to learn (and three times out of five to sing after dinner) the yearning lines:

> Is there never a chink in the world above
> Where they listen for words from below?

We never hear them now, because Virginia Gabriel is out of fashion.

When M. Anatole France says, 'Les dieux se conforment exactement aux sentiments de leurs adorateurs,' he only repeats, more brightly, the gloomy resignation of Harris's lines:

> Reformers fail because they change the letter
> And not the spirit of the world's design;
> Tyrant and slave create the scourge and fetter;
> As is the worshipper will be the shrine.

Even Mr. Shaw, cheerful though he is, feels constrained to say: 'Revolutions have never lightened the burden of tyranny: they have only shifted it to another shoulder.' Nevertheless, he speaks thus only of the revolutions of the past. His own 'revolution' (so he

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foretells) will be more useful and more beautiful in its results than all its predecessors. He gives reasons, which everybody ought to read. The amount of intelligence left in England is approximately measurable by the number of people who buy *Man and Superman*. According to the latest advertisement, these number 4,000, or rather more than one-half of those who refused to bow the knee to Baal in a crisis of another great nation's fortunes.

WALTER FREWEN LORD.

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THEN AND NOW

THEN.

A SMALL township straggled by the side of a rocky burn in a wild glen on the West Coast of Scotland. East and west it ran, under the shadow of great hills. The peat smoke rose in pale blue columns from the primitive chimneys of many little houses, mingling pleasantly with the pungent scent of the bog myrtle, the honeyed perfume of the heather. The riotous burn came tumbling down through the glen, resting from its noisy progress now and then, spreading itself out into wide, still pools, which reflected the turquoise of the sky, soon, however, to slip away again over rough rocks and stones on its headlong journey to the sea. Bare-legged, white-headed children disported themselves on its banks, making boats with the stiff leaves of the 'flags,' which they sent out into mid-stream with joyous shouts, watching them twist and turn in the eddies, whirling away to destruction in the rapids.

Mothers sat at the doors of the crofts, spinning in the warm, westering rays of the sun, with watchful eyes on their progeny by the burn-side, and the sound of the loom in many of the houses showed that the little community was by no means idle. Many a web of admirable homespun cloth issued from the township of Clach nan Oran. The laird and his sons, keepers and gillies, were all clad in the well-known broken check of heather green and white, and there were more orders for it from summer visitors to far Glen Oran than could well be carried out. Strong, home-knit, home-spun jerseys would be made by the wives for their fisher lads, outwearing any four of those turned out by the mills in the South; and so with their hose, their blankets, the strong skirtings of the women, and the excellent footwear of Sandy Ban of the one eye, the best of shoemakers, who lived alone far up the glen, and who was looked on with a certain amount of awe by the younger members of the community. Hard times came and went; so did sickness and sorrow, but Clach nan Oran weathered its storms, bore up patiently, and was humbly prosperous on the whole.

'Can you make me another web, Mrs. Mackinnon?' said the laird's wife one summer's evening.

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'Deed will I,' said Mrs. Mackinnon cheerfully; 'but Lady Mackenzie will need to wait till the spring should it be the green dye she will be wanting, for the heather will no be fit for dyeing the year, she is that old; indeed, yes, she will be too old.'

'Oh, dear, I did not think of that,' said the lady. 'Of course not. Well, we must have crottal instead. It is a pity; the green is so pretty.'

'Crottal and white will make a bonnie check,' said Mrs. Mackinnon; and so it was settled.

A few other little visits, kindly words, a child to prescribe for, a lassie to encourage, and the laird's wife strolled up the hill track to meet her husband on his way home from stalking. It was a glorious evening: the cloudless sky of pale turquoise colour fainting into an aquamarine green; the summits of the mountains rose-red against it; every corrie, gorge, and distance softest purple and blue. The wife climbed the hill steadily, pausing for breath and to look back on the scene she loved. A flat stone formed an inviting seat. Clach nan Oran lay clustered in the glen; patches of corn and emerald-green cultivation, the burn silver and gold, its banks malachite and purple, with velvety short turf and heather. 'How homely it all looks,' she thought fondly. The words of a tender Gaelic song, in a fresh, young voice, came floating up to where she sat, as a girl drove her black cow down the burn-side.

A wild neigh from a hill pony interrupted Lady Mackenzie's thoughts of her poorer neighbours; and of what she could do to help in several complicated cases which sorely needed help. Her husband came swinging down the hill. Yes, he had had good sport, a fine stag. It was on the pony. Would she come and look at it? 'And I had a fine crawl after him, I can tell you; and I hope my little woman has a fine dinner for me,' he said, smiling.

She slipped her arm through his, and they went down the hill together.

Now.

A FINE shooting-lodge stands at the entrance to Glen Oran; very new, very comfortable, all the latest improvements, every kind of labour-saving appliance for the further pampering of underworked, overfed servants; the wild little tossing burn facilitating the installation of electric light, that last cry of civilisation. A trim, well-kept gravel sweep before the hall-door, a few sickly looking, newly planted shrubs in a bed in the centre. At the door, in the full blaze of the morning sunshine, stood a hard-faced woman; shortest of skirts, heaviest of boots, a peaked cap drawn over her pale eyes, a cigarette between her thin red lips.

'I shall use No. 2 rifle to-day,' she said to the stalker. 'Take

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that one in again. Bring up the pony, you Angus. What are you gaping at?'

Her little terrier sprang up at her, barking joyously. He thought he might perhaps be taken out for a walk. 'Confound you, get out!' she said irritably, and dealt him a kick with her heavy boot. The little dog gave a piteous yelp, and ran limping into the house, to be given a surreptitious cutlet by the butler, who was discreetly watching the proceedings from the dining-room window. He was a kind man, and loved dogs, and hated Mrs. Maltby, his mistress; and the cutlets were cold and greasy.

'Just look at her!' he said to himself, as the lady in question put her foot in the stirrup and flung her leg across the pony. 'I calls it indecent, I do. Poor little dog! Fancy kicking a pore dumb little animal with them boots of hers. I believe she 'ave 'urt him badly, the cat,' he said, as the little dog whined and licked his hind leg where the heavy boot had caught him.

The lady proceeded up the glen. Her husband had motored to a town forty miles distant, and she had taken the home beat.

'Hold up, you brute,' she said to her pony, who stumbled over a hidden stone. 'What a bore these beastly ruined crofts are, stones all over the place.'

But where was Clach nan Oran? Where, indeed? Where were the spinners, the weavers, the white-haired bairnies, the fisher lads home from the fishing, the 'bodachs,' the white-mutched 'cailleachs'[1]? Where, where, indeed? And where were the kindly laird and his lady, where was the house where they lived on their lands, and among their people who loved them? Where, indeed? Clach nan Oran was as though it never had been. Heaps of stones where the houses had stood, here and there a decaying roof-tree lying on the ruins of a house. A strong stone bridge for the sole use of the 'sports people' now spanned the burn. A silence as of death brooded over the scene, broken only by peevish exclamations from the unsexed woman bestriding the pony on the way to her 'sport.' The hoarse cry of an eagle came from out the blue sky, and then Silence and Death reigned once more.

In the glow of the beauteous evening the same party returned. Black was the brow of the lady. She was dog-tired, though she would have died sooner than have owned up to such a condition. She sat heavily on the back of the patient little pony, the stalker and a gillie following, with sullen, dejected faces. Her husband came up the track to meet her. 'Oh, you are back, are you?' she said stupidly. 'No, I have had no luck, and I wounded the confounded beast.'

'Oh, hang it!' he said.

'Oh, we can get him all right enough with the dogs. His hind leg was smashed. I left that fool Angus up there,' she said callously.

[1] Gaelic for 'old man' and 'old woman.'

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'Well, I am sorry for that,' returned her husband. 'Do you know we have not got nearly up to that brute Perkins's weights this year?'

'Yes, I know. Mrs. Perkins was rather nasty about it to me last Sunday. You will have to feed more this winter, Toby.'

'Hang it all, do you know what I spent in feed last year?' he said.

'No—what?'

'Over one thousand pounds,' he replied.

'Well, you will have to go fifteen hundred pounds this year. That must do the trick. We can't be beat by Perkins.'

This, then, is 'Now.' Six weeks or so of selfish so-called sport; the whole business of the day in the hands of the stalker; the whole work is his, excepting the pulling of the trigger. Thousands of pounds thrown away on feed to deer—deer on their native hills, where they should find their own sustenance, in order that Maltby's beasts should be heavier and more plentiful than those of Perkins. Clach nan Orans have been swept off the face of the earth, gone are the people, the lairds and the ladies; gone are the sheep. And who is the better? For we cannot pretend to any interest in the doings of Maltbys and Perkinses.

Is not Sandy Ban a more useful and excellent inhabitant of Glen Oran, where he lives year in and year out, making good boots for his neighbours, than Mr. Maltby, who lives in the deserted glen for six weeks, getting all his supplies from the South, his gold benefiting solely the stalkers and gillies, who hate him? And surely is not Mrs. Mackinnon, with her sturdy boys and her loom, more admirable and useful than childless, unsexed Mrs. Maltby, with her cigarettes; foul-mouthed, cruel, and stupid?

But we presume this, too, is Progress.

EVA NAPIER OF MAGDALA.

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THE AFTER-DINNER ORATORY OF AMERICA

THE after-dinner speech of America is framed in a peculiar and distinct reputation of its own. It is a phase of intellectual effort that has no counterpart elsewhere. The popular conception of it existing on this side of the Atlantic associates it with good stories, riant humour, graceful rhetoric, quaint conceits, and a genius for dexterously manipulating and alternating in a brief compass the lighter and graver shades of thought. To reach the accepted standard of American criticism it must have all the choice qualities of Sheridan's dialogue. It must be a gem in prose as one of Austin Dobson's masterpieces is in poetry. It must sparkle and effervesce like the higher brands of champagne. It must be as spontaneous, or, at all events, appear to be as spontaneous, as the irrepressible waters of a mountain spring. The man who labours with an after-dinner speech in Boston or New York is lost. It will not, however, appear surprising that this post-prandial eloquence of America has won for itself a unique fame when it is remembered that amongst those who have frequently responded to the toast-master's call in that country have been such men as Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Russell Lowell, Mark Twain, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Colonel John Hay, Edmund Clarence Stedman, William Cullen Bryant, George William Curtis, William Dean Howells, Whitelaw Reid, Charles Dudley Warner, Joseph Hodges Choate, and Chauncey Mitchell Depew. For what a wealth of charming, playful, gossamer fancies these names stand! The very mention of them conjures up delightful visions of festive boards from which a stern decree of outlawry banishes everything hostile to genial friendship, buoyant gaiety, and robust cheerfulness. A random summons to any one of this goodly company never failed to find an expert in the dainty art of illustrating how possible it is that 'a man may say a wise thing though he say it with a laugh.' And in the case of the men whom I have named, as well as of others whom I might readily cite, their laughter was always healthy, stimulating, and contagious, for the simple reason that the happy humour which provoked the hilarity was never sour nor cynical nor calculated to leave a wound

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behind. To these fellows of infinite jest the tribute which Moore paid to the author of *The School for Scandal* might well be extended—

> Whose humour, as gay as the fire-fly's light,
> Played round every subject and shone as it played,
> Whose wit in the combat, as gentle as bright,
> Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade.

There is no difficulty in comprehending why a social function which held within itself the power of attracting the presence of men of this stamp should steadily develop into a permanent feature of American life.

It would be an interesting, and probably an entertaining, enterprise to trace systematically the evolution of the after-dinner speech of America. Doubtless there was a time when the accompaniments and surroundings of a public dinner in London and New York were practically alike in their details. However great may have been the difference between the dispositions and constitutional theories of the early Hollanders of the settlement on the Hudson and the incoming New Englanders, and however marked the contrast may have been later on in the same respects between the type that sprung from the union of these two and the stay-at-home Briton, all of them came ultimately to offer a common allegiance to the seductive autocracy of an all-powerful chef. Hollander, New Englander, and Briton alike drifted pacifically and unresistingly to the comforting conclusion that the psychological moment at which human nature found itself best fitted to exalt human virtues, and to extend a sweet forbearance to human weaknesses, followed immediately on a generous and ungrudging satisfaction being given to a patient and waiting appetite. It was discovered that at that precise juncture a benign *pax vobiscum* held sovereign sway. So men came together around a dinner table to do honour to some special or distinguished guest, or to celebrate some conspicuous national event in which the people at large took a legitimate pride. The early fashion on those occasions, on both sides of the Atlantic, was to do justice to a toast-list, which was kept within moderate limits, in speeches, eloquent occasionally but serious at all times. The age then took its responsibilities with greater gravity than ours, I am afraid, is in the habit of doing. Culture had not learned how to disport itself so cunningly as it does nowadays. Hence, even in America, if an orator had the temerity to lean towards anything savouring of levity in proposing, or responding to, a toast such as 'The Day We Celebrate,' or 'The Memory We Honour,' his conduct would be resented with something like the indignation shown by a few over-sensitive American Dutchmen when Washington Irving, masquerading as Diedrich Knickerbocker, published his inimitable *History of New York*. But 'old times are changed, old manners gone,' as a convenient illustration

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may serve to show. There is still extant a speech delivered at the annual dinner of the New England Society of New York in 1850 by Daniel Webster, a name famous in the annals of American statesmanship. This speech, which runs to a considerable length, was one made in response to the toast of 'The Constitution and the Union.' It is full of noble eloquence and virile thought, and is inspired throughout by a lofty sentiment of patriotism. There is, however, no note of humour in it, nor does it contain a single anecdote or an amusing story which might have tickled the orator's fellow-diners. The report of the speech is plentifully studded with 'prolonged applause,' 'tumultuous applause,' and 'loud and repeated cheers,' but there is a notable absence of any record of 'laughter.' This rigidly earnest and strenuous style of address suggests itself as being in natural keeping with the accepted character of that uncompromising zealot—the Puritan of Plymouth Rock, whose achievements as a pioneer settler, and as a model in qualities of ascetic self-denial which his descendants have scarcely maintained in their integrity, are commemorated annually, on the 22nd of December, at numerous choice and high-class dinners promoted in leading American centres by a multitude of New England societies.

The more modern taste, however, is not so exacting as that which seems to have ruled in Daniel Webster's day. Even the grim Puritan tradition, with all its warp and woof of austerity and aloofness from frivolity, now finds itself used as a toy and sported with by the Bohemianism of the after-dinner speech. The same New England Society of New York, which was stirred to enthusiasm half a century ago by Webster's impassioned periods, honours the memory of the men of the *Mayflower* in our time by laughing boisterously at the merry sallies of such exemplary Puritans as Mark Twain and Chauncey M. Depew. It is extremely improbable that the Pilgrim Fathers ever frittered away a moment idly by speculating as to whether or not they were destined to fill a niche in history. But if they ever weakly allowed such a piece of vanity to force its ungodly way into their thoughts for a passing instant, they were happily saved, it is to be hoped, from any fore-knowledge of the nature of the verbal homage that would be paid to their record and character on the approach of the twentieth century. One can imagine the pang of horror, the agony of affliction, and then the righteous rage which would have overtaken that stalwart Puritan divine, Cotton Mather, if he had been present, say, at the annual dinner given by this New England Society of New York exactly fifty years after the one at which Daniel Webster spoke. I mention this dinner, not because there was anything exceptionally remarkable about it, but simply because fifty years is a nice round period. It was held in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel on the 22nd of December 1899, and we may assume that it was sumptuously served. The chair was occupied by the president

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of the society, Judge Henry E. Howland, and his introductory after-dinner speech, which framed a fine panegyric of the olden Puritans, exhibited the usual happy blend of good stories and polished rhetoric. Cotton Mather might have tolerated the rhetoric, but his leniency, it is to be feared, would scarcely have extended to the stories. As he listened to them, and associated them with the delicacies of the table, which had just been cleared away, there would have been considerable danger of his angrily demanding if the levity in speech and the riotousness in living, which had cost an English king his head, had returned to the land? His first shock, in all likelihood, would have come with Judge Howland's first story. That story is reported in this fashion:

> The grim, stern Puritan, with the austere face and peaked hat, and the lean, wild, loping Indian are here supplanted by a company whose well-rounded figures and genial faces reflect the assurance of the possession of sky-scraping buildings, pipe lines, through lines, warehouses, well-stuffed deposit vaults, and comfortable bank accounts (laughter), upon whom smile from those boxes the blessings which, like those of Providence, come from above (applause) and cause us to echo the sentiment unconsciously expressed by the lady who was distributing tracts in the streets of London. She handed one to a cabman; he glanced at it, handed it back, touched his hat, and politely said: 'Thank you, lady, I am a married man' (laughter). She looked nervously at the title, which was, 'Abide with me' (laughter) and hurriedly departed. Under this inspiration we agree with the proverb of the Eastern sage: 'To be constant in love to one is good; to be constant to many is great' (laughter). But we must remember, while the critical eyes of our households are upon us, that our halos will never be too small for our heads' (laughter).

After this, if the Puritan divine remained calm enough to venture on a piece of criticism, he would probably say that in the following story Judge Howland pointed an important historical truth by a frivolous illustration:

> The archbishop and ministers of King James, who drove these men and the 26,000 who followed them, the flower of the English Puritans, from England, like Louis the Fourteenth, when he sent the Huguenots into exile by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, furnished an example to that master of the school where the Eton system of flogging prevailed. On a Saturday morning the delinquents were called up to be flogged. One of the boys inquired, 'What am I to be punished for, sir?' 'I don't know, but your name is down on the list, and I shall have to go through with it;' and the flogging was administered. The boy made such a fuss that the master looked over the list on his return to his rooms, to see whether he had made a mistake, and found that he had whipped the confirmation class (laughter).

Another story told by Judge Howland would scarcely fall with any more soothing effect on the mind of Cotton Mather, who would likely, instead of being moved by a sense of humour, see in the recital only a spirit of shocking irreverence:

> There have been times in the later history of the country when the Puritan was not altogether popular, and the feeling entertained towards him and his

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descendants was expressed like that at a Liberal meeting in Scotland, where the proceedings were being opened by prayer, and the reverend gentleman prayed fervently that 'the Liberals might hang a' thegither.' He was interrupted by a loud and irreverent 'Amen' from the back of the hall. 'Not, O Lord,' went on the clergyman, 'in the sense in which that profane scoffer would have you to understand, but that they may hang thegither in accord and concord.' 'I dinna care so much what kind of a cord it is,' struck in a voice, 'sae lang as it is a strong cord' (laughter).

This close association of prayer and laughter would again grate harshly on the listener's ears in the succeeding illustrations of the Judge:

Fortunately for them, and perhaps for the world, opinions differed enough to give them a chance. 'You can't always tell,' said a man, at the end of a discussion, 'what one's neighbours think of him.' 'I came mighty near knowing once,' said a citizen, with a reminiscent look, 'but the jury disagreed' (laughter). But with the Puritans, when discussion ceased and other arguments began, the result was like that when the lady said to her clergyman, who was paying her an afternoon call, of her little boy, who bore the marks of a struggle: 'Johnny has been a bad little boy to-day; he has been fighting, and has got a black eye.' 'So I see,' said the clergyman. 'Come into the next room with me, Johnny, and I will pray with you.' 'You had better go home,' replied Johnny, 'and pray with your own little boy; he has got two black eyes' (laughter).

In this way the chairman of the ninety-fourth anniversary banquet of the New England Society of New York, only following, it must be said, the fashion of the day, seemed to take a reckless delight in keeping up a running fire of playful anecdotes, just allowing his hearers to pop up their heads for a second or two between the discharges to catch a fleeting glimpse of the actuality of the struggle and endurance of the old-time Puritans. From these two commemorations which I have instanced, both organised to do honour to the fame of the men of the *Mayflower*, we can gather in a general way the measure of the change which came over the form and matter of the after-dinner speech in America between the earlier years and the end of the late century. In the 1850 speech of Daniel Webster we find a high strain of stately eloquence unbrokenly preserved. In the 1899 speech of Judge Howland we meet with more composite art, and we are almost coerced into admiration by the singularly fearless way in which the effects of light and shade are handled. Eloquence befitting the theme of the orator is plentifully in evidence, but the interval is never very long until this is made to merge adroitly in the humour which is drawn from the light comedy of some felicitous illustration. That there never was the remotest danger of the tension becoming strained will be obvious when I say that the Judge told no fewer than fifteen stories, and that in the report of his speech 'laughter' is bracketed in as many as twenty-five different places. Nor, as compared with other speakers on like occasions, was Judge Howland extravagantly

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facetious. The speech was a fair, average sample of the method of treatment meted out post-prandially to all kinds of toasts, grave and gay alike, at the public-dinner tables of America. Take, for instance, an achievement which lies to the credit of General Horace Porter. The General would appear to have been in much demand at these anniversary dinners of New York's New England Society, and, in glancing at the reports of four different speeches of his, we find that the good things said by him in the course of them were so provocative of hilarity that 'laughter' is duly recorded no fewer than seventy-eight times. It is not an unreasonable supposition that the grim and sombre personalities whose memories were being honoured by General Porter and his friends found themselves, when in the flesh, so weighted down by solemn contemplation of spiritual problems that they never laughed so often in the whole course of their lives.

It has to be remarked, further, that the *rôle* of chartered jester on these occasions is not a monopoly in the hands of the mere layman. Staid and sober-minded clergymen at these festive gatherings have no hesitation in entering the lists as rivals to judges or generals, or, indeed, to all comers. Even the Bench of Bishops has been known to put aside its episcopal dignity for the time being to make fun out of the Puritan legend. As guests of the New England Society, Mark Twain and Chauncey M. Depew have ruthlessly smitten *ennui* and prim formality, but neither of them, at his best, was ever more riotously jocular, in the character of a modern Puritan, than such reverend gentlemen as Dr. Henry C. Potter, the Protestant Bishop of New York, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Rev. Dr. de Witt Talmage, and the Rev. Joseph H. Twichell, of Hartford, Connecticut. We might, if we sought to establish in fancy an English parallel to these enjoyable American functions, imagine a dinner given in commemoration of the acquittal of the seven bishops, or as a tribute to the memory of John Knox, at which the leading toasts would be entrusted to distinguished ornaments of the Church and State, who, in preparing their orations, would have to be most particular in blending artistically with any historical or philosophic observations that they might make a due proportion of the peculiar material which goes to make up the letterpress usually found in association with the art of John Leech, or Charles Keene, or Phil May.

That we have to invent such a supposition shows how far asunder the conditions of after-dinner speaking in England and America have drifted. In London those who rise to speak at the Lord Mayor's hospitable board take their keynote from the gravity of a Prime Minister. If the fashion of New York crossed the Atlantic a Mansion House dinner or a Royal Academy banquet would lose much of its present formidable solemnity, and the reports of the proceedings in the ensuing issue of the daily papers would offer more cheerful reading than one finds embodied in them under existing circumstances. It

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may be true, of course, that no fair comparison can be instituted between a Puritan anniversary dinner in New York and a Mansion House banquet in London. But we can get over this difficulty, however, and have none of our impressions disturbed, by taking a class of dinner which is common to both countries. Starting, as it were, on equal terms, nothing, perhaps, could bring out more effectually the contrast between the two styles of after-dinner eloquence, or could be at the same time more typical of the national temperament, than the oratory heard at the dinners of those Chambers of Commerce which guard the interests of trade on either side of the ocean. On the one hand, the speeches, reflecting a disposition inclined to be somewhat volatile, are as full of change and variety as the *menu* is full of an assortment of skilfully contrived dishes; while, on the other hand, they are so undeviatingly substantial in statement and argument as to be at once suggestive of that generous roast beef which stands universally for British solidity. Charles Kingsley, in his introduction to *Alton Locke*, addressing John Bull, says: 'You are always calling out for facts, and have a firm belief in salvation by statistics. Well, listen to a few.' Kingsley's observation would make an admirable general motto for the toast lists of the dinners of English Chambers of Commerce. It may be said that invariably at these functions every fresh speech is but an echo of one that has gone before. A long array of statistics, pictures of the fluctuation of trade, the proper interpretation to be put on the rise and fall of prices, the moral to be drawn from the table of the year's exports and imports, a homily on the danger to British markets that lies in foreign competition—these trite, if not very inspiriting, topics may be reasonably taken as representing pretty exhaustively the subject-matter of all that is said at England's mercantile feasts. But our American neighbours take a more catholic view of the possibilities of a Chamber of Commerce dinner. They seem to think that the gratuitous imposition of a further course, consisting of unrelieved statistics, as a sequel to the many other courses which have already been served, would lamentably jeopardise that good digestion which Shakespeare hoped might always wait on appetite. Hence when the mercantile magnates of an American city come together to dine they do not lay it down as an inflexible rule that the sentiments which find expression when the dessert stage of the banquet has been passed must savour exclusively of a bill of lading or the columns of a ledger account. The whimsical phrase, the inevitable anecdote, the fine literary turn of thought, are as common here as they are elsewhere. Those who think that the more delicate phases of art, literature, or philosophy should only be reverenced and expounded in an inner circle of superfine intellectual culture, far removed from the common skirts of the madding crowd, will doubtless regard it as insufferably incongruous that the following exquisitely happy word-picture

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of the dainty genius of Washington Irving should grow to life at a mere Chamber of Commerce dinner. The sad fact remains, however, that Mr. George William Curtis spoke in this fashion of the genial author of *The Sketch Book* at the annual banquet of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York in November 1890:

Our sombre colonial writing was all sermon. It was not until 1809 that Mr. Buckminster, the orator of the Phi Beta Kappa at Harvard, said that the genius of our letters began to show signs of greater vigour; and in the same year a young man, who, as a boy, to escape the rigors of domestic religious discipline, used to drop out of the window of his father's house in William Street in the evening, and steal off to the play around the corner in John Street, published a book called Knickerbocker's *History of New York*; and in the gay genius of Irving, American literature escaped the sermon and came laughing into life. The winter of our long literary discontent was made glorious summer by this son of York. . . . What a sweet and blameless genius it was! It aroused no passion, no prejudice, no hostility. Irving was popularly beloved, like Sir Walter Scott, and I recall the amusing enthusiasm with which a party of Germans in Berlin, upon discovering that I was an American, exclaimed: 'Ah, we know full well your great general, Washington Irving' (laughter)! He touched our historic river with the glamour of the imagination. He invested it with the subtle and enduring charm of literary association. He peopled it with figures that make it dear to the whole world, like Scott's Tweed, or Burns's Bonny Doon. The belated wanderer, in the twilight roads of Tarrytown, as he hears approaching the pattering gallop behind him, knows that it is not his neighbour; it is the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow. It is not thunder that we hear in the Katskill on a still summer afternoon, it is the airy game of Hendrik Hudson's crew that Rip Van Winkle heard. The commerce of New York may penetrate every sea, and carry around the world the promise of the American flag and the grandeur of the American name, and return triumphant with the trophies of every clime; but over their leagues of wharves and towering warehouses and far-stretching streets can it throw a charm, as fresh to the next century as to this, such as the genius of literature cast upon the quaint little Dutch town more than two centuries ago, and upon the river which is our pride?

It will be at once apparent that it would utterly unsettle the balance of the reputation which the national after-dinner oratory now enjoys if such charming specimens of graceful eloquence as those of Mr. Curtis were to be widely adopted as models, and so to keep the adjustment straight and to safeguard the vested rights of humour the full prerogatives of the cap and bells obtain distinct recognition even under the roof-trees of the Chambers of Commerce. The same body which had the pleasure of listening to Mr. Curtis had a characteristically playful interval two years previously, when the chair at its annual dinner was occupied by Mr. Charles S. Smith, the President of the Chamber, beside whom sat as a guest Professor Goldwin Smith, of Canada. Towards the close of an enjoyable evening there were loud calls for an address from Mr. Samuel Sullivan Cox. As no regular toast had been assigned to him, Mr. Cox hesitated to respond, but at length he cheerfully yielded, and proceeded to entertain his friends after this style:

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I have no particular toast to speak to, but in my emergency, I may select a subject fruitful to many a student, and especially as we are at the festive climax of our entertainment. In looking around this audience I feel like generalising and in a nebulous way, therefore, allow me to select as a subject that of Smith (laughter). We have two representatives of the family here to-night. Both are near to me. And, if you will look in the New York Directory, you will find 2,000 other names, members of the same illustrious family. As a politician, not unused, 'on the occasion sudden,' to cultivating the graces, I will never utter a syllable against the Smith family (laughter). Why, in the early days of Grecian history, they were demigods and founders of states. The only place where they were not is recorded in Samuel—the chapter and verse I will not recall, for I am not certain about them. But it will not hurt you to search for the verse yourself from Genesis to Revelation (laughter). The words are: 'There was no Smith in all Israel' (loud laughter). Whenever the children of Israel wanted to sharpen their spears or polish their ploughshares or cutlasses, or close up the rivets in their armour, they had to go down to Tyre and Sidon, and call in the Smiths of that locality (laughter). The Smiths have progressed and multiplied; they are everywhere—including Canada (laughter). The Registrar-General of Great Britain says that in England and Wales there are three-quarters of a million of Smiths. Oh, sir, it is a great family (laughter). In the early chronicles of Norseland, it is said, the Smiths were honoured by being admitted to the royal presence. They drank mead with the king. I never saw a Smith in my life that would ever refuse to take a drink (roars of laughter in which President Smith and Professor Goldwin Smith heartily joined). It mattered not what kind of liquor (laughter). But where the Smith family predominated in any country, liberty also triumphed—commercial, personal, and public liberty (cheers). The age of iron was the age of the Smith and the age of iron has always ruled (cheers).

That piece of rollicking banter may, perhaps, allow us to pair off the Smiths of Mr. Cox's fancy with the Washington Irving of Mr. Curtis's. If, however, something more is required on the humorous side to equalise the scales, there is no lack of material with which to bring the beam level. The apology of Mr. Joseph H. Choate, for instance, for not delivering a serious speech on the occasion of one of these annual dinners of the New York Chamber of Commerce might well be used in this connection. The toast which had been entrusted to him was couched in these words, 'The Bench and Bar—blessed are the peacemakers,' and it is little wonder that when the chairman announced the text from which Mr. Choate was to speak there was much laughter. By way of prelude Mr. Choate said:

I received this sentiment yesterday with an intimation that I was expected to respond to it. I had prepared a serious and sober essay on the relations of Commerce to the law—the one great relation of client and counsel (laughter)—but I have laid all that aside; I do not intend to have a single sober word to-night (laughter). I do not know that I could (laughter). There is a reason, however, why nothing more of a sober sort should be uttered at this table; there is a danger that it would increase, by however small a measure, the specific gravity of the Chamber of Commerce of New York. Certainly nothing could be a greater calamity than that (laughter). At an hour like this, sir, merchants, like witnesses, are to be weighed as well as counted; and when I compare your appearance at this moment with what it was when you entered this room, when I look around upon these swollen girths and these expanded

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countenances, when I see that each individual of the Chamber has increased his avoirdupois at least ten pounds since he took his seat at this table, why, the total weight of the aggregate body must be startling indeed (laughter); and as I suppose you believe in a resurrection from this long session, as you undoubtedly hope to rise again from these chairs to which you have been glued so long, I should be the last person to add a feather's weight to what has been so heavily heaped upon you (laughter).

It is a worn-out truism by this time that the later agencies of modern enterprise have wonders standing to their credit which would transfix our forefathers with amazement. Human curiosity, as a rule, moves within narrow limits, and it has a tendency, therefore, to concentrate itself exclusively for the passing moment on a couple of the newest things in sensation. An attention, consequently, that is inclined to ignore everything nowadays which may be unconnected with Marconi's marvels, or submarine cruisers, or the involved mechanism of the latest air-ship, stands in need occasionally of being recalled to some of the other wonders I have indicated. May I not claim that the after-dinner speech of America is one of them? It has, as we have seen, transformed a Puritan celebration into a festival of merriment, and brought it within the bounds of possibility to associate mirth with a Chamber of Commerce dinner. These, it must be conceded, are in themselves remarkable achievements. But its record does not end here. It can boast the further distinction of having lured into the sphere of its influence, and bent to its undespotic sway, the stolid and phlegmatic Dutchman, who has now become, under its quickening fosterage, as frivolous as his most mercurial neighbour. The modern representatives of the Van Corlears, the Harden Broecks, and the Van Kortlandts, of whom old Diedrich Knickerbocker wrote so picturesquely and so affectionately, have fallen away sadly—and the fact cannot be screened—from the early habits of New Amsterdam. It may be remembered that our veracious old chronicler, lingering with reverence on the character of Governor Van Twiller as he administered the affairs of the infant settlement, tells us that 'so invincible was his gravity that he was never known to laugh, or even to smile, through the whole course of a long and prosperous life'; and, speaking elsewhere of the Governor's fellow-colonists, the historian assures us that 'they were averse to the exercise of the tongue and the consequent exercise of the brains—certain it is that the most profound silence was maintained.' As applied to the descendants of Governor Van Twiller and his compatriots such language has become obsolete. Silence has given way to prolific speech and immobility of demeanour to the very abandonment of gaiety.

Perhaps President Roosevelt cannot be called in full support of this statement in view of his admission at a New England Society dinner in Brooklyn in December 1898:

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The gentleman on my right [said Mr. Roosevelt] with the unmistakably Puritan name of McKelway, in the issue of the *Eagle* to-night alluded to me as a 'Yankeeised Hollander.' I am a middling good Yankee. I always felt at these dinners of the New England Society, to which I come a trifle more readily than to any other like affairs, I and the president of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, who is also invariably in attendance, represent, as you would say, the victims tied to the wheels of the Roman chariot of triumph. You see I am half Irish myself, and, as I told a New England Senator with whom I am intimate, when he remarked that the Dutch had been conquered by the New Englanders, 'Well, the Irish have avenged us.'

Nevertheless, in spite of his Irish blood, the Dutchmen of New York claim President Roosevelt as their kinsman, and at the annual dinner of the Holland Society of that city, in January 1896, he was called on to respond to the toast of 'The Hollander as an American.' The laughter and applause which greeted his opening remarks showed how completely the later Dutchman had cut himself adrift from the taciturnity of Governor Van Twiller's day. The report of these remarks runs in this way:

I am more than touched, if you will permit me to begin rather seriously, by the way you have greeted me to-night. When I was in Washington, there was a story in reference to a certain President, who was not popular with some of his own people in a particular Western State. One of its Senators went to the White House and said he wanted a friend of his appointed postmaster of Topeka. The President's private secretary said, 'I am very sorry indeed, sir, but the President wants to appoint a personal friend.' Thereupon the Senator said, 'Well, for God's sake, if he has one friend in Kansas, let him appoint him' (great laughter). There have been periods during which the dissembled eulogies of the able press and my relations with about every politician of every party and every faction have made me feel I would like to know whether I had one friend in New York, and here I feel I have many (great applause).

In this art of the after-dinner speaker, the art of pointing what he may happen to be urging by a happy story, the present occupant of the Presidential chair has an enviable reputation. But it may be said that Mr. Roosevelt gets his sense of humour from the Irish, and not from the Dutch side of his family. Even if it were so, it would not destroy the fact that the Dutchman in America is quite up to date both as an after-dinner orator and as one who can appreciate and relish a racy incursion into humour. At the dinner of the Holland Society, at which President Roosevelt spoke, the chair was occupied by a sound, orthodox Dutchman, Dr. D. B. St. John Roosa, who, in replying to a question of his own in his opening speech, 'What are the Dutch?' answered: 'Why, we are the salt of the earth! We do not pretend to be the bread, and butter, and cheese, but we are the salt.' That the speech containing this question and answer was neither dull nor heavy, and that the company was anything but phlegmatic, is evidenced by the report, which is punctuated as many as twenty-one times by 'laughter' and 'great laughter.' Again, the spirit of wild hilarity most certainly never sulked or lagged lazily

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behind when coaxed by Dr. de Witt Talmage at an American dinner-table and yet the doctor was able to give this account of himself at one of the celebrations of the Holland Society: 'There is in my veins a strong tide of Dutch blood. My mother was a Van Nest, and I was baptized in a Dutch church and named after a Dutch dominie, graduated at a Dutch theological seminary, and was ordained by a Dutch minister, married a Dutch girl, preached thirteen years in a Dutch church, and always took a Dutch newspaper.' That a man with such antecedents could deliver a speech crammed with laughter-provoking passages is conclusive proof, to my mind, that the American-Dutch temperament of to-day differs vastly from that pictured for us by our gracious old friend Diedrich Knickerbocker.

So universally has the fashion been set in America in this matter of public dinners, so anxious is everybody to be in the fashion, and so exacting has the popular taste become in its demand for super-excellence in the consequential speeches, that quite as much tact and artifice of resource must be displayed in arranging the details of one of these functions as we find an aspiring social hostess giving on this side of the water to the engagements of the artistes for an ambitious 'At home,' or as the pushful promoters of some gorgeous bazaar employ in securing exalted patrons who are likely to prove efficient as decoys. In the first place the societies which indulge in an annual feast, with an extra one occasionally thrown in, are so numerous, and the rivalry between them is so keen, that the task of providing an attractive programme has grown to be a fine art. Every element in the Commonwealth which can associate a particle of sentiment with its existence, every group in which a mutual interest links together its constituent parts, seems to think it the correct thing to organise a society, or a club, and to eat a special yearly dinner. The names of all these festive bodies make up a formidable list. We have New England Societies, Holland Societies, Southern Societies, State Bar Associations, Sons of the Revolution, Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, Confederate Veteran Camps, St. Andrew's Societies, Papyrus Clubs, Lotos Clubs, Sunset Clubs, and, of course, Republican and Democratic Clubs without number. Infinite pains are taken by each of these to gather the cream of after-dinner oratory for its own special banquet. Ample time—a month, or even more—is given to consenting speakers, and in that period the orator is expected to learn his part and give it adequate rehearsal so that on the eventful night he may present his mosaic in light comedy with all the finish and ease of an Edward Sothern or a Sir Charles Wyndham. Equally nice attention is paid to the texts of the toasts to be proposed. These are polished with something like the fine skill with which the lapidary cuts his diamonds, and the nearer the polished texts can be made to approach an epigram the more they are prized. As these toasts may number over a dozen for the one occasion, and as the eloquence they

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evoke is prolonged, as a rule, much beyond the midnight hour, they are generally found to formulate some airy abstract sentiment or proposition which in its nature is suggestive of crispness in reply. Here are specimens of the texts which supply the motive for many of the speeches of which I am writing: 'The Press—right or wrong: when right, to be kept right; when wrong, to be set right'; 'Truth and Trade: those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder'; 'The Responsibility of having Ancestors'; 'The Debt each part of the Country owes to the Other'; 'Unsolved Problems'; 'The Oldest Inhabitant—the Weather of New England,' the last toast being responded to in characteristic fashion at a New England Society dinner by Mark Twain.

The marvel is that where so many dinners are eaten and so many speeches delivered there is such an absence of staleness and sameness. The explanation, however, lies in the fact that good stories thrown forward, with accurate judgment, as light skirmishers are usually able to carry back with them the palm of victory. But these skirmishers must have none of the stiffness of veterans. It would, of course, mean ruin to the reputation of an after-dinner orator if he ventured in any company to palm off, as fresh to the ranks, the seasoned anecdote which had already borne the brunt of active service. Knowing this, the man who has a toast entrusted to him is careful to pay reasonable regard to the necessity of only calling stories to his aid which bear the appearance of being new, and so long as he takes this precaution he is certain to get the credit of originality. There are a few exemptions from this rule. Being carefully labelled as neutral ground, satire, for instance, at the expense of the politician, is an evergreen quantity at these dinner-tables. Like the figure of Aunt Sally on a fair green, he is there for anybody to take a cheap shy at him. One gentleman spoke of an electoral campaign, which had just closed, as covering a time 'when politicians were husbanding truth with their wonted frugality and dispensing fiction with their habitual lavishness.' In another case a public man was congratulated on his advocacy of a certain policy which, unlike other policies, presumably, 'has as its essence the conduct of public affairs on the basis of the decalogue.' At a third dinner a gentleman, giving his playful estimate of some American politicians, told the story of one of them who went out for a long swim. 'All at once a shark, a man-eater, was coming the other way, and swam up squarely in front of him. They eyed each other for a moment, and then the shark—blushed and sped away.' The proverbial jealousy between many of the American cities is a further topic that may be perennially used without risk if it is treated in such a way as to gratify the local vanity. It was, of course, a New England Society orator who said that if a hard fate had not compelled the New Yorkers to be stock-dealers and millionaires at the same time, they might, amongst other things,

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have been 'manipulating their shares, with the aid of plough-handles, watering their stock at the nearest brook, and might have been on speaking terms with the Ten Commandments, and have indulged a hope of some day going to heaven, and—possibly to Boston.' It was the theory of a New Englander that when Chicago was destroyed by fire the people of that town were saved from any considerable loss by heavy insurances which had been effected in New England.

I chanced to be in Chicago [said this gentleman at a dinner board to a company of fellow New Englanders] two or three days after the great fire of 1871. As I walked among the smoking ruins, if I saw a man with a cheerful air, I knew that he was a resident of Chicago; if I saw a man with a long face, I knew that he represented a Hartford Insurance Company. Really the cheerful resignation with which the Chicago people endured the losses of New England did honour to human nature (laughter).

We have it on the authority of a brilliant master of the art of after-dinner speaking that platitudes are essential adjuncts to the construction of a speech, and, that being so, repetition, more or less, can scarcely be avoided. James Russell Lowell once enumerated what he called 'the ingredients of after-dinner oratory.' 'They are,' he said, 'the joke, the quotation, and the platitude; and the successful platitude, in my judgment, requires a very high order of genius.' On the same occasion Lowell remarked: 'I must say that I am one of those who feel the difficulties of after-dinner oratory more keenly the more after-dinner speeches I make.' 'There is but one pleasure in life,' said Charles Dudley Warner, the author of *My Summer in a Garden*, 'equal to that of being called on to make an after-dinner speech, and that is not being called on.' A happy illustration of the different feelings that must be experienced by the man who has to make one of these speeches and those who have only to listen was given by Marion J. Verdery at an annual banquet of the Southern Society of New York, over which Mr. John C. Calhoun presided. At the outset of his speech, in replying to the toast of 'The South in Wall Street,' Mr. Verdery said:

Two old darkies, lounging on a street corner in Richmond, Virginia, one day were suddenly aroused by a runaway team that came dashing towards them at break-neck speed. The driver, scared nearly to death, had abandoned his reins and was awkwardly climbing out of the wagon at the rear end. One of the old negroes said, 'Brer' Johnson, sure as you born man, de runaway horse am powerful gran' and a monstrous fine sight to see.' Johnson shook his head doubtfully and then replied philosophically, 'Dat 'pends berry much, nigger, on whedder you be standin' on de corner obsarvin' of him or be gettin' ober de tail-board ob de waggin'.' And likewise it strikes me that any keen enjoyment to be gotten out of after-dinner speaking is peculiarly contingent—'pendin' berry much on whedder you is standin' off lookin' on, or gittin' ober de tail-board of de waggin'.'

In reality, however, the risky experiment of 'climbin' ober de tail-board' does not seem to carry many terrors with it. Notwith-

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standing the responsibility of the position, the anxiety of preparation, and the worry it must cause to search successfully for the new joke and the apposite quotation, and to awaken the necessary amount of genius which is required to invest the platitude with proper pomp and circumstance, it would appear that most Americans take the same view of an invitation to respond to a toast as that taken by ex-Senator Edward Oliver Walcott, of Colorado, when he was asked to speak at a New England Society banquet in New York.

> It was with great diffidence [said Mr. Walcott on the night of the dinner] that I accepted the invitation of your President to respond to a toast to-night. I realised my incapacity to do justice to the occasion, while at the same time I recognised the high compliment conveyed. I felt somewhat as the man did respecting the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy; he said 'he didn't know whether Lord Bacon wrote Shakespeare's works or not, but if he didn't he missed the greatest opportunity of his life.' As a rule, when a man is paid the compliment of being requested to reply to a toast at one of these dinners, he is immediately seized with a desire to 'write Shakespeare.'

The fashion set by bodies of such high social standing as the New England Societies, the Sons of the Revolution, and the Southern Society, is faithfully imitated by every organisation of lesser note. They all produce their after-dinner orators. And the budding, undeveloped Mark Twains, and Chauncey Depews, and Joseph Choates are not left to grope blindly in the dark after any undisciplined gift of eloquence which they may happen to possess. As in Great Britain there are innumerable guide-books to the Civil Service and the legal profession, so in America there are many varieties of primers and expositors, all of them explaining most elaborately the accurate method of proposing and responding to a toast. It is not given to everybody, of course, to achieve a brilliant reputation. Some of the young aspirants turn out to be, if not mute, at all events, inglorious Miltons. Of many of them it might be said, as Sheridan observed of Lord Lauderdale—a joke in his hands is no laughing matter. But when the harvest has been threshed and the chaff winnowed from the grain we find a rich asset in material left behind to provide healthy and enjoyable intellectual fare for the American people. The elements of vitality being as distinctly active in a good comedy as they are in a serious melodrama, it is in no way remarkable that of the better class of after-dinner speeches a great number have taken their places in the permanent literature of the country. The choicest position in the leading pages of the foremost American newspapers is at all times open to the latest achievement of those who are regarded as 'old Parliamentary hands' in the domain of post-prandial eloquence, and it is only recently that the New York dailies gave their columns up cheerfully to a detailed record of one continued course of light and pleasant fooling which followed a dinner given at the Metropolitan Club by Colonel George Harvey,

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president of Harper Brothers, to Mark Twain on the occasion of the sixty-seventh birthday of the American humourist. No orator who has caught the ear of the American public by his brilliancy at the festive board or on the lecture platform dreams of issuing his addresses in book form without including his best after-dinner speeches, while in a superb work entitled *Modern Eloquence*, published some little time ago in ten volumes by Messrs. John D. Morris & Co., of Philadelphia, no less than three of the largest volumes are devoted to the bright things that have been said in honouring the diverse sentiments which have ornamented the toast-lists of banquets held in Delmonico's and elsewhere. The conviction may be allowed that in a country where life is driven at the highest pressure, where trusts, and 'rings,' and 'corners' must do anything but conduce to mental tranquillity, where the fear of any encroachment on the Monroe doctrine must be perpetually 'getting on' people's nerves, it is well that the after-dinner speech has assumed the proportions of a national possession. So long as it manages to hold its own in that position the gaiety of the nation can never be altogether eclipsed.

DANIEL CRILLY.

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THE POLITICAL SITUATION

My own ignorance of the future, in which few people seem to share, is so curiously complete that I have perhaps an exaggerated respect for all classes of prophets. On the turf they are, for aught I know, infallible. But in politics they do sometimes err, and the vitality of the present Government has made undue demands upon their powers of vaticination. On the second night of last Session, the Session of 1904, I listened in respectful silence to a member of the King's most honourable Privy Council, who informed me that 'the thing could not last a week.' By 'the thing' he did not, like Cobbett, mean the British Constitution, but the Ministry of the day. It is true that the Prime Minister was suffering from influenza; but the absence of Mr. Balfour only brought into stronger relief the equal if diversified genius of Mr. Alfred Lyttelton and Mr. Arnold Forster. The Ministry of all the talents ignores by-elections, refuses to acknowledge votes of censure, and perseveres with its annual schemes for the reform of the army. Not being a prophet, I never expected anything else. It is superhuman virtue to dissolve because you think you will be beaten, which is what 'recognising the voice of the country in by-elections' really means. 'Why did Gladstone dissolve?' some one asked Mr. Disraeli in February 1874. 'I don't know,' was the reply; 'I suppose it was because he had a majority.' Even Mr. Gladstone, the most punctilious of constitutionalists, had another reason, which may be found in Mr. Morley's *Life*. It seems to have escaped the notice of Mr. Balfour's critics that dissolution within the six years to which immemorial custom has reduced the Septennial Act, is a right, and not a duty. No Government can be compelled to dissolve, though it has hitherto always been supposed that a vote of censure by the House of Commons gave a Minister the inevitable alternative of dissolution or resignation. When Lord Rosebery was defeated in June 1895 he resigned. I believe that he lost rather than gained by not appealing to the country himself; but he was, of course, within his privilege, and the performance might be repeated. That the Leaders of the Opposition would in such an event refuse to take office is incredible. They have been demanding a dissolution for two years, and they could not shrink from

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the opportunity without making themselves ridiculous. 'Our policy is dissolution,' said Lord Salisbury in 1895. It looked meagre, but it sufficed.

At the beginning of this Session the Premier adopted a strictly constitutional line. He told the Opposition frankly that he would remain in office until he was defeated in the House of Commons. No Minister can be expected to say more; any Minister is entitled to say that. The argument from the 'Khaki Election' proves too much. That Lord Salisbury took advantage of the feeling excited by the South African War to dissolve before peace had restored the dividing lines of party is obvious. That some of his colleagues and many of his followers insisted upon the necessity of the war as the only issue, and appealed on this ground to their political opponents, is a fact. But if people will not take the trouble to learn the rudiments of their own system, they must take the consequences. Nothing short of a definite assurance that in the event of his obtaining a majority Lord Salisbury would advise the Queen to dissolve Parliament again so soon as peace was made should have had the slightest weight with any voter. The idea that for the whole period of a Parliament a Conservative Government would introduce no measure distasteful to a Liberal Opposition was fantastic and absurd. If any Nonconformists, or any Liberal Imperialists, or any friends of temperance, or any champions of retrenchment and reform, were misled by nonsense about votes given to Liberals being votes given to the Boers, they have been rightly served, and I do not feel the smallest pity for them. The British Constitution cannot be manipulated to suit Dr. Guinness Rogers, or even Mr. Campbell of the City Temple. A majority at a General Election, if it be large enough, holds good for six years, and is available for all purposes.

That, however, is ancient history. The Liberal party found a more plausible argument in Mr. Chamberlain's sudden adoption of a Protective policy, and in Mr. Balfour's half conversion, which led the Free Traders in his Cabinet to resign. But here again it seems to me that the Prime Minister had a constitutional answer. Whether it be dignified to accept the resignation of a colleague on political grounds, and at the same time to promote the colleague's son, who notoriously holds the same opinions as his father, is open to argument. Whether Mr. Ritchie and Lord George Hamilton and Lord Balfour were treated with loyalty and courtesy is a question on which they do not appear to agree with their former chief. It may be that they have as much right to complain of the Duke of Devonshire as of him. Mr. Balfour's constitutional position is that he has no economic policy to lay before the present Parliament, and that if the Chancellor of the Exchequer founds his Budget upon the principles of Free Trade, his own Protectionist opinions are immaterial. I do not think that many of Mr. Balfour's pre-

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decessors would have approved of this course. Mr. Gladstone would probably have described it as 'showing the white feather.' 'They call me an arbitrary Minister,' said Sir Robert Peel, 'but this people likes to be governed.' Still, if a Minister finds it consistent with his self-respect to retain power, or, at least, place, on condition that he does not give effect to his own opinions, I suppose he may, for there is nothing in the Constitution to prevent him. It is understood that some members of the Government, if not of the Cabinet, have been induced to remain by the assurance that in this Parliament there will be no departure from Free Trade. If the country, at a General Election, pronounces for a reform of the tariff, the tariff will be reformed, and not otherwise. That, after all, is a strictly regular attitude to assume, and the Cabinet are no more bound to an abstract profession of faith in political economy than to an acknowledgment of the Athanasian Creed.

There have been open questions in Cabinets, questions of the highest moment and importance. Catholic emancipation in the Cabinet of Lord Liverpool is a familiar example, though it is not far from a hundred years old. The subject of a Catholic university in Ireland has been treated in the same way for the last ten years, all the more easily, perhaps, because no one knows precisely what it means. Since 1846, or at all events since 1852, Protection had been regarded by every successive Government as finally abandoned, when Mr. Chamberlain raised it again in 1903. He took the proper course by resigning office, and preaching his new, or rather his old, gospel on the platform. It is Mr. Balfour, not he, whose conduct has been perplexing and irregular. The Prime Minister's speeches in the country have been variously interpreted, and have given much food for the speculation of ingenious minds. In the House of Commons last Session he showed a cleverness in evading difficulties and avoiding defeat which Disraeli himself did not surpass. But the triumphs of mere cleverness are ephemeral. We cannot all be clever, and we grow tired in our dulness of watching the deftest squirrel who cannot get out of his cage. That is why Lord Hugh Cecil's speeches have had such an extraordinary success. Lord Hugh is not cleverer than Mr. Balfour. Nobody could be. But he has principles, character, and ideas. He does his own thinking, as well as his own speaking, and he has an object beyond the dialectical necessities of the moment. It is true that, though a Cecil, he has not yet been in office. But there are plenty of unofficial hacks in all political parties; so many, and so equally distributed, that the charm of a fresh mind is irresistible. That, however, is by the way. Mr. Balfour at last invented a method, if not an argument, which has the merit of novelty. To boycott the House of Commons is a piquant conception, which does not lose in piquancy by coming from the House's leader.

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No Government is, of course, obliged to treat a private member's motion as vital to its existence, unless it be in terms a vote of censure, and supported as such by the recognised chiefs of the Opposition. It is barely possible to argue that Sir Joseph Leese's motion, now the resolution of the House, against preferential taxes, was not a formal vote of censure, though the House condemned the policy of the Prime Minister. It is lawful in a free country for anyone to predict that the next House of Commons will be more favourable than the present to the imposition of such taxes. But Mr. Balfour cannot be denied the credit of originality for his claim to pick out a subject, or group of subjects, and say that the House of Commons has nothing to do with them. It is no doubt a mere coincidence that he made this discovery, or put forward this claim, when his followers refused to vote for Mr. Chamberlain's policy and Mr. Chamberlain's followers refused to vote for his own. The slightest acquaintance with Parliamentary procedure disposes of the assertion that these 'academic' debates are a waste of time, which might otherwise be devoted to legislation. Now that universities are becoming like the sands of the seashore for multitude, academic may cease to be employed as a mere term of abuse. But, however that may be, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings before Easter are set apart for the motions of private members, and it is a mere accident of the ballot who gets the first opportunity on a particular date. Free-traders have no reason to be dissatisfied with a unanimous condemnation, first of Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal policy and then of Mr. Balfour's. Such a result takes all practical interest out of the question whether there is any difference between them. Nor is there anything in the nature of Protection which disqualifies the House of Commons for expressing an opinion upon it. I can understand a debate on free will and necessity being called abstract and academic. But a Protective tariff, if adopted, would affect, for good or for evil, every inhabitant of the United Kingdom. A House of Commons which cannot discuss it, and deal effectively with it, has lost all reason for existence. And yet that is just the conclusion that Mr. Balfour will not adopt. Mr. Chamberlain is fond of referring to Mr. Cobden's victory over prejudice as an encouraging example for himself. It seems an odd instance to take, inasmuch as the arguments which Mr. Chamberlain employs are identical with those which Mr. Cobden refuted. But imagine Cobden moving the previous question to a Protectionist proposal, or keeping all Free-traders out of the House lest, peradventure, they might suffer defeat in the Lobby, and you will see at once, if it exists, the resemblance of the Tariff Reform Committee to the Anti-Corn Law League. The execution of strategic movements beyond reach of the enemy's guns is not altogether appropriate to 'Nelson's year.' Nelson and Cobden had not many qualities in common; but they had one, and that was courage.

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The defeat of Mr. Loder at Brighton has been explained in many ingenious ways, among which the palm must, I think, be awarded to the theory that if he had been Sir Edward Clarke his disapproval of the South African war would have made him unpopular. It is less clever, and at the same time more obvious, to suggest that the public do not like the policy of the back door. Running away does not impress the imagination or convince the mind. So long as a Government fights, it may be unpopular, but it is respected. Important and highly controversial measures have been driven through the House of Commons by arbitrary means without exciting much popular resentment. Those who liked the Education Bills did not mind how they were passed. There would have been just as much passive resistance if there had been no application of the closure or the gag. But to refuse a challenge, to let the House of Commons vote unanimously that a Colonial Conference on preferential tariffs should not be held, though the Government think it necessary to hold one, is sulking, refusing to play the game. The motive is as clear as the sun, for Ministers are not afraid of victory, and they are afraid of defeat. Tricks of this sort, however subtle and refined, do not appeal to an ordinary sense of humour. A Permanent Under-Secretary for the Colonies remarked that his chief, a Peer, used to say, 'Damn the House of Commons,' and added, 'Unfortunately the House of Commons is just the one thing that won't be damned.' After all, the House of Commons represents the people, and the people, whatever their politics, do not like to see it treated with contempt. Mr. Balfour may plead that it is only the Opposition he despises. The House of Commons, as an institution, is independent of parties, and would continue to exist if there were no parties at all. The late Sir William Harcourt was loudly cheered from both sides when he said, on resigning office in 1895, that his great desire had been to stand well with the House of Commons. The words were Peel's, but Harcourt was entitled to use them, as were Gladstone and Disraeli, Palmerston and Russell, before him. Mr. Balfour could not honestly say anything of the kind. If a Minister quarrels with the House, his constitutional weapon is to resign or dissolve. To stop away when he thinks he will be in a minority is not dignified conduct nor practical politics. Talk about the same question being revived is nonsense. The rules of Parliament do not permit it. The previous question, indeed, only holds good for a single debate, and that is why the previous question fails to get rid of an inconvenient topic. Any substantive vote of the House holds for the remainder of the Session, and it has not hitherto been held, or even suggested, that a political party can nullify it by stopping away. Mr. Balfour is in a dilemma Either he ought to have moved the previous question against Sir Joseph Leese, or he ought not to have moved it against Mr. Churchill; for the object of both these members was the same, and it was to

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tie the hands of the Government before they entered a Colonial Conference. It is inconceivable that Mr. Balfour would not have defeated Mr. Churchill's motion, thereby making Sir Joseph's impossible, if his majority would have supported him. As they notoriously would not, can he, in truth, be said to have any majority at all? To protest against Mr. Balfour's economic policy or his adoption of Mr. Chamberlain's economic policy is, it appears, to hit him below the belt. I remember attending the Chapel Royal for the first time in the company of an eminent lawyer. When I afterwards made the obvious remark that it was not much like a church, he said, with an assumption of childlike innocence: 'I suppose it counts?' In Mr. Balfour's vocabulary the issue between Free Trade and Protection does not 'count.'

There is nothing very remarkable in a member of the Government losing his seat on appointment. It happened to Sir William Harcourt. It even happened to Mr. Grenfell. The peculiarity of the present crisis is that no seat can be found for Mr. Loder, who was supposed to be almost as safe in Brighton as the King upon his throne. Mr. Gladstone, as we have been reminded, was Secretary of State for the Colonies without a seat in Parliament from December 1845 to June 1846. But a Colonial Secretary has duties outside the House of Commons, and a Junior Lord of the Treasury is a Whip, or nothing. A Whip who cannot keep his seat is of no more use in the House than he would be in the hunting field. A Prime Minister who cannot fill up a single office which involves re-election and is untenable by a Peer, must be either unconstitutionally sublime or constitutionally ridiculous. The least Mr. Balfour can do in the circumstances is to introduce without delay his promised Bill for exempting new Ministers of the Crown from the dread necessity of facing their constituents. It does not matter two straws to anyone except the Scottish Solicitor-General whether the Solicitor-General for Scotland is in the House of Commons or not, the Lord Advocate being sufficient for all practical purposes; and it has become almost a tradition that Sir Horace Plunkett should hold a Parliamentary seat while excluded by his own party from Parliament. But a Peri flapping its wings outside the gates of Paradise is a model of useful and businesslike contentment, compared with a seatless Whip. Mr. Loder really deserves to be called a martyr, inasmuch as he has lost his place in the Legislature for nothing at all.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain, on the other hand, Chancellor of the Exchequer by virtue of the hereditary principle, has derived no small advantage from his father's performances. There is not a more agreeable aspect of a situation rich in dramatic incidents than Mr. Chamberlain's solicitude for the future of his eldest son. Human nature is stronger than party politics, and Mr. Chamberlain's strongest opponents can hardly help sympathising in the gratified pleasure of paternal affection. For the Budget, everyone admits, has strengthened

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a Government in need of support. It was received in the House of Commons with a chorus of praise, and to criticise it adversely is difficult, if not impossible. An honest effort to pay off war debt, and a substantial reduction of the duty on tea, which presses so hardly on the poorest of the poor, are just policy and sound finance. The income tax cannot be substantially lowered until the country chooses to adopt a lower scale of expenditure and a more efficient system of control. That the Budget contains no trace of preference or protection is a fact in accordance with Ministerial pledges, and will smooth its passage into law. Nothing, on the other hand, has come of the attempt to play off Home Rule against Tariff Reform, and to show that Liberals are as much divided as Conservatives on a principal question of the day. After weeks of arduous balloting a member hitherto unknown to fame secured the first place on a Wednesday evening, and moved a vote of censure on the Leader of the Opposition. As the Speaker refused the closure, and the debate was not exhausted, there could be no division. But while such a motion could at almost any time be passed, its effect must, of course, be nugatory, since the appropriate punishment, loss of office, cannot be inflicted on a man who holds none. It was just a case for Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's pawky humour, and general opinion pronounces that he never spoke better in his life. The appearance of the Prime Minister gave him an excellent opportunity for sarcasm. For had not Mr. Balfour declared it his duty to absent himself from debates on questions which cannot be settled in the present Parliament? That is a negative characteristic which Home Rule shares with Tariff Reform. The difference, or one difference, between them is that Home Rule, unlike Tariff Reform, cannot be settled in the next Parliament either. I have no belief in mandates. A Protectionist majority would introduce Protection, whatever might be said to the contrary. But no Government could carry a Home Rule Bill unless the British electorate had pronounced in favour of it, for the good and sufficient reason that the Lords would otherwise throw it out. That is the Duke of Devonshire's real answer to Mr. Chamberlain's odd complaint that he is endangering the Union. Far heavier artillery than Mr. Chamberlain's is needed to destroy the Duke's position. Never, since he put himself at the head of the resistance to Home Rule, has the Duke of Devonshire spoken with the vigour and the power that he exhibits now. While Ministers seem to be safe for the present in their places, they must have an uneasy sense that the crash will come, and will not be lighter for delay.

The formal and ostensible reconciliation of Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain has much impressed all who thought that these two practitioners were at enmity between themselves. Free-traders do not waste their time in drawing distinctions where no difference exists. For them retaliation is as bad as preference, both being theoretically

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inconsistent with a tariff for revenue only, and both practically involving duties either on food or on raw material. The manœuvres of the two chiefs are designed to embarrass the enemy, and the enemy is not the foreigner, but such of their own countrymen as adhere to the principle of Free Trade. Whether two General Elections, or three, will be necessary before they can severally adjust the indispensable preliminaries of their joint programme is a question with which a Liberal could not meddle without inexcusable presumption. To dissolve Parliament in June would spoil the season. To get a solid majority when Parliament is dissolved may be called the business of Free-traders, because it would spoil the Protectionist game.

HERBERT PAUL.

The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY *cannot undertake to return unaccepted MSS.*

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THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER

XIX XX

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A POLITICAL FABIUS MAXIMUS

THE past two years have been very remarkable ones in our political history. And they have been years especially interesting to those who watch with sympathy the career of Arthur James Balfour, philosopher and statesman. On the 3rd of October 1903 the *Spectator*, reviewing Mr. Balfour's policy of the previous four months, immediately after the Sheffield speech, declared *ex cathedra* that Mr. Balfour's political reputation was for ever at an end. He was only a 'feeble shadow of Mr. Chamberlain,' who agreed with Mr. Chamberlain intellectually, but lacked the courage of his convictions. He had allowed himself to forget the maxim that 'on a grave and burning question it is absolutely essential for an effective politician to be clearly and definitely on one side or the other.' The writer was very sad, but very positive.

> We cannot help a deep feeling of personal chagrin [he wrote] at Mr. Balfour's failure. *Sunt lachrymæ rerum*, and, being mortal, we cannot but grieve at the overthrow of a personality in many ways so attractive as that of Mr. Balfour. We are using no hyperbole—an overthrow it is. Whatever else may happen, Mr. Balfour's day as a great British statesman is over. No turn in the political kaleidoscope can restore to him the confidence of the country.

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Day after day the witty caricaturist of the *Westminster Gazette* represented the Prime Minister as a *roi fainéant*, and Mr. Chamberlain as the Mayor of the Palace—the real leader of the party; and such manifestations in the press represented a very widespread feeling. Nay, it was a feeling which seriously infected the Unionist party itself in the House of Commons and in the country. A *doctor dubitantium* was not an effective figure in a moment of excitement when placed in competition with the positive, sanguine, enthusiastic Secretary for the Colonies. The man who was occupied in delineating with delicate hand fine shades and subtle lines of distinction and graduation in a picture as yet avowedly incomplete, which was to represent faithfully the anomalies and complexities of the actual world of commerce, seemed insignificant by the side of the painter who, unhampered by close regard to the practicable or the actual, depicted the broad scenic effects of an unhesitating and thoroughgoing policy of Colonial preference involving the taxation of food, and of retaliation by rival tariffs.

Yet, as the drama developed itself, time has had its revenges. We have seen the change of fortunes which so often comes in a competition between fine and calculating perception on the one hand, and undiscriminating and passionate energy on the other. It can scarcely be questioned that, so far as pre-eminence in the House of Commons is concerned, the positions of Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain have been, in the last twelve months, reversed. It has been a case of FitzJames and Roderick Dhu; the cool perception and the rapier thrust of criticism were in reality steadily telling for victory, while to the average onlooker sheer strength and vigour seemed to be carrying all before them. And the space of a year brought the contrast between the night when the Prime Minister had to be content to risk defeat rather than press the Wharton amendment—which was identical with his own policy—against the threatened mutiny of the Chamberlainites, whose excesses it disowned, and the night when the thoroughgoing Chamberlainites had become numerically so weak that they gladly agreed to decline the combat on Mr. Ainsworth's resolution. The contrast has been faithfully depicted by Mr. Gould, and last month he gave us Mr. Chamberlain, no longer as the real leader of the party, but as a suppliant before the gates of Pope Balfour's castle at Canossa.

This change in the situation was brought about by some very remarkable qualities in the Prime Minister. Far from being a shadow of Mr. Chamberlain, or feebly echoing his views, two more different intellectual attitudes towards a great problem could hardly be conceived. Mr. Balfour with sure instinct noted at the outset that Mr. Chamberlain's views had not attained that practical precision which could either evoke an echo or call for an unequivocal disclaimer in a really accurate mind. In the first Parliamentary debate of the 28th of

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May 1903, indeed, they were avowedly undefined.[1] Yet the Prime Minister could not treat them lightly. Mr. Chamberlain was a colleague and friend: Mr. Balfour naturally had confidence in his insight into the necessities of the Colonies; and he had raised questions of importance. Colonial preference had already appealed to Mr. Balfour as a possible instrument of political value in cementing our union with the Colonies—*if it should be workable.* Retaliation[2] as opposed to complete *laisser faire* had long been among the modifications of the existing fiscal system which he had contemplated as desirable. He had ever deprecated burking discussion on such subjects in the name of the *a priori* dogmas of Free Trade. To reject Mr. Chamberlain's policy wholesale, or to accept it wholesale, was equally impossible in the circumstances. The first obvious duty was to plead that we should think, examine, discriminate before we decide, instead of deciding in a complex matter before it is thought out at all. Yet the multitude loves to be addressed in tones loud and positive. Well-balanced thought ever seems to it a shadow. Strong statements mean strength; guarded statements, weakness. Thus the *Spectator* writer did express accurately the impression produced on the masses by the only possible attitude of a thoughtful man who was suddenly called upon to decide on a problem not ripe for decision, and to formulate a large policy on a subject which he did not consider to have as yet reached such definite issues as could justify concrete proposals suitable for the basis of a large policy.

Mr. Balfour had deprecated at the outset (in his speech of the 28th of May 1903) the attitude of complacent orthodoxy assumed by extreme Free Traders, and their charges of 'heresy' against all who called their formulæ in question; and, indeed, the situation was curiously similar to that which we see in the sphere to which such phrases primarily belong—that of divinity. Thinkers in all religious communions are just now very busy discussing the modifications in the current theology which are called for by the advance of the positive sciences. On the one hand we have the liberal thinkers, flushed with the most adventurous theories of the higher critics, and with speculations suggested by researches in the early Christian history, clamorously calling upon those in authority to transform the received teaching, and to bring it into accord with these bold and vivid speculations as though they were accurately ascertained facts. On the other hand, we have those who stand in the ancient ways, and condemn as heresy—as subversive of dogma—any attempt to call in question its received theological exposition. The wise ruler yields to neither party. He

[1] 'Nothing in the nature of a complete plan can be put before the country,' Mr. Chamberlain said, in reply to Mr. Lough, who urged that 'the right honourable gentleman should tell us his plan' (*Hansard*, May 28, p. 184).

[2] See, on this subject, his speech in the House of Commons on the 24th of June 1880 (*Hansard*, vol. cclii. p. 772).

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considers the received dogma and its explanatory theology as being in possession. He regards them as something far more sacred than the changeable speculations of the irresponsible reason. Even apart from all question of Divine guidance in the Christian Church, they are the outcome of great crises of thought in the past, in which the broad outlines of Christian revelation have been preserved and explained in their relation to burning controversies. They represent a serious and corporate decision of the community. They have been the basis of the faith and religious life of multitudes. To change them suddenly and materially would be to introduce doubt and discord, and to impair the effectiveness of theology as a bond of union in the Church, and the support of consistent religious conduct. While some changes are necessary in deference to accurately ascertained facts, change is in itself an evil. To be over-ready in writing amended theological propositions, and this in conditions in which they may have to be retracted before the ink is dry (as Newman has expressed it), is to forget the function of theology as a stable principle of union and action. On the other hand, to close the questions raised by the critics, and brand the liberals as heretics, is equally disastrous, and tends to sheer obscurantism. To speculate on and discuss problems touching even the most sacred and certain truths is not to tamper with them. There are many things we may usefully think which we would not speak; many we would say which we would not write; many we would write which we would not print. There is such a thing as action in thought. And a change in the theological text-books partakes of the nature of action. Mature judgment as to when thought is ripe enough and sufficiently assured to be made the basis of action, as to when it is wise to take a step, is a process undertaken by the whole man. It needs, on the one hand, an open mind and active inquiry, and, on the other, a deep sense of the responsibility and consequences attaching to a practical move taken in deference to the results of speculation. Quickness to think and to criticise and revise thought, and slowness to act are its two momenta. Therefore, the wise ruler with whom it lies to decide when a practical step should be taken, inevitably angers extremists on both sides. He will not silence the liberals. He knows that it is they who have hold of the materials out of which the true developments in theology are to be effected. Their trade is in novelty; and even if a dozen novel theories are started and come to nought, it is probable that their keen adventurous intellectual criticism and researches will detect the really weak points in the present system, and ultimately bring to the front what is needed by way of reform. On the other hand, he will have none of the dogmatism of the obscurantists. To treat speculation as heresy is as bad as to treat it as newly-won dogma.

The analogy is obvious. The Chamberlainites are the liberals.

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The blind Free Traders who will not hear of Retaliation, of the smallest tax on food, of Colonial preference, not on grounds of reason, but because they contradict the received shibboleths of Free Trade, are the theological obscurantists. Mr. Balfour's course, preserved amid kicks from all sides, has been that of the responsible ruler who knows that to change the received fiscal system of a great commercial country is a most serious thing; who stands for the moment in the ancient ways, but at the same time recognises that those sanguine reformers who realise most keenly new conditions produced by our Colonial Empire, who are most alive to the shortcomings which time has made evident in the workings of our fiscal system, may be the pioneers of needed reform. They should be allowed to talk, though by no means as yet permitted to take decisive action. The necessary dualism of the intellect of the wise official mind, whether in theology or in politics, is brought into striking relief. His intellectual sympathy is naturally, at starting, largely with those who raise, however crudely, new and urgent problems, and suggest, however rashly and unpractically, schemes for their solution. He gives these men every chance of framing a wise and workable scheme. His practical course as a ruler remains for the time with the upholders of the existing system. To change it is to take a most serious step, and radical change in any system where habit has made very elaborate machinery work even fairly well, is an evil. Change can only be safely made by very gradual steps, the wisdom of which is completely ascertained. It is only thus that its dislocating effect can be avoided. Yet the nature of these very steps can be satisfactorily ascertained only by the freest discussion. Provisionally, the dogmas of Free Trade must be largely disregarded in the discussion, as theological dogma is disregarded by the biblical critic. That such dogma exists and is sound he does not doubt. But the incurable tendency of the human mind to identify the true dogma with its current and non-final statement, makes a constant reopening of old controversies necessary. A return to pre-Cobdenite Protection would, indeed, be to attack an irreformable decision in economic orthodoxy. But to condemn measures as Protectionist, in the sense in which Protection is disastrous, before their nature and consequences have been fully sifted, is obscurantism and not orthodoxy. The Chamberlainites (Mr. Balfour seems to have argued) should be given the fullest opportunity to show how far their schemes are thought out, are economically sound, and are reducible to practice; their critics should have the fullest opportunity to point out what will work and what will not. And probably, after a survey of all things on earth and in heaven, one little corner will be found for substantial improvement which is immediately practicable and wise. Thus, to combine a wide and daring speculative activity and sympathy with cautious and very limited action, is in the circumstances the height of statesmanship. It is the dictate of the spirit of Edmund

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Burke—of jealous loyalty to the constitution and zeal for reform. Yet limited action is obviously but a faint shadow of daring thought. Thus, those who ignore the true *modus operandi* in politics or in theology will ever regard the wise as poltroons.

One further point. The word 'leader' has been used freely, and Mr. Balfour was at first taunted with allowing the leadership to pass into the hands of Mr. Chamberlain. But here again the considerations above indicated help us to make a necessary distinction. It is quite true that where the desirable forward step is clear, it is for the leader of the party to point it out. But to say, as the writer in the *Spectator* seems to say, that in *any* burning question the leader should pass a definite and final intellectual judgment, is surely the greatest of fallacies. His line should be firm as to what is or is not now practicable; but to offer a speculative decision on proposals which are not yet finally formulated is the special province either of a rash and inaccurate mind or of a bigot. The latter says 'no' because they are new. The former says 'yes' because he loves adventure and novelty. If the leader means the irresponsible man who will start new hares and go far in their pursuit, or the obstinate one who is blind and won't move, Mr. Balfour has been no leader. But if by leader we understand the ruler (and this is what the leader of a party is), his very moderation, his speculative hesitation as to the unknown possibilities of the future, his practical caution and slowness to move in the present, mark him out as a reliable leader. Moreover, the leader has not only to ascertain what is wise, but to carry it out; and this entails regard for opinion in his party as well as inquiry into fact. For a policy can only be realised by the party vote. The party has to be kept together that it may act together. The Jesuits used to be taunted with saying 'The good of our Society is the good of the Church'; but there was a time when they had such a monopoly of the best energy of Catholicism that they might be excused for the sentiment. And so, too, to say that the prosperity of the Unionist party is essential to that of the country is at the present time—when the Opposition is hopelessly disunited, when its members are agreed neither on a leader nor on a policy—a pardonable and not obviously false statement. In such circumstances Mr. Balfour's devotion to his party may claim to be true patriotism.

The division of parts sketched above is inherent to the structure of a polity; it is based on natural laws of political philosophy. And if we break a law of nature, pain and suffering are the consequence. Mr. Chamberlain did break such a law, for he, a Cabinet Minister, placed in the position of a definite policy, of practical as distinct from speculative thought, what was not ripe to be so placed. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ*; hence the troubles from which we have not yet recovered. It was because he gave a 'bold lead'—a thing so delightful to the multitude—where he had not knowledge to justify it, that the party

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was placed in an impossible position. He gave us all the rhetoric, all the personal influence, all the party enthusiasm which were wanted to carry out a policy so matured as to be thoroughly workable; and when his soldiers were all at fever heat and ready for the fray, they found that it was not time to fight, for the field of campaign was not yet adequately surveyed. He aroused party feeling, and gave the signal for strife not only before his colleagues had agreed that the war was wise or practical, but before he himself had seen how it could be carried on.

In this trying position Mr. Balfour showed virtues truly Roman. He did not despair of the republic. And he saw that the only hope lay in a Fabian policy of delay. Tantalising and irritating though it inevitably was, ineffective necessarily before the public eye, he persevered in it. When people shrieked for a positive policy,[3] he advocated the only step which was thoroughly safe—a return to Lord Salisbury's old policy of retaliation, or freedom of negotiation, of which, as we have already seen, Mr. Balfour himself had long been an advocate. For the rest, he regarded it as still under the criticism of that speculative reason which, as a great thinker has said, is ever undecided. Time was needed for Chamberlainites to prove how far their schemes were workable. Time was needed to ascertain how far the conditions of production in the several Colonies made a scheme of Colonial preference advantageous. Time was needed to ascertain the wishes and views of the Colonies themselves, and to ascertain what the British electorate would tolerate. Time was needed to reduce the scheme to such detail as to be able to forecast whether it would, indeed, be a bond of political union—apart from its economic merits—or whether it would not prove rather a source of contentious negotiations or, again, of jealousy among the several Colonies, thus leading to further contention. It needed time also to bring the Free Traders to justify by argument what was sound in their criticisms, and to come down from the unpractical heights of *a priori* dogmatism and invective. During all that time it was essential that the Prime Minister should not identify himself with either extreme party. The position of balancing, so hard to support with dignity, was inevitable. It was a position which no man would have chosen. It was necessary, because the laws of political philosophy had been broken, and a number of vague and unmanageable proposals had been thrown pell-mell into the party programme which should never have been allowed to get there. We sacrifice our dignity and simply do our best when there has been a great breakage or other disastrous accident. We do not hope to pick up and put away the broken pieces with the dignity we might attempt in carrying the unbroken vase; and so Mr. Balfour

[3] See Mr. Balfour's speech of June 10, 1903: 'I have been told in every tone, from menace to entreaty, that the position of the Government is absolutely impossible, that it is humiliating, . . . that it is unfair to the party,' etc.

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worked like a man, with no thought but how best to undo the damage done by the invader who had entered his political china-shop.

Let us recall the course of the well-known events in justification of what has been said above. So little was Mr. Balfour contemplating, as an element in the immediate party programme, any attack on Free Trade orthodoxy that he had consented to Mr. Ritchie's proposal of repealing the shilling tax on corn. On the 15th of May 1903, speaking at Birmingham, Mr. Chamberlain first sounded the alarm, and indicated the nature of his views on Colonial preference. It was quite evident to Mr. Balfour that the question would be taken up in the House of Commons, and it was all-important there and then to prevent Chamberlainism from being regarded as officially put forward by the Cabinet. The only way of obviating hopeless disunion was to contend that Mr. Chamberlain had been raising an interesting and important question, to which all would do well to turn their minds, and had propounded in its regard his own personal views, much as Mr. Balfour himself had in earlier days propounded his views on Irish University education, without in any way committing the Cabinet. It is generally supposed that this line of explanation was agreed upon between the two leaders; and when the eventful debate of the 28th of May came on, and Sir C. Dilke raised the question, this is the line which Mr. Balfour took in his reply. Mr Chamberlain, however, instead of thus watering down the significance of the Birmingham programme, expounded it in a speech which conveyed the impression that he distinctly meant to force it on the party, and even raised in many minds the supposition that he wished to bid for the leadership. Subsequent events have shown this supposition to be false, and the alternative one to be true—that, in spite of his great gifts, he has a singular inability to gauge the effect of strong words or to foresee the inevitable results of the language he uses. The words had been said, however, and the inevitable results followed. A question which the Prime Minister had earnestly wished to be an open one, which might, indeed, be ventilated, but with no view to immediate legislation, was made intensely prominent and inevitably contentious. There had always been Protectionists in the party, but they had lived at peace with their colleagues; now they were summoned into the battlefield by a semi-official proposal on which all were called upon to take sides, and which soon became the great dividing issue both before Parliament and before the country. In this almost impossible position many Prime Ministers—probably most—would have resigned, and left the party hopelessly disunited, an easy prey to their antagonists. To do so would have meant not only the destruction of a party, but the surrender of so beneficent a measure as Mr. Wyndham's Irish Land Bill, serious risk to the success of the recent Education Act, and the abandonment of the Prime Minister's own cherished work for Imperial Defence. Here

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Mr. Balfour's extraordinary staying power came in. In his memorable speech of the 10th of June, on the repeal of the corn tax, a measure which made the confusion introduced by Mr. Chamberlain particularly conspicuous, he defined his position. In the first place, he emphatically denied that it was his duty to make an explicit pronouncement as to matters not in any sense put forward by the Government officially, but brought to the front in unofficial speeches. His own desire had been, as we have seen, to leave the whole fiscal question simply an open one.[4] As to what might prove some day practicable, the problem was very complex, and he could not judge before it was thrashed out. He could not profess a settled conviction which he had not yet formed. He could neither reject the proposals on the ground of *a priori* Free Trade dogma—with those who regarded the present fiscal system as perfect—nor could he stifle inquiry and discussion on new and important developments. But he did pledge himself not to interfere with the existing system without most thorough inquiry. He tried again to reduce the significance of Mr. Chamberlain's programme to the mere initiation of an inquiry rather than a declaration of policy. And, so understood, he argued in its favour. Discussion would enable the party to compare notes and act together. Peel in 1845 and Gladstone in 1886 had matured their opinions on Free Trade and Home Rule respectively in silence, and then sprang them suddenly upon their colleagues. Mr. Balfour, on the contrary, argued that a policy of discussion with colleagues and the House of Commons was far more satisfactory, as enabling the party to move together. But in weighty words he denounced as 'folly and rashness' all attempt 'to interfere with a great system which has been in operation all these years, without a most careful examination of every side of the problem.' He pledged himself to respect the traditions of the past, but at the same time to examine the new problems presented by the 'ever-changing phases of industrial life.'

It is plain that the policy set forth in this speech was a policy of delay. The extraordinary difficulty of the situation consisted in this—that the party was acutely divided owing to the storm raised by Mr. Chamberlain's speeches, and a policy of delay which meant postponement of a decision was exactly what in such circumstances lashed both sides into a frenzy. The Free Fooders stiffened their dogmas and blazoned on their banners 'No taxation except for revenue,' 'No taxation of food,' 'No preferential tariffs,' and in some cases 'No retaliation'; the 'whole-hoggers' pressed for the 10 per cent. on manufactured goods, and Colonial preference unrestricted by the

[4] Even in November, in the Bristol speech, Mr. Balfour recalled this earnest desire 'that the old position should be maintained in which the fiscal question was regarded as open in our ranks.' But he added, 'It was not possible, because the country would not have it, the House of Commons would not have it, and the Cabinet itself would not have it.'

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commandment 'Thou shalt not tax food.' The clamour levelled at Mr. Balfour for a 'definite lead' became overpowering.

Mr. Balfour had to create such machinery as would render possible a policy of delay—the only remedy for excited passions, the only means to give time for the experts to perform the operation of inquiry on the complicated issues involved. In response to the cry for a definite lead he had to formulate a programme as a sop to Cerberus. But his real policy was one of delay. In cases of overwrought nerves morphia is often the only immediate remedy. Other medicines cannot be used until the system is sufficiently normal to retain them. Nothing is a better anæsthetic for passion than to force men to grapple with a tough intellectual problem which is beyond their comprehension, especially if the treatment offered is abstract, the reasoning well balanced, and the practical conclusions somewhat doubtful. Such reading absorbs all the energies. The writer's fine distinctions destroy the food for passion—the broad, ill-defined issues which have been made into war-cries. Such well-prepared morphia Mr. Balfour administered to the public in his *Economic Notes*. For the experts, indeed, they were a valuable contribution to the study of economic principles and their application; but for the many they were a dose of calming medicine. Their effect on heated partisans reminded the present writer in some respects of the effect on Mr. Mozley of the first canons of the Vatican Council, which, as *Times* correspondent, he was in Rome to read and criticise. With feverish eagerness he seized on the first printed utterance of the idolatrous assembly, hoping to find propositions deifying the Pope or the Virgin, and condemning the commonplaces of modern civilisation. But instead of this he read: 'If anyone deny that there is one God, let him be anathema; if anyone deny that in this one God are three persons, let him be anathema.' He found the principles and root doctrines of Christianity where he looked for the contentious utterances of controversial theology; and the readers of the *Economic Notes* found the first principles of Free Trade, and the conditions limiting their practical efficiency, in place of the specific contentious applications thereof for which they looked.

The next step was so to remodel the Government that it would support a policy of delay with a minimum of practical programme. Freedom of negotiation—and even that not defined or applied—was the programme. As to further proposals for fiscal reform, they were distinctly eliminated from the practical field during the lifetime of the existing Parliament; but they were not condemned—nay, they were rather treated as containing possibly the germ of something that might prove practicable. Thus members of the Cabinet who insisted that a pronouncement professing to be final should be made on the reform proposals, and this on the ground that they were inconsistent with the dogmas of Free Trade, had necessarily to go. And Mr.

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Chamberlain, who could not, as a Cabinet Minister, continue to urge his proposals on the country, had also to leave. The surgical operation on the Cabinet was, indeed, an alarming one, and, owing largely to the passionate feelings of the time and the acute division into parties, was found to involve the loss of the Duke of Devonshire. Sir Michael Hicks Beach, whose views were identical with the Duke's, persevered in giving Mr. Balfour his full support;[5] but the rhetoric of Mr. Balfour's speech to a Protectionist audience at Sheffield, at a crisis when the 'clash of yes and no' was the order of the day, and everyone was flying party banners and taking sides, proved to be the turning point in the Duke's course at a moment of irresolution; and he thenceforth definitely threw in his lot with that of his friends who had left the Ministry. The blow was indeed heavy, and the world held it impossible that the Cabinet could survive the removal of its strongest members. The loss of the prestige attaching to great names was appalling. Nevertheless, Mr. Balfour faced the situation as the alternative to the death of the party, and carried his policy through.

In some respects any action which is brief, decisive, irrevocable, is easier than the prolonged maintenance of a situation of intense difficulty. A merely impulsive man may decide to lead the life of a recluse or anchorite, but it takes a strong man to persevere in such a resolve; and the work of Mr. Balfour in the months following the Sheffield speech was one of quite extraordinary difficulty. In the first place, he had to give the effect—both in the Sheffield speech and afterwards—that he was propounding a great policy. Nothing less would gain him a hearing. Yet though no doubt freedom of negotiation might issue in unforeseen circumstances in a great policy, it could not be, as Mr. Balfour propounded it, a great policy. This was the Duke of Devonshire's criticism, and a sound one. Still, the policy was the best available. Moreover, it had received high sanction, taking, as it did, its source in the Conservative programme of 1885, which included Retaliation, until the absorbing controversy on Home Rule in 1886 drove this element into the background.

This was Mr. Balfour's difficulty at starting, and it has haunted him throughout. The immediately practical official policy remained before the public as a *ridiculus mus*, and Chamberlainism remained before it also—a birth, so far, more suitable to the labour of the mountains. Then again, quite inevitably, Mr. Balfour was reproached for his ambiguity. To be non-committal was of the very essence of his policy. Yet when the Chamberlain proposals loomed so large before the country, to the heated imagination of the public to be non-committal on such a matter appeared to be treason. The public could not see or realise that the real position of Mr. Balfour was that the idea of a great birth imminent was a false alarm; that Mr. Chamberlain's proposals had become far too prominent—fatally prominent; that unless they

[5] I do not forget that Sir Michael had left the Cabinet in 1902.

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could be made less prominent the country would be plunged into disastrous debate on immature plans, and the Unionist party be broken up; that time, bringing calm to heated controversialists, could alone force the fiscal proposals back into their natural position of roughly outlined suggestions to be further sifted before being brought forward. It was essential that the Chamberlain autumn campaign should test public opinion in the country, and should make the tariff reformers' programme more definite. There were fires which would burn themselves out if given time. The attempt to extinguish them, on the other hand, would be dangerous—might prove even fatal. Meanwhile the Premier must refrain from alienating those whose extreme views time would cure, and yet at the same time refrain from agreement with their views. This brought inevitably the charge of ambiguity. The present writer, conversing with a Liberal leader, commented on the extraordinary cleverness of one of Mr. Balfour's non-committal speeches. 'So much too clever,' was the reply. 'Admirable for a debating society, but for a Minister who has to take the lead in a great and definite policy, such subtleties and distinctions are most unsuitable.' This view would have been indisputable had Mr. Balfour brought the policy forward on his own account; but he did not. He desired that the question should remain at the debating stage. It had been pressed beyond it, and he strove to force it back, and used with this object the language and treatment best calculated to force it back.

The official practical programme had to be maintained—namely, that of the Sheffield speech. It consisted solely in freedom of negotiation with a view to retaliation (not by hostile tariffs, but by temporary retaliatory duties), taxation of food being formally abandoned, and Colonial preference postponed at least until Colonial opinion had been further ascertained. The substance of these proposals could not satisfy the reformers who were hungering for a great policy. Yet the rhetoric of the speech, designed to make it tolerable to the Sheffield audience, angered the Free Traders. Mr. Balfour at this stage could just retain his hold on both parties; he could thoroughly please neither. This double attitude was preserved by Mr. Balfour throughout the autumn and the early spring. To relax either his rhetorical sympathy with the reformers or the rigid meagreness of his practical programme would be fatal. The rhetorical sympathy with the reformers could only be safely modified when Mr. Chamberlain had learned for himself the severe limitations imposed both by public opinion and by expert criticism on the policy which he had conceived so vaguely, and as containing such great possibilities. The autumn did something towards this. Mr. Chamberlain, though at first arousing considerable enthusiasm, in the end wholly failed to sweep the country. His cause did not gain. People were disappointed at finding how little he had thought the matter out. A real defect in

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his character as a statesman became very apparent—namely, a vagueness of thought in matters absolutely demanding the greatest precision. At Glasgow and Greenock he did, indeed, to some extent define his programme. But it left out of account many important considerations. Probably Mr. Balfour himself had expected something better from an expert in English trade and in Colonial affairs. Mr. Chamberlain formed a Commission of experts to improve it and make it workable. But the impression left on a large section of the public mind was that he had advanced a startling policy before thinking it out; that the very proposals in his speeches were afterthoughts; and that the Commission was formed to find a way of doing his will rather than to ascertain what was wise. *Stet pro ratione voluntas.* Still, when Parliament met, the Chamberlainites were strong and sanguine.[6]

Mr. Balfour's illness early in the Session of 1904 brought out the fact that no one but he could support with dignity, or even intelligently, the singularly difficult policy suited to the situation. The combination of sympathy for the *ideas* of the tariff reformers with Free Trade principles and firm insistence on the limited official programme, was quite beyond his colleagues. Only Mr. Wyndham had the subtlety and strength to sustain the attitude. Mr. Gerald Balfour made what was accepted as a Free Trade speech. Mr. Lyttelton was thought to speak as a Protectionist, and others followed suit. Things improved on Mr. Balfour's return, but any heart but his would have sunk at the incident of the Wharton amendment. The Chamberlainites resolutely encouraged the view that Mr. Balfour's reserve in the official programme was only temporary and diplomatic; that at heart he was with them; that the two leaders were partners at whist, who played into each other's hands. There were undoubtedly devoted followers of Mr. Balfour who favoured the extreme programme from a similar persuasion. Then Mr. Wharton, with the sanction of the chief whip, proposed an amendment to a vote of censure on the Government, emphasising the Sheffield programme and disowning the excesses of the 'whole-hoggers.' So strong, however, and so confident still were the Chamberlainites that 112 members intimated that they would vote against the Government unless the amendment was withdrawn. And Mr. Balfour consented that it should be dropped. 'It was little more than five months,' commented a *Quarterly Reviewer* on the situation, 'since Mr. Balfour had proclaimed at Sheffield that while he was leader he would lead, and a prophet in the audience had cried out, "How about Joe?"'

But it is probable that at this moment, when the outsider could

[6] The capture of the local associations by the 'whole-hoggers' doubtless contributed to this. It certainly testified to the difficulty of keeping the party within the bounds of the official policy.

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most easily ridicule Mr. Balfour and his official programme as proved failures, Mr. Balfour's own keen vision saw that the day was really his. It is said that Napoleon, at a moment when the battle in his vicinity seemed to be going hopelessly against the French, would suddenly put down his field-glasses and say, 'The day is won.' He had seen that certain manœuvres had been executed at a distance, from which victory must follow in a few hours, though it would take that time for the necessary sequence of events. The events of the autumn had really been decisive against any revolutionary reform; but time was needed to bring home their results to the House of Commons and the country. From the Wharton amendment to the night of Mr. Winston Churchill's vote of censure, which Mr. Balfour met by moving the previous question, a year passed, and in that time, so far as the House of Commons was concerned, the victory was won. We have yet to see how far the party can be patched up for practical purposes. But, so far as the restoration of Mr. Balfour's effectual leadership in the House is concerned, there can be no doubt in the matter. The House has realised—what Mr. Balfour had already seen—that Mr. Chamberlain's proposals, so far as they go beyond what Mr. Balfour has sanctioned, are wholly outside the ken of responsible legislators of the hour. The Free Trade sentiment in the country has proved very deep. The only possible means of safely determining on any scheme of Colonial preference is a Colonial conference unfettered in its proceedings, and to this Mr. Balfour consents. The feeling in the House of Commons as to the reliableness of the leaders has been reversed. The idea of one as a statesman who knew his own mind and acted on it, in competition with his irresolute and timid shadow, has given place to a sense that the former had measured accurately neither public opinion nor practicable politics; while the latter had been cautious solely in deference to the necessities of the case—'Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.' I do not mean to characterise Mr. Chamberlain's unpractical optimism as mere folly; but Mr. Balfour had certainly been like a great predecessor of his, 'on the side of the angels.'

And as confidence in Mr. Balfour has increased he has felt able, without the risk of fatal disunion, to emphasise, as he did at Edinburgh, those elements in his own view as to possible fiscal reform which were quite incompatible with a policy of sheer Protection, to which Chamberlainism would inevitably have led. Had he forced the note earlier, disruption would have come, just as it would have come had he insisted on the Wharton amendment.

In the House of Commons I have said the Balfour policy has prevailed. How the country stands is yet to be seen. But a good deal has been done in the same direction even in the constituencies. The intense feeling in the country on behalf of Free Trade has found voice—a feeling which Mr. Chamberlain had not at all adequately

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realised. The dream that he would sweep the country was early dispelled, and since then the omens have been more and more adverse. His proposals were elaborated and received close cricitism, with the result that a revolution in our fiscal system was more and more felt to be out of the question. Steps gradual and tentative in the direction of Colonial preference remain possible. But the scale of the controversy has been reduced. A good deal has been done to bring the two wings of the party nearer together. Mr. Chamberlain found that he must, to win any hearing, advocate Free Trade as an ideal and ultimate end, and avow his opposition to the old Protectionist system which Peel abolished for ever. The Free Fooders, on their side, have become more moderate. Lord Hugh Cecil has declared himself not opposed to Retaliation. The Duke of Devonshire has admitted that the Free Trade dogmas must not be pressed too absolutely. As in applied mathematics, the world of fact must somewhat disturb *a priori* calculations. And so Mr. Balfour's contention, that Free Trade principles are not best secured by their extremest advocates, is receiving more consideration. We have got to see if the experiment of taxing food, which troubled no Conservative in the case of the shilling duty on corn, will be generally assented to on a somewhat larger scale. Conciliation is in the air. The Promised Land (be it observed), the ideal too good to be realised, but perhaps capable of being approached, and which must be approached before *any* fiscal changes are practicable, is to return to the state of things which existed before the 15th of May, 1903. Thus the country has been convulsed, a strong Ministry dismembered, and the time of the House of Commons largely wasted for two years through the use of ill-considered words in two speeches on the 15th of May and the 28th of May. For a time it appeared that the Unionist party was simply shattered—and such a breach is in most cases irreparable. 'All the king's horses and all the king's men' may be unable to mend what a few rash words can effectually break. Probably no other man living except Mr. Balfour could have effected even the partial reconstitution of the party.

The gifts which have enabled him to do so afford a remarkable psychological study. Men of, in some ways, greater strength and greater constructive ability would not even have attempted it, and could not have effected it.

Let me make some brief attempt to indicate the qualities which have been brought into play. Some of them so permeate his personality that they appear in his philosophy as well as in his political action—nay, they are visible in the well-known traits of his social character. Such qualities, though at first sight superficial, are not so. The student of psychology cannot ignore them, for it is just because they appear in every aspect of his life and action that they are seen to be so intimately a part of himself.

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His aloofness and imperturbability, in the first place, enable him to carry out the decisions of an acute and highly critical intellect, undistracted by any disturbing force, either from the undue influence of others or from unregulated impulses in himself. His aloofness is the quality of one who does not wear his heart on his sleeve, who is not expansive, who does not readily unbosom himself, who is naturally fastidious, who has few if any friends with whom he is quite unreserved. In this quality he somewhat resembles William Pitt. Kindness and gentleness in his intercourse with others are not at all inconsistent with this trait. But he is probably never exactly genial. His natural aloofness is never quite forgotten by those who converse with him, though he can on occasion be most excellent company, charming everyone by his manner, which possesses a suavity which Pitt's had not. Pitt said of a rather pushing aspirant for honours, 'I had rather make him a Privy Councillor than speak to him.' This attitude would perhaps be an impossible one in the present age and in the existing House of Commons. And the last thing that could be alleged against Mr. Balfour is that he is unapproachable. Nevertheless the fastidious temper the anecdote betokens is common to the two men.

His power of attracting personal devotion is also like Pitt's, and has been an important factor in his success. Personal influence must have had much to say in the apparently impossible feat of September 1903, when he parted from Mr. Chamberlain without breaking with him, and all but succeeded in retaining the Duke of Devonshire when the other Free Traders left the Cabinet. Personal charm again not improbably had its share in the retention of Sir Michael Hicks Beach after their intercourse at Bristol. In the House of Commons his absence in the beginning of 1904 bore stronger testimony to his personal influence than anything his presence could have effected.

A certain leisureliness in his manner, which might at first sight be only the leisureliness of a man of fashion, is really a most significant trait. The leisureliness of his manner is symptomatic of a certain leisureliness in his diplomatic method. The late Lord Lyons used to say 'Never write to-day what you can put off until to-morrow,' because things may settle themselves. The complications caused by unnecessary initiative Mr. Balfour instinctively avoids, aided perhaps by a certain constitutional indolence

His perception of public opinion is as accurate as is possible concomitantly with a certain deficiency in emotional sympathy—an aspect of what I have called his aloofness. This deficiency gives him an indifference which is a great source of strength. A more sensitive man could hardly have preserved for so many months a policy hardly understood even by his friends and derided by his critics, or patiently worked at creating the public opinion by which alone it could be understood and approved. His aloofness and indifference, however, tell at times against success. They make him fail at times in full

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perception, as in his public utterances at the time of the war in South Africa.

He follows instinctively Polonius's maxim, and is slow to fight, but steady in carrying through a fight begun. Drive him into a corner, and with his back to the wall he will fight with a vigour and pertinacity astonishing to those who are accustomed to his normal imperturbability.

The net result is great insight, tenacity, and persistence, and the strength arising from these qualities. The main aim is never lost sight of. He acts on the motto 'More haste, less speed.' There is remarkable readiness to note and take account of the least breath of public opinion, but no disturbance of his course from the mere clamour of the mob or, again, from his own ungoverned emotion—carefully measured adaptability to external conditions, but no distracting influence from within. The absence of excitement or passion which makes his movement so deliberate keeps his course perfectly coherent. If he seems sometimes to 'dawdle, it is not the dawdling of an idler, but of one who constitutionally dislikes hurry, and has no need to hurry in order to make sure of keeping to his purpose. Though an acute thinker, he is essentially a great man of action, and such men are seldom in a hurry. One seldom hurries where one is quite at ease.

He is marked by great tenacity in friendships, alliances, undertakings. He knows well the value of small things, as answering letters or a kind word, and measures out such gifts with care and judgment.

In early years it was said that his social fastidiousness used at times to give offence. This result is probably now reduced to a minimum by his experience and philosophy, which make him realise that larger and cherished aims may suffer from any such form of self-indulgence. But the fastidiousness remains in his nature, and shows itself on occasion.

A touch of pessimism runs through his thought and work, yet not the profound pessimism which leads to inaction. Rather his pessimism goes with a certain philosophic contentment—for he looks in this imperfect world for no great results, and is therefore not easily disappointed. This holds in his philosophy of religious faith. His argument is, 'You criticise the reasons as inadequate. Yet how inadequate are our reasons for the primary beliefs which we all necessarily accept—in the outward world, in nature's uniformity! Be therefore content to act in religion, as in other things, on imperfect philosophical proofs. Philosophy is a poor thing.' So, too, as to theology. 'True enough, the old theological formulæ do not take account of the latest science and criticism. But what an inadequate instrument at best are human ideas for the expression of things divine! The boasted new theology of the future, theology amended to suit the brand-new speculations of the critics, will not be *much* nearer the truth than the old. Theology is a poor thing.'

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This relentless and cold criticism implies doubtless a certain lack of lively enthusiasm. But there is deep down a strenuous desire to do his best to help the machine to work as well as it can—whether the machine be philosophy, theology, or politics. *Fais ce que dois, advienne que pourra.* There is then an underlying pessimism which helps to resignation; but also an accompanying tenacity of purpose which leads to victory.

His aloofness and fastidiousness, I may add, greatly affect his style in writing. They give it distinction. But they bring a certain deficiency in volume and humanity.

Nearly all these qualities appear to me to have had their share in Mr. Balfour's conduct of affairs during the past two years. The critical intellect carefully discounted the value of Mr. Chamberlain's rhetoric, and noted the vagueness of his proposals. The same gift saw in the invectives of the Free Traders something far beyond the rational outcome of Cobden's principles. The policy of dawdling with a purpose, to give time for excitement to subside, needed all his passionless aloofness, steadiness of aim, leisureliness of action, imperturbable confidence, while the constant intellectual fencing demanded by the situation, which had to be at once successful and non-committal, called for all his acuteness and perception of the forces of opinion with which he had to deal.

His pessimism again has helped to keep him aloof from both extreme parties. Neither the optimism of Chamberlain nor the optimism of the extreme Free Traders was possible to him. Neither the future nor the present was ever in his eyes golden. Yet the peculiar limitations of his pessimism made him work with a certain enthusiasm for the practicable—for making the best of things. What other keen man of action among our public men can dispense with the idealising tendency, and see things simply as they are? What other pessimist, on the other hand, would work, endeavouring to make the best of a rather bad job, as hard as an optimist who hopes to realise golden dreams? Again, we have our sensitive politicians who are alive to every breath of opinion and are swayed by it, and our imperturbable politicians who calmly carry through their policy regardless of opinion. But where else but in Mr. Balfour have we the useful quality that belongs to sensitiveness—namely, fine perception—without its defect of impressionableness? Where else have we the strength of indifference without its defect of insensibility? A merely sensitive politician would have resigned long ago. A merely determined one would have persevered and broken the party to bits. Nothing but the finest and most accurate perception of feeling and opinion, coupled with the calmest persistence, could have prolonged the life of the present Parliament without absolute catastrophe. And here the tenacity of his friendships, which survived in spite of greater tenacity to principles which tried friendship, helped again. Mr. Chamberlain's friendship has been an asset of the most essential importance. Yet who else but Mr.

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Balfour could have kept it and yielded so little practically to the object on which his friend's heart was set? Probably a certain aloofness even in friendship makes this possible. A more enthusiastic temperament would beget friendships with more quarrelsome possibilities.

Note again how the pessimistic and critical tendencies in him, and his aloofness from passion, helped in sifting the problem—in separating Free Trade from its current shibboleths, in pointing out the share of contingent events in framing so-called necessary maxims—for example, the share of English history in begetting the intense feeling of Englishmen against the taxation of food. And what he did in bringing to book Free Trade dogmatism he also did in reducing the optimistic declarations of the tariff reformers to the shape of schemes practicable in themselves and in view of public opinion. How carefully again has he avoided the old fallacy of the Manchester school—that men always act from self-interest! How important is the cognate distinction, which the hot-headed ever forget, between what is economically best, and what is on the whole wisest! Man does not live by bread alone. If Colonial preference should prove practicable and politically very valuable, have we not a gain far outweighing even valid criticisms from an economic point of view? If countries love each other the more through attaching a mistaken value to well-meant concessions, does not the gain in love outweigh any loss due to the error? Are we to eliminate illusion wholly from the sources of love? If so, the mortality among existing loves will be heavy. In all this we see Mr. Balfour's patient, passionless pessimism—not the pessimism of the impracticable sentimentalist, but that of the highly practical statesman who tenderly reminds dreamers that they are in a hard world of fact.

To one whose views of life were more enthusiastic, such labour, devoted to an object which promised so little, would have been intolerable. It was a policy in many ways of self-effacement and self-abnegation, for the many could not appreciate it. It had nothing inspiring in it, and the best of his rivals would have done no more than carry it through perfunctorily and without spirit. Mr. Balfour, on the contrary, put his very best work into it. The energy which others reserve for favourite schemes, urged on by visions of great results to be accomplished, Mr. Balfour devoted to this *pis-aller* policy, which he had not chosen, which he thought a mistake—though now an inevitable one—which offered no prizes and many possible blanks.

I have, in the foregoing pages, emphasised the gifts shown by Mr. Balfour during the last two years, because they appear to me to be inadequately appreciated, and often confounded with qualities quite out of keeping with his intellectual character. But no fair critic should ignore the defects of the best qualities. If his power of dealing with a situation of unparalleled difficulty has been such that one need hardly in some directions fear the possibility of an over-

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estimate, I think he had some share in creating the difficulties he has dealt with so ably. The duality of his own mind, the aloofness which enables his own intellect to work undisturbed by his own passions, does not exist in others; and it may be questioned whether the policy of raising the fiscal question in the House of Commons and discussing it as in a debating society would be practicable for any House of Commons which did not consist mainly of Balfours. Even apart from Mr. Chamberlain's excesses, the endeavour would probably have led to trouble. The policy of Peel and Gladstone, which Mr. Balfour criticised on the 10th of June, 1903—the policy of maturing a programme before it is ventilated in the House—is perhaps almost a necessary one, because there will always be Chamberlains to turn a judicial inquiry, on a question on which feeling is in some quarters very strong, into a source of immediate disunion. I think that in his more recent action in shelving the fiscal question, Mr. Balfour has shown a conscious or unconscious perception of his earlier mistake. Moreover, the staying power and absolute imperturbableness which enable him to prolong a situation to most men intolerable, brings this much of Nemesis that a prolonged crisis is a prolonged period in which even small mistakes are serious. And no one can be constantly strung up to the desirable pitch. A man may boast that he keeps awake during an all-night sitting, when all his colleagues at one moment or another nod. But he will not be quite at his best all night. And so Mr. Balfour has occasionally, though rarely, at moments of fatigue or inattention, lost touch with the House's feeling. Again, his sense of what will affect his immediate audience—in which his perception goes hand in hand with his pessimism—sometimes makes him content on the platform with arguments unworthy of the political philosophy on which he practically acts—as when he swept away, in his speech to Protectionist Sheffield, the Cobdenist controversy as wholly without present interest, and as belonging simply to ancient history,[7] a view inadequate to the real convictions of one who so fully realises the organic connection between present and past. Again, for one who sees a waiting game to be essential, there are moments when the dilemma, 'Own that you have failed' or 'Play a purely opportunist game for the present,' becomes intolerably difficult. The problem as to how far the end justifies the means is ever a hard one, and is ever haunted by the alternatives of failure owing to passing causes, or forms of compromise which the 'plain man' regards as somewhat disingenuous.

The surrender of the Wharton amendment appeared to some like a sacrifice of the official programme, and an admission that the Premier was at heart with the extreme reformers. It seemed to confirm the

[7] It is 'of no interest whatever to us now except from an historical point of view. It is over and done with. I care no more for it than I do about the Bangorian controversy.'

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'two whist players' theory. And stronger instances could be given.

But when criticism has said its worst, Mr. Balfour's achievement in the last two years has been extraordinary, though it has been so little appreciated that it offers small hope of present reward or prize. I believe that history will award the prize, and a very great one. His policy will live for posterity as a classical instance of a statesman who kept his head when hardly anyone else succeeded in doing so, who believed in himself in spite of the ridicule and invectives of assailants from both sides, and who gradually restored confidence and won back the faith of his party. Whether he succeeds or only just fails must largely depend on the chapter of accidents. The achievement remains in either case a most remarkable display of statesmanship, the full measure of which will only be appreciated when the controversy is seen at some distance. Once again in history a single man has restored the fortunes of the republic, and has done so by a policy of delay. *Cunctando restituit rem.*

The events which the *Spectator* regarded as the occasion of the downfall of a great statesman have proved to be his opportunity.

WILFRID WARD.

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IS PARLIAMENT A MERE CROWD?

Of late years many people have written on the psychology of crowds. It is now generally realised that crowds are not to be regarded as mere assemblages of individuals, but as a kind of creature more or less completely organised, and that the opinion of a crowd is not either the greatest common measure or the least common denominator of the opinions of the individuals composing it, but something altogether different—a kind of compelling emotion that controls the minds of the individual components, constraining them to act and feel not as they, as individuals, would have acted and felt, but in a manner often quite opposed to their own individual tendencies. In fact, it is not the presence of a number of individuals simultaneously together in one place that makes a crowd, so much as the existence of what I may call a crowd-sentiment animating a number of individuals, whether present at once or scattered abroad. Thus a nation is a crowd, and includes all patriotic citizens in whatever part of the world they may be. A university is a crowd, and may be counted to include past as well as present students. A public school is a crowd; the adherents of a political party are a crowd; the habitual readers of a given newspaper are a crowd. The adherents of a religious sect are a crowd; so are the members of a club, or of any society. In fact, there are all sorts and kinds of crowds, more or less loosely organised, from a mere mob at one end of the scale to a regiment under arms at the other. Every man alive probably belongs to a whole number of different crowds, by whose corporate sentiments his thoughts and his actions are controlled at different times and under different circumstances.

The question how many individuals it takes to make a crowd, what is the minimum number whose union can give rise to the crowd-sentiment, has, I think, been answered in the formula defining the maximum numbers of a good dining company—namely, that they should not be more than the Muses. That formula implies that when more than nine persons are present together, taking part in a common function, the unfettered play of individuality ceases. A common sentiment is liable to arise which will control the action of the individual mind, and will, in fact, destroy the individuality

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of most by subordinating them to the dominance of one. A crowd, in fact, may be compared to a great bed of one kind of flower—a sheet of daffodils, where the flush of colour is the dominant effect, and where the individual blossoms go for nothing except as contributing to that effect. If an individual flower is to be admired for its own beauty and charm, it must be given a reasonable amount of space to itself and not combined with many of its fellows. It is exactly the same with men. Bring 100 men together into one room and you must silence ninty-nine of them that one may be heard. But that one, if he is to hold the floor, will be driven either to giving utterance to such sentiments as are pleasurable to the mass of his auditors; or, if he is strong enough, he can dominate them, and after a longer or shorter struggle can impose his opinions upon them. In a quite small assemblage of people such dominance can scarcely be arrived at, for where each can speak in turn, and where conversation more or less contributed to by all can be maintained, it is possible for each to preserve and more or less to state his own point of view without the necessity of surrendering himself either to the support or to the direct opposition of the contentions of another.

If we carry the eye of imagination far enough back into the history of mankind, we may be led to suspect that the earliest creatures to whom the name 'man' can be applied were incapable of forming themselves into a crowd. Man in the Palæolithic hunting stage was probably much more individualistic than he has ever been since. In his earliest warfare with beasts he probably depended upon individual cunning and furtive approach for the capture of his prey. Family co-operation was no doubt the earliest form of human co-operative effort; but a family even now is not a crowd. Family spirit is a totally different thing from the clan spirit. Family spirit is based upon individual relations and individual duties. It is essentially regardful of individual characters, prejudices, and peculiarities. In its highest form, as for instance among the Japanese, it includes the dead as well as the living in its purview.

It was not till the family gave place to the clan as the unit of nascent civilisation that the organisation of human crowds may be said to have begun. This occurred when the roving hunters' life was replaced by settlement in one locality, where homes were constructed, domestic animals reared, and simple agricultural operations undertaken. In fact, the formation of crowds seems to have been the great work of the Neolithic Age. To begin with, crowds were small, and doubtless had a tendency to split up and move from place to place. The tie that bound them to any one point was not at first a strong one, and the bond that united them together of necessity snapped when numbers increased beyond a certain point. The existence of a crowd where the individuals are mutually dependent upon one another for the means of life implies organisation, and the

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larger the crowd the more elaborate must be the organisation. History gives us countless examples in proof of this statement. It is only by means of the great development in organisation, rendered possible by modern scientific improvements, that the enormous nations of to-day can possibly exist. It is the lack of capacity to apply modern science to the affairs of life that is the cause of Russia's decay. It is extreme capacity to make such application that enables some ninety millions of people to live together in reasonable harmony within the limits of the United States. Similarly, by the application of modern science, means of communication, and organisation, the widely scattered elements of the British Empire are enabled to hold together.

Ancient empires fell to pieces not from any inherent vice, but because the maintenance of the internal organisation on a great scale was too difficult for them without the assistance of railroads, telegraphs, and all our modern appliances. When the Roman Empire fell to pieces, and the European crowd-organisation was destroyed by the immigration of multitudes of semi-savage people unacquainted with its crowd-traditions and not animated by any feeling of unity one with another, the whole business of crowd-building had to begin again, and the process of what I may call cellular growth may be dimly watched through such historical telescopes as we possess; just as sugar in a supersaturated solution crystallises about a number of threads let down into it, so the mixed and chaotic populations of Europe in the Dark Ages crystallised about such centres of security as were afforded by castles, monasteries, and walled towns. The limit of the crowd which a castle could protect was measured by the length of its striking arm. The population of a town could not then exceed the number that could be fed by the fields around, which it could protect by its military force. Thus the vitally organised crowds of the Dark Ages were inevitably small. This fact is obscured in the writings of most historians who describe the brief fortunes of empires and kingdoms, which, in fact, were only loose conglomerations (that formed and fell apart and reformed again, once more to sunder). The real history of the Dark Ages is that of the little crowds whose life was far less subjected to interruption or decay. Gradually, as men learnt how to organise better, and as the subordination of one to another became more entirely acquiesced in, these little crowds grouped themselves together into larger bodies. The little communities and municipalities grew together into provinces; but it was not till from three to four centuries ago that the provinces actually merged into nations; whilst it is only in our day that nations have to any extent expanded into empires with some probability of lasting.

It is thus apparent that the growth of crowds is the historic counterpart of the development of systems of government. The efficiency of a government is measurable by the size of the crowd it is capable of

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organising and keeping organised. Even the rudest form of crowd—the mere mob—has a leader and remains effective, in so far as a mob can be called effective at all, only so long as it follows some one line of operations which a figurehead, at least, is required to indicate.

A crowd-leader may belong to one of two distinct categories; he may be either a crowd-exponent or a crowd-compeller. A story is told of a riot in Paris where the mob, which had been agitating in one place, suddenly set off in another direction. A man on the pavement, talking to a friend, abruptly terminated the conversation, saying: 'I must hurry off now with the crowd, for I am their leader,' and promptly ran away in pursuit of his so-called followers. That is the type of the crowd-exponent; the man who, if he does not say to his constituents, clearly implies: 'These are my opinions, gentlemen, and if you don't like them they can be changed.' The average politician of the present day is a crowd-exponent. He is successful in proportion as he feels the pulse of his public and sees the kind of thing that they want. If he is sincere—and he sometimes may be—it is because by an accident his own principles happen to coincide with crowd-tendencies. In nine cases out of ten, however, the crowd-exponent is not a man of principle at all, but a sensitive person who unconsciously catches and indicates the crowd-spirit at the moment, just as a thermometer registers heat. This is why there is often so much of the artist nature about a crowd-leader; he is often eloquent for the same reason. He is altogether unconscious of the fact that the opinions he expresses amidst the applause of his audience have really been derived from the audience itself, and are not the result of his own individual reflections. It would be wrong to describe him as a demagogue—though a demagogue in fact he is—because his very unconsciousness is the salvation of his soul. The opprobrious term 'demagogue' may be reserved for that far more crafty and intellectual person, the man who, having definite opinions of his own, consciously exchanges them for opinions which he thinks will be popular. Your crowd-exponent is effective, as a general rule, in proportion to the unconsciousness with which he functions.

The crowd-compeller, on the other hand, is a man of far rarer and nobler type. He is the person who, having opinions of his own, knowing clearly what they are and why he holds them, believing in their truth, and assured of the beneficent result they will accomplish if put into effect, goes forth into a hostile world, and by his force of character, his strength of will, his power or resource, imposes those opinions upon an unwilling crowd, converts them to be his followers, compels assent, and finally, having mastered the multitude, uses them as his willing tools to accomplish the work he undertook to perform. Julius Cæsar and Napoleon are types of such persons.

Crowds must be the tools either of crowd-compellers or of crowd-exponents. A man of either class, when once firmly in the saddle,

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is difficult to oust, and is enabled to employ a proportion at any rate of the force thus placed at his disposal for the furtherance of his own private ends. Thus it happened in all the earlier stages of the world's history that the crowd-leaders became, and were expected to become, men of property; and so the idea of wealth has been associated until quite recently with the attainment of political power. The baronage of the Middle Ages represented the crowd-leaders of the chaotic period. The founder of a family obtained by intrigue or inherent capacity the position which he handed on to his descendants, a position which, with the passing centuries, it required less and less natural ability to retain.

As the organisation of crowds developed, the co-operation of more than one controlling individual became necessary; so that all those branches of government which are included under the terms 'law' and 'administration' grew up and gave occupation, and with it power, to a whole number of functionaries whose co-operation together became necessary for the control of the crowd. The development of municipal government in the early ages of modern European history resulted in the formation of these controlling individuals in their turn into a governing crowd; that is to say, the government of a town tended to be carried on only nominally by a supreme individual, but was practically in the hands of an assembly of a more or less so-called representative character, which assembly grew to be itself a crowd possessed of crowd-instincts, such as a larger crowd possesses, and liable itself to be dominated by an individual personality not necessarily its nominal head. The history of representative government is the history of the transfer of governing power from an individual to a ruling crowd, and the effort of revolutions and reforms has persistently been to bring about a state of things in which this governing representative crowd shall be animated at any given time by the same spirit, shall desire the same legislation, as the whole national crowd at that time.

Parliament is supposed to be a body desiring what the country desires. Each member of it is presumed to be the exponent of a particular constituency, and all the constituencies together are conceived of as expressing the voice of the country; so that Parliament in theory feels what the country feels, desires what the country desires, changes its ideals as the country changes, and is, in fact, a reflection or rather the mirror of the country's moods. This is a very pretty theory; but in practice it does not so work, for a variety of reasons. To begin with, members of Parliament themselves belong to two classes, the crowd-compellers and the crowd-exponents. There are some who, so far from expressing the opinion of their constituents, have imposed themselves by one means or another—force of character, strength of local position, or mere abundance of wealth—upon the constituencies that return them. They in fact only represent them-

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selves. For the rest, the crowd-exponents conform well enough to the theory that gives birth to them.

But the constituencies also are in theory conceived of as independent crowds, and some are so, in fact, though most are only parts of crowds. It is easy enough to cut up a country into areas of approximately equal population, and then to think that there is an equal representation of ideas to be found in the sum of the representatives they elect. But such is very far from being the case. A crowd is just as definite a thing as any other kind of animal. You might as well take twenty elephants and rule them out by lines of red paint into fifty-two parts, and consider those fifty-two parts as exactly equivalent to the twenty elephants, as cut up a country into shapes and pieces, and consider that each of those pieces was a separate crowd. The number of local crowds for political purposes existing in a given country at a given time is discoverable only by inquiry, and cannot possibly be dictated by a Legislature. For instance, London is one crowd; though there are sub-crowds in London whose local consciousness has a subordinate existence to that of the great municipal consciousness. East London has certain definite characteristics, so has the City; so, too, have some of the outlying districts. But all these characteristics are subordinated to the general feeling of a Londoner that he is a Londoner. Now the crowd-feeling of London, like any other crowd-feeling, is intensely infectious. You may pour into London annually thousands of people from all sorts of localities, bringing with them the memory of all sorts of local ideas; but in a month or two they will have taken on the London sentiment; they will have been merged into the London crowd. Similarly, London may send forth every year thousands of people to the ends of the earth; they will have been Londoners when they left, but six months later most of them will have merged themselves into some other crowd, and will have caught the infection of some other crowd's spirit. If you were to double the size of London in ten years you would not greatly change the London mind.

So it is with other centres of population. There exist in the country a certain definite number of these organic crowds. Every city is such a unit. You may split a city up into electoral districts in some of which a minority may have their say; but you will not thereby get the opinion of that city's crowd, you will only get the sporadic opinion of a number of people formed into crowds for the purposes of an election and immediately afterwards sinking back into the general whole. Every city has as definite a crowd-character of its own as every man has an individual character. If you want to know the opinion of the cities of a country you must ask each city as a whole, and not as a collection of districts.

What is true of cities is likewise true of smaller towns and villages. Nothing is more remarkable than the different spirit which you find

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animating two villages only a mile or so apart. The moment a body of men are so situated as to become a crowd-unit, a definite crowd-character arises in them, which you will nowhere else find exactly repeated. What is true of cities is likewise, to some extent, true of country districts, when for any considerable length of time they have learnt to regard themselves as units. Our county system, for instance, is old enough to have resulted in the definite formation of county characteristics. We know what to expect of a Yorkshire man, a Salopian, or a Devonian in addition to his own personal character, which may be of any kind; but overlying it and permeating it we know we shall find a certain set of prejudices and sympathies, a certain point of view, a certain attitude towards the world and to his fellows, characteristic of the county to which he belongs. This county character will tend to be transferred, not, indeed, so fast as a town character is transferred, to any newcomer who settles down in the midst of a county population. If you were to take a district of Somersetshire and a district of Yorkshire, and were to cause them to be united as a single Parliamentary constituency, the representative they returned could not by any possibility be a representative in the proper sense of the word. The spirit of Yorkshire can only be represented by a Yorkshire man or by one who has lived long enough in Yorkshire to catch the infection of the Yorkshire crowd-ideal, and the spirit of London can similarly only be represented by a Londoner.

In no way can a representative assemblage be formed which shall be really representative, except by dividing the country into constituencies corresponding to the crowds which actually do compose it, and by representing the crowds by individuals thoroughly at one with them in disposition. The country would have a real hold upon an assembly thus formed; but with the exception of the Senate of the United States, and the legislative bodies formed in imitation of it, I cannot recall any assembly that really corresponds to this ideal. The Senate of the United States, as every one knows, is a body in which party spirit is perhaps weaker, and local sentiment stronger, than in any other representative assembly in the world.

However elected, a representative body, when it comes together, and when the members of it are brought face to face, becomes a crowd. In theory it ought not to do so. The idea is that each individual member is to place his mind at the service of the people who elected him; that he is to consider for them the arguments to which he listens; that he is to exercise for them the power of judgment that is in him; and that he is to decide for them, this way or that, on the matters that come up for decision. But in practice nothing of the kind ever happens in any assembly in the world, for the simple reason that the individuality of each member suffers the same eclipse that individuality always must suffer in the components of a crowd. All the assemblies in the world are themselves crowds, subject to the vices of crowds,

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the passions of crowds, the inconsistencies of crowds, the stupidities of crowds, and the pride of crowds. A member of the House of Commons on occasion forgets everything except his membership of that body. Now it is an axiom that every crowd is potentially an enemy of every other crowd. I will not pause to prove this statement; but the behaviour of any two independent mobs that happen to be loose in the streets about the same time indicates what is the normal attitude of every crowd to every other crowd. The House of Commons, at any moment when its consciousness of its own individual existence is aroused, is the enemy of all other crowds, even of those out of which it sprung. Every crowd, moreover, is intensely eager to increase its own powers and to subordinate all other crowds to itself. A representative crowd differs in no wise from others in this respect. It has the same desire to be despotic, and pursues that end with a steady determination such as no short-lived individual can equal. However much its powers have been limited by constitutional enactments and paper securities, the certainty that it will increase its own powers at all costs and at every opportunity is assured.

Crowds, moreover, in their tenacity of power invariably throw the ægis of their collective strength over any of their members whose efficiency as a crowd-unit is in any way attacked. The House of Commons in this respect is just like a public school. However much the individual members may differ from one another in their ideas, however widely party spirit itself may dominate them, they instantly unite together as one man when the whole institution of which they form parts is attacked. They will collectively agree to spend money for their own comfort, which they certainly would not spend on that of any other crowd. They will support one another in obtaining front seats at ceremonials and privileges in the streets, which have nothing whatever to do with the functions for which they were elected. They will enhance their dignity in every kind of way, and under every sort of pretext, and if their power were unlimited, so would be the splendour of their environment and the extent of their privileges. There is no earthly reason why Parliament should be any better housed than a board school. But their crowd-dignity leads them to declare that, as representing the country, they must be gloriously entertained. These, however, are mere details of the crowd-characteristics of Parliament The fact that they are a crowd and not a mere assemblage of unattached individuals is of much deeper significance, and is productive of far-reaching results.

It is fairly obvious that no crowd can either think or deliberate. It is an amorphous creature without a brain. Thinking can only go forward in the individual head, and, therefore, every crowd must have its thinking done for it by some individual, now one, now another All that a crowd possesses is passions. By passion, not by thought, it obtains possession of an idea. The idea, having arisen in the brain

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of an individual, is by him, or by some one he convinces, imposed upon a crowd which never could have originated it. Parliament in no wise differs from any other crowd in this respect. The fact that Parliament is subdivided into under-crowds, and primarily into two opposing crowds, makes no difference. All its sub-crowds are capable of uniting together, and do so unite when the power of the whole crowd is in any way threatened. At other times the under-crowds follow their normal tendencies of contending one against another, and the larger prevails. But these sub-crowds are just as incapable of deliberation, just as incapable of originating any idea, as is a mass of protoplasm. All they can do is to follow a leader; they cannot even freely select the leader they would like to follow.

The fact that the thinking has to be done by individuals leads in the case of all Parliaments to the existence of a number of persons called Ministers, who either do the thinking or get it done for them by other individuals of greater intelligence. The official thinkers, meeting together, form the Cabinet or Council of Ministers, or whatever it may be called. Every crowd has to have such a council, as a club or society has to have an Executive Committee. Now, if this Council does not exceed in number the maximum which can meet round a table, each person present having the opportunity to speak in a conversational manner whilst all can hear, it will fulfil its purpose as a crowd-brain; but if the numbers exceed that limit, your Executive Committee or Cabinet will forthwith in turn become a crowd incapable of deliberation, and itself dependent again upon some individual or individuals to think for it. This is exactly what has happened in recent days with the English Cabinet. A century ago its numbers were small enough for the individuality of each member to be maintained, and the personalities of each and all of them to have effect. But now the Cabinet is so large that this is no longer possible. It is a little crowd, possessed, therefore, of all the crowd-characteristics, chief amongst which is the desire for power and an instinctive hostility to all other crowds. Fundamentally, the Cabinet is hostile to the House of Commons. It continuously strives, and with success, to appropriate to itself the powers which properly belong to the House of Commons. It supplants the House of Commons as a deliberative assembly; it has practically taken away from it the power of refusing supplies or of debating whatever subjects it pleases; in fact, in the course of a century, it has wrought an absolute revolution in our whole constitutional system. Nothing but the phrases remain—the facts are all changed. We talk of Parliament as possessed of supreme power, whereas it is the Cabinet that possesses it. We talk of Parliament as capable of upsetting the Ministry, whereas the only question at any given moment is whether the Ministry shall upset Parliament or not by dissolving it. A slight but significant sign that the change has not passed altogether unnoticed is that the old-fashioned phrase

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'Ministers' is no longer employed. We always speak of the Cabinet, the Government, or the Ministry. The name 'Ministers' implied a recognition of their separate individualities. The term 'Ministry' implies that they are regarded as a crowd. This revolution has, no doubt, been the result of a growth, and not of a policy intentionally pursued. But if it had been desired to take away power from Parliament, no more certain means could have been found for accomplishing that result than to increase by steady degrees the number of Ministers until together they became a crowd, as has, in fact, been done.

A further and necessarily concomitant development has taken place. The Ministry being a brainless crowd, obliged to have its thinking done for it by a small Committee, there has arisen within the Cabinet an inner Cabinet, still less contemplated by the Constitution than is the Cabinet itself. So that, whereas in theory the British Empire is governed by the King and the two Houses of Parliament, in practice it is governed by the King, the Cabinet, and the inner Cabinet, Parliament merely existing to register the decrees sent down to it, and to do so in the most cumbersome possible form, at the greatest expense, with the most appalling waste of time.

Except for the fact that, as a result of the General Election which incidentally brings Parliament into existence, the party colour of the Cabinet is determined, Parliament in its public assembly accomplishes nothing that is not capable of being better accomplished by newspapers fully reporting the speeches of public men. I do not, of course, refer to the departmental work carried on in the Committee rooms in the Houses of Parliament, work in every way essential to the well-being of the country as at present governed. I refer merely to Parliament as a great debating house and voting place, and I say that as far as its debating function is concerned, that might, nowadays, be equally well performed by newspapers; whilst as a voting engine its functions have passed away from it, and have been transferred to the Cabinet.

The Cabinet, as a debating crowd, is inferior to the Parliament of half a century ago in many respects. The Cabinet does not of necessity contain—indeed, it is specially constructed not to contain—sub-groups representative of the main differences of opinion in the country. Only in theory is the Parliamentary crowd the national crowd in miniature. It never was a perfect reproduction on a small scale of the national crowd; yet it was intended so to be, and it believed it was, and still believes. On the other hand, the Cabinet is intended only to represent the majority national crowd. Then, whereas Parliament always debated in public, the Cabinet debates in private. Whereas in Parliament securities were taken for the rights of minorities, in the Cabinet the intention is that no minority shall exist or be represented at all. The general unanimity which is thus aimed at is, of course, impossible of

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attainment; because every crowd that has more than a brief span of existence, like a street mob, tends to split up into parties, and the Cabinet is no exception to the rule. As long as a Cabinet only consisted of a small number of individuals, there might be, and there of course were, continual differences of individual opinion, and alliances between one and another of the members for the purpose of enforcing their opinions and making them prevail. But on the day when the Cabinet became a crowd it was certain that it would break up into parties, as we see the present Cabinet has done. The party system, which was plain and helpful as long as it applied only to Parliament as a whole, has now become confused and almost paralysed by this new party system within a party which renders government uncertain, and deprives decisions of authority.

The fact that the function of deliberation has passed from Parliament to the Cabinet, and that the House of Commons, by its own fault, has lost both the powers of initiative and control which it formerly possessed, involves a change in the constitution of the country. That change is neither problematical nor imminent. It has taken place. The old securities are no longer effective for the purposes for which they were devised. Some of them have ceased to be operative at all; others are effective for purposes previously unforeseen. What, in fact, are the dangers against which securities are now essential? There is one greater than all others. It is the danger of mob-rule. The incarnate crowd is enthroned. It has been decided that Public Opinion—that is to say, the opinion of the national crowd—shall determine the trend of legislation and administration; that what is generally desired shall be put in hand, not what the most experienced persons think best. It is a pretty theory, but rotten at the core, because there is no such thing existing as a crowd-mind. Crowds have souls, perhaps, but they have no intelligence worth speaking of in comparison with the intelligence of an individual. What they lack in intelligence crowds make up in passion. Like all passionate creatures they are changeable. It is against this changeability that all democracies need securities. The United States constitution is a monument of the recognition of this need. It secures a continuance of executive independence during a period of four years. In the opinion of many American statesmen the period is too short. The Septennial Act secures for Great Britain a possible immunity from reversal of fundamental policy during a period of seven years. Few wise men will wish to have that period abbreviated. The House of Commons, nowadays, with its drilled and organised parties, stands between the national crowd and the deliberating Cabinet. It secures for the deliberating body time to mature its policy and give it effect. It also gives the nation time to arrive at a judgment, and to set its face definitely in one direction or another. Sometimes, as perhaps now, the nation may definitely change its attitude in less than that

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period. That it should nevertheless be compelled to wait is no harm either to it or to the party awaiting the call to power. What is fraught with infinite possibility of harm is easy opportunity for national passion to find expression in government.

It is matter of common knowledge that a rot has set in to our ancient Parliamentary system. But the reasons for this rot are by no means generally understood. It is only in quite recent years that we have begun to understand the importance of crowds as separate entities differing not merely in degree but in kind from individuals. So long as it was believed that individuals might be brought together in almost any number, and that they would preserve their individuality and continue to act as their individual dispositions and reasons prompted, it was not realised with how much jealousy the formation of a new crowd in the regions of government had to be watched. For a crowd is not merely the most despotic and irresponsible of beings, but it is a lower kind of thing than an individual. A crowd is a creature devoid of religion, devoid of human morals, ungoverned by reason, the victim of every kind of sentiment and sentimentality, puffed up with pride, and belongs in the scale of living creatures to the realm, not of men, but of beasts. It requires to be directed and controlled by a man—otherwise it immediately runs amuck, and does nothing but damage.

One crowd cannot control another crowd nor direct it—it can only absorb it or supplant it. The moment the powers of government are in the hands of a crowd, as they are in all the modern civilised States of the world more or less completely, it becomes necessary that that crowd should be controlled and restrained by every kind of constitutional sanction. Otherwise it will act freely in its brainless way, and be productive of nothing but mischief. Throughout a long series of centuries our Parliamentary crowd has been bound down by traditions, by rules, by constitutional limits of all kinds; no power of taking immediate decisions in a legislative sense has ever been granted to it; whilst in the person of the King, and in all that is implied and concealed behind his office, the power of the individual has always been maintained, and the consent of responsible individuals as well as their initiative has been preserved. But now that Parliament has for all practical purposes been replaced by a new crowd, assembling in secret, with few traditions, and controlled by no constitutional securities whatever, capable of coming to conclusions at a moment's notice, and with power to enforce them upon a merely registering assembly, all the securities so elaborately built up in the past have been destroyed, and we are face to face with an enthroned despotic crowd which the inner Cabinet may or may not be able to control, but which might at any time take the bit between its teeth and rush the country headlong to perdition. The habit of kowtowing to the crowd has become so common throughout the modern world that we

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are liable to forget what an entirely immoral creature it is. The whole purpose of all constitutions has always been to restrain it, and keep it under control.

Every individual, of what intelligence soever he may be, is of necessity an element in some or many crowds, and as such his individuality is destroyed. He will act as the crowd inspires him. Some people have almost no individuality of their own left. Their speech is the mere utterance of crowd-phrases and crowd-opinions, except in so far as it refers to the purely physical operations of their lives. They act as one crowd or another bids them; they live in strict conformity to a crowd's ideals; they get up at the hour that is supposed to be right; they eat their meals at the normal time, and with recognised foods prepared in the recognised manner; they behave in the presence of others according to recognised rules; they believe recognised opinions, or pretend to; they utter the recognised judgments; they deal out praise and blame, not from their own origination, but in accordance with what they believe to be the voice of the circle that hypnotises them. It is relatively rare to find an individual who follows his own individual bent, makes up his mind for himself, and states his own opinions freely and publicly on all subjects that come before him; who gets up when he pleases; eats and drinks when and what he feels inclined; lives and dresses how he likes, and not how fashion decrees; and in general expresses his own individuality in his own life, and not the crowd-individuality.

The nature of the ordinary man, then, being such that he is much more a crowd-element than an individual, it follows that it is hopeless to expect government, or at any rate human organisation, not to reflect this human weakness. In the earliest times human individuality was more pronounced than it has grown to be as civilisation advanced. Military organisation was, of course, the first to obtain any considerable development, and thus the power of a general was one of the earliest to grow considerable. But as crowds have increased in complexity of organisation, and have themselves to some slight degree developed in such rudimentary civilisation as they are yet capable of putting on, the crowd has tended, and still tends, to draw to itself powers previously exercised by individual rulers. Democracy is nothing else than the enthronement of the crowd. The world in the last century has practically declared for democracy, and the enthroned crowd must reign throughout the coming world-epoch. But just as kings and other personal governors in the past were gradually deprived of freedom in the exercise of many of their functions, and were especially limited in their control over the public purse, so it will become necessary to limit the power of the royal beasts that are now being set up on the new democratic thrones.

We know that it is better for all that the crowd should reign; we know at the same time that he is a mean creature of low habits,

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untrustworthy, incapable of settled opinions, passionate, and of sickly sentimentality. This creature we, clearly knowing of what character he is, on the whole recognise to be the best thing we can find in the modern world to determine the main issues on which the happiness of individuals rests. We let him take from us as much of our money as he pleases, and spend it on his own honour and glory; we let him interfere in all kinds of relations of our lives; we let him dictate to us on such personal matters as marriage, suicide, vaccination, and the like; we let him determine how children shall be educated, and in some countries to meddle between employers and employed; and we do so, I repeat, knowing how completely foolish he is, and how devoid of all the higher intelligences that are present in the individual brain. Such being, and for many reasons rightly being, the modern method of government, surely it behoves us to recognise the facts, and to strive to mitigate the disadvantages of an inevitable situation.

MARTIN CONWAY.

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THE SCANDAL OF UNIVERSITY EDUCATION IN IRELAND

It is evident that much time cannot be allowed to pass before a settlement of the Irish University question is arrived at, for a civilised people cannot continue in these days, and under British rule, to be intellectually starved. That the system of higher education for three-fourths of the population of Ireland is in a state that is profoundly unsatisfactory is admitted on all hands.

There are in Ireland two Universities, viz. the University of Dublin (Trinity College) and the Royal University. The University of Dublin was founded in the year 1591. Archbishop Adam Loftus had much to do with this foundation, and in a speech delivered to certain citizens of Dublin in the above-named year he stimulated their zeal by the assurance that the undertaking would tend 'to dazzle the eyes of the Papists with the lustre of well-doing,' and, again, that it would be of great advantage to themselves as well as to their learned offspring in the future, inasmuch as by the help of learning they might build their families 'some stones higher than they are by their advancement either in Church or in Commonwealth.' Whether the first-named inducement had much substance in it is open to doubt, but there is no question whatever as to the solidity of the last. To this day is to be seen in Ireland the curious spectacle of a nation with a free constitution ruled for the most part by a small section of its people. Over 74 per cent. of the population is Catholic, but a large majority of the judiciary, the magistracy, and the higher civil offices is held by Protestants. And this is not to be attributed to anti-Catholic prejudice only; evidence given before the recent Royal Commission on University Education in Ireland accounts for this anomaly by the absence from amongst the Catholic majority of candidates qualified for office by higher training and education.[1]

Dublin University is richly endowed. From a return presented to Parliament in the year 1874 the revenue derived from its landed estates and other sources was shown to be 63,000*l.* for the preceding year, and the capital value of the property in and about the University itself has been estimated at 1,000,000*l.* or 1,500,000*l.* Its public buildings have been, to a large extent, erected by funds supplied by

[1] *Appendix to First Report of Royal Commission*, Question 1953.

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Parliament, and the University occupies a matchless site, extending over some 28 acres of land in the heart of the capital. It is represented by two members in Parliament. Since the abolition of religious tests in 1873 all offices in the University have been open to all comers, but practically, although more than thirty years have elapsed, the University remains in the hands of the Episcopalian Protestants as completely as before. When it is borne in mind that this body comprises only 581,000 individuals (men, women, and children counted) in Ireland, it must be admitted that the educational requirements of this denomination at least are amply provided for.

For the small body of Presbyterians in Ireland, numbering in all 443,000, provision is made in the University of Dublin, including instruction in their own faith. The number of Presbyterians in the University is small, however; for higher studies they seem to prefer the Queen's College at Belfast. The reason for this seems to be that the Presbyterian body is almost wholly concentrated in Ulster, in which province they form a little over 26 per cent. of the population. In the Queen's College at Belfast over 70 per cent. of the whole body of the students are of this denomination, and the President of the college is always a Presbyterian clergyman.

The smaller Protestant bodies in Ireland number less than 126,000 in all, and to these Dublin University and the Queen's Colleges are open. The only religious body in Ireland for which provision for higher education is not made by the State, such provision at least as they can accept, is the Catholic body comprising 3,309,000 persons, or three-fourths of the whole population of the country, and it is in connection with this body that what is known as the University question exists.

The circumstances leading up to the establishment of the Royal University are as follows:—

In face of the pressing necessity of providing for the higher education of the mass of the people, the Government decided, in the year 1845, to establish colleges for higher studies at Cork, Galway, and Belfast, to be designated Queen's Colleges, and to be entirely undenominational. Religious instruction was to be wholly excluded from the course of studies. Previous to the introduction of the Bill in Parliament the Irish Bishops protested against the scheme as being dangerous to the faith and morals of Catholic students. The Bishops held that religious and secular education should not be separated. The Government took the opposite view, giving assurance that steps would be taken by the appointment of a Government inspector to prevent the possibility of the faith of the students being tampered with. To this O'Connell replied: 'We, the Catholics of Ireland, will not trust the faith of our people to the guardianship of the Crown. You admit there is danger, you admit that we should be protected, and you, a secular Government, you, a Protestant Government, ask us

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to constitute you the protectors of our people's faith. That we will not do.'

Although thus warned beforehand that their scheme was not acceptable, the Government of the day proceeded to give effect to it. And that they kept good faith on the religious question there appears to be no doubt. Indeed, a story was related of a former student in one of the colleges that during the whole of his course there he had not heard the name of God mentioned even once. As might have been anticipated, the scheme has ended in failure, with the exception, perhaps, of the college at Belfast, and even there the success achieved is far from unqualified. The Catholics, who form nearly half (44 per cent.) of the population of Ulster, hardly make use of the College at all.

In the year 1850 the Queen's University was founded, in which were incorporated the three Queen's Colleges. It was an examining body only, conferring degrees upon students from the three Queen's Colleges exclusively. The University was denounced for the same reasons as those for which the Queen's Colleges had been condemned, and ended in failure.

The next attempt to improve the state of higher education was made in 1879, when by the University Act, Ireland, of that year, the Queen's University was abolished and the Royal University was established in its place. A number of paid fellowships were instituted, the Fellows to act as examiners in the new University, and power was given to confer degrees upon students other than those coming from the Queen's Colleges. Again the scheme was framed on lines not in accord with the wishes of the people for whose benefit it was intended, and it has not worked satisfactorily.

In view of these circumstances a Royal Commission on University Education in Ireland was appointed in the year 1901, and the Commissioners were men eminently qualified to undertake the task committed to them. They appear to have taken much pains in acquiring information from those best fitted to give it, and also by personal investigation on the spot, and in the year 1903 they presented their final report. In the evidence placed before the Commission it was pointed out that nothing short of equality with the provision made for their fellow countrymen, the Protestant minority, would be accepted by the Catholics. This was placed beyond doubt in the statement of the Irish Bishops in the year 1896. They claimed

simply to be put on an equality with our Protestant fellow-countrymen. . . . We do not wish to take one shilling from the endowments of any other body. We look—apart from the consideration of our own inequality—with much admiration and sympathy upon the work which Trinity College and the Belfast Queen's College are doing. But we ask as a matter of simple justice that the Catholics of Ireland should be put on a footing of perfect equality with them.[2]

[2] *Appendix to First Report of Royal Commission*, p. 385.

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In the declaration of the leading Catholic laity of Ireland presented to the Lord-Lieutenant in the year 1897, a similar claim is made.[3] It was, in fact, made clear from the beginning that, if finality was to be arrived at, equality must be a condition precedent.

With this information before them, the Commissioners, in their report, recommend that the Royal University be reconstituted, that it shall become a federal university, with the three Queen's Colleges as constituent colleges, and that a new college be established in Dublin upon lines acceptable to the Catholics to form a fourth constituent college. Clearly this arrangement would be an improvement on the existing state of things, but it goes without saying that the proposals of the Commissioners do not establish equality, nor do these proposals for that reason afford any prospect of finality. Indeed, the report seems to bear on the face of it the misgivings of its authors. Of the twelve members of the Commission one refused to sign the report, and of the eleven remaining members no fewer than nine have signed with more or less important reservations or further suggestions. In such circumstances the report of the Commissioners can avail but very little in bringing about a settlement. One useful purpose has, however, been served. The evidence given before the Commission and the documents published with the report are replete with information of the highest value. Here we have placed before us in a clear and intelligible form the complicated problem of Irish higher education. But the Commissioners have lost their opportunity. Instead of being guided by the evidence, they have placed before Parliament and the country a shifty compromise, and consciousness of the unsatisfactory character of their proposals seems to manifest itself in the numerous reservations with which their signatures are guarded.

In England the seriousness of this question of higher education for the mass of the Irish people appears never to have been grasped. Out of 3,309,000 Catholics in Ireland—over 74 per cent. of the entire population—there are only some 250 lay students in receipt of higher education in the colleges endowed by the State,[4] or, in other words, one in every 13,000 of the Catholic population; while of the Episcopalian Protestants, 581,000 in number, forming 13 per cent. of the entire population, there were at the date of the Royal Commission in Dublin University alone 1000 students, or about one in every 580 persons of that denomination.[5] Of the Presbyterians, 443,000 in number, one in every 1200 is in receipt of higher education in endowed colleges.[6] It is right that the full meaning of these remarkable figures should be realised in this country. That we should shut out from the benefits of higher education three-fourths of a nation like the Irish, full of natural ability, involves a loss to the Empire, in every part of, it that can hardly be exaggerated. Had we

[3] *Appendix to First Report of Royal Commission*, p. 295.
[4] *Ibid.*, Question 2093. [5] *Ibid.*, Question 320.

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from the first held out to the majority of the population the same facilities for educational purposes that have been provided even to profusion for the favoured minority, there is no department of the State, civil or military, that would not have profited by such action. We have deliberately let run to waste, and cast aside as of no account, raw material of admirable quality.

In the past, no doubt, religious rancour was the chief motive, but now at least, when we profess to act on the principle of religious equality, to afford equal opportunity to all, it is time to put an end to a state of things in Ireland that has been described by one of the Royal Commissioners as 'intolerable.' In England it is commonly assumed that the Irish prelates are determined to keep entire control over higher education, and that this is the obstacle that still stands in the way and prevents the State from making suitable provision for the higher education of the Catholic people. But what foundation is there for this view? The claim of the Bishops is plainly set forth in a statement dated in June 1897 and signed by them.[6] It will be seen that no such control by ecclesiastics is asked for. On the contrary, it is agreed that the control should be vested in a body of which the majority would be laymen, and this point is still more definitely dealt with in his evidence by the Rev. Dr. Delany, President of the Catholic University College in Dublin. He says that if the governing body of the proposed University were twenty-four in number he would have eighteen of them laymen.[7]

The Bishops further agree that all questions arising in connection with the appointment and dismissal of professors should be met 'by submitting such questions to the decision of a strong and well-chosen Board of Visitors in whose independence and judicial character all parties would have confidence.'

The Bishops acquiesce in opening up the proposed University throughout to all comers, irrespective of religious belief. They do not ask that a chair of Theology should be provided from public funds. Such a chair exists, it is true, in Dublin University, but on the other hand the ecclesiastical College of Maynooth is partly endowed by the State. The Bishops would doubtless make provision for instruction in theology—*Scientiarum Mater*—for in a University such as they contemplate the subject could not be omitted, and in connection with this question Newman's notable words are worth recalling:

> If you drop any science out of the circle of knowledge you cannot keep its place vacant for it; that science is forgotten; the other sciences close up, or, in other words, they exceed their proper bounds and intrude where they have no right. For instance, I suppose, if ethics were sent into banishment, its territory would soon disappear under a treaty of partition, as it may be called, between law, political economy, and physiology; what, again, would become of the province

[6] *Appendix to First Report of Royal Commission*, p. 387.
[7] *Ibid.*, Question 1282.

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of experimental science if made over to the Antiquarian Society, or of history if surrendered out-and-out to metaphysicians? The case is the same with the subject-matter of theology; it would be the prey of a dozen various sciences if theology were put out of possession; and not only so, but those sciences would be plainly exceeding their rights and their capacities in seizing upon it. They would be sure to teach wrongly where they had no mission to teach at all.[8]

Having regard to the declaration of the Bishops, on what conceivable grounds can further delay in the settlement of the Irish University question be defended? The report of the Royal Commissioners has been before the Government for two years; the report may not help them very much, but the voluminous evidence, and the documents which are published with the report, practically exhaust the subject. It is action that is now required.

As an alternative to a separate university, a scheme has been put forward to found in the University of Dublin a college to be under Catholic influence to the same extent as Trinity College is under Protestant influence, and the Catholic authorities have stated their willingness to accept, under conditions, such a solution. But the grave question arises here, whether it is advisable—I had almost said admissible—to accede to this proposal whereby the whole university training of the country would be centralised in one national institution. The course suggested has been tried in France with very unsatisfactory results. The tendency of the day is against centralisation, and in favour of the multiplication of universities. England has seven such already, and one more at least, viz. that of Sheffield, is in contemplation.

In Scotland there are four universities, and the multiplication of universities is an accepted policy in most parts of the Continent and in the United States. In the words of a recent writer quoted by the President of Queen's College, Belfast, the system of centralisation in this matter 'has wrought unmitigated evil in every country where it has existed.'

Evidence was given before the Royal Commission that if a university acceptable to Catholics were established in Ireland the number of students would probably rise to 2,000,[9] and that amongst these there would be a large contingent from Maynooth College, where from 500 to 600 students of university age are preparing for the priesthood.

The secondary or intermediate schools for Catholics in Ireland contain, it is asserted, some 4,000 boys, and these are instructed by young priests fresh from Maynooth. It is almost pathetic to read, in the evidence given by the Bishop of Limerick, of the disqualifications these teachers labour under owing to the absence of university training.

They come out of Maynooth [the Bishop says] with very clear intellects and very great logical power, but they are absolutely deficient in all classical

[8] *Scope and Nature of University Education*, Discourse III., p. 96 (2nd edit.).

[9] *Appendix to First Report of Royal Commission*, Questions 651–656.

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education, and in all scientific and mathematical education, and, above all, deficient in that undefinable thing which is not knowledge, but culture—the character of a man that is formed when he goes through the process of a real university education; something you cannot put your hand on; a something that cultivates a sense of honour and a right judgment with regard to the affairs of life. If our priests had such an education they would be totally different teachers from what they are now.[10]

In Ireland the great majority of the Catholic population consists of small traders, farmers, and labourers, who could not unaided make any direct use of a university. But with co-ordination of primary and secondary schools, aided by scholarships to be competed for at the latter, clever boys even of poor parents would have the way opened to them to proceed to the university and to attain the highest positions. The benefit would not stop there, however. The whole mass of the population would partake of it even if it were only the teachers of their teachers that had acquired the wide culture and open-mindedness that come of university training.

The position of university education in Ireland constitutes a huge scandal, which for the credit of the country, if for no other reason, must be put an end to. Let us not, after the miserable series of failures in the past, revert to the practice of forcing upon an unwilling people a system that they refuse to accept, or will accept so long only as something better cannot be exacted by renewed agitation. The people have, after all, natural rights in a matter such as the education of their own children. Let us respect them. No wiser words are recorded in the minutes of the evidence given before the recent Royal Commission than those addressed to the Commissioners by the late Mr. Lecky:

I think the State should say to the Roman Catholics, 'If you will not accept our type of education, give your people higher education in your own way, and under the most favourable conditions; only try to put an end to the lamentable deficiency in it which now exists, and which is exercising a most pernicious influence in every department of Irish life.'

GEORGE T. LAMBERT.

[10] *Appendix to First Report of Royal Commission*, Question 325.

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OUGHT PUBLIC SCHOOLMASTERS TO BE TAUGHT TO TEACH?

THE question at the head of this paper would at first seem singularly fatuous. There is a general belief that education matters a great deal, especially in the case of the sons of the ruling classes in the country, if there is still a class to which that expression may be applied. And there is, further, a fairly widespread knowledge that it is difficult. Indeed, this knowledge is rapidly on the increase. Everybody who seriously addresses himself or herself to the task of training a child, especially someone else's child, soon discovers how incredibly difficult it is to approximate to the ideal in any one department of the subject. And the number of parents, or anyhow of mothers, who nowadays give serious attention to the principles of education is certainly much larger than it was thirty or forty years ago. Whether home training is more successful than it was then is a separate question. But no one can doubt that there is far more of educational talk, for more parents know what they ought to aim at; and that is nearly equivalent to saying that far more know how exceedingly difficult it is in education to achieve the object of effort, and to feel that worthy aspirations have been satisfied.

And if that is the case with parents and governesses, it is still more emphatically true of schoolmasters. I doubt if any profession—even the medical—is more convinced of the exceeding difficulty of the art it professes. Read a collection of educational essays written by schoolmasters, and how full they seem of a sense of the complexity of the art of teaching! How wistful! How unlike the tone of the old dominie, or of the schoolmaster who still lingers in the popular imagination, and finds expression in such works of fiction as *Vice Versa*! Indeed, to many people there would seem to be something of what grammarians call an oxymoron, a paradoxical juxtaposition of opposites in the term a *wistful* schoolmaster. None the less, he exists in large numbers at the present time, and the reason why he is wistful is that he is seriously trying to train boys' minds, and is finding the task enormously more difficult than he had supposed.

Since, then, there is this consensus of opinion, among those who

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are best fitted to judge, to the effect that education, whether we think of simple teaching or of training the character, is supremely difficult; and since, again, no one, whatever he might think, would presume to say that education is unimportant, how can there be any doubt as to the answer to be given to the question with which we started? If teaching is difficult, and has to be done, and, if possible, to be done well, surely it is simply a question of training. You train soldiers, sailors, doctors, plumbers; why not schoolmasters? Or, again, you train elementary schoolmasters; why, then, not those who have to teach higher subjects to a more important class of youngsters? The question surely is superfluous.

So anyone might argue. But it is a most singular fact that in England the belief in the efficacy of any system designed to teach schoolmasters how to teach has never yet received more than a most languid support. In the case of the elementary teachers, it is true, the country spends huge sums in training, and there is a strict system of certificates. But that is not because the country thinks that the art requires to be taught, but because it is pretty well known that without training many primary teachers would be at a loss *what* to teach without reference to the question of *how*. But when we come to consider the teachers in secondary schools, we are surprised to find that though their task is more important, and in some ways more exacting, there never has been anything like a public demand that they should be taught to teach before they begin to teach. Till very recently—that is, roughly speaking, about twenty-five years ago—the question had not begun to be formally discussed. And when it first began to awaken interest there were very few people outside the profession itself who ever gave it a thought. It is a curious and instructive fact that the demand for training arose from the ranks of the teachers themselves. One might have expected that the most exacting critic of a teacher's faulty methods would be the parent, who pays a tangible sum to get his boy taught, and then finds, to his chagrin, that he is being taught badly; and that, therefore, the loudest clamour in favour of the training of secondary-school teachers would have come from the public composed of the parents of the boys. But, lo! they were, and have been, as silent as the grave on this subject, and the request for training has come from the teacher himself, who thereby confesses publicly that he is aware, if not of his later deficiencies, anyhow of his earlier; and, so viewed, the situation has in it something of the unexpected and the dramatic.[1]

It is not, however, to be inferred that the schoolmasters, as a whole, have been eager promoters of professional training. A somewhat

[1] Since 1854 the College of Preceptors has examined teachers in theory and practice, and since 1873 has instituted lectures. In 1879 the Cambridge Training Syndicate was formed, but the main supporters of this institution have been women. The only secondary training college for men had a brief existence.

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remarkable apathy on the subject has been shown throughout by the heads and assistant masters of the large public schools. But the reason for this, whether it be taken as satisfactory or not, is certainly intelligible, and it is connected with the general feeling on the question, which exists among a very considerable number of those who have given some attention to the subject, even down to the present time. It will be advisable to explain this feeling and its causes, and then to consider what there is to be said on the other side.

Undoubtedly, the commonest kind of scepticism as to the value of training takes the form of insisting on the absolutely essential need of a certain personal magnetism if the teaching of a class is to be really effective. A conservative in this question would urge that, compared with the possession of this quality, no amount of technical knowledge or dexterity is worth anything. That is to say, that without the requisite personal qualifications, which cannot be taught, the tricks and methods, which can be taught, are worthless, and worse than worthless, as they reveal themselves, and betray that the failure of the teacher is not due to his being untrained, but is in spite of his being trained.

This may be at once conceded, and more might be added to the same effect. It is perfectly certain that in class teaching—and it is only about that that we are now concerned—nothing can compensate for naturalness and native force. The great American actor, Jefferson, held the whole of a vast audience in the hollow of his hand as soon as he appeared in ordinary evening dress on the stage. It was not necessary for him to make any effort. There the man was, and as soon as you saw him you longed to go straight to him and make his acquaintance on any pretext. Just so there are teachers who never speak without being listened to; others say the same things quite distinctly and nobody pays heed. If these latter are trained they may learn to speak with more vigour, probably at the cost of their vocal apparatus. But there will be no gain in effectiveness, and no one but an ignoramus could ever expect that there would be.

And yet the answer to this is quite simple. It is a great mistake to classify teachers, any more than other people, into the two classes—very good and very bad. The vast majority are between the two; of these, very many possess some natural gift for teaching—not a very brilliant endowment, but quite enough to do good work withal, only it is for a long time marred by blundering. It is quite possible for a conscientious, sound-headed man to sit daily in front of some twenty or thirty young Englishmen and, by omission and commission, spoil the very best of his teaching without knowing it. Another will begin by spoiling it, but, having some knack of self-criticism, he gradually comes to believe that when a lesson goes badly the fault is actually in the teacher, and not altogether in the pupils, or students as they are frequently called in the newspapers. This humility of mind, this

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readiness to say *mea culpa*, is by no means universal among the young men who come fresh from Oxford and Cambridge to join the teaching profession; it is, indeed, necessary to reckon with many instances of a very defective supply of the quality, because it would be foolish to credit young schoolmasters with a larger share of Christian virtue than other people, though one is stirred to do so sometimes by the readiness of other people to credit them with less. The object, then, of a general system of training is to enable the majority of teachers to become a little self-critical, to be told of a mistake before it has become inveterate, and to give them that particular readiness to try humbly, again and again, which is most terribly necessary in a schoolmaster, and which, of course, requires to be planted, as it is a blossom of character which seldom grows naturally. The practical training now offered by universities and training colleges gives exactly this opportunity. The most glaring and patent faults are noted by the 'master of method,' who is in the room, and they are pointed out after the boys have withdrawn. It is difficult to doubt that they are corrected far sooner in this way than if the teacher were allowed to continue them for an indefinite time in the lower forms of some public school, where the only criticism that he can calculate upon getting is the keen but usually unspoken verdicts of his youthful auditors. And even if he be fortunate enough to catch now and again some stray words of judgment from their lips, he must not be disappointed to find that they fail in subtle discrimination. He will be dubbed either a 'beast' or a 'rather decent old sort,' and though his curiosity will be whetted to know the grounds on which such judgments are based, there is little probability of his ever succeeding in his quest. And yet from any other quarter what help can he expect? Everybody is too busy, and the weeks go by. So he pounds away at his daily task, and if he is one of a very large number, he will either see no reason to correct anything in his methods, or he will worry himself about the less serious faults and leave the remainder as they were.

The next indictment brought against the system of training is that some secondary schoolmasters of the present day have gained certificates, but subsequently shown marked inferiority to others who have not. The 'man in the street' among members of the profession is emphatic on this point. When questioned he can only rarely give the name and address of the certificated but inferior teacher; but, like many other people, he will retail as a fact, thoroughly investigated, an assertion which tells in favour of his own action, or want of action. To a vast number of people any proposed change in social life is a source of irritation or derision merely because it is a reflection on them for not having adopted it before. The heat that is engendered in discussions on these subjects (as in theology) is due not to the eagerness of A. to convert B., but to his alarm that he may be proved to be in the wrong. So it is not wonderful if untrained teachers are

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a little hasty in their judgments of those who have been trained. But supposing the objection were literally true, the explanation is very simple. As long as a state of things exists when any man of good reputation and degree can be pretty sure of a good berth whether he be trained or not, it is certain that the first lot of men who are trained will be those who are the most insecure in their credentials. They will gain the certificate, hoping that it will strengthen slightly a weak case; and it is not to be expected that training will yield very showy results if tested in this way. But, as I have said, the results of even this unfair test are often made out to be worse than they really are. Also, it should be noted that the transitional state of things here described is passing away, owing to the long-delayed establishment of the Teachers' Register.

Again, those of the public who have given attention to the matter are disposed to think that the so-called theoretical training must be useless. It should be explained that the theoretical training, as conducted at present by the universities, consists chiefly in examining the student in elementary psychology, the history of education, the biographies of great teachers or reformers of teaching, and possibly in problems of school life. In short, a young man who has got a certificate of theoretical training has probably read something of Pestalozzi, Comenius, the Port Royalists, Ascham, Froebel, and Arnold, together with the writings of Bain, and possibly of Herbart, in a simplified form. The ordinary English critic who has not read a single page of any of these (except, perhaps, Stanley's 'Life of Arnold') dubs them all useless. He sees no reason why, for instance, a classical teacher should know how it comes about that some of us believe still in Latin and Greek—why, in short, there ever was a classical curriculum. The only rejoinder due to this affirmation is that it is nonsense. No young man can fail to be the better for knowing of the heroic efforts of the greatest pioneers of education in England and on the Continent. And when the classical controversy is raging through the civilised world, and awakening a wider interest every year, would it be any disadvantage for schoolmasters, who ought to have a sound opinion, to be fairly acquainted with the history of the events which led to the primacy of Latin and Greek among the nations of Western Europe? Why in the world should they be debarred from knowing the most obvious and interesting facts about the history of their own profession? And is there a country in the world except England where it could be commonly supposed that a man is the better for being ignorant?

As to psychology, there is no doubt that extravagant pretensions have been advanced on its behalf, and if a man has not a mind for abstract thought he will probably gain little from it. But even a rudimentary acquaintance with Bain and Herbert Spencer will hardly fail to make a teacher constantly realise something of the mystery of

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mental growth—the fact that young minds are living, growing things, instead of dead receptacles; and no one who remembers ordinary class teaching thirty years ago can doubt the power of an untrained master to be quite in the dark as to this essential fact.

Silenced, perhaps, on this count, the accuser goes on to say that the 'practical' training is ridiculous, first, because it is given by inferior teachers; secondly, because the only conditions under which criticism lessons can be given are such as to nullify the difficulties of discipline which a young man has to encounter unaided when he first faces a score or more of youngsters in class. Both of these objections are worth attention, and decidedly more weighty than many others commonly put forward.

The former generally takes some such shape as this. A protagonist of the anti-training section writes to the *Times* indignantly asking who is Mr. So-and-so, who is set up to teach young university graduates how to teach? What have been his antecedents, and is he known to have succeeded brilliantly as a class teacher in some first-rate school?

Let us examine the point of view here indicated. Supposing, first, that the facts were as implied, and the teacher of teachers were himself no great hand at the art, does that disqualify him at once for the work of critic? The question is an old one, and we remember Whistler and Ruskin. The answer is not so easy as might be supposed. It is true, on the one hand, that a trainer who had gained a great reputation first as a teacher would begin with all the advantage of *prestige*—a much overvalued commodity, it may be; but in reality the two tasks are very different. The master of method, whose business it is to train, is principally concerned with the task of seeing what the student does wrongly, and telling him lucidly of his mistake. This is not at all the same problem as teaching a class of boys, for the simple reason that knowing how a thing ought to be done is different from being able to do it. I once heard a football player being hotly rated by his captain, and every time the ball came near him the air was rent with the angry injunctions of the latter: 'Do so-and-so, you owl, can't you! Why on earth don't you kick the ball over their heads?' And calmly the answer came: 'It is one thing to know what to do, but another thing to do it.' Now, if this generalisation, thus finely enunciated, *ἐν αἰνῇ δηιότητι*, be conceded in the art of kicking, why not in the art of teaching? Class teaching presents many problems with which the trainer of teachers has little or nothing to do; all those, for instance, concerned with discipline, punctuality, justice, concentration, &c. But once in the criticism room, with no boys present, the master of method simply has to deal with one adult or adolescent, instead of twenty-five or thirty boys. The individual, too, is anxious to learn; the batch is not. The two tasks, in short, are widely different. Moreover, the mistakes made by an apprentice

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are generally so flagrant and obvious that an intelligent man with a very little experience has no difficulty in exposing them; and yet the apprentice himself is probably quite unconscious of them.

It should also be remembered that in this country the whole movement is so young that it is not yet possible to secure men of ripe experience and wide reputation for all the training posts that are to be filled. It must needs be that some appointments will be somewhat experimental in character; and if here and there the success of the experiment be a little doubtful, that will not be a proof that training is useless, but only that we are lamentably late in instituting it.

The second point made by our objector to the practical training is that the atmosphere of the class-room where criticism lessons go on is artificial; the presence of other adults beside the teacher makes it impossible that the boys should be as boyish as they often are when pitted against him alone. To put it bluntly, they cannot 'rag.'

This is doubtless true, but it comes to a good deal less than appears at first sight. Most middle-aged men have got a very erroneous conception of the modern problems of class teaching. Their minds are stored with blurred recollections of a 'high old time' which they and their compeers used to spend in making life miserable for some unfortunate usher thirty-five years ago. On the one side, impudence; on the other, impotence; ingenious cruelty against resourceless weakness; a prevailing din without, and within an exultant sense of law defied and opportunities of learning thrown away for ever. Strange and wonderful scenes, records of unheard-of barbarism and rough Teutonic vitality! But for weal or woe they are gone. Modern school life, except for a quite occasional revival of the old spirit, knows them no more. The twentieth-century boy has learnt decorum, and the change is well-nigh incredible.

It may be put quite shortly in this way. Whereas formerly the most pressing problem was to safeguard himself against tumult and effrontery, the schoolmaster of to-day has to think less of this than of apathy and peaceful inattention. Those are his worst enemies in class; and to meet them successfully he need not be a man of commanding presence or of terrific pluck, like Keate, but he must be a fairly good teacher. His class don't want to 'rag' him, nor do they exactly wish to use their brains in the right way; but they want, vaguely, to 'get on' or definitely to pass some examination; and if the master does not help them by his teaching, they will not throw things at him as they once did, but they will slumber. And methods whereby boys can be kept awake can be learnt.

The last plea put forward by opponents of professional training touches on a matter of great social importance. It will be in the knowledge of my readers that the movement for training at length took definite shape in the Regulations of the Board of Education,

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which give the conditions under which a teacher can be registered. Among them is a certain amount of obligatory professional training. Now it is a grave fact, full of ominous meaning for the future of the country, that the supply of men ready to become secondary schoolmasters has greatly fallen off since about 1895. There is seldom a conference among schoolmasters at which the subject is not discussed or alluded to, and, strange to say, a general rise of salary is advocated as the best remedy. The phenomenon, however, is pointed to by the opponents of training, who urge that it is most unwise, when the supply of men is insufficient, to make the road into the profession more difficult than before by these regulations and by compulsory training.

A word first about salaries. It is, I believe, an acknowledged fact that in the humbler kinds of secondary schools salaries of men teachers are disgracefully low, and those of women teachers even worse. But when a rise of salary is held to be the sovereign remedy, it is well to remember that in the days when the 'market' was overflowing with applicants for schoolmasterships, and the shrinkage had not begun, salaries were even worse than they are now. This, of course, is a statement difficult to prove; but salaries could hardly be lower than they were in 1890, and since then the upward tendency of all salaries and wages for work has been most marked. And if it is urged in answer that other professions are now competing against teaching, and have raised their salaries, therefore schools must raise theirs, we may ask, Where is this mad competition to stop? And the remark might have some practical value if it were not that the Government Civil Service is the chief competitor against us, offering 400*l.* per annum, a social status, and a pension after many years of work, it is true far less interesting in most cases than a schoolmaster's, but probably less exacting on the whole. It has been asserted that in 1902, 70 per cent. of the first classmen of Oxford and Cambridge were engulphed into the capacious maw of the Government offices. Things were not so in 1890. Nor can it be supposed that the best use, or anything like it, is made of the good brain power of these men when once they have been absorbed. But be that as it may, that is the vortex down which they are plunged, and it seems absurd to use the diminished numbers of the candidates for teachers' posts as an argument against training. Whatever be the deterrent influence of the regulations, they can hardly frighten away one to a hundred of those who are dazzled by the attractions of a big initial salary, a social position, and a pension. Rather, it is reasonable to suppose that the profession will gain in esteem when it is known that it is no longer the only one into which all sorts of failures and nondescript flotsam and jetsam among the young men of the country may penetrate wholly without let or hindrance.

To sum up, then, I would admit that extravagant claims have been put forward on behalf of the professional training of secondary

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teachers, and that it is probable that the benefits to be derived from it will never be of the showy and dazzling type, though they can scarcely fail to obtain general recognition as years go on. In the meantime, however, it is little short of gross unreasonableness for anyone who knows the difficulties of class teaching to deride the attempt the Government is now making to give men a better initial equipment for their task; and that this is still done seems to be a symptom of the remarkable disbelief in thoroughness of preparation which still characterises English people.

E. LYTTELTON.

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THE FATE OF OLIVER CROMWELL'S REMAINS

In the long and varied annals of Westminster Abbey there has been one event which stands altogether by itself; it was without precedent, and it has been without sequel. It is the only act of public sacrilege which has taken place within the walls of the Abbey Church. The ancient cloisters of Edward the Confessor, which have been the silent witnesses of every coronation in English history, have seen no other event similar to this. Its date was the 26th of January, 1661.[1] But while the event itself is unhappily notorious, the circumstances connected with it or arising out of it cannot but suggest to historical research some highly interesting questions.

Beneath the eastern wall of the Abbey Church, within the Chapel of King Henry the Seventh, and immediately behind Torregiano's stately monument, where the tumult of the Wars of the Roses was laid to rest in the grave of the last Lancastrian king and his wife, Elizabeth of York, is a plain slab of stone bearing the inscription:

IN THIS VAULT WAS INTERRED
OLIVER CROMWELL 1658
AND IN OR NEAR IT
HENRY IRETON HIS SON IN LAW 1651
ELIZABETH CROMWELL HIS MOTHER 1654
JANE DESBOROUGH HIS SISTER 1656
ANNE FLEETWOOD
ALSO OFFICERS OF HIS ARMY AND COUNCIL
RICHARD DEANE 1653
HUMPHREY MACKWORTH 1654
SIR WILLIAM CONSTABLE 1655
ROBERT BLAKE ADMIRAL 1657
DENNIS BOND 1658
JOHN BRADSHAW 1659
(PRESIDENT OF THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE)
AND MARY BRADSHAW HIS WIFE

THESE WERE REMOVED IN 1661

[1] Dean Stanley (*Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey*, chap. iii. p. 161, 8th edit.) seems to be wrong in specifying 'the eve of the 30th of January, 1661' as the day on which Cromwell's body was 'dug up.'

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The remains of the great Protector and his mother and sister and the most intimate and highly honoured of his friends and associates are no longer there; they were disinterred (according to the inscription) at the Restoration; they were carried, as is traditionally believed, some to Tyburn, others to St. Margaret's Churchyard; the heads of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw were set up on the roof of Westminster Hall; and for the time at least the fact that their bodies had reposed, even for a year or two, in the hallowed precincts of Westminster Abbey was, as far as possible, blotted out of remembrance. 'No mark,' says Dean Stanley, 'was left to indicate the spot where Oliver, with his kindred, lay beneath his stately hearse.' [2]

But there was one exception. Not far from the grave of the Protector, in the same chapel, but on the north side of the altar of King Edward the Sixth, lay, and still lies, the body of

ELIZABETH CLAYPOLE
DAUGHTER OF OLIVER CROMWELL
1658

How it came about that the Protector's favourite daughter was buried and remained in death apart from him, although so near to his resting-place, and that, when the bodies of her family were ruthlessly disinterred, hers was suffered to remain in peace, it is not perhaps now possible to determine. It will be enough to say that a strangely pathetic interest attaches to her grave—the solitary remaining memorial of an event as unique in the history of the Abbey as was the Protectorate in the history of England.[3]

The task which I propose to myself is to see if it is possible to trace the fate of Cromwell's remains; and I ought to confess at once that, in carrying it out, I have received so much help from Mr. Herbert, of the British Museum, as to entitle him rather than myself to such credit (if any be due) as may arise from the light which I hope to shed upon a rather obscure historical problem. For the legends which have gathered round the remains of Oliver are, in Mr. Frederic Harrison's opinion, 'almost as strange as those which are told of Alexander, Charlemagne, or Barbarossa.' [4]

It will be convenient, then, to set down certain facts in chronological order.

(1) Oliver Cromwell died at Whitehall on the afternoon of the 3rd of September, 1658.[5] The authorities who relate his death generally observe (*a*) that it took place on the anniversary of his victories

[2] *Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey*, chap. iii. p. 162.

[3] Elizabeth Claypole died August 6, 1658. Cromwell, who is said to have injured his own health by attending her in her last illness, never got over the sorrow of her death.

[4] *Oliver Cromwell*, p. 228.

[5] Bishop Burnet says he died 'of so slight a sickness that his death was not looked for' (*History of My Own Time*, chap. v. p. 147, Airy's edit.).

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at Dunbar in 1650 and at Worcester in 1651; (*b*) that, while he lay dying, a storm which amounted to a hurricane was raging in London.[6]

(2) The body of Oliver Cromwell was embalmed on the day after his death—*i.e.* on the 4th of September, 1658. It was found to be diseased in some of its parts, and especially in the spleen. Dr. Bate, who was the Protector's physician, says of it: 'Though his bowels were taken out, and his body filled with spices, wrapped in a fourfold cerecloath, but put first into a coffin of lead, and then into a wooden one, yet it purged and wrought through all, so that there was a necessity of interring it before the solemnity of his funerals.'[7]

(3) The body of Oliver Cromwell was privately buried on some date unknown, but certainly between the 4th of September and the 23rd of November, and almost certainly between the 4th of September and the 20th of September, 1658.[8] There does not, however, appear to be any definite authority for Mr. Firth's statement that the Protector was 'privately buried in the Chapel of Henry the Seventh in Westminster Abbey on the 26th of September.'[9]

Where the burial took place is not definitely stated; but, except upon the improbable supposition that there were two burials in two different places, the place cannot have been any other than Westminster Abbey.

(4) In the night of the 20th of September, 1658, a coffin, professedly containing the body of Oliver Cromwell, was removed from Whitehall to Somerset House.

It will be enough to cite from the *Mercurius Politicus* one authoritative account of the removal. 'This night (*i.e.* the 20th of September) the corps of his late Highness was removed hence (*i.e.* from Whitehall) in private manner, being attended only by his own servants —viz. the Lord Chamberlain's. . . . Two heralds or officers of armes went next before the body, which, being placed in a Herse drawn by six horses, was conveyed to Somerset House, where it rests for some

[6] *Mercurius Politicus*, 2–9 Sept. 1658; Ludlow, *Memoirs* (ed. Firth, 1894), ii. 45. Evelyn, *Diary*, September 3rd, 1658. *Some Further Intelligence of the Affairs of England. The Death of the Renowned Oliver, Lord Protector* (Lond. 1659); Heath, *Flagellum* (3rd ed. Lond. 1665), p. 195, and *Brief Chronicle* (2nd impression, Lond. 1663), p. 786; Bate, *Elenchus Motuum* (Lond. 1685), pt. ii. p. 236; Thurloe, *State Papers*, vol. vii. p. 372.

[7] *Elenchus*, pt. ii. p. 236. In the original Latin edition (Lond. 1663) the language is even stronger than in the English—*totas perflavit aedes adeo tetra mephiti*. Cp. *Mercurius Politicus*, as above; Heath, *Flagellum*, p. 195, and *Brief Chronicle*, p. 786; Carrington, *History of the Life and Death of . . . Oliver, late Lord Protector* (Lond. 1659), quoted by Noble, *Memoirs of the Protectoral House of Cromwell* (Lond. 1787), i. 275; Prestwich, *The Death, Funeral Order and Procession of the Protector*, in Prestwich, *Respublica* (Lond. 1787), pp. 172–9; *Publick Intelligencer*, 1658, from which some extracts are given in *Notes and Queries*, 5th series, vol. iii. pp. 126–7.

[8] Bate, *Elenchus*; Heath, *Flagellum* and *Brief Chronicle*, as above.

[9] *Oliver Cromwell* (1900), p. 444. Mr. Firth probably owes his date, 'September 26th,' to the mistake noted below, p. 931, note 10; but that (or rather September 20th) is the date, not of the burial, but of the removal of the body to Somerset House.

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daies more private, but afterwards will be exposed in state to publick view.' [10]

(5) An 'effigies' of Oliver Cromwell lying in state was exhibited to the public at Somerset House from the 18th of October, 1658, to the following 1st of November; and then the same 'effigies,' 'standing upon an ascent,' was exhibited also at Somerset House, but in a different room, until the 23rd of November, 1658.

Upon this subject the original authorities are the following:

The *Mercurius Politicus* of the 14th to the 21st of October, 1658, made the announcement: 'On Monday the 18 instant the Representation of the person of his late Highness in Effigie will be exposed to publick view at Somerset House upon a Bed of State.' It also contained in the same issue, under the date of the 20th of October, 'a particular and exact Relation how Somerset House is prepared for the Effigies or representation of his late Highness . . . which was first shewed publiquely on Monday last.'

The various waxen effigies still preserved in the Chantry of the Islip Chapel in Westminster Abbey may serve well enough to indicate what the visitors to Somerset House in October 1658 must have seen.

But the question arises, Did they see the body or the coffin of the Protector?

And here the evidence is slightly contradictory.

For in the same issue of the *Mercurius Politicus* there is a description of three ante-rooms, and then a mention of 'the fourth Room, where both the Body and the Effigies do lie.' But in the account of 'the fourth Room' itself, although the position and decoration of the 'effigies' are related at full length, neither the body nor the coffin containing it is mentioned at all. [11]

Heath [12] gives the same account of the arrangements made at Somerset House as is found in the *Mercurius Politicus*; but he does not specify the date at which the public were admitted to view the lying in State; nor in his description of the fourth room does he make any reference to the body or the coffin as being seen in it. But he adds: 'When this shew had been seen for many weeks together the scene was then altered; the effigies being removed into another room, it was there set up, standing upon an ascent. . . . In this manner he

[10] *Mercurius Politicus*, Sept. 16–23, 1658. Cp. *Publick Intelligencer*, 1658 (quoted in *Notes and Queries*, 5th series, vol. iii. pp. 126–7); G. Wharton, *Calendarium Ecclesiasticum*, 1660, in *Gesta Britannorum*, at end. Carrington (quoted by Noble, *Memoirs of the House of Cromwell*, i. 275); Prestwich, *Respublica*, pp. 172-9; Heath, *Flagellum*, p. 195, and *Brief Chronicle*, p. 739, all give September 26th (instead of 20th) as the date of the removal of the body to Somerset House; but the newspapers of the time cannot be wrong, and 26th was probably at first a misprint which has been copied by later writers one from another.

[11] With *Mercurius Politicus* agree the *Publick Intelligencer* and *Some Further Intelligence of the Affairs of England*, as cited above, the latter showing a woodcut of the 'effigies' as it lay in State, but without any appearance of the coffin.

[12] *Flagellum*, pp. 196–7; *Brief Chronicle*, p. 739.

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continued until the 23 of Novemb; which day was appointed to carry him with all solemnity to Westminster Abbey.' [13]

Ludlow [14] relates that 'In the like manner (*i.e.* like to Philip the Second) was the body of this great reformer laid in Somerset House . . . till the first of November,' and then he was moved into 'the great hall of the said house, and represented in effigie, standing on a bed of crimson velvet.'

Carrington [15] follows the *Mercurius Politicus*, except that he gives no dates; but he speaks of 'the fourth room, where both the corps and the effigies did lie,' and he concludes with the words, 'after which his late Highness's effigies was several days shown in another room, standing upon an ascent.'

With the official *Mercurius Politicus* may also be compared an anonymous contemporary *brochure* called *The True Manner of the most magnificent Conveyance of his Highnesse Effigies from Sommerset-house to Westminster on Tuesday, November* 23, 1658. . . . *As also, The Pompous and Princely manner of his Effigies, lying before on a Bed of State, and afterwards standing upon an Ascent under a rich Cloth of Estate at Sommerset House.* It gives an account of four rooms in Somerset House, 'the first Roome into which the people did enter,' being that in which 'the late Queen of England did sometimes Keep her Court;' the second 'another large Room, which was heretofore the Privy Chamber;' the third, 'which is a large withdrawing Chamber;' and the fourth containing 'both the Body and the Effigies, or the Representation of his Highnesse wrought unto the life. The Effigy itself was richly apparelled in a suit of ancient velvet, but next unto the body of it was invested with a little Roll of purple Velvet.' 'In the right hand of the Effigies was a golden Scepter representing Government, and the left hand did graspe a globe representing principality. Upon the head of the Effigies was the Regal Cappe of purple Velvet furred with Ermine, and a little behind the head there was placed a rich Chair of Estate of Cloth of gold, tissured, where a little above the head a cushion was placed on which was the imperiall crown richly beset with precious stones. The bed of State upon which the Effigies lay was ascended unto by two steps of ascents.' The same *brochure* relates that before the day of the funeral, Tuesday, the 23rd of November, the 'Effigies was placed standing upon an ascent under a most rich Cloth of Estate, being cloathed in royal Habiliments, a Scepter in one hand and a Globe in the other, as before was represented, and a crown on his head.'

From these sources of information it is clear that the coffin in which the Protector's body lay, or was believed to lie, was supposed to be in Somerset House during the time, the 18th of October to the 23rd of November, 1658, when his 'effigies' was exhibited to the public, first

[13] Cp. Prestwich, *Respublica*, pp. 173–5. [14] *Memoirs*, ii. 47.

[15] Quoted by Noble, *Memoirs*, i. 275–6.

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in a recumbent position in one room, and then in an erect position in another. But it is hardly less clear that the body itself was not exposed to view; had it been so, all the authorities must have mentioned it. Whether the coffin which was supposed to contain the body was in the room or not, is a more difficult question. Upon the whole I incline to think it cannot have been there, especially as it is not mentioned by all the authorities; but it is at least possible that the persons charged with the arrangement of the 'effigies' may have wished the public to believe that the coffin and the body within it were there, or may have taken no pains to prevent the belief that they were there. However this may have been, the probability, in view of the state of the body, is that it was buried before the 20th of September; and this is what is apparently implied by Cromwell's physician in the passage already quoted.

(6) The public funeral of Oliver Cromwell in Westminster Abbey took place on the 23rd of November, 1658. It was originally fixed for the 9th of November, but the preparations for it were so elaborate and magnificent that it was postponed to the 23rd.[16]

The well-known passage of Evelyn's Diary shall serve as the text of my comments upon the different narratives of that funeral. Evelyn was no lover of Cromwell. In his Diary, under the date of the 3rd of September, he notes emphatically: 'Died that arch rebell Oliver Cromwell, call'd Protector.' It is curious that he seems to misdate the funeral by a whole month; he gives the 22nd of October as the date of it. Such a mistake upon such an event is almost incredible. It can only be supposed, difficult as the supposition is, that he wrote up his Diary some long time after the funeral and forgot not only the day but the month when it was celebrated.[17]

However, this is his entry:

22nd. Saw y^e^ superb funerall of y^e^ Protector. He was carried from Somerset House on a velvet bed of State drawn by six horses, houss'd w^th^ y^e^ same; the pall held by his new Lords; Oliver lying in effigie in royal robes, and crown'd with a crown, sceptre, and globe, like a King. The pendants and guidons were carried by y^e^ officers of the army; the Imperial banners, achievements, led by y^e^ heraulds in their coates; a rich caparison'd horse, embroider'd all over with gold; a knight of honour arm'd cap-a-pie, and after all, his guards, souldiers, and innumerable mourners. In this equipage they proceeded to Westminster; but it was the joyfullest funeral I ever saw, for there were none that cried but dogs, which the soldiers hooted away with a barbarous noise, drinking and taking tobaccco in the streetes as they went. I returned not home till the 17th November.[18]

[16] *Calendar of State Papers*, 1658, pp. 152, 184.

[17] But for the words, 'I returned not home till the 17th November,' it would have occurred to me that 'the 22nd' might really be the 22nd of November ('Nov.' having somehow dropped out of the text), although even so, the day of the month would be wrongly given. For it appears elsewhere that Evelyn considered the 22nd of *November* to have been the date of Cromwell's funeral. See his *Diary*, January 30, 1660–1, where the true reading is 'Looke back at November (not October) 22, 1658, and be astonish'd.'

[18] There is, I think, no contemporary evidence to justify Lingard's statement that

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It is now necessary to cite the authorities for the various incidents of the funeral, whether they agree with, or differ from, Evelyn.

The *Mercurius Politicus* of the 18th to the 25th of November, 1658, under the date 'Somerset House, Nov. 23rd,' contains a full account of the funeral; but while it makes no mention of the corpse or the coffin, it described the 'effigy' as placed on a structure 'where it is to remain for some time, exposed to publick view. This,' it adds, 'is the last ceremony of honour.' [19]

In Heath's account,[20] which is practically identical with the *Mercurius*, the only two passages of special interest are the beginning: 'All things being in readiness, the waxen Picture of the Protector . . . was taken down from his standing, and laid in an open chariot;' and the ending, 'Here (*i.e.* at the east end of Westminster Abbey) he lodged and usurped a grave.'

Carrington [21] adds nothing except the statement: 'The corpse having been some days before interred in Henry the Seventh's Chapel, in a vault purposely prepared for the same, over which a costly monument is preparing. . . .'

Wharton,[22] referring to 'the late Protector' says: 'His Funeralls celebrated at a vaster charge than hath formerly been used for the best of Kings, in the richest times.'

Whitelocke,[23] who in October 'was advised with about the ceremonies of the Protector's funeral,' says, also under date the 23rd of November, 'The Funeral of the old Protector was celebrated with great solemnity.'

Bate [24] says to the same effect: 'Richard makes a magnificent Funeral for his Father, Oliver Cromwell. . . . He was buried in Westminster Abbey Church.'

The anonymous *brochure* already quoted, after describing the magnificence of the funeral, ends with the words: 'This Hearse with the effiges being thus magnificently brought to the Abby of Westminster, the Effiges was placed on the right side of the Chappell on a bed of State to be there exposed for a certain time to the publick view.'

Among the guests at the funeral was the Genoese Ambassador,

'As the day appointed for the general obsequies approached rumours of an intended insurrection during the ceremony were circulated' (*History of England*, vol. viii. chap. 8, p. 274).

[19] Dean Stanley (*Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey*, p. 160) quotes the *Mercurius Politicus*, but he calls it *The Commonwealth Mercury*. Cp. *Publick Intelligencer*, 1658, and Prestwich, *Respublica*, pp. 175-8.

[20] *Flagellum*, pp. 198-200; *Brief Chronicle*, pp. 739-740. The account is, as always, the same in both.

[21] In Noble, *Memoirs*, vol. i. pp. 277-9.

[22] *Gesta Britannorum*, November 23, 1658. [23] *Memorials* (ed. 1732), p. 675.

[24] *Elenchus*, pt. ii. p. 241. 60,000*l.* was the sum assigned for the expenses of the funeral, but the sum seems to have been largely exceeded. See *Calendar of State Papers*, 1658-9, *Preface*, p. xi.; Heath, *Brief Chronicle*, p. 739.

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Bernardi. He wrote an account of it to the Republic of Genoa; and his account supplements, in two or three points, the passages which have been already quoted. Thus he described how the effigy of the Protector was placed

> on a royal couch under an edifice made expressly after the fashion of a pavilion, which cost more than 4000*l.* sterling, where it will remain three months, exposed to public view, and thence will be taken on to another edifice in the Chapel of King Henry VII., and will be placed over the monument, under which is laid the body of the deceased, just as has always been the custom at the obsequies of the Kings and Princes of this nation.

It is impossible not to feel surprise at finding, in these contemporary narratives, that everything turns upon the 'effigies' or effigy; nothing is said about the coffin or the body as being carried in procession, or about any act of interment as taking place on the 23rd of November. So far as they go, they indicate that the effigy was carried in State from Somerset House to Westminster Abbey; that it was borne up the church, presumably from the west door, to some point in the nave or choir; that it was deposited there on a 'structure' specially prepared for it; that it remained on this structure, in full view of the public, who came to see it for a certain time—for three months according to Bernardi's estimate—and that it was then removed into Henry the Seventh's Chapel and placed above the monument under which the body reposed.

But Bernardi's own words, 'The monument under which is laid the body of the deceased,' imply, what Carrington's words, 'The corpse having been some days before interred in Henry VII.'s Chapel,' clearly state, that the body of the Protector was buried in Henry the Seventh's Chapel, not on the day of his public funeral, but some time before (*i.e.* on some day after the 4th of September); but, if Carrington's expression 'some days before' is to be taken literally, not very long before, the 23rd of November. It would seem that the monument erected over the grave was not completed by the 23rd of November; hence the effigy was first set up elsewhere, and afterwards transported to Henry the Seventh's Chapel, where it was placed above the monument.

The vault at the east end of Henry the Seventh's Chapel was long known as 'Oliver's' or 'Oliver Cromwell's vault.' [25] All the evidence tends to confirm Bate's testimony that Cromwell's body was privately buried there soon after his death on the 3rd of September. Had it been kept above the ground so late or nearly so late as the 23rd of November, it would almost certainly have been carried in the funeral procession, and then it would have excited the interest and notice of all spectators. It had been buried some time before; but the burial had been private, and the impression among the crowd in the streets,

[25] Chester. *Register of Burials in Westminster Abbey*, May 5, 1691; August 29, 1701.

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and to some extent among the mourners in the Abbey, may well have been that the day of the funeral was also the day of the interment. For the events which followed in 1660–61 prove beyond question that at some time or other the body of Cromwell was buried in Henry the Seventh's Chapel in Westminster Abbey, and that the grave in which it was laid was perfectly well known.[26]

(7) At the Restoration the body of Oliver Cromwell was disinterred by order of Parliament; it was carried to Tyburn, hanged, decapitated, and buried there.

The Journals of the Houses of Lords and Commons contain the following order: 'That the carcasses of Oliver Cromwell, Henry Ireton, John Bradshaw, Tho. Pride (whether buried in Westminster Abbey or elsewhere), be, with all expedition, taken up, and drawn upon a hurdle to Tyburn, and there hanged up in their coffins for some time, and after that, buried under the said gallows.'[27] The date of the order was the 4th of December, 1660.

Accordingly, the body of the Protector was exhumed on Saturday, the 26th of January 1660–1, under the direction of James Norfolk, Serjeant of the House of Commons.[28] On Monday, the 28th of January, 1660–1, it was dragged in a cart from Westminster Abbey to the Red Lion Inn in Holborn. And on Wednesday, the 30th of January, it was dragged upon a sledge from Holborn to Tyburn (which, I may say in passing, was close to the present Connaught Square); there it was taken out of its coffin and hanged on the gallows until sunset; at sunset it was cut down and beheaded; the trunk was buried in a pit beneath the gallows, and the head stuck on a pole upon the top of Westminster Hall.

I now proceed to adduce the evidence for these statements.

The first is that of the *Mercurius Publicus* (January 24–31) and the *Kingdome's Intelligencer* (January 21–28). Under the heading

[26] Dean Stanley describes the position of the grave (*Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey*, pp. 159–162). In *Memoirs of the Protector*, a book written by another Oliver Cromwell, a descendant of the Protector's family (London, 1820), it is said (p. 524) that he was 'interred in the sepulchre of the kings' (*i.e.* in Henry the Seventh's Chapel). Cp. Evelyn, *Diary*, January 30, 1660–1.

[27] Quoted by Cobbett, *Parliamentary History*, vol. iv. col. 158. Cp. Skinner, *Motus Compositi* (pt. iii. of *Elenchus Motuum*, 1685), p. 57. The offensive word 'carcasses,' taken, no doubt, from the order quoted above, is commonly repeated by contemporary authorities, *e.g.* Rugge (*Mercurius Politicus Redivivus*, January 30, 1660) and Marvell (Letter VIII., December 4, 1660, Grosart's edit.). Pepys shows a better feeling: 'This day the Parliament voted that the bodies of Oliver, Ireton, Bradshaw, and Thomas Pride should be taken up out of their graves in the Abbey and drawn to the gallows, and there hanged and buried under it, which methinks do trouble me, that a man of so great courage as he was should have that dishonour, though otherwise he might deserve it enough' (*Diary*, December 4, 1660).

[28] Pepys (*Diary*, January 28, 1660–1) speaks of 'Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw's bodies being taken out of their graves *to-day*'; but the slight confusion between the date of exhumation and the date of removal is not unnatural. Rugge also gives the 28th as the day on which those three bodies and Pride's 'were dragged up out of their graves' (*Mercurius Politicus Redivivus*, January 28, 1660).

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'Westminster,' they both contain the following passage: 'This day (January 26) in pursuance of an Order of Parliament, the Carcasses of those two horrid Regicides *Oliver Cromwel* and *Henry Ireton* were digged up out of their Graves, which (with those of *John Bradshaw* and *Thomas Pride*) are to be hang'd up at *Tyburn* and buried under the Gallows.'

The mason's receipt, dated the 4th of May 1661, for 15*s.* (fifteen shillings) paid him by Sergeant Norfolk 'for taking up the corpes of Cromwell and Ireton and Bradshaw,' is printed in Waylen's *House of Cromwell*.[29]

The *Mercurius Publicus* (January 24–31) and the *Kingdome's Intelligencer* (January 28–February 4) report, under the date 'Jan. 30,' that 'On Monday night (*i.e.* January 28th) Cromwel and Ireton, in two several carts, were drawn to Holborn from Westminster, where they were digged up on Saturday last (*i.e.* the 26th), and the next morning Bradshaw.'

At this point I interrupt the quotation in order to show from other sources that Cromwell's body was, as is here stated, taken not directly from Westminster to Tyburn, but first from Westminster to Holborn—to the Red Lion Inn—and not until two days later from Holborn to Tyburn. Heath's testimony is explicit: 'On the 30 of Jan. (1660–1) . . . the odious carkasses of Cromwell, Ireton and Bradshaw were digged out of the ground from those sumptuous monuments, which, as they did the Throne in their life, they had now usurped in their death; they were drawn in a cart from Westminster, where they were first enterred, to the Red Lyon in Holborn, and thence on sledges to Tyburn.'[30]

What was the object of taking the body to the Red Lion Inn in Holborn, it is not at first sight easy to discover. But as there was a natural reason for postponing the gibbeting and beheading of the bodies of Cromwell and the other regicides to the 30th of January, I conjecture that, when the bodies were taken out of their grave, it was not considered prudent to leave them in Westminster Abbey, where they must soon have excited attention, and would possibly have created disturbance, and that on that account they were quietly removed to an inn in Holborn in readiness for the act of vengeance to be perpetrated at Tyburn. If this were so, the removal of the bodies to the Red Lion Inn may not have been known to the contemporary authorities, who seem to have been unaware of any intermediate stage between the exhumation at Westminster Abbey and the hanging and mutilation at Tyburn. But as to the fact that Cromwell's body

[29] Page 220 (new edition, London, 1897). It will be found also in Noble's *Memoirs of the House of Cromwell* (Lond. 1787), i. 290. The mason's name was John Lewis.

[30] *Brief Chronicle*, p. 786, and, almost in the same words, *Flagellum*, p. 200. Rugge (*Mercurius Politicus Redivivus*, January 30, 1660) refers to the bodies as 'brought from Westminster to the Red Lyon Inn in Holborn,' but he assigns this removal of the bodies to 'the day before,' *i.e.* January 29.

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lay in the Red Lion Inn at Holborn from the night of Monday, the 28th of January 1660–1, until the morning of Wednesday, the 30th of January, the official records of the time cannot be wrong.

To proceed then: 'To-day (*i.e.* January 30th) they (*i.e.* the bodies of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw) were drawn upon sledges to Tyburne . . . pull'd out of their coffins, and hang'd at the several angles of that Triple Tree, where they hung till the Sun was set; after which they were taken down, their Heads cut off, and their loathsome Trunks thrown into a deep hole under the Gallows.'[31]

Neither Evelyn nor Pepys seems to have known of the removal of the body to the Red Lion Inn; but they both relate what took place at Tyburn.

Thus Evelyn writes under date the 30th of January 1660–1:

> This day (O the stupendous and inscrutable judgments of God!) were the carcasses of those arch rebells Cromwell, Bradshaw the Judge who condemn'd his Majestie, and Ireton sonn-in-law to y^e^ Usurper, dragg'd out of their superb tombs in Westminster among the Kings, to Tyburne, and hang'd on the gallows there from 9 in y^e^ morning till 6 at night, and then buried under that fatal and ignominious monument in a deepe pit; thousands of people who had seene them in all their pride being spectators.

So, too, Pepys, under the same date: 'To my Lady Batten's, where my wife and she are lately come back from being abroad, and seeing of Cromwell, Ireton and Bradshaw hanged and buried at Tyburne.'

Their diaries may be supplemented from Rugge's *Diurnall*; he states that 'January the 30th was kept a very solemne day of fast and prayers observed in all the Churches of London,' and that on that day the three bodies were 'drawne upon a sledge to Tyburne and there taken out of their coffines and in their shrouds hanged by their necks until the going downe of the sun, then cutt downe, their heads cut off, and their bodies buried in a grave made under the gallowes.'[32]

Heath's account is only a variation of the *Mercurius Publicus*. At Tyburn, he says, 'the odious carkasses of Cromwell, Ireton and Bradshaw' were 'pulled out of their coffins, and hang'd at the several angles or corners of that accursed Tree (with the dregs of peoples curses and execrations) from 10 o'clock till sun-setting, and then cut down; their loathsome bodies thrown into a deep hole under the gallows, their Heads cut off,' &c.[33]

Wharton's account is practically the same; and he, too, ends it by relating that the bodies were thrown 'into a deep hole under the Gallows.'[34]

[31] *Mercurius Publicus*, January 24–31; *Kingdome's Intelligencer*, January 28–February 4.

[32] *Mercurius Politicus Redivivus*, January 30, 1600. Rugge adds that 'the coffin that Oliver Cromwell was in was a very rich thinge, very full of guilded hinges and nayles.'

[33] *Brief Chronicle*, p. 786. Cp. *Flagellum*, p. 200.

[34] *Gesta Britannorum*, January 30, 1660–1.

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It only remains to add the testimony of Skinner that 'the Parliament ordered their Bones and stinking carcasses to be raised' (*i.e.* taken out of 'Henry VII.'s Chappel') 'and buried under Tyburn; and in this posthumous disgrace being dragg'd through the City, they had a Gibbet interment;' [35] and of Prestwich, the one writer who can speak of Cromwell without employing the ribald abuse characteristic of the Restoration, that 'after all this funeral pomp and grandeur, his dead body was lastly . . . taken out of his grave, and hanged for a traitor.' [36]

An eye-witness of the scene at Tyburn left it on record that 'the Protector's (body) was in green cerecloth, very fresh embalmed.' [37]

The taking of Cromwell's body from the grave in Westminster Abbey, its removal to Tyburn, and the vengeance there wreaked upon it are thus established by evidence as strong as is available for any incident of English history.[38]

One curious matter of detail it were a pity to pass over. On the breast of the Protector's body was found a copper plate, double gilt, bearing on the obverse side the arms of the Commonwealth impaling Cromwell's, and on the reverse the inscription, 'Oliverius Protector Reipublicæ Angliæ Scotiæ et Hiberniæ,' with the dates of his birth, inauguration, and death. It was appropriated by Norfolk, the Serjeant of the House of Commons, who superintended the exhumation, as his perquisite; it descended through his daughter, Mrs. Giffard, to the family of the Hobarts, and from them passed into the possession of the present Marquis of Ripon.[39]

(8) The trunk of Oliver Cromwell's body, after its decapitation, was left, where it had been buried, under the gallows at Tyburn; his head was exposed on the top of Westminster Hall.

It lies beyond dispute that to most contemporary witnesses the scene enacted at Tyburn seemed to be the conclusion of the drama of Cromwell's chequered and storm-tossed history. He had been robbed

[35] *Motus Compositi*, p. 57.

[36] *Respublica*, p. 179.

[37] MS. of Samuel Sainthill, quoted by Noble, *Memoirs of the House of Cromwell*, vol. i. p. 290.

[38] I have not made use of the elaborate story told in *The European Magazine* for January 1809, pp. 17–18, as it is too late to be of historical value, and in some respects, *e.g.* in regard to Norfolk, the Serjeant, it is certainly wrong; but it confirms among other things the discovery of the plate or 'gold gordget' which Norfolk appropriated.

[39] It is fully described, with a facsimile, by Noble, *Memoirs of the Protectoral House of Cromwell*, vol. i. p. 289; and in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, May 1867, p. 616. See also Waylen, *House of Cromwell*, p. 220; *Notes and Queries*, 4th series, vol. i. p. 553; vol. ii. p. 70; *Harleian Miscellany*, vol. ii. (1809), p. 286. According to the last authority, 'The said serjeant, believing the plate to be gold, took it pretendedly as his fee, and Mr. Gifford, of Colchester, who married the serjeant's daughter, has now the plate, which his father-in-law told him he came by in the manner above related.' Dean Stanley alludes to the history of the plate (*Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey*, p. 161).

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even of his grave; he had paid the full penalty of his rebellion; and the end had come at last.

There are some curious letters of Secretary Nicholas written to the different British agents abroad soon after the 30th of January 1660–1.[40] Thus to Sir Henry Bennet at Madrid he writes on the 31st of January, 'Cromwell and others took their leave at Tyburn yesterday;' to Sir Henry De Vic, at Brussels, on the 1st of February, 'The arch-traitor Cromwell, and two of his choicest instruments, Bradshaw and Ireton, finished the tragedy of their lives in a comic scene at Tyburn;' and to Sir William Curtius in Germany, 'On January 30, a solemn fast was kept by Act of Parliament, in memory of the execrable murder of the late King, on which day the corpses of Cromwell, Bradshaw and Ireton, being dragged on sledges to Tyburn, remained hung on the gibbet in the view of thousands, attracted by so marvellous an act of justice.'

It is observable that Secretary Nicholas makes no direct reference to the ultimate fate of the body or the head of Oliver Cromwell. So far as I am aware, in every theory of any value which purports to trace the body, or, to speak strictly, the trunk of the body, at a later date than the 30th of January 1660–1, it is taken for granted that the body gibbeted at Tyburn, and therefore the body (if body there was) buried in Westminster Abbey, was not really Cromwell's.[41]

It will be my duty presently to examine the curious legends relating to the actual fate of his body, if his was not the body that was buried or exhumed in Westminster Abbey. But the accredited story of the gibbeting at Tyburn leaves room for two questions—viz. What became of the body? What became of the head?

The body, as has been seen, was decapitated, and the trunk, apparently without the head, was thrown into the pit at the foot of the gallows. Was it allowed to remain there? If the head was not buried with the body, where was it placed?

It will be convenient to take the case of the head first, as there is direct contemporary testimony relating to it.

I will begin by citing two witnesses, one official, the other personal.

'The heads of those three notorious Regicides, *Oliver Cromwell*, *John Bradshaw*, and *Henry Ireton* are set upon poles on the top of *Westminster Hall*, by the common Hangman.'[42]

'I to Westminster Hall, where I . . . saw the heads of Cromwell, Bradshaw, and Ireton, set up at the further end of the Hall.'[43]

[40] *Calendar of State Papers, Domestic*, 1660–61 (Lond. 1860), pp. 492, 500, 506.

[41] The exception is the theory propounded in *Notes and Queries* by a writer signing himself 'T. B.' See note 50 on p. 943 in this essay.

[42] *Mercurius Publicus*, January 31–February 7; and *Kingdome's Intelligencer*, February 4–11, 1660–61.

[43] Pepys, *Diary* (February 1660–61). Pepys' words, if taken by themselves without reference to *Mercurius Publicus*, would more naturally denote the inside than the outside of Westminster Hall, as the place where the heads were exposed.

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It is said that Bradshaw's head was placed between the other two; for, as being in the centre, it would be as nearly as possible over the spot from which he had pronounced sentence upon the King. 'On that Pinnacle of Legal Advancement,' says Heath, 'it is fit to leave this Ambitious Wretch.' [44]

The day when the heads were set up on Westminster Hall was the 6th of February, 1660–1.[45]

Statements so authoritative seem to stand in no need of confirmation. The question arising from them is, not indeed whether Cromwell's head was placed upon Westminster Hall, but how long it remained there. And here the testimony is at once meagre and curious.

In the strange book entitled *Relations Historiques et Curieuses de Voyages en Allemagne, Angleterre, Hollande, Bohême, Suisse, &c., par C. P.* (*i.e.* Charles Paton, D. M. de la Faculté de Paris), which was published at Lyons in 1676,[46] occurs a letter dated 'Strasburg, October 1671.' [47]

Le *pont de Londres* n'a rien d'extraordinaire que son spectacle, qui est aussi affreux qu'on en ait jamais élevé à la mémoire du crime. On y voit empaler sur une tour les testes de ces exécrables parricides de la Majesté. Il semble que l'horreur les anime, et que leurs supplices qui continuent toujours les forcent à un repentir éternel. Celles de leurs chefs, Cromvel, Ireton son gendre et Bradshaw, sont sur ce grand édifice qu'on appelle le Parlement, à la veue de toute la ville. On ne sçauroit les regarder sans pâlir, et sans s'imaginer qu'elles vont jetter ces paroles épouvantables; PEUPLES, L'ÉTERNITÉ N'EXPIERA PAS NÔTRE ATTENTAT, APPRENEZ A NÔTRE EXEMPLE QUE LA VIE DES ROIS EST INVIOLABLE.

It is worth while, perhaps, to remark that the letters of which the book is composed are addressed 'A Son Altesse Monseigneur Frederic Auguste Duc de Wurtemberg,' etc. and to other persons of high and noble quality.

In Eachard's *History of England* [48] it is stated that the head of Sir Thomas Armstrong, who was executed on the 20th of June 1684 for complicity in the Rye House Plot, was exposed on Westminster Hall between the heads of Bradshaw and Cromwell. If this statement is correct, it proves that the head of the Protector still remained on the top of Westminster Hall more than twenty-three years after it

[44] *Flagellum*, p. 200. Cp. *Kingdome's Intelligencer*, and *Mercurius Publicus*; also Rugge (*Mercurius Politicus Redivivus*), February 6, 1660–61.

[45] Rugge, *l.c.* Macaulay writes with even more than his customary rhetorical effect when he says, or makes Cowley say: 'The tyrant is borne in more than royal pomp to a royal sepulchre. *A few days more*, and his head is fixed to rot on the pinnacles of that very hall where he sat on a throne in his life and *lay in state after his death*' ('A Conversation between Mr. Abraham Cowley and Mr. John Milton,' *Complete Works*, vol. vii. p. 643).

[46] Most of the passage is translated in *Notes and Queries*, 3rd series, vol. v. p. 265; but the date of publication of Paton's book is there given by mistake as 1674.

[47] Page 168.

[48] 3rd ed. (London, 1720), p. 1043.

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had been set up there by the common hangman. Beyond 1684 his head cannot be traced.

But there is a weird story, destitute of historical evidence, that it was blown down from the roof of Westminster Hall in a great storm; it was picked up and carried home by a sentry, who hid it in his chimney-corner and never revealed the secret of his possessing it until he lay upon his deathbed; then his heirs sold it and the box containing it to a certain Mr. Samuel Russel or Russell; from him, directly or indirectly, it passed into the hands of a Mr. James Cox, a dealer in curiosities; then, when he gave up business, it was sold to three speculators, and by them exhibited in 1799 and later; at the death of the last of the three it became the property of their nieces; by them it was entrusted to the custody of their physician, Mr. William Arthur Wilkinson, at Beckenham; eventually he bought it, and at his death, in 1832, bequeathed it to one of his sons, in whose family it remains to the present day, and it can be seen at Frankfield, Seal Chart, Sevenoaks, the home of Mr. Horace Wilkinson.

It is not possible, within the limits of the present essay, to examine this story in detail. But after considering all the evidence in its favour, and after paying a visit to Seal Court, where I was permitted, by the kindness of Mr. Wilkinson, to inspect not only the actual head in his possession but the papers relating to it, I may briefly indicate the points at which the chain of evidence seems so seriously to break down that the genuineness of the head cannot be accepted as an historical fact.

(*a*) The story of the sentry picking up the head of Cromwell and taking it home possesses no historical support.

(*b*) The interval between 1684, when the head is last recorded to have been seen on Westminster Hall, and 1787, when a head alleged to be Cromwell's was sold by Samuel Russell to James Cox, is not bridged over by any evidence of identity.

(*c*) Even if the head had been Cromwell's head, and if it had passed from Russell to Cox, it cannot have been sold at the sale of Cox's museum, as it is not mentioned in the existing catalogue of the museum;[49] nor can it well have been sold by Cox privately without attracting notice; Cox was not a dealer in curiosities, but a mechanician and a jeweller; and the sale of his museum took place in 1775, twelve years before the date at which he is alleged to have bought the head from Russell.

(*d*) That the head sold, according to the story, in 1787 was the same as came into the possession of Dr. Wilkinson in 1812 is probable,

[49] *A Descriptive Inventory of the several . . . pieces of Mechanism and Jewellery, comprised in the Schedule to an Act of Parliament . . . for enabling Mr. James Cox, of the City of London, Jeweller, to dispose of his Museum by way of Lottery* (London, 1778).

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but cannot be said to be proved. That it is Cromwell's head is in the highest degree improbable.

The head of Oliver Cromwell was undoubtedly set up on the top of Westminster Hall. That it remained there, exposed to the rain, and the wind for many years, is a fact established by strong evidence. What became of it none can say. It may have been gradually eaten away by the climate and the weather, until nothing was left of it. It may have been blown to the ground in a storm; but, if so, it disappeared, it has never since been seen; it must long ago have followed the course of nature.

There remains the question as to the fate of the body of Oliver Cromwell; and if I deal rather summarily with the various hypotheses which have been advanced, on more or less flimsy grounds, as I think, in regard to it, my justification is that they all assume the story of the burial of his body beneath the gallows on which it hung at Tyburn to be erroneous, and I believe it to be historically certain.

No doubt it was the secrecy of the Protector's burial in Westminster Abbey which gave rise to the supposition that he was never buried there. And, indeed, it is strange that, while his funeral was celebrated with the utmost magnificence, the interment of his remains should have gone unobserved. The difficulty of determining the day of burial may throw suspicion upon the fact of the burial itself. But it seems to me impossible to reject the evidence afforded alike by the public funeral and the public exhumation. They who paid the final honours to the great Protector, and they who inflicted the supreme indignity upon his body, knew, and must have known, that it was he whose bones were laid to rest in Henry the Seventh's Chapel in 1658, and disinterred there in 1661.[50] For the story which Pepys tells that 'Cromwell did, in his lifetime, transpose many of the bodies of the Kings of England from one grave to another, and that, by that means, it is not known certainly whether the head that is now set upon a post be that of Cromwell or of one of the Kings,' rests upon no better authority than the Frenchman Sorbière's account of his travels in England;[51] and Jeremiah White, who was Cromwell's chaplain, emphatically denied it when Pepys consulted him about it.[52]

[50] Most persons who have supposed Cromwell's body to be buried elsewhere than at Tyburn have assumed that it was never laid in Westminster Abbey. But the possibility that it was removed after the exposure at Tyburn has been suggested, *e.g.*, by 'T. B.' in *Notes and Queries*, 2nd series, vol. xii. p. 192; Waylen, *House of Cromwell*, pp. 222–4.

[51] Published in 1664. Voltaire described it as a scurrilous satire upon a nation of which the author knew little or nothing.

[52] Pepys, *Diary*, October 13, 1664. The story that Charles the First's corpse was placed in Cromwell's tomb (*Harleian Miscellany*, vol. ii. pp. 285–7, ed. Park, 1809) was proved to be false in 1813, when Charles the First's coffin was opened at Windsor. (See Sir H. Halford's account of the opening, reprinted in J. S. Clarke's *Life of James II.*, vol. ii. pp. 667–72, Lond. 1816. Cp. *Annual Register*, 1813, pp. 33–4.)

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Whatever was the actual fate of the Protector's remains, it seems that Dryden's line

His ashes in a peaceful urn shall rest [53]

must be taken to be one of the unfortunate prophecies of history.

But apart from the accredited narrative of the gibbeting of the Protector's body at Tyburn, and the setting of his head on a pole over Westminster Hall, no fewer than six or seven different stories have at one time or another won some credence.[54] I will now consider them in order:

(1) The supposed burial of Oliver Cromwell's remains in the Thames.

For this I know no earlier authority than Oldmixon,[55] in his history published in 1730, more than seventy years after Cromwell's death; but he gives it only as 'a story which I had 40 years ago from a Gentlewoman who attended Cromwel in his last sickness. . . . She told me, that the Day after Cromwel's death, it was consulted how to dispose of his corpse. They could not pretend to keep it for the Pomp of a publick Burial.' To prevent, then, any desecration of which the Cavaliers might be guilty, 'it was resolv'd to wrap it up in Lead, to put it aboard a Barge, and sink it in the deepest Part of the Thames, which was done the night following: Two of his near relations, with some trusty soldiers, undertaking to do it.'

The story is highly improbable in itself; it lacks contemporary testimony, and if 'the Pomp of a publick Burial,' for whatever reason, was impossible, the public funeral was undoubtedly celebrated with every circumstance of pomp and magnificence. But the story, with its reference to fear of the Cavaliers, breathes the spirit, not of the Commonwealth, but of the Restoration.

(2) The supposed burial of Oliver Cromwell's remains at Naseby Field.

This rests upon a statement printed in the *Harleian Miscellany*[56] from a MS. 'carefully preserved by my Lord Oxford.' The MS. contains an account of the exhumation of Cromwell's body as carried

[53] *Heroic Stanzas, Consecrated to the Memory of his Highness Oliver, late Lord Protector of this Commonwealth*, &c.

[54] Waylen (*House of Cromwell*, p. 222) enumerates six such stories, but one of these—the story of the 'peaceful urn'—I have omitted, as it is only a poetical anticipation, and I have added two others, of which he takes no account; but the traditions of Northampton and Northborough, or Narborough, I have treated together.

[55] *History of England during the Reign of the Stuarts* (London, 1730), p. 429. In *Notes and Queries*, 5th series, vol. iii. p. 127, there is a letter referring to a tradition, said to exist in one branch of Cromwell's descendants, that the body of somebody who died in Whitehall about the time of Cromwell's death was substituted for his, and that he was actually buried in the Thames.

[56] Vol. ii. pp. 285–7 (ed. Park, 1809). The MS. does not appear to be among the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum.

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out by the Serjeant of the House of Commons 'in the middle vault of Henry the Seventh's Chapel, at the East end,' and also the declaration of a 'counter-interment' which is said to be 'averred and ready to be deposed (if occasion required) by Mr. Barkstead . . . son to Barkstead, the Regicide . . . the son being, at the time of the said Arch-Traitor's' (*i.e.* Cromwell's) 'death, about the age of fifteen years.' The declaration was to the following effect: That Barkstead, the father, asked Cromwell, shortly before his death, where he would be buried, and he answered, 'At Naseby,' at the spot 'where the heat of the action was.' Accordingly, 'at midnight (soon after his death) being first embalmed, and wrapped in a leaden coffin, he was, in a hearse, conveyed to the said field (the said Mr. Barkstead, by order of his father, attending close to the hearse);' there he was buried, and the soil above his grave was carefully levelled and soon afterwards ploughed and sown.

This whole story may have arisen from a wish, or the legend of a wish, expressed by the Protector as to the place of his burial. It is not unnatural that he should, in one of his moods, have thought of being laid to rest on the site of his great victory. But for the story itself there is no support except the bare statement of the younger Barkstead—a statement made privately long after the event to which it relates.[57]

(3) The supposed burial of Oliver Cromwell's remains in 'the vault of the Claypooles at Northampton,'[58] or Northborough, or Narborough.

I do not know how the story of Northampton originated. It would be not unnatural to connect Cromwell's burial with a vault or monument of the Claypoles, if it were found necessary to discredit the tradition of Tyburn; but in point of fact there does not appear to have been any 'Claypoole vault' at Northampton. Bridges,[59] the historian of Northamptonshire, describes the aisle and monuments of the Claypoles at *Northborough*, also in Northamptonshire; but he makes no mention of any alleged burial of Cromwell's remains either there [60] or at Northampton.

It may, perhaps, be held that the story is altogether fictitious, that it arose from the association of the Claypoles with the church at Northborough, and was afterwards transferred to Northampton. *Narborough* may be only another way of writing *Northborough*; if it

[57] The case for Naseby Field is urged by Lockinge, *Historical Gleanings on the Memorable Field of Naseby* (Lond. 1830), pp. 111–21. He quotes from the memoranda of the Rev. A. Marshall, who was Vicar of Naseby, a story told him by Oliver Cromwell of Cheshunt, a descendant of the Protector, as to the passing of the Protector's body through Cheshunt by night; but it is worthless as evidence, and if it were true it would not prove the burial at Naseby.

[58] Waylen, *House of Cromwell*, p. 222.

[59] *History of Northants* (1791), vol. ii. pp. 529–31.

[60] See, however, *Notes and Queries*, 2nd series, vol. xii. p. 192.

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is Narborough in Leicestershire, it is not associated by any evidence or tradition with the family of the Claypoles.

(4) The supposed burial of Oliver Cromwell's remains in the crypt under Chiswick Church.[61]

This is also an unsupported story. It is not mentioned by Faulkner,[62] who wrote the history of Chiswick, although he gives a full description of the church. It is possible that, as the tradition of Cromwell's burial at Northampton may be associated with the Claypoles, so this may be associated with Lord and Lady Fauconberg, who are mentioned by Faulkner in his account of Sutton Court.[63]

(5) The supposed burial of Oliver Cromwell's remains at Newburgh Hall, in the North Riding of Yorkshire.

Newburgh Hall was the home of the Fauconbergs, and Lady Fauconberg was the Protector's third daughter, Mary, 'a wise and worthy woman,' according to Burnet, who knew her personally, 'more likely to have maintained the post (of Lord High Protector) than either of her brothers.'[64] If it were necessary to find a resting-place for the body, no place could seem more suitable or more natural than their home.

But the belief that the Protector's body lies at Newburgh depends wholly and solely upon local tradition; it is devoid of all contemporary evidence. A writer in the *World* newspaper for the 11th of September, 1878, who has paid a visit to Newburgh Hall, makes the following statement:

> The tomb of Cromwell occupies the end of a narrow chamber at the head of a flight of steep stairs, and it is an enormous mass of stonework built and cemented into the walls, apparently with the object of making it impenetrable. There is no reason to doubt the truth of this story, preserved in the Bellasyse family for two centuries and a quarter.[65]

In default of evidence it is impossible to accept the tradition of the Protector's burial at Newburgh Hall. Mr. Frederic Harrison, indeed, writes: 'It is far from improbable that Lord Fauconberg had influence enough to secure the remains and privately immure them in the walls of the mansion, where so many relics of Oliver remain;'[66] but, I think, the theory is improbable, and it is certainly not supported by evidence.[67]

(6) The supposed burial of the remains of Oliver Cromwell in Red Lion Square, Holborn.

[61] Waylen, *l.c.*

[62] *History of Brentford, Ealing, and Chiswick* (London, 1845), pp. 307–340.

[63] *Ibid.* pp. 480–1. [64] *History of My Own Time*, chap. v. p. 149.

[65] The passage is quoted in *Notes and Queries*, 5th series, vol. x. p. 264. There is also an earlier reference to the tradition of Newburgh Hall in *Notes and Queries*, 2nd series, vol. xii. p. 192.

[66] *Oliver Cromwell*, p. 228.

[67] Newburgh Hall is now in the possession of Sir George Wombwell, who inherited it from the Fauconberg family.

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Sir John Prestwich, the antiquary, who lived in the eighteenth century, heads a list of 'Names and Armorial bearings' of the great men of the Commonwealth with the words, 'Oliver Cromwell, his Highness Lord Protector. . . . His remains were privately interred in a small paddock, near Holborn; in that very spot over which the obelisk is placed in Red Lion Square, Holborn.'

His statement,[68] which rests upon no authority, can be little more than an exaggerated reminiscence of the removal of the Protector's body, after its exhumation, from Westminster Abbey to the Red Lion Inn in Holborn. It was assumed that, as the body rested there before the last scene in its tragic history, so there, or nearly there, it rested afterwards.[69]

And now at length I can bring my discussion to a close.

All the evidence which I have collected and compared establishes the belief that the body of Oliver Cromwell was privately buried, not long after his death, in Westminster Abbey; that his body was taken to Tyburn, and there decapitated and buried; that the trunk of his body remained, where it was buried, beneath the site of the gallows at Tyburn; it has long since mouldered away, or has been removed or disturbed in the course of excavation, and it is now irrecoverable; that his head, after being exposed on Westminster Hall for more than twenty years, disappeared; it has never been seen since, and it too is now irrecoverable.

These conclusions may not be welcome to some of the great Protector's ardent admirers; they are not welcome to me. All I can say is that I believe them to be true. When it was my fortune to become associated with Westminster Abbey, I dreamed that it might perhaps prove not impossible to undo, in some measure, the sacrilege of two centuries and a half ago, by bringing back the Protector's body, or at least his head, to its resting-place in the Chapel of King Henry the Seventh. But the dream came from the gate of ivory, and not from the gate of horn. It has vanished, as such dreams will, into thin air.

J. E. C. WELLDON.

[68] *Respublica* (Lond. 1787), p. 149; quoted in *Notes and Queries*, 2nd series, vol. viii. p. 375. It does not appear what authority Mr. Churton Collins (*Gentleman's Magazine*, May 1881) has for saying that Ebenezer Heathcote removed the body from the Red Lion Inn and buried it in the Red Lion Square.

[69] The story is discussed in Walford's *Old and New London* (Lond. 1891), vol. iv. pp. 545–8. He quotes long passages from Jesse's *London* in support of it, but Jesse was so wild a reasoner as to assume that any place where a gallows was erected in or near London might be called Tyburn.

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THE WHITE PERIL

THE Russo-Japanese war marks an all-important epoch in the history of our intercourse with the East, and will probably prove to be a turning-point in the course of future events. Does it ever occur to us Westerners, who talk glibly of the Yellow Peril, to consider the past and the present situation from the Oriental's point of view, and examine how he regards us pale-faced races of the West? From the commencement of our intercourse with the Orient the menace of the White Peril must every year have appeared to be growing more and more alarming, until now, when Japan has proved itself strong enough to effectively cry 'Hands off!' and to call a halt to our aggression. Despite the obstacle of the intense Oriental reserve, anybody who knows his East even partially, and has sympathetically gained the confidence of intelligent Chinamen and Japanese, can easily form an idea of their real feelings towards us. When we recall the history of our intercourse, their present attitude cannot be a matter of surprise; and if we consider it impartially and dispassionately we must admit that it is only the natural consequence and result of events.

Ce que les Russes payent en ce moment dans les mers du Japon et dans les gorges de la Mandchourie, ce n'est pas seulement leur politique avide et brutale en Orient, c'est la politique coloniale de l'Europe tout entière. Ce qu'ils expient, ce ne sont pas seulement leurs crimes, ce sont les crimes de toute la chrétienté militaire et commerciale.[1]

The idea of the Yellow Peril, with which we have become familiar through the imaginative effusions of magazine writers, and which has been pictorially illustrated by the German Emperor in his celebrated cartoon, is purely speculative—the work of would-be prophets. There is nothing speculative or imaginary, however, about the idea of the White Peril; it has been carved out of the continent of Asia, and the picture painted in the yellow man's blood.

When the first explorers and traders visited China and Japan they were invariably well received by the inhabitants, who were willing to sanction their traffic provided they did not disturb social and political order, and complied with the regulations laid down for it.

[1] Anatole France, *Sur la Pierre Blanche*.

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After the fall of the Ming dynasty, during the fifteenth century, the Far East was completely closed to everything foreign, and it was not until the Spanish and Portuguese adventurers came subsequently in the sixteenth century that news again reached Europe of China, and that intercourse was established which has continued to the present time. In 1506 it was that some Portuguese, after rounding the Cape, entered the Bogue, on the Canton River, and Dutchmen came to Macao in two or three large ships. In 1516 Rafael Perestrello reached the Chinese coast, and Ferdinand Andrada in the following year. These were all well received by the people and the Emperor Ching-tih, and were allowed to open trade with Canton, until they began to make themselves intolerable by their disgraceful conduct. Simon Andrada, in punishment for his numerous crimes, was expelled from Canton, but voyaged northwards and established settlements in Amoy and Ningpo. In the latter place the conduct of the foreigners soon became infamous.

They outraged every law and set the feelings of the people at defiance. They refused to submit to the native authorities, and on one occasion, in revenge for one of their number having been cheated by a Chinaman, they sent an armed band into a neighbouring village and plundered the natives, carrying off a number of women and young girls. By such deeds they brought down upon themselves the vengeance of the people, who rose and massacred 800 of the offenders and burnt thirty-five of their ships. At Chin-chow, in the province of Fuhkien, they invited disaster by similar misconduct. . . . By such acts as these the Portuguese brought discredit on the name of foreigners, who up to this time had been tolerated at Canton and elsewhere in consideration of the very profitable trade they had developed, and by virtue of the rich bribes which they had poured into the pockets of the mandarins. But these gains were more than nullified by the outrages they had committed; and an edict was issued from Peking ordering all communication to be broken off with these rebellious people.

This has invariably been the history of first experiences of contact with Asiatics. The natives always received the strangers well, and continued to do so until the conduct of their visitors brought them to change their attitude towards them. When St. Francis Xavier reached the Chinese coast in 1552 he was, in consequence of the misdeeds of his countrymen, prevented from landing by the mandarins, and had to be content with stopping on the island of Shan-chuan, where he died within sight of the land he had longed to convert.

When Catherine the First sent Count Vladislavich on a mission to Peking, he was cordially received by the Emperor Yung-cheng; and a treaty regulating trade, sanctioning the erection of a church, and sanctioning a mission consisting of ten members within the city was concluded. The Chinese set themselves, however, to discourage foreign trade; they held then, and told the Russians, as they have repeatedly told other nations since, that the people did not desire foreign trade,

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as their own country produced all the necessaries and luxuries they required. Self-contained, self-supporting, they were self-contented; but their visitors took the view that they had the inalienable right to force trade upon them, whether they wished it or not. This principle seems to be taken for granted by all Western nations and acted upon, as they appear to consider that they are quite within their rights in pointing a cannon to the head of the Celestial, and saying 'Your commerce or your life.'

Let us hear a Chinaman's views on this subject and on the cause of the first rupture between his country and the West:

When your first strangers came to China [writes Hu Hung Ming] it was not at our invitation; so we received them, if not with enthusiasm, at least with tolerance. So long as they were content to observe our regulations we were willing to sanction their traffic. The first trouble arose over a matter which you yourselves have hardly ventured to defend—your own conduct. A considerable part of your trade was the trade in opium. The use of this drug, we observed, was destroying the health and the morals of our people, and we therefore prohibited the trade. Your merchants, however, evaded the law; opium was smuggled in, till at last we were driven to take the matter into our own hands and to seize and destroy the whole stock of the forbidden drug. Your Government made our action an excuse for war. You invaded our territory, exacted an indemnity, and took from us the island of Hong Kong. Was this an auspicious beginning? . . . We submitted because we must; we were not a military Power. But do you suppose our sense of justice was not outraged? Or later, when every Power in Europe, on some pretext or other, had seized and retained some part of our territory, do you suppose because we cannot resist that we do not feel? To a Chinaman who reviews the history of our relations with you during the past sixty years and more, must you not naturally appear to be little better than robbers and pirates? . . . Which of us throughout has been the aggressor—we who, putting our case at the worst, were obstinately resolved to maintain our society, customs, laws, and polity against the influences of an alien civilisation, or you who, bent on commercial gains, were determined at all cost to force an entrance into our territory and to introduce along with your goods the leaven of your culture and ideas? If, in the collision that inevitably ensued, we gave cause of offence, we have at least the excuse of self-preservation. Our wrongs, if wrongs they were, were episodes on a substantial right; but yours were themselves the substance of your action. . . . Consider for a moment the conditions you have imposed on a proud and ancient empire, an empire which for centuries has believed itself to be at the head of civilisation. You have compelled us, against our will, to open our ports to your trade; you have forced us to permit the introduction of a drug which we believe is ruining our people; you have exempted your subjects residing amongst us from the operation of our laws; you have appropriated our coasting traffic; you claim the traffic of our inland waters. Every attempt on our part to resist your demands has been followed by new claims and new aggressions. And yet all this time you have posed as civilised peoples dealing with barbarians!

The events of the past fifty years in China are suggestive of the Chinese punishment for patricide, when the murderer is done to death by having slices of flesh cut from his body. We began the execution with Hong Kong; France, without the shadow of an excuse, carved

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off Cochin China; Russia, Port Arthur and Manchuria; Germany, Kiao-Chou; and so on, until the end of the Empire as a nation seemed approaching. There are many, of course, who consider that this is the best thing that could happen to China, and that willy-nilly we ought to Westernise the people. When travelling in China, and having the opportunity of contrasting and comparing the conditions and manners of life of those living in the districts that have come under European influence with those of the interior, it is at least questionable if the lot of the former has been improved. It is still more questionable if the happiness of the individual during his arc of life between the cradle and the grave has been increased. The standard of material comfort has been slightly raised, but at a price. Part of the wages of our civilisation is struggle, competition, and unrest; of Oriental civilisation, peace, contentment, and repose. Not the brutal idleness of the savage, but the reward of an industry unequalled upon earth. It is necessary to travel in the interior of China to get a true idea of the life of the country and its people; but here is a very true and vivid pen-picture drawn by a Chinaman:

Far away in the East, under sunshine such as you never saw (for even such light as you have you stain and infect with sooty smoke), on the shore of a broad river stands the house where I was born. It is one among thousands; but every one stands in its own garden, simply painted in white or grey, modest, cheerful, and clean. For many miles along the valley, one after the other, they lift their blue or red tiled roofs out of a sea of green, while here or there glitters out over a clump of trees the gold enamel of some tall pagoda. The river, crossed by frequent bridges and crowded with barges and junks, bears on its clear stream the traffic of thriving village markets. For prosperous peasants people all the district, owning and tilling the fields their fathers owned and tilled before them. The soil on which they work, they may say, they and their ancestors have made. For see, almost to the summit what once were barren hills are waving green with cotton and rice, sugar, oranges, and tea. Water drawn from the river bed girdles the slopes with silver, and, falling from channel to channel in a thousand bright cascades, plashing in cisterns, chuckling in pipes, soaking and oozing in the soil, distributes freely to all alike fertility, verdure, and life. Hour after hour you may traverse, by tortuous paths, over tiny bridges, the works of the generations who have passed, the labours of their children of to-day, till you reach the point where man succumbs and nature has her way, covering the highest crags with a mantle of azure and gold and rose, gardenia, clematis, azalea, growing luxuriantly wild. How often here have I sat for hours in a silence so intense that, as one of our poets has said, 'You may hear the shadows of the trees rustling on the ground'—a silence broken only now and again from far below by voices of labourers calling across the watercourses, or, at evening or dawn, by the sound of gong summoning to worship from the temples in the valley! Such silence—such sounds—such perfume—such colour—the senses respond to their objects; they grow exquisite to a degree you cannot well conceive in your northern climate, and beauty, pressing in from without, moulds the spirit and mind insensibly to harmony with herself. If in China we have manners, if we have art, if we have morals, the reason, to those who can see, is not far to seek. Nature has taught us; and so far we are only more fortunate than you. But, also, we have had the grace to learn her lesson; and that, we think, we may ascribe to our intelligence.

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For consider, here in this lovely valley live thousands of souls without any law save that of custom, without any rule save that of their own hearths. Industrious they are, as you hardly know industry in Europe; but it is the industry of free men working for their kith and kin, on the lands they received from their fathers, to transmit, enriched by their labours, to their sons. . . . Healthy toil, sufficient leisure, frank hospitality, a content born of habit and undisturbed by commercial ambitions, a sense of beauty fostered by the loveliest nature in the world, and finding expression in gracious and dignified manners where it is not embodied in exquisite works of art—such are the characteristics of the people among whom I was born . . . What have you to offer in its place, you our would-be civilisers? Your religion? Alas, it is in the name of that that you are doing unnamable deeds. Your morals? Where shall we find them? Your intelligence? Whither has it led? What counter picture have you to offer over here in England to this which I have drawn of life in China?[2]

The picture forced on the Chinaman's observation is that of the life in Shanghai, Tientsin, Hong Kong, and the other treaty ports. There he sees imposing buildings, magnificent ships, well-kept roads, cleanliness, and all the evidences of civilisation by soap; but there the admirable features of the picture stop. The bars and brothels loom larger to the eyes of these people, who, except for the use of opium, which we have forced upon them, are temperate to a degree. Almost every street of these cities is dotted with saloons, where at evening the natives can watch white men getting soddenly or rowdily drunk inside these garishly lighted dens, to the twanging of a piano played by a bar-room harlot, so that they come to believe that the principal pleasure and pastime of the European is drinking. The notorious houses, kept principally by American women, their horses and carriages, evidences of the lucrativeness of their occupation, he knows of. The most gentle, courteous, and polite people in the world cannot but contrast their own manners with the domineering aggressiveness and coarseness of the majority of the Europeans with whom they come in contact. With so many glaring vices characterising these Westerners, they fail to understand why they should consider themselves called upon to draw the people away from the doctrines of Confucius and Buddha. With very good reason they have come to regard the missionary as a menace, because these preachers of the gospel of the God of Peace have so often been but the forerunners of trouble and territorial robbery. While the ignorance and tactlessness of a great portion of them is notorious, the devotion and self-sacrifice of others is more than counterbalanced by the way the actions of the Christian nations give the lie to the Christianity they profess. 'Thou shalt not steal,' 'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's goods,' 'Thou shalt not kill.' If the 'nots' were omitted, Westerners might then claim to living up to the precepts of their faith, and their profession of it would be understandable to the Chinese mind.

In the case of Japan, a courteous welcome and hospitality was

[2] Letters of a Chinese official.

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extended both to the earliest explorers and traders and the missionaries who immediately followed them. Nothing could be more open-minded or liberal than the attitude of the Japanese to St. Francis Xavier, who landed in 1549, and who was followed by a large number of monks and priests who made astonishingly rapid progress in converting the natives to Christianity. In less than half a century there were several hundred thousand Christians in Japan, and their numbers were steadily increasing, until the missionaries interfered, or were suspected of interfering, in politics, when the attitude of the rulers changed towards them. It looked, towards the end of the sixteenth century, as if the whole population of Japan was on a fair way to become Christian; and how genuine was the conversion of these people is evident from the extreme difficulty which was experienced in compelling them to abandon the new religion which they had adopted. Tens of thousands suffered death willingly, and an immense number of others were deprived of all they possessed sooner than give it up. Innumerable edicts were launched against them, and wave after wave of violent persecution swept over the country for nearly fifty years, until Christianity, except in a few outlying spots, was practically exterminated. Notwithstanding all the things which Japan has adopted from the West, she has not changed the religion of the country for Christianity. The religion of the more educated portion of her population has been well described as that of an attitude of politeness towards possibilities, and there are fewer Christians in Japan at the present day than there were fifty years after the landing of St. Francis Xavier.

Mendez Pinto was the first European to visit Japan, in 1542. As in the case of China, the foreigners were received by the Japanese with the greatest courtesy, were treated as guests, and an arrangement immediately made that every other year a Portuguese vessel was to visit Kiushiu for trading purposes. This arrangement was continued for some years, until the riotous and turbulent conduct of the Portuguese thoroughly disgusted the Japanese, and made intercourse with these foreigners intolerable. In April 1600 a Dutch trading fleet, piloted by Bill Adams, an Englishman, arrived in Japan, and although the missionaries at this time were being persecuted, the new arrivals received a friendly welcome, and were allowed to open factories in several places.

In July 1853, during the Shogunate of Iyeyoshi, the American Commodore Perry arrived at Yokohama, with the object of making an arrangement with the Japanese for the opening of some of their ports for the obtaining of supplies and for purposes of trade. The leaders of the people were divided in opinion as to whether this request should be granted or not. In the council of Daimios one party, headed by Prince Mito, was opposed to allowing any intercourse with these foreigners. 'Trade being their object,' they said, 'they

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will manage bit by bit to impoverish the country, after which they will treat us just as they like—perhaps behave with the greatest rudeness and insult us, and end by swallowing up Japan. If we do not drive them away now, we shall never have another opportunity.' The other party, headed by the Shogun, held that Japan was not in a position to hold her own against foreigners, and that her best policy was to temporise and make treaties on the best terms she could until such time as she should acquire the possession and knowledge of Western arms. They were quick at realising that right was useless unless backed up by might, and, the counsels of this party prevailing, a treaty was concluded between the Shogun and Commodore Perry in 1854, which was followed by another in 1857; and in the next year Lord Elgin concluded a treaty on behalf of Great Britain on similar lines, the Japanese having the sagacity to stipulate that we were prohibited from importing any opium into their country. France and other European countries lost no time in following suit, and gaining equal privileges for trade.

The first actual conflict between Japanese and Westerners was at the battle of Kagoshima, when the native batteries were silenced and three of their ships sunk, on the 11th of August, 1863. This had the effect of convincing even the conservative Satsuma clan of the necessity of adopting the weapons of their conquerors, and made the whole people anxious to adopt the civilisation which possessed such weapons. Now here was shown the marked difference between these two peoples who had both been bombarded by the same cannon The Chinese were willing to trust to the weak weapon of diplomacy, with its contingent liability of having to submit to dismemberment—the punishment of a thousand deaths. Their versatile, energetic, and progressive neighbours were quick to grasp the situation, and discern the only way by which they could preserve their national existence To them, as to all Asiatic nations, the conquest of India stood out as an ominous warning ever present in their minds. The revolution in Japan was the result not of any admiration for our civilisation, our culture, our arts, manners, religion, or morals; it was adopted as the only means of defence against the White Peril. There is nothing in the world's history to match the thoroughness with which they threw themselves into their self-imposed task or the steadfastness of purpose they displayed in carrying it out. It is very interesting to watch the prudence and self-restraint they have exercised in not allowing themselves to be tempted to any trial of strength before they were fully prepared. When they declared war against China, they knew the task was easily within their power. When they were iniquitously deprived of the possession of Port Arthur, it was touch and go whether the army would submit to it, and Marshal Oyama, by his personal influence, had all he could do in getting the troops to obey orders and evacuate it. In 1873 Japan was very

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near coming into conflict with Russia over the question of Korea. The Iwakura embassy had come back from Europe much impressed with the military activity of the Powers, but, above all, with the aggressive policy and attitude of Russia. In a report Tashimichi pointed out that Russia, perpetually pressing southwards, was now the chief peril for Japan, and, as a result, it became immediately the first object of Japanese policy to check Russia in Korea. As the best way of effecting this, many in the Government were for declaring war immediately against Russia, and complete plans were formed for the conquest and occupation of Korea. But the prudent majority recognised that the time had not yet come for trying conclusions with Russia, and they carried their point. They said they might, and would, win by waiting until they had completed their preparations, but that it was premature to take on such a big risk as that of a war with one of the European Powers. From that time, however, the idea was implanted in the Japanese mind that sooner or later they would have to fight Russia. The war with China was a sort of trial trip—eminently satisfactory in so far as it proved that they had mastered the use of Western weapons, and modified their mode of military operations in conformity with the best modern ideas. It was intensely mortifying to the entire nation that they should have suffered defeat in the diplomatic field, and that, against all principles of justice, they should see Port Arthur, the legitimate reward of their victory, taken from them by a nefarious conspiracy of the foreign Powers—again emphasising to their minds the menace of the White Peril. The part they took in the expedition to the relief of the legations at Peking in 1900, a sort of international military parade, was sufficient to show us who accompanied it to what a high state of efficiency the Japanese troops had been trained. I was in Japan a year before the outbreak of the present war, and there were abundant signs that the nation was preparing, and girding up its loins for the great struggle which was impending, and the imminence of which they made little secret of admitting. I left Japan with the impression that war was inevitable, and that the outbreak of hostilities was merely a matter of a few months; but, as it takes two to make a quarrel, this opinion was somewhat modified, during my return home *via* Siberia and Russia, by finding there was practically a unanimous opinion amongst Russians of all classes that there would be no war, and that the game they were playing in the Far East was merely one of bluff. They bluffed just a little too much, however, and, in the language of the game of poker, their hand was called.

When the first shots were fired upon the *Variag* and *Koritz* in Chemulpo harbour, they were really something more than a declaration of war against Russia: they were, in a sense, replying to the guns of that pirate Perry, to those that had bombarded Shimonoseki, and to

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those that had reduced the forts of Kagoshima. It was the Asiatics, after long preparation, taking up arms to stem the aggression of the West; and at last the White Peril was to be faced and fought. The events of the past year have shown that the Japanese did not overestimate their strength or their resources; and, notwithstanding the element of uncertainty at the time of writing, introduced by the very able manner in which Admiral Rodjesvenski has succeeded in bringing his miscellaneous fleet into Eastern waters, there can be little doubt as to what will be the final result of the war. If the Russians continue the struggle, it will be only a matter of time for Vladivostok to share the same fate as Port Arthur, and for the Russians to be driven beyond Harbin.

There is little doubt that one of the conditions of peace will be the evacuation of Manchuria by Russia, and the return of the island of Saghalien to Japan. Already the effects of the war have become apparent throughout China, and a fresh impetus has been given to the movement of what I have called the Japanisation of that country. During the past twelve months an unprecedented number of Chinese students have come to Japan—there are now over four thousand in Tokio alone, while Great Britain, with its enormous trade with China, can only number eighty student visitors. While considerable importance may be attached to the influence these young men will have when they return home, an equal influence is being already exercised in China by the large number of Japanese instructors who have gone over to direct the reorganisation of the army and navy, and act as superintendents in the Government arsenals. Notwithstanding the war being in progress, there has been a remarkable increase in Japan's trade with China during the past twelve months, which is indicative of the rapid expansion which is certain to take place at the conclusion of the war. In return for the restoration of Manchuria, the Japanese look to getting railway and mining concessions throughout Fokien, their sphere of influence opposite Formosa.

Unquestionably one of the results of the war will be the drawing of the two Asiatic empires more closely together; and as soon as the development of China will make her more valuable as an ally we shall probably see an offensive and defensive alliance concluded with Japan. It is obvious that the time has come when no further territory in Eastern Asia can be annexed by European Powers, and it is not by any means improbable that before long a movement in the opposite direction may begin. Now that the Russians have been driven out of Port Arthur, we will soon be under notice to quit Wai-Hai-Wai. If for any reason Japan should pick a quarrel with Germany, and insist on their evacuating Kiao-Chou, it is difficult to see what effective opposition the Germans could make. Very much the same applies to France in the case of Cochin China. The menace of the White Peril is passing away, if it has not already passed, from

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Eastern Asia. The Monroe doctrine of the Pacific, if it has not been announced in so many words, exists as a reality in the minds of hundreds of thousands of Asiatics. There will be many who will find in this confirmation for their worst fears of the Yellow Peril. M. Anatole France says:

Aussitôt nous discernons un danger qui nous menace. S'il existe, qui l'a créé? Ce ne sont pas les Japonais qui sont venus chercher les Russes. Ce ne sont pas les jaunes qui sont venus chercher les blancs. Nous découvrons, à cette heure, le péril jaune. Il y a bien des années que les Asiatiques connaissent le péril blanc. Le sac du Palais d'Été, les massacres de Pékin, les noyades de Blagovetchensk, le démembrement de la Chine, n'étais-ce point là des sujets d'inquiétude pour les Chinois? Et les Japonais se sentaient-ils en sûreté sous les canons de Port-Arthur? Nous avons créé le péril blanc. Le péril blanc a créé le péril jaune.

As the White has created the Yellow Peril, so will the passing of the White Peril lay the ghost of the other. To anyone really familiar with the peaceful character of the Chinese people, and conversant with their history, the idea of their ever becoming aggressively warlike is thoroughly absurd. It would certainly mean a radical and fundamental change in the whole disposition of the people, and the Chinese are not prone to change.

GEORGE LYNCH.

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THE ETHOLOGICAL SOCIETY AND 'THE REVIVAL OF PHRENOLOGY'

THE foundation of an Ethological Society in London should be a matter for general congratulation. In fact, seeing that most people have probably always been very much of Pope's opinion that 'the proper study of mankind is man,' it is rather singular that we should have had to wait until the twentieth century for the establishment of any society having for its object the systematic study of human character. But now that we have a society calling itself 'Ethological,' and numbering among its vice-presidents distinguished men of letters and of science, novelists, dramatists, lawyers, doctors, schoolmasters, prison governors, and other practical experts in human nature, it is certainly equally singular that this society should apparently be founded on a 'phrenological' basis. At any rate, there are two points in connection with this society calling itself Ethological which should be relieved of all ambiguity. In the first place, it ought to be made clear whether the ethology of the Ethological Society is or is not the ethology of John Stuart Mill, who coined that word as an appropriate term for a new science which he himself hoped to be able to create, and the limitations of which he very precisely defined in the sixth book of his *Logic*. To me it appears to be another thing altogether. The new science which Mill proposed to name ethology was something quite different from psychology—whether individual, ethnical, or comparative. As conceived by him, it was to stand to psychology 'in a relation very similar to that in which the various branches of natural philosophy stand to mechanics.' In fact, ethology, the deductive science, was to be a system of corollaries from psychology, the experimental science. It would never enable us to predict the actions of individuals with scientific accuracy; but Mill held that that which was only probable when asserted of individual human beings indiscriminately selected, might be regarded as certain when affirmed of the character and collective conduct of masses. Individual character he conceived to be far too complicated a matter to be similarly dealt with. He points out that there is hardly any living person concerning some essential part of whose character there are not differences of

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opinion even among his intimate acquaintances. So numerous and various, too, are the circumstances which form individual character that not only is the aggregate never in any two cases exactly similar, but what we obtain, after the most extensive and accurate observation, is only an approximative result. The consequence of any particular combination, also, is hardly ever some definite and strongly marked character, always found where that combination exists, and not otherwise. Moreover—and this brings me to my second point—Mill was distinctly of opinion that 'whatever may hereafter be found to be the true theory of this subject, phrenology at least is untenable.'

In the second place, then, it ought to be made equally clear whether or not the aims and objects of the new society are in any way bound up with the more or less well-known and peculiar views of its President, Dr. Bernard Holländer, as expounded in his books on *The Mental Functions of the Brain* and on *Scientific Phrenology*. Dr. Holländer, it is true, expressly dissociates himself from the modern professors of the 'bump theory'; but he contends that the new phrenology, while it can have nothing to do with these ignorant quacks, must nevertheless hark back to the founders of the old phrenology, Drs. Gall and Spurzheim. It may be well, therefore, to state briefly what was the pure and unadulterated theory originally propounded by these ingenious gentlemen.

Before doing this, however, it may be worth while to remind ourselves that just as there were poets before Homer, and tall men before Agamemnon, so there were phrenologists before Gall and Spurzheim. Pythagoras and Democritus placed sensitive and vegetative life in the blood, but mind in the head. Plato placed the passions in the viscera, but the reason in the brain. Aristotle pronounced the first or anterior ventricle of the brain to be the organ of common sense, the second or central ventricle to be the region of reflection and judgment, and the third or posterior ventricle to be the region of memory. Coming down to the fourteenth century, we find Mundini, of Luzzi, supposing the existence of 'cellules' in the brain, each the seat of a different mental faculty. And, about the middle of the seventeenth century, Willis, of Oxford, propounded a more detailed theory which might well entitle him to be described as the 'father of phrenology.' It may go without the saying that he did not (and in his age could not) really know very much about the brain. But he held that the cerebrum was the organ of the animal functions and the voluntary motions, that the understanding was seated in the corpus callosum, that the 'animal spirits' were generated in the cerebrum and cerebellum and collected in the medulla, that the convolutions were the storehouses of memory, and that the soul was located in a lymphatic gland. Prochaska, who wrote a history of previous theories of the subject in 1784, sensibly and candidly declared that, up to that date, it had not been possible to determine what portions of the cerebrum or the

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cerebellum were specifically subservient to this or that faculty of the mind; and that, notwithstanding the conjectures of many eminent men, the subject 'is as obscure now as ever it was.'

About a dozen years later than this, Dr. Franz Joseph Gall, a young physician of Vienna, first began to lecture on the subject which we now call phrenology. It is interesting and instructive to note how he had arrived at the conclusions which he then began so confidently to promulgate. When a boy, it appears, he had observed that many of his schoolfellows surpassed him in learning 'by heart,' although he excelled them in reflection and reasoning; and he had noticed that all these boys had prominent eyes. This fact made a deep impression on his mind; and, at a later date, when he had become dissatisfied with the current metaphysical divisions of the mind, it occurred to him that there should be separate divisions of brain for language, for drawing, for music, for reason, &c., corresponding to the various activities in which men are engaged. And, having made the preliminary assumption that such variations of brain would be indicated externally, he went about visiting schools, colleges, prisons, lunatic asylums, and other public institutions, and wherever he found any person distinguished either for specific endowments or specific deficiencies, he contrived to examine the shape of that person's head. If he found a certain part of the skull more prominent than the rest of it, he termed such protuberance the 'organ' of mathematics, or of music, or of philology, or of poetry, as the case might be. And he did not limit himself to the intellectual faculties; but the heads of any who were reported as having been from an early age either proud, or timid, or courageous, or thievish, were similarly examined, and any prominences on their skulls set down as the 'organs' of these characteristics also. Conversely, whenever he observed a head with any prominent protuberance, he endeavoured to learn what were the talents or dominant emotional characteristics of the owner. These observations were supplemented by an extensive collection of skulls, and of casts of well-known people's heads; and whenever a person whose head he had examined happened to die, he asked permission (which was occasionally granted) to make a *post-mortem* examination of that person's brain. As he started not only without any knowledge of what the specific 'faculties' of the human mind really were, but without even a good working hypothesis, Gall's nomenclature, as his disciple Spurzheim admits, was at first very defective. But he finally evolved a scheme of twenty-seven 'faculties,' in the following order, each duly located in a certain part of the brain, and visible, as he contended, for all who had eyes to see, on a corresponding part of the cranium:

1. Amativeness.
2. Philoprogenitiveness.
3. Adhesiveness.
4. Combativeness.
5. Destructiveness.
6. Secretiveness.

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7. Acquisitiveness.
8. Self-esteem.
9. Love of approbation.
10. Cautiousness.
11. Eventuality and individuality.
12. Locality.
13. Form.
14. Language (verbal memory).
15. Language (talent for speech, &c.).
16. Colouring.
17. Tune.
18. Number.
19. Constructiveness.
20. Comparison.
21. Causality.
22. Wit.
23. Ideality (*talent poétique*).
24. Benevolence.
25. Imitation.
26. Veneration.
27. Firmness.

This scheme, with a few variations and additions, is the chart by means of which all the later professors of the 'science of bumps' perform their delineations of character; and something more will have to be said about it, from various points of view, later on.

In 1802 Gall was prohibited from lecturing in the Austrian dominions, as the Government of that country considered his doctrines dangerous to religion. But a few years later, in conjunction with J. G. Spurzheim, M.D., who was associated with him first as pupil and afterwards as co-labourer, he started on a lecturing tour through Germany, Holland, Sweden, and Switzerland; subsequently settling down, in 1807, as a consulting physician in Paris. His disciples loudly assert that Gall followed the true inductive method in his inquiries; but it would be more correct to describe his method as one of the most primitive empiricism. Spurzheim relates, for instance, that there were two persons in Vienna who were notorious for their extreme irresolution, and that Gall managed one day to stand behind both of them, in some public place, for the purpose of examining their heads. He found both to be very large on the upper and posterior part of both sides of the head; and this observation was sufficient to supply him with the 'organ' of cautiousness. In the course of their travels, whenever Gall observed any distinct protuberance on the head of a stranger, he was bold enough, says his companion, to go up and address that person, with a view to discovering his mental characteristics; and in this way these two itinerant doctors imagined themselves to be making a profound acquaintance with psychology and cerebral anatomy. In 1808 they presented to the Institute of France a memoir of their 'discoveries'; but the Committee (which included the great Cuvier) reported unfavourably upon it. In 1809 they published their *Recherches sur le Système Nerveux*; and in 1810 the first volumes of an elaborate work (with an atlas of 100 plates) on the *Anatomie et Physiologie du Système Nerveux*. Gall went on with this work, and remained in Paris until his death in 1828; but in 1813 he and Spurzheim parted, and the latter came over to advocate his system in this country.

Spurzheim's first visit to England was not an unqualified success. He himself does not record the fact, but in Coleridge's *Table-talk* we

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may read an account of his examination of the head of the silver-haired poet, when (not knowing his man) Spurzheim diagnosed an absence of 'ideality' and an unusually large endowment of 'locality,' raising thereby, of course, a general shout of laughter; for not only did everybody know the poet to be 'of imagination all compact,' but it was notorious that he was perpetually losing his way when in any but the most familiar neighbourhood. And this was not his only case of conspicuous failure. But it is a characteristic of the methods of phrenologists generally that they omit to record observations or experiments which do not support, or which contradict, their theory; being apparently altogether unaware that a few selected instances can never prove anything at all, and that a true induction can only be arrived at after a careful examination of a long series of properly conducted experiments or observations, in which the preponderance of conformations to the theory is greater than the laws of chance or probability will account for, while the non-conformations can be otherwise explained. All this notwithstanding, however, Spurzheim, while on a visit to Scotland, managed to convert to his views an Edinburgh Writer to the Signet, named George Combe, who soon became (and perhaps still remains) the best-known exponent of phrenological principles in English. Combe was in many ways a remarkable personality. He wrote a number of meritorious works on education, on legislation, on science and religion, and on other subjects. His *Constitution of Man, Considered in Relation to External Objects*, went through edition after edition, and made his name widely known, in consequence of a fund bequeathed for its continual publication by a wealthy and enthusiastic admirer. And his *Elements of Phrenology* (the ninth edition of which, 2 vols. 8vo. 1862, lies before me as I write) is the best, and indeed the only, treatise in English to which the reader can be referred for an exhaustive and authoritative exposition of the subject. Spurzheim and Combe added half a dozen or more to the 'faculties' enumerated by Gall, and Combe also adopted the old doctrine of temperaments, and worked it into the system.

The first principles of that system may be stated as follows: (1) That the brain is the only organ of mind; (2) that the mental powers and moral sentiments of man have been exhaustively analysed into a definite number of separate 'faculties'; (3) that these faculties are innate; (4) that each of them has its seat in a definite and accurately ascertained region of the brain; and (5) that the measure of the power of each such faculty may be gauged by the size of its brain region, as indicated on the outer surface of the skull. Philosophers and divines, says Combe, had long disputed about the number and functions of the human faculties; but until the appearance of Drs. Gall and Spurzheim 'the science of mind was in a condition very similar to the science of the heavenly bodies before the appearance of Copernicus and Newton.' Now, however, 'the organs of the mind

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can be seen and felt, and their size estimated' by all and sundry; and he points out certain conveniences which consequently ensue. In the dark ages before phrenology, he says, mercantile houses had been ruined by clerks and partners embezzling and absconding with the funds; and he draws attention to the then recently issued prospectus of the British Surety Company for guaranteeing the fidelity of persons employed by others, and hazards the opinion that, unless conducted on phrenological principles, such a company must inevitably come to bankruptcy. One of Combe's Edinburgh contemporaries, Sidney Smith (*not* the witty Canon of St. Paul's), who published a work on the *Principles of Phrenology* in 1838, puts this part of the case even more strongly. We should choose a pastor, he declared, not by his first sermon (which may not be his own), but by his bumps (which certainly are); we should choose a judge, not for the extent of a practice founded on talents for making the worse appear the better reason, or for having been an unscrupulous political partisan, but for the size of his phrenological development in the region of 'conscientiousness,' and so forth. Shakespeare's skull, if we could only get hold of it, he said, would tell us more of the chief of immortals than the fables of all his biographers. And although two thousand years have rolled over the skulls of ancient Egypt, 'there are men [himself and other phrenologists, of course] who could read the fortunes of its satraps as easily as Cleopatra.' The convenience of such a facile method of diagnosing human character and faculty may be admitted readily enough. The merchant in search of a confidential cashier could have every candidate's conscientiousness and calculating power stated to a fraction by the mere manipulation of the bumps on his cranium. The anxious parent who did not know what to do with his sons might be instantly informed, by the same short and easy method, whether nature had fitted them to be tinkers or tailors, soldiers or sailors, clergymen, poets, engineers, or what not. Cœlebs in search of a wife might by this simple means discover any young lady's capacity for conjugal affection and parental love. Guarantee societies need have no further trouble about references respecting previous integrity; for after a few minutes' examination any professor of this 'science' would be able unhesitatingly to declare whether a particular conformation of skull denoted its owner to be a born thief or a born saint. And there was the further convenience that the whole business was so mechanical that no special 'eye for character' was necessary to enable any person to make this accurate diagnosis in any given case. The point these gentlemen had to prove, however, was not whether phrenology would be convenient, but whether it was true. And it must be admitted that they persuaded a very considerable number of people into a belief in their system. After Spurzheim's second visit to this country, phrenology, or 'craniology' as it was then generally called, enjoyed a considerable vogue. Societies for the propagation of

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the new faith were founded in all parts of the kingdom. Robert Chambers, Richard Cobden, 'George Eliot,' and other well-known persons were among Combe's friends and disciples; and he was asked by Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort to examine the heads and advise as to the education of the Prince of Wales, Princess Alice, and Prince Alfred. Medical men, men of science, and philosophers, however, were by no means so well satisfied with the plausible theory; and it soon came in for a very destructive criticism.

One of the first to take up the challenge was Sir William Hamilton; and in an appendix to his *Lectures on Metaphysics* (1859) may be found a searching analysis of the then popular doctrine. Among other things, he pointed out that the frontal sinuses (*i.e.* certain cavities between the tables of the frontal bone), which are found in all puberal crania, are variable, and their extent wholly inappreciable or discoverable from without, a fact which renders altogether uncertain the size and extent of sixteen of the alleged phrenological 'organs.' As regards the functions of the cerebellum—a part of their doctrine which he described as 'the citadel of phrenology'—he claimed that by an induction from over a thousand brains of above fifty species of animals (including man) he had conclusively disposed of the fundamental contentions of Gall and his followers. And some of the other 'organs' were dealt with in a similar way. The phrenologists asserted, for instance, that women were more devout than men, and that the female cranium was generally higher than that of the male in the region where they had located their 'organ' of 'veneration.' Hamilton said that, after comparing nearly two hundred skulls of either sex, he had found the female skull (while considerably smaller than that of the male) to be longer, nearly as broad, and *much lower*. With regard to the alleged organ of 'destructiveness,' a comparison of all the crania of murderers which were preserved in the Anatomical Museum of the University of Edinburgh with some two hundred other skulls indifferently taken, showed that the murderers were not larger, but smaller, in the regions of 'destructiveness' and the other evil propensities, and not smaller, but larger than the average, in the alleged region of the higher moral and intellectual faculties. In fact, the skulls of the murderers, phrenologically considered, even compared favourably with those of Robert Bruce, George Buchanan, and Dr. David Gregory! It is significant that subsequent phrenologists have mostly seemed to be unaware that such a person as Sir William Hamilton ever existed.

In 1861, that eminent professor of mental science Dr. Alexander Bain, in a little book on *The Study of Character* (which might profitably be reprinted), attacked the matter from the psychological standpoint. The emotions, he thought, were fairly well detailed in the phrenological system, although, strange to say, no account whatever was given of sympathy. But its analysis of the intellect was shown to be very defective. Many of the 'faculties' overlap one

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another, such as, for example, philoprogenitiveness, adhesiveness, and (in part) benevolence, or as concentrativeness and firmness, combativeness and destructiveness, constructiveness and weight. Colour and form really take in the functions of locality and size and part of individuality. Tune is the only property of sounds recognised in the system, which knows nothing of quality, accent, or cadence. Taste and smell are omitted altogether; while on ideality is laid the burden of the whole range of æsthetics.

Herbert Spencer thought the matter deserving of notice in his *Principles of Psychology*—notwithstanding that his system, which implies a constant co-operation of all the leading nervous centres in every thought and emotion, is fundamentally at variance with the phrenological idea—because he saw in it the rudiments of a general truth—viz. that 'different parts of the cerebrum must, *in some way or other*, subserve different kinds of mental action.' Seeing that it has been experimentally proved that every bundle of nerve-fibres, and every ganglion, has a special duty, and that each part of any such ganglion has a duty still more special, Spencer held that it was not likely that in the great hemispherical ganglia alone this specialisation did not exist. But, to say nothing of the fact that the phrenologists had been extremely loose in their methods of observation and reasoning; that they had obstinately ignored adverse evidence given by experiment; and that it was highly absurd for them to put forward their doctrine as in itself a complete system of psychology, when, at the best, it could never be more than an appendix (and that of comparative scientific unimportance) to psychology proper; he held that they were totally unwarranted in assuming a *precise* demarcation of the faculties, when the case called for nothing more than an insensible shading-off. They were also wrong in assuming something specific and unalterable in the natures of the various faculties; and in propounding any such doctrine as that (*e.g.*) the part of the brain labelled 'acquisitiveness' is alone concerned in producing the desire of possession. Every more complete aggregation of psychical states, says Spencer, is evolved by the union of simpler aggregations previously established, and the seat of the more complex aggregates *must be simply a centre of co-ordination by which the others are brought into relation.*

It may be thought perhaps that I am committing the absurdity of bringing forward champion after champion for the mere purpose of thrice slaying the already slain. But there is undoubtedly a popular impression abroad that the experiments and discoveries of Broca, Schäfer, Horseley, Ferrier, and others, respecting the localisation of cerebral functions, have furnished unexpected evidence in favour of the claims of the old phrenology; and the regrettable application of the term 'the new phrenology' to the result of these discoveries gives some colour to this popular error, for which, it cannot be too

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distinctly insisted upon, there is no foundation whatever. Of course, every physiologist and psychologist will at once admit it to be extremely probable that all our intellectual and moral qualities, as well as our sensorial and perceptive powers, involve and are inseparably associated with the activity of certain definite cells and fibres in the cerebral cortex. But what has been miscalled 'the new phrenology' has, up to the present, been able to do very little in the way of such localisation. The doctrine of Flourens that the *whole* of the cerebrum was employed in every mental process—a doctrine which he conceived himself to have proved by certain experiments tending to show that *all* the mental functions were enfeebled by the removal of *any* part of the brain, and so enfeebled precisely in proportion to the amount of brain taken away—has now been generally abandoned. Hughlings Jackson showed that certain paralytic and other phenomena were due to certain definitely localised lesions. Fritsch and Hitzig discovered that when certain areas of cerebral cortex were stimulated by a galvanic current certain movements of the opposite side of the body were produced. Ferrier and others, following up this line of investigation, showed certain parts of the muscular system to be under the control of certain definite parts of the cerebral convolutions. And, although the sense centres seem to be much more difficult of localisation than the motor centres, it is at least highly probable that the hearing centre is in the first temporo-sphenoidal convolution on both sides; that taste and smell are located in the uncinate gyrus, or inner surface of the temporo-sphenoidal lobe; while touch according to some authorities lies in the motor area, and according to others in the gyrus fornicatus and gyrus hippocampi. As to the cerebellum, Flourens held it to co-ordinate voluntary movements; Ferrier that it co-ordinates the movements necessary for maintaining the equilibrium of the body—different parts of it controlling different sets of those movements; others surmise it to be the centre for the execution of complicated reflex or automatic movements; and some pronounce it the seat of the muscular sense. On one point, however, they are all agreed—viz. that the cerebellum certainly is *not* what Gall declared it to be, the seat of the sexual instincts. And as to the localisation of the higher intellectual or moral qualities, nothing whatever is known. The study of aphasia and other allied defects has, indeed, shown the brain centres which control speech to lie in the second and third frontal convolutions. But 'the new phrenology' (if I may once more use this misleading name) knows nothing whatever of any localised brain centre either for any one of the ethical, religious, egoistic, or domestic sentiments, or for any one of the numerous intellectual 'faculties,' into which the old phrenology so confidently divided the human mind.

And I have by no means yet brought forward the whole of the case against phrenology. While admitting that both Gall and Spurzheim

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were quite abreast (or even somewhat in advance) of the knowledge of their time as to the anatomy of the brain, it cannot be denied that, as Dr. Bastian points out, they both regarded the 'white matter' of the cerebral hemispheres as the essential nervous substance, while the convolutional 'grey matter,' which physiologists now hold to be largely concerned with the most subtle and delicate of nerve functions, was considered by them to have no proper nerve functions at all. It is also highly curious that, although Spurzheim in 1815 asserted in so many words that 'the whole mass of the brain constitutes the organs,' yet, as Bastian again points out, neither he nor any other phrenologist takes any account whatever of the convolutions resting on the tentorium cerebelli at the base of the brain, any more than they do of the inner surfaces of the hemispheres. Their operations are confined to mapping out the whole of the mental 'organs' on that part of the skull which is in contact only with the upper and outer part of the brain. And Bastian adds, moreover, that there are no such divisions in the brain itself as are marked off on a phrenological chart. I might also adduce the evidence of that physiological expert Professor McAlister, who declares that, although the study of the surface of the cerebrum is of the essence of phrenology, yet nowhere in the whole circle of phrenological literature are the convolutions of the brain correctly described; and that, while the theory implies and requires that the outer table of the skull must be so finely and accurately modelled to the surface of the brain as to be an exact copy of that surface, yet, as a matter of fact, the outer surface only approximates to the inner surface, and the correspondence is so variable as to render conclusions from it of no value whatever. Finally, with respect to the dogma that, other things being equal, size is the measure of power, I might allege, firstly, that other things are generally not equal; and, secondly, that the careful and extensive observations recently made by Professor Karl Pearson conclusively show that neither the size nor the shape of the head has any relation whatever with intellectual ability.

Phrenology, says Professor William James, of Harvard, is not a psychology. It tells a man, for instance, that he likes children because he has a large organ of philoprogenitiveness. But this is no explanation. What we want to know is—What is 'philoprogenitiveness'? And it certainly is, at any rate, a very complex feeling, which should be reduced to its elements. But phrenology takes no account of elements, and its 'faculties' are never analysed at all. It postulates, for example, an independent 'faculty' of speech in the mind, and locates an 'organ' of speech in the brain, immediately behind the eye, alleging that it produces that fullness or prominence of eyeball which, as we have seen, made so strong an impression upon Gall when he was a boy at school. But the modern psychologist assures us that there is no more an 'organ' of speech in the brain than there

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is a 'faculty' of speech in the mind. When a man reads written or printed words, the part of the brain principally concerned is the visual centre, which lies nowhere near the eye, but right at the back of the head in the occipital convolutions, where the phrenologists place their organ of philoprogenitiveness. When he writes, he brings into play, in addition to this, what is now known as the writing centre, which is situated in the upper convolution of the temporal lobe, more or less in the region of the phrenologist's organ of ideality. When he engages in conversation, he brings into play, first, the auditory centre, which is situated in the upper convolution of the temporal lobe, about where the phrenologist places his organ of acquisitiveness; and, secondly, the speech centre, which lies in the posterior end of the third frontal convolution, or somewhere between ideality and constructiveness, as marked on the phrenological charts. But—and this is a vital point—it is not only these four parts of the brain that come into action; for, whenever a man makes use of language in any way, the entire mind and the entire brain are more or less brought into operation. The phrenological idea of separate faculties, capable of acting independently of one another, has been felicitously likened by Lange, in his *Geschichte des Materialismus*, to a parliament of little men assembled together, each of whom possesses but a single idea, which he ceaselessly strives to make prevail. And this in no way helps us to an understanding of the mind of man; for, as Lange observes, 'instead of one soul, phrenology gives us forty, each one as enigmatic as the full aggregate psychic life can be.'

It appears to me, therefore, that to have so intimately allied the new 'Ethological' Society with the much-talked-about 'revival of phrenology' was, in the face of all the foregoing hostile and destructive expert opinion, to say the least of it, an unfortunate mistake. I have not forgotten that the President of the Ethological Society insists again and again that his 'scientific' phrenology has 'no connection with the bump theory.' But, so far as I have been able to make out, though it may differ from this in certain relatively unimportant details, it is on all essential points the same thing. Dr. Holländer divides the mental powers into six groups: (1) Intellect (which he subdivides into perceptive and reflective powers); (2) the moral sense, comprising the ethical and the religious sentiments; (3) the 'propensities'; (4) the egoistic sentiments; (5) the affections; and (6) the sexual instinct. Now, this is to all intents and purposes the classification adopted by Combe, and by all later professors of the 'bump theory.' His location of these groups is also the same as theirs, viz. the intellect and the ethical and religious sentiments in the frontal lobe; the propensities in the temporal lobe; the egoistic sentiments in the parietal lobe; the affections in the occipital lobe; and the sexual instinct in the cerebellum. In fact, a diagram which he gives of the 'cranio-cerebral relations' according to his theory is

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almost identical with one given in a *Phrenological Self-instructor*, published by one of the 'bump professors' whom he so cordially denounces. He incorporates into his system the precise modification of the old doctrine of temperaments adopted by Combe and continued by his successors. His theory, equally with theirs, requires the grey matter of the cerebral cortex to be divided into a number of departmental regions corresponding to the sentiments, passions, and intellectual activities of the mind. And it likewise requires not only that the inner surface of the skull should be moulded by the outer surface of the convolutions, but also that the outer surface of the skull should accurately correspond thereto. Moreover, it is surely not insignificant that Dr. Holländer eagerly seizes upon and quotes with approbation anything which has ever been said by anybody in favour of the old phrenology; and instances George Combe's visit to the Dublin Penitentiary, when he made what is quoted as a successful phrenological diagnosis of a number of its inmates, together with his examination of the heads of the children of Queen Victoria, &c., as if all these facts should tell quite as much in favour of his 'scientific' phrenology as they might perhaps be assumed to do in favour of the 'misrepresentations' to which he hopes that his books may put an end.

I am not concerned to deny that this theory, if true, might furnish us with 'a key to human nature'; but, even so, it appears to me that the key would not prove to be quite so easy of manipulation as might at first sight be supposed. Have any of the professors of this 'science' ever considered what an extraordinary number of possible mental combinations their theory presupposes them to be capable of dealing with? The theory postulates, it must be remembered, that the power of a faculty is in proportion to the size of its organ, and that every organ, in proportion to its size, modifies the effect of every other organ; so that the resultant character is the sum of the powers of all the organs as thus modified by one another. Anybody mathematically inclined may work out for himself the possible number of combinations which thus become possible according to the 'forty-bump theory.' I will take the far easier sum involved in Dr. Holländer's 'scientific' theory, which deals with only ten faculties (or groups of faculties) plus three temperaments. And I will assume, for the sake of argument, that each faculty or temperament can exist in three sizes (or powers) only—large, medium, and small—though it is obvious that the number of sizes would be at least as numerous as the various sizes of hats. Thus limited, then, the sum would be: Given thirteen different items, each of three different sizes, and each present once only in each combination, to find the total number of combinations possible. The answer to this sum is 3^{13}, or, in plain figures, 1,594,323. That is to say, any strange head submitted to Dr. Holländer will, according to his theory, represent one out of over a million and a half separate and distinct characters; and the problem

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which he is to solve by a ten-minutes' analysis is—to which of this enormous number of characters does the head before him belong. *Ex hypothesi*, the product varies according to the least variation in its constituent elements; and as it would be plainly impossible for any one but a mathematical prodigy such as Zerah Colbourn, to perform the necessary calculations off-hand, it follows that, in order to give a correct diagnosis in any one particular case, Dr. Holländer must have the ascertained results of this million and a half of mental combinations at his fingers' ends. And this calculation, I may observe, is one extremely favourable to the phrenologist; for it takes no account of the fact, admitted by Dr. Holländer himself, that 'brains vary in quality in different individuals,' nor of the equally important fact, pointed out by Mill, that the effect of concurring causes is not always precisely the sum of the effects of those causes when separate, nor even always an effect of the same kind with them.' A knowledge of the properties of oxygen and sulphur, for instance, would never enable us to deduce those of sulphuric acid, without specific observation and experiment. So that this theory, while dealing with a part only of what Mill termed 'mental physics,' takes no account whatever of the infinite variations which would necessarily be produced by the combinations of what he called mental chemistry.' On the whole, therefore, taking into consideration the number and complexity of the causes to be dealt with, we need not much wonder that, as Dr. Holländer himself admits, 'ethology, or the science of human character, is still a missing science.' And there can be no manner of doubt that if investigations into its nature were to be conducted on phrenological lines only, a missing science it would for ever remain.

JOHN FYVIE.

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SOME ROYAL LOVE-LETTERS

LIVES of various persons stand out in our memory, either from the intrinsic interest of their own individual character and personality, from the art of their biographer (vide *Life of John Sterling* by Carlyle), or because of the more famous actors on this world's stage amid whom it may have been their lot to play a part, albeit a minor one. Anne Boleyn remains a figure prominent on our historical canvas principally because of her influence, direct and indirect, on some of the great Englishmen of her short day—Henry the Eighth, Wolsey, More, Wyatt, Fisher, Cranmer, and others.

Papers and correspondence concerning her are even now often coming newly to light from English and Continental archives and depositories; original documents containing her name linked with scandal or politics can be seen in most of the great European libraries; from the Vatican, where repose the famous love-letters of Henry the Eighth, downwards. Those epistles were stolen from Anne in 1528 and sent to Rome, probably by Wolsey, though much suspicion also fell upon the Roman legate, Cardinal Campeggio.

Sir Thomas Boleyn, afterwards Viscount Rochford and Earl of Wiltshire, was the father of many children, of whom only three lived to grow up, the majority dying in infancy, as was only too usual in those days of unhealthy conditions of life, always ensuring an enormous amount of infant mortality. Perhaps Sir Thomas did not break his heart over the loss of his children, as in a letter to Thomas Cromwell he does not seem to have over-much welcomed their coming. 'The truth is,' he writes, 'that when I married my wife, I had but 50*l.* to live on for me and my wife, so long as my father lived, and yet she brought me forth every year a child.' In spite, however, of this lamented inconsiderateness on the part of his wife, after her death, in 1512, in childbirth, Sir Thomas did not hesitate to marry again, and chose as his second wife a Norfolk woman of humble birth, who, unhappily, was of a certain notoriety, as scandal had connected her name with that of the King. His first wife, the

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mother of Anne, had been Lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter of the renowned Earl of Surrey, afterwards Duke of Norfolk.

There is a slight uncertainty about the childhood of Anne Boleyn both as to dates and history, hers being much mixed up with those of her sister Mary. Anne was probably born in 1501, but some historians put it as late as 1507. There is also a confusion as to which of the two girls accompanied the sister of Henry the Eighth, the Princess Mary, to France on the occasion of her marriage to Louis the Twelfth, the princess who soon after as a young widow made the romantic love-match with Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. Mary Boleyn was probably the maid of honour, and Anne's first visit may have taken place in 1519, when her father was sent as ambassador to Francis the First. From many contemporary accounts Anne seems to have been very fascinating. Chateaubriand, one of the French courtiers, speaks of her as having a great talent for poetry, and 'when she sung, like a second Orpheus she would have made bears and wolves attentive. She likewise danced the English dances, leaping and jumping with infinite grace and agility. Moreover, she invented many new figures and steps, which are yet known by her name, or by those of the gallant partners with whom she danced them. She was well skilled in all games fashionable. Besides singing like a syren accompanying herself on the lute, she harped better than King David!' This enthusiastic admirer goes on to dilate on Anne's good taste in dress, her gracefulness, &c. From being maid of honour to the Queen of Francis the First, Anne went in the same capacity to his sister Marguerite, Duchesse d'Alençon, and returned to England in 1522 to take a place in the household of Katherine of Aragon. She there seemed to have set all fashions in dress, constantly devising new modes, and being imitated by all the Court beauties and well-dressed women.

Before entering on her new post she wrote thus to the King: 'Sir,—It belongs only to the august mind of a great King to whom Nature has given a heart full of generosity towards the sex, to repay by favours so extraordinary, an artless and short conversation with a girl. Inexhaustible as is the treasury of your Majesty's bounties I pray you to consider that it cannot be sufficient to your generosity for if you recompense so slight a conversation by gifts so great, what will you be able to do for those who are ready to consecrate their entire obedience to your desires? How great soever may be the bounties I have received, the joy I feel in being loved by the King whom I adore, and to whom I would with pleasure make a sacrifice of my heart, if fortune had rendered it worthy of being offered to him, will ever be infinitely greater. The warrant of maid of honour to the Queen induces me to think that your Majesty has some regard for me since it gives me the means of seeing you oftener, and of assuring you by my own lips (which I shall do on

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the first opportunity) that I am Your Majesty's very obliged and very obedient servant without any reserve,

'ANNE BOLEYN.' [1]

Anne Boleyn was a clever woman, and nowhere did she show her cleverness more than in her letters. In the 'artless and short' conversation, or at other times, she must have taken the King's measure, and known that no adulation or flattery addressed to himself could have seemed to him unreasonable or absurd! At the English Court she had naturally many admirers, and the one she favoured was Lord Percy, eldest son of the Duke of Northumberland: he was attached to the household of Cardinal Wolsey, who kept up almost regal state. In his elation and happiness, unconscious of any difficulties, young Percy proudly proclaimed his engagement to Anne, and the news soon reached the King's ears. He admired her, and jealousy, though probably at first only that of a dog in the manger, and not with any idea then of possible marriage, made him send in haste for Wolsey, and secretly direct him by any means to at once stop the affair. The Cardinal accordingly did so, and so effectually that very shortly afterwards Percy was hurried into a marriage with Lady Mary Talbot, which had been *une affaire arrangée* for some time between their two fathers, the Duke of Northumberland and the Earl of Shrewsbury. Anne was dismissed from Court and sent to Hever Castle, in Kent, the home where she had spent most of her childhood, and where her father and his second wife chiefly resided in preference to their other place, Blickling Hall, in Norfolk. Wolsey had done the King's business so well that no suspicion of the real wrecker of their happiness occurred to either of the young lovers, and the whole force of their hatred was directed against the Cardinal, though at the time they were helpless to revenge themselves; but their wrath was stored up to take fatal effect in future days.

Henry the Eighth allowed a little time to elapse for Anne's wounded feelings to recover, and then he paid an unexpected visit to Hever; but, either from feelings of indignation at having been dismissed so summarily from Court, or from her father's not wishing her name as well as her sister's to be spoken of as the object of the King's gallantry, the fair Anne did not appear, but kept to her room under the plea of indisposition.

In 1525 the King bestowed the title of Viscount Rochford on Sir Thomas Boleyn, at the same time making him Treasurer of the Royal Household. Anne may have become conscious of the King's preference for her by these favours to her family, and certainly his letters soon after can have left no doubt about it in her mind.

[1] Retranslated from Leli's Italian version.

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From about this period she seems to have turned from disappointed love to plans of such joy as ambition finds.

It is conjectured that some of Henry the Eighth's letters written to Hever belong to this time, though, being undated, and the replies not being known, it is difficult to place them. Anne seems to have held out for some time from returning to Court, perhaps to enhance her value! This appears to be one of the earliest epistles:—'To my Mistress.—As the time seems very long since I heard from you, or concerning your health, the great love I have for you has constrained me to send this bearer to be better informed both of your health and pleasure, particularly because since my last parting with you I have been told that you have entirely changed the mind in which I left you, and that you neither mean to come to Court with your mother, nor in any other way; which report, if true, I cannot enough marvel at, being persuaded in my own mind that I have never committed any offence against you; and it seems hard in return for the great love I bear you to be kept at a distance from the person and presence of the woman in the world that I value the most: and if you love me with as much affection as I hope you do, I am sure the distance of our two persons would be equally irksome to you, though this does not belong so much to the mistress as to the servant. Consider, well, my mistress, how greatly your absence afflicts me. I hope it is not your will that it should be so; but if I heard for certain that you yourself desired it, I could but mourn my ill fortune, and strive by degrees to abate of my great folly. And so for lack of time I make an end of this rude letter, beseeching you to give the bearer credence in all he will tell you from me. Written by the hand of your entire servant, H. R.'

Anne's replies probably were hardly satisfactory to her royal admirer, to judge from the following:—'By revolving in my mind the contents of your last letters, I have put myself into great agony, not knowing how to interpret them, whether to my disadvantage as I understand some others or not. I beseech you earnestly to let me know your real mind as to the love between us two. It is needful for me to obtain this answer of you, having been for a whole year wounded with the dart of love, and not yet assured whether I shall succeed in finding a place in your heart and affection. This uncertainty has hindered me of late from declaring you my mistress, lest it should prove that you only entertain for me an ordinary regard. But if you please to do the duty of a true and loyal mistress, and to give up yourself heart and person to me, who will be, as I have been, your most loyal servant (if your rigour does not forbid me), I promise you that not only the name shall be given you, but also that I will take you for my mistress, casting off all others that are in competition with you out of my thoughts and affections and serving you only. I beg you to give an entire answer

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to this my rude letter, that I may know on what and how far I may depend. But if it does not please you to answer me in writing, let me know some place where I may have it by word of mouth, and I will go thither with all my heart. No more for fear of tiring you. Written by the hand of him who would willingly remain yours, H. Rex.'

Anne returned to Court in 1527, received presents of jewellery from the King, and listened to his proffers of love, which she pretended at first to refuse, and when he protested he should still hope, proudly answered, 'I understand not, most mighty King, how you should retain *hope*. Your wife I cannot be, both in respect of mine own unworthiness and also because you have a Queen already. You mistress I will not be.'[2]

The question of divorce had been in Henry's mind some years before, when it had seemed unlikely that any child of Katherine's should live beyond babyhood; that plea could not now be given, as the little Princess Mary was ten years old, and was a fairly strong child; so he would have to seek other reasons, and he pondered whether it might serve the end he had in view were he to assume penitence for having married his dead brother's widow. In times to come he found excuses for divorce more easily by accusing his wives than by blaming himself, but he was now only starting on his course, and evolved a more regular system gradually of suspicion, accusation, and execution to follow upon satiety. Had he lived to the age of eighty, instead of dying at fifty-six, he would possibly have found himself beyond the need of excuses. His subjects would have become used to the spectacle of one wife in quick succession to another: the courtiers, through fear, and from hope of preferment, would still have adhered to him, and only occasionally would any woman have pleaded, like Christiana of Denmark, that she had but one neck, and so must refuse to marry him. The inherent love of speculation in a thoughtless woman and the belief she has in the power of her own charms to keep an admirer's love lead to many a marriage of which the most casual observer could prophesy truly only an unhappy result. Anne Boleyn had gained a great ascendency over the King, not merely by her beauty—contemporaries declare that her sister far surpassed her in looks—but by fascination of manner and her power of sparkling repartee. Sir Thomas Wyatt, the poet, the friend of her childhood, and the unsuccessful lover of later days, wrote 'a description of such a one as he would love':

A face that should content me wondrous wel
Should not be faire, but lovely to beholde,
Of lively loke all griefe for to repel
With right good grace so would I that it should

[2] Sloane MS. No. 2495.

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Speake without word, such wordes as none can tel.
Her tresse also should be of crisped gold,
With wit, and these perchance I might be tride
And knit again with knot that should not slide.

When Wyatt first saw Anne on her return from France it is recorded he was 'holden and surprized with the sight of her bewtie, but much more with her *wittie and graceful speach*.'

It was one of the chief charms that the great Sir Thomas More had in his sovereign's eyes that he was a lively conversationalist and quick at witty retorts. Henry in his earlier manhood, before he became a sensual egotist, was partially able to perceive some of the beauties of More's character, but he appreciated much more keenly the vivacious flashes of his talk and jest; it was likewise the *esprit* and *verve* of Anne's gay speeches that attracted him, more especially in contrast to the stately gravity of his Spanish wife. Also it had been a vexation in early married life that Katherine did not care for riding, and would not follow the hawk or hounds with him, and it was specially in all forms of out-door exercise that Anne excelled.

Wyatt's admiration aroused Henry's jealousy, and a curious little passage at arms took place between them. The King had a ring belonging to Anne which he openly wore upon his little finger, and a few days after he had possessed himself of it he was playing at bowls with several of his Court, among them Sir Thomas Wyatt. Henry rolled his bowl and claimed that it was nearest the jack, but the others said with his Grace's leave they thought otherwise. He, however, pointed his finger with the ring on towards the bowls, and said, with a glance full of meaning, 'Wyatt, I tell thee *it is mine*.' Wyatt, perceiving what was intended, paused a little, and the King repeated his words. 'If it may like your Majesty to give me leave to measure it, *I hope it will be* mine,' said Wyatt; and taking from his neck a lace which he had playfully stolen from Anne a short time before, and which Henry instantly recognised, he stooped to measure the distances. The King pushed aside the bowl in a passion, and saying loudly, 'It may be so, but then I am deceived,' he broke up the game and went away in search of the heroine of this dispute, who found means to calm his discontent and satisfy him of her truth.

Anne's second stay at Court was of short duration, as in June 1528 the sweating sickness broke out and attacked numbers of people in London—about 40,000—one case in twenty proving fatal. It first appeared at Court among Anne's ladies, and she was sent for safety to Hever; but she carried the infection with her, and both she and her brother, Lord Rochford, fell dangerously ill, though under the care of the royal physician they both recovered. Henry meantime, in a deadly fright, began partially to amend his ways.

When the de'il was sick, &c.

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He would hold no communication with any strangers; he joined the Queen in devotional exercises, confessing every day (one would imagine that might have taken up a good deal of time!) and receiving the Holy Communion every Sunday. His esteem for Wolsey seemed to revive, and he again treated him in a friendly manner, forgetting his anger at the Cardinal's not forwarding his plans for Anne. He insisted on having daily bulletins of Wolsey's health sent him. This course of conduct and Anne's absence made Wolsey and some others dare to hope the King might abandon his project of the divorce. Had they known of the letters sent to Hever they would have seen how illusory were those hopes.

The following letter was sent on hearing of her illness, when the King also despatched his own physician, Dr. Butts, to see her:—'The most displeasing news that could occur came to me suddenly at night. On three accounts I must lament it. One to hear of the illness of my mistress, whom I esteem more than all the world, and whose health I desire as I do my own. I would willingly bear half of what you suffer to cure you. The second from the fear that I shall have to endure my wearisome absence much longer, which has hitherto given me all the vexation that was possible. The third, because my physician, in whom I have most confidence, is absent at the very time when he could have given me the greatest pleasure. But I hope by him and his means, to obtain one of my chief joys on earth, that is, the cure of my mistress. Yet from the want of him, I send you my second and hope that he will soon make you well. I shall then love him more than ever. I beseech you to be guided by his advice in your illness. By your doing this, I hope soon to see you again, which will be to me a greater comfort than all the precious jewels in the world. Written by that secretary who is, and for ever will be, your loyal and most assured servant, H. R.'

The letters from Henry to Anne in existence are seventeen in number, nine written in French and eight in English. The signatures are various, H. R., H. Rex, and two of the epistles have a fanciful device, with a heart drawn in the centre, inclosing the letters A. B. with, on one side, 'H. R. autre,' and on the other 'ne cherche,' signifying *H. R. seeks A. B. and no other*. Another letter has the heart with A. B. below the signature H. R.[3]

The absence of dates makes it difficult to arrange the letters in order, but the following was probably written in 1527 during a short absence of Anne's from Court:—'Mine own Sweet Heart, this shall be to advertize you of the great loneness that I find since your departing, for I assure you methinketh the time longer since

[3] On a panel in Hever Castle is a similar design, supposed to have been cut by Henry himself; above it is added, by another hand, an axe.

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your departing now last than I was wont to do a whole fortnight. I think your kindness and my fervency of love causeth it, for otherwise I would not have thought it possible, that for so little a while it should have grieved me. But now that I am coming towards you, methinketh my pains be half relieved, and also I am right well comforted, insomuch that my book maketh substantially for my matter. In token whereof I have spent above four hours this day upon it, which hath caused me to write the shorter letter to you at this time, because of some pain in my head.'

'My book' was a treatise Henry was composing to show the illegality of his marriage with Katherine, in hopes of getting the Papal sanction either to declare the marriage null and void, or to give permission for a divorce.

To persuade Wolsey to think with them Anne Boleyn and Henry wrote a joint letter from Hever to the Cardinal after Anne had recovered from her illness.

'My Lord, In my most humble wise that my heart can think, I desire you to pardon me that I am so bold to trouble you with my simple and rude writing, esteeming it to proceed from her that is much desirous to know that your Grace does well, as I perceive by this bearer that you do, the which I pray God long to continue, as I am most bound to pray, for I do know the great pains and troubles that you have taken for me both night and day is never to be recompensed on my part, but alonely [only] in loving you next to the King's grace above all creatures living. And I do not doubt but the daily proof of my deeds shall manifestly declare and affirm the same writing to be true, and I do trust you think the same. My Lord, I do assure you I do long to hear from you news of the legate, for I do hope (an' they come from you) they shall be very good, and I am sure you desire it as much as I and more, an' it were possible, as I know it is not, and thus remaining in a steadfast hope, I make an end of my letter. Written with the hand of her that is most bound to be.'[4]

P.S. (by King Henry). 'The writer of this letter would not cease till she had caused me likewise to set my hand, desiring you, though it be short, to take it in good part. I ensure you that there is neither of us but greatly desireth to see you, and are joyous to hear that you have escaped this plague so well, trusting the fury thereof to be passed, especially with them that keepeth good diet, as I trust you do. The not hearing of the legate's arrival in France, causeth us somewhat to muse, notwithstanding we trust by your diligence and vigilancy (with the assistance of Almighty God) shortly to be eased out of that trouble. No more to you at this time, but that I pray God send you as good health and prosperity as the writer would. By your loving sovereign and friend, H. R.'

[4] This letter has no signature.

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Henry employed Wolsey as his agent to secure Suffolk House, which he presented to Anne: it was contiguous to the Cardinal's own splendid palace, York House, now known as Whitehall, which the King then borrowed for himself, and liked so well that he never returned it either to Wolsey or to the See of York! He wrote to Anne *re* Suffolk House:—'Darling! as touching a lodging for you, we have gotten one by my lord Cardinal's means, the like whereof could not have been found hereabouts, for all causes, as this bearer shall more show you. As touching our other affairs I assure you there can be no more done, or more diligence used, nor all manner of dangers, better both foreseen and provided for, so that I trust it shall be hereafter to both our comforts, the specialities whereof were both too long to be written, and hardly by messenger to be declared. Wherefore till you repair hither, I keep something in store, trusting it shall not be long. For I have caused my lord, your father, to make his provision with speed.'

By this and the following letter Henry seems to have had a desire for secrecy, which apparently was not shared by Anne.

'Darling, I heartily commend me to you, ascertaining you that I am a little perplexed with such things as your brother shall on my part declare unto you, to whom I pray you will give full credit, for it were too long to write. In my last letters I writ to you that I trusted shortly to see you; this is better known in London than anything that is about me, whereof I not a little marvel, but *lack of discreet handling* must needs be the cause. No more to you at this time, but that I trust shortly our meeting shall not depend upon other men's light handling, but upon your own.

'Writ with the hand of him that longs to be yours, H. R.'

When Anne was established in Suffolk House, holding her levée every day, being treated with honours almost like a Queen, she felt assured of the divorce some time taking place, and she began to show her long hidden hatred of the Cardinal. She incited Henry to treat him with contempt, and gradually to strip him of riches and power. Wolsey knew that all which was most cruel in his treatment was from her influence, and he spoke of her bitterly as the 'night-crow who had the ear of the King,' and as his 'enemy who never slept but studied and continually imagined both sleeping and waking his utter destruction.'

Her letters when she felt assured of her position are indeed a contrast to the almost servile tone she had before adopted. The 'little heart that knows not how to forgive,' the unfeeling vindictiveness of a mean spirit over the sight of a fallen enemy, are portrayed in these lines:

'My Lord, Though you are a man of great understanding you cannot avoid being censured by everybody for having drawn on yourself the hatred of a King who had raised you to the highest

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degree to which the greatest ambition of a man seeking his fortune can acquire. I cannot comprehend, and the King still less, how your reverend lordship, after having allured us by so many fine promises about divorce, can have repented of your purpose, and how you could have done what you have in order to hinder the consummation of it. What then is your mode of proceeding? You quarrelled with the Queen to favour me at the time when I was less advanced in the King's good graces; and after having therein given me the strongest marks of your affection, your lordship abandons my interests to embrace those of the Queen. I acknowledge that I have put much confidence in your professions and promises, in which I find myself deceived.

'But for the future I shall rely on nothing but the protection of Heaven and the love of my dear King, which alone will be able to set right again those plans which you have broken and spoiled and to place me in that happy station which God wills, the King so much wishes, and which will be entirely to the advantage of the kingdom. The wrong you have done me has caused me much sorrow; but I feel infinitely more in seeing myself betrayed by a man who pretended to enter into my interests only to discover the secrets of my heart. I acknowledge that, believing you sincere, I have been too precipitate in my confidence; it is this which has induced and still induces me to keep more moderation in avenging myself, not being able to forget that I *have* been your servant,

'ANNE BOLEYN.'

What words for the great prelate to read! To be spoken of by 'Nan Bullen,' a shallow, frivolous girl, as a *man seeking his fortune!* that he, the world-renowned statesman, should be informed by her that *her* plans were for the advancement of the kingdom! Above all to know that the King, his former friend, was now by her influence his relentless enemy! He must indeed have felt he had now touched the highest point of all his greatness, and that the killing frost had come! He had not the pitying foresight of Sir Thomas More, who when his daughter, Margaret Roper, visited him in the Tower and spoke of Anne and her Court as continually dancing and sporting, replied, 'Alas! Meg, alas! it pitieth me to think into what misery, poor soul! she will shortly come. These dances of hers will prove such dances that she will spurn our heads off like footballs, but it will not be long ere her head will dance the like dance.'

Henry's regard for his old Minister occasionally revived by fits and starts, and had it not been for Anne's constant watchfulness to prevent interviews and to insinuate things against him, in which she was assisted by her father, the Duke of Norfolk, and others of their party, he might have regained some of his old ascendency over the King. Anne, however, extorted a solemn promise in addition from

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Henry that he would never see him. At Christmas time (1529) news was brought to the Court that Wolsey was in a state of such ill-health that he was likely to die. Henry went so far as to express great concern and sent his physician, Dr. Butts, to ascertain his condition. When Butts returned the King said, 'Have you seen yonder man?' 'Yes, sir.' 'How do you like him?' 'Sir,' said Dr. Butts, 'if you will have him dead, I warrant you he will be dead within four days if he receive not comfort from you.' On this Henry sent him a ruby ring and asked Anne to send some token of friendship; so she took a tablet of gold which hung at her side and sent it with some kindly worded message by Dr. Butts. The nearly broken-hearted man revived for a time with fresh hopes. But his enemies, thinking that Esher, where he had taken refuge, was too near, now that the King appeared a little softened towards him, induced Henry to order him to move to his house at Cawood, near York. During the few months he spent there it is said he accomplished more for the practice of religion than perhaps he had ever done from the period of his ordination to that of his fall as statesman. He gave himself up almost wholly to spiritual matters; every Sunday and holyday he celebrated Mass at some small village church. He lived simply and consorted on equal terms with many who had hardly dared to speak to him in the former times of his disdainful grandeur. He attended the death-beds of many who had fever and other infectious diseases. On the 4th of November this life of penitence was suddenly interrupted. The King had sent a party to arrest and to bring him south, the party being in charge, by Anne's special desire, of the Duke of Northumberland, who, like herself, bore an undying hatred to the Cardinal for hindering their marriage six years before, and who now proceeded to do his office with every species of insult, even ordering that the prisoner's legs were to be fastened to the stirrups of his mule, like those of a common criminal. Upwards of three thousand people assembled at Cawood to bid him farewell, and all along the country roads friends among both rich and poor came to kneel and beg his blessing. His health had been declining for a long time, and he was labouring under dropsy and general prostration. The enforced journey in wintry weather, added to other miseries, killed him. Arriving at the Abbey of Leicester one Saturday evening, he was met by the abbot and all the brotherhood, and had just strength to say, 'Father Abbot, I am come to lay my bones among you.'

> An old man, broken with the storms of State,
> Is come to lay his weary bones among ye:
> Give him a little earth for charity!

He died there on the Tuesday morning.

The fates of Wolsey and Anne Boleyn have points of similarity

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in their general features: both raised to an unexpected eminence and from comparative obscurity by the same hand; both degraded and pursued with unforgiving dislike by the same mind; but there can be no other resemblance, except in fate, between the Cardinal, great in every way, and a woman like Anne, slight-natured, selfish, and vindictive. He was a man great in ambition, great in powers, great in worldliness, and, also, great in penitence; one who, though self-seeking to a large degree, was yet a faithful servant to his master, and a Minister who had his country's good at heart. The only way in which Anne seemed able to view anyone was the manner in which he or she had behaved to herself. Because Bishop Fisher had declared for Katherine of Aragon, Anne regarded him as one of her personal enemies to be got rid of, and after his execution on Tower Hill ordered his head to be brought to her to see 'before it was spiked,' and after looking at it for some time she said, 'And this is the head that has exclaimed against me? I think that it can never do me more harm *now*!'

Anne could not in all cases, however, extinguish her conscience entirely; when the account of the execution of Sir Thomas More was brought to the King he looked at her and said, '*Thou* art the cause of this man's death,' and then, leaving the game of cards they had been playing unfinished, he retired to his private room in great perturbation of spirit. Anne, feeling uneasy at his emotion, also rose, and wandered into the next room, where hung Holbein's life-like presentment of the great Chancellor. She was suddenly seized with remorse and horror, and fancying his gaze was fixed on her reproachfully, she flung the picture out of the window, exclaiming, 'Oh mercy! the man seems to be still alive. He is looking at me, he is *looking at me*!'

Some of the Court party who were Wolsey's enemies displayed their elation on hearing of his death in the most excruciatingly bad taste. Lord Wiltshire gave a large entertainment, during which a play was acted, the principal figure in which was the late Cardinal *going down to hell*. The Duke of Norfolk was so much pleased with the acting and the subject that he had the play printed to give to all his friends!

Anne attained the summit of her ambition, but how little could she have felt happy or secure! Even within three months after their marriage, when venturing to remonstrate with Henry on some real, or fancied, flirtation, he roughly told her to hold her tongue, and to keep her eyes shut to his unfaithfulness, as her betters had done, ominously adding he could abase her yet more than he had raised her! She must have frequently seen what she did not like, and may have suspected more, bearing in mind how she and the King had arranged assignations and spoken love in the very presence of Katherine of Aragon, whose injured feelings

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she could later fully realise. And yet with all the knowledge of the King's inconstancy, with the self-consciousness of deserved evil, with all portents and omens of tragic ends to unhallowed love, how little could Anne have dreamed that within ten years [5] of writing passionate love-letters, and within three years of marriage, Henry should be listening impatiently for the sound of a gun, the signal that the fatal axe had fallen, to sweep her out of a rival's way.

C. FORTESCUE YONGE.

[5] 1527–1536.

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ANGLICAN STARVATION AND A LIBERAL DIET

After all, while we are disputing about these matters of relatively small importance, there are vast questions, lying at the root of all religion, which are being called in doubt from day to day by those very far removed from the plane of controversy on which we are so unfortunately forced to dwell. Those questions press heavily upon a large body of the earnest laity of this country, and I am convinced that no greater injury can be done to the cause of religion than to see so many ministers of religion apparently absorbed [in], and prepared to sacrifice everything to, matters which, compared with the subjects to which I have referred, are almost as nothing in the balance. I find it almost impossible to express adequately the strength of my feeling on this subject. There is not merely an injury, perhaps an irreparable injury, being done to the fabric of the Church of England, but there is an injury being done to the whole cause of religion.

The Right Hon. Arthur James Balfour.
House of Commons, the 11th of April, 1899.

I. In the eighteenth century the Evangelicals prevailed. Mr. Lecky, whose History is an unruffled reflection of that age on the waters of memory, shows to us the Evangelicals, and them only among religious groups, in large lineament and sharp detail. He spends one out of his twenty-one chapters on 'The Religious Revival.' And at the end of his work, looking back, he writes of 'The Evangelical Party' thus: 'Nearly all the popular religious literature of the time, nearly every fresh departure, nearly every new organisation which grew up in the English religious world, was mainly due to it.'

The Evangelicals deserved their prevalence. They had hold of the primary and living secret—personal religion—and they worked it out in exalted character and noble activities. It is their piety which tells. It may be seen, narrowing our vision within the lines of the English Church, as clearly, perhaps, as anywhere in the life of William Wilberforce. 'He rose soon after seven, spent the first hour and a half in his closet.' 'His own mind,' his sons in their biography go on to say, 'was quiet in the storm' of political encounter. 'The next day's diary affords a glimpse of those deep waters which no political tempests could disturb: "Walked from Hyde Park Corner, repeating the 119th Psalm, in great comfort."' And so it is with them all. Lord

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Dartmouth asks Fletcher of Madeley whether any preferment would be welcome to him. Not many persons could, without sleekness and affectation, make his well-known reply: 'I want nothing but more grace.' The fragments of their devotions which successive tides of approval have washed up on to the shores of permanence evince the same rare spiritual quality: 'Rock of Ages,' 'Hark, my soul!' 'How sweet the Name,' &c.

Yet grave and disabling defects in the Evangelical position, when it is measured according to the proportion of the faith and is put to the test of wide experiment, incontestably there were. The English religious experience of the next century found these out. It affirmed the Evangelical shortcoming. It conceived the High Church remedy. The whole Oxford Movement was directed to supplement the Evangelical verities, to repair the breaks in the Protestant walls, to achieve Catholic entirety.

II. In the nineteenth century the High Churchmen gradually prevailed. They prevail now. They, too, in their turn, merited ascendency and control. They had hold of an inherent and momentous secret of Christianity—sacramental religion; the fact of a visible society from first to last, the City of God on earth, the kingdom. They saw the corporate, fraternal aspect; the elect knit together by mystic, holy, indissoluble bonds, across all time and space, across the river of death, in one communion and fellowship. Great personalities, great virtues established the Tractarian pre-eminence. The leaders were men of genius, men of sanctity, men who wrestled in prayer. *Character* was at the bottom of the upheaval. 'Even more than a theological reform,' writes Dean Church, 'it was a protest against the loose unreality of ordinary religious morality.' The fire spread; the fire of this purity and enthusiasm spread from leaders to followers, from the central academic world to scattered town and country vicarages, to refined Christian homes about the land; and once more, as in every religious revival, men began to see, and with awe to own, fresh rays from the Light which no man can approach unto. Ah! the movement was unworldly then. There was austerity, simplicity, the soaring of the saints of God. Newman can tell us about it, can sound these high notes for us with ease:

> The world sweeps by in long procession: its principalities and powers, the horse and its rider and the chariots of Egypt, Baal and Ashtoreth and their false worship; and those who witness feel its fascination; they flock after it; with a strange fancy they ape its gestures and dote upon its mummeries; and then, should they perchance fall in with the simple and solemn services of Christ's Church, and hear her witnesses going the round of Gospel truths as when they left them: 'I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life'; 'Be sober, be vigilant'; 'Strait is the gate, narrow the way.'; 'If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself'; 'He is despised and rejected of men, a Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief,' how utterly unreal do these appear, and the preachers of them how irrational, how puerile! how extravagant in their

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opinions, how weak in their reasoning! And if they profess to pity and bear with them, how nearly does their compassion border on contempt! The contempt of men!—why should we be unwilling to endure it?

High Churchmen of these latter days have not been dull to recognise the magnitude of the Oxford Movement, or to appraise the value of its accomplishment. They have investigated thoroughly the region of its superiorities. They have even been tempted here, in their estimate and discourse, to hyperbole and glorification. Where their search has not been so quick, intent, and perspicacious is in the area of Tractarian blemish and failure. Yet serious default from the first lies as a disfigurement along the fair track of this revival, and High Churchmen as a party now, the third generation of their order, are not exempt from the inglorious vices of success. To put these dark spots under the lens, and to have a steady look at them—this must be done. It must be done, negatively to correct the partiality of blind, immoderate encomium, positively for warning and profit. To the present writer, reared from childhood in a High Anglican atmosphere, whose holy fragrance will last to him for ever, the task is uncongenial. It is attempted, not readily, in the interests of contrition and truth.

(1) The Anglo-Catholics, as we review their course, are, until the last decade or decade and a half (when there have been incipient remorse and amendment), responsible for a far-reaching wrong to English religion—a wrong which, as things are, must have dragged the wheels of cultured faith; a wrong which, as things would have been but for the prescience, enterprise, fortitude of the Broad Churchmen, might in England have almost desperately widened, as in France, the breach between thought and piety. The wrong was this: the Anglo-Catholics' dislike, their suspicion of new knowledge; their impotent yet malefic efforts to check its salutary and irresistible growth. Take a few examples.

A personal reference may, perhaps, be excused, since it gives colour and point to the illustration. In the year 1878 I, like many other young Oxford men, was in the throes of religious doubt and difficulty. In particular, the question of the earthly origin of mankind puzzled and troubled me. I had made some reading acquaintance with Darwin and his expositors; I held a vague but strong conviction that the momentum of educated opinion would gradually drive Darwin's theory up on to the heights of received and accumulating truth, and that Christian theology had better come to terms with it. Writers like Maurice and Kingsley seemed to have prepared the way for this conciliation. Dean Stanley had lately preached a University sermon of large outlook and wide theological sweep, designed to take in the new anthropological doctrine without strain or discontinuity. But Pusey was the head of a section of Churchmen which, to me, carried

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great authority. He preached upon the subject this year before the University. More precisely, being ill himself, his sermon was read for him by Canon Liddon. It was soon published, under the rather awkward title *Un-Science, Not Science, Adverse to Faith.* It was largely a repudiation of Darwin's view of the 'descent of man.' A final note was added to the printed sermon thus:

> I have been asked, in the name of some young members of the University who heard this sermon, whether I account the *animal* derivation of the *body* of man to be a theory contradictory to revelation. . . . My answer, then, to my young friends is this: 'It lies at the basis of our faith that man was created in the perfection of our nature, endowed with supernatural grace, with a full freedom of choice, such as man, until restored by Christ, has not had since. . . . That "mythological" part of Darwinism, not resting on *certain* facts, cannot become matter of science.'

I shall never forget the sick feeling with which I read that pronouncement. It suffocated one's hopes. It was an ultimatum, on the part of the Church, to a foe which already wore the unmistakable mien of victory. It was one more of those strange, waste endeavours to put the clock back. You can put your own clock back; but that does not alter the time of day, it merely makes you late. And here the ecclesiastical clock was to be set hours behind the intellectual clock. The clock of St. Paul's Cathedral was to be placed in false and hopeless conflict with the clock of the Royal Society. Here one's religion, one's Church, the things one held deep and dear, were to be committed to a probably defenceless and untenable position, were to be staked on a hazard or tied to a fallacy. And that life's dream of Holy Orders? That old, haunting summons to the ministry? If you are to obey its august bidding, must you thus decide for yourself adversely, dogmatically, finally, and beforehand these inchoate and immense problems of benign natural knowledge? Very well, then; never!

There is, alas! no idiosyncrasy, no caprice in this attitude of the revered leader, Dr. Pusey. It consists with the lamentable tradition of his party. Within the Anglo-Catholic camp smouldered for two generations the quiet fires, burning with a red, restrained glow, of hostility to new knowledge. Sometimes they broke out in a flash of energetic antagonism. Such a flash (at Oxford, too) was the notorious assault of Bishop Wilberforce on Professor Huxley, on the 30th of June, 1860, when the aggressor condescended to certain ill-informed raillery in unsurpassable bad taste, the Churchman comparing poorly, in both dignity and truth, with the savant. Similarly, a generation earlier, those dull fires shot out in the following small, preliminary, and incentive flame. The British Association met at Oxford in 1832. Upon four of its distinguished members—Brewster, Faraday, Brown, and Dalton—the University conferred the honorary degree of D.C.L. Keble's comment in a private letter was this: 'He (Keble) was angry

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at the "temper and tone of the Oxford doctors;" they had "truckled sadly to the spirit of the times" in receiving "the hodge-podge of philosophers," as they did.'[1]

As with natural science, so is it with historical criticism. The High Churchmen hated it. Observe their treatment of *Essays and Reviews*. In that famous volume there may have been some infelicity of judgment and of statement on doubtful questions of Biblical science, but the writers were groping in the right direction. Study the High Anglican attacks upon them; the wild, helter-skelter shooting in the air, the resounding and falsified invective. Several pages of the catalogue of the Library in the British Museum are filled with vehement, forgotten controversy on this assailing side. Out of the long array of bellicose books or pamphlets, perhaps the most important was *Replies to 'Essays and Reviews,'* by the Revs. E. M. Goulburn (later Dean of Norwich), H. J. Rose, C. A. Heurtley (Margaret Professor of Divinity, Oxford), W. J. Irons, G. Rorison, A. W. Haddan, Christopher Wordsworth (later Bishop of Lincoln), with a preface by the Lord Bishop (Wilberforce) of Oxford, published in 1862. Take short extracts from the two respective leading replies—by Mr. Goulburn and Mr. Wordsworth—to the two respective leading essays of Dr. Temple (later Archbishop of Canterbury) and of Professor Jowett.

First, however, let us pin up for inspection the dramatic and disproved warning of the episcopal preface. Bishop Wilberforce wrote:

> More true is the explanation [of the far-reaching causes of the volume *Essays and Reviews*] which sees in it the first stealing over the sky of the lurid lights which shall be shed profusely around the great Antichrist.

Then follows, in the line of indiscreet succession, Mr. Goulburn's appreciation of Dr. Temple's essay on 'The Education of the World.' This essay was conceived after the pattern of Lessing's classical treatise on 'The Education of the Human Race,' and was in wise and anticipative harmony with the gathering results of anthropological science, such as since have been harvested in the works, say, of Dr. E. B. Tylor. Note Mr. Goulburn's reply to some contention of Dr. Temple concerning the progress of civilisation. This is it:

> What has the mere cultivation of taste to do with the very serious subject on which we are engaged, 'God's education of the human race'? . . . Are not civilisation and the progress of the Church somewhat sharply distinguished in Scripture? which surely is a sign that the two should be kept asunder as separate subjects of thought. We commend to Dr. Temple's notice the pregnant fact that in the earliest history of mankind it is stated that *arts, both ornamental and useful* (and arts are the great medium of civilisation), *took their rise in the family of Cain*. In the line of Seth we find none of this mental and social development.

It is no reply. It is no argument. It is a batch of remarks, of cries, reaching us from a traveller who has dropped far behind along

[1] Liddon's *Life of Edward Bouverie Pusey*.

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the mental road, and who naturally sees the landscape at an angle different from that of pioneers on the journey.

Mr. Wordsworth replies, with the same backward and amazing inability, to Professor Jowett. Jowett had written:

> They [the Gospels] are for the most part of *common origin*.

Wordsworth answers:

> Here he [Jowett] has revived the obsolete theory, of which German scholars have long since been ashamed, that the Gospels are from some common original [mark the inaccuracy of quotation]. . . . A century ago this notion . . , was rightly discarded as chimerical and ridiculous by J. G. Rosenmüller. . . . And the Essayist now, in the middle of the nineteenth century, has disinterred that theory from its grave, where it has slept for some time; he would galvanize into life this crazy skeleton.

Jowett had written:

> The time will come when educated men will be no more able to believe that the words, 'Out of Egypt have I called my Son,' were *intended by the prophet* to refer to the return of Joseph and Mary out of Egypt.

Wordsworth answers:

> In contemplating such reasoning we are lost in astonishment. The vanity and conceit of the human heart is indeed great, and scarcely any common exhibition of it ought to cause much surprise. But surely this is a phenomenon almost unparalleled. The Essayist correcting the Evangelist! . . . The Essayist correcting the Holy Ghost!

And so it is over and over again [2]—bad advice; false vaticination; incognisance of imminent developments; blindness to the vital; insistence on the moribund; sustained and unrepentant indocility.[3] These guides would have led the English people religiously astray, into intellectual bypaths of regress, gloom, and dead-lock.

(2) A certain effeminacy has crept into the clerical type; has crept in during the High Anglican transformation, and bears usually the High Anglican stamp. It is an insurmountable barrier to the respect of Englishmen. The English are a manly race. The ministers of Christ in English history have for the most part been a manly breed—St. Cuthbert, Stephen Langton, Hugh Latimer, Jeremy Taylor, Robert South, Thomas Arnold; these are eminent and representative, they are robust and masculine characters. And so it has been generally with the rank and file. Montalembert pays his fine tribute to the virility of the English Church, and, by implication, to its virile ministry:

[2] The gifted and saintly Canon Liddon, by his treatment of *Lux Mundi*, led in later years this same defiance of the light.

[3] If these prophets were right, Christianity died during about the last thirty years of the nineteenth century; for notions averred by them to be *sine quibus non* of the faith were, in that period, generally and conclusively abjured.

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Satisfied with having deposited in these brave hearts the secrets of eternity, the rules of moral life, and strength to struggle against the corruption of every man born of woman, they [the early monastic missionaries] left intact the spirit of the race, so that underneath his Christian vestment the old Teuton still stood perfect and complete. . . . It is the soul, the glorious and manful soul, of the converted Saxon which reveals itself in the modern Englishman.

Turn now to that new and most weak development of the clerical person—the effeminate and affected type, familiar, it is feared, to most readers, and illustrated below from the extravagance of caricature. Caricature magnifies. But faults which the public eye recognises in the isolation and enlargement of caricature certainly exist—reduced, diffused, and complicated—in actuality.

(*a*) *The Private Secretary* was a popular farce. The dramatic critic of the *Times* says that it was vulgar and clumsy. That may be. But for us the fact to note is that the play was a favourite. The Rev. Robert Spalding was *recognised*. Tens of thousands, possibly hundreds of thousands, of playgoers knew him. They themselves had known Rev. Robert Spaldings in private life; and they, by their presence and enjoyment, did innumerably countersign the affirmation of the piece that such clergymen were alive. The Rev. Robert Spalding is not the kind of ecclesiastic which our age requires. Wisdom, speaking in the Book of Proverbs, proclaims: *I have strength*. The Rev. Robert Spalding has not strength. It is hard to imagine a personage less likely to make Felix tremble. And there are few less satisfactory dramatic figures than this foolish representative, with his goloshes and bun, of an incomparably high calling.

(*b*) Mr. Albert Chevalier is a refined and subtle delineator of common types of character. He exhibits, with an acute insight, and sometimes with a moving pathos, various classes of men in their distinctive aspects, virtues, innocuous frailties: the coster, the old rustic, the old bachelor, the worn-out vocalist, &c. He loves his creations and suffuses them, even in their weaknesses, with a sympathy which, infecting his hearers, makes portrait after portrait appear lovable. Once he allows himself to portray an utter ass, and it is a parson. A curate at a parochial bazaar gives a lecture on 'Mary had a little Lamb.' It is very clever mimicry; point after point—in sing-song, in tricks of voice, in mannerisms, in artificial gesture, in all-round native and acquired unwisdom—is made, and is instantly caught by a tickled and roaring audience. That body of watching and listening Englishmen and Englishwomen have often endured in real life those clerical foibles now being held up to their disdain in the mirror of the actor's talent. They know; they clap; they scream.

You yourself [said Grattan, addressing the English people] are the great anomaly. The Continent lay flat before your late rival; the Spaniard had retired; the Austrian had retired; the Prussian had retired; the iron quality of Russia had dissolved; the domination of France had come to the water's edge,

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when, behold! from a misty speck in the west the avenging genius of these countries issues forth, clutching ten thousand thunders, breaks the spell of France, stops, in his own person, the flying fortunes of the world, sweeps the sea, rights the globe, and then retires in a frame of glory, and . . . the human race is in amaze and admiration.

Many things are uncertain in the future of our English religion. A few things are certain. Here is one of them: that this same English race will not be influenced religiously by sermons which, as an average audience perceives, are akin to grotesque mincings about 'Mary had a little Lamb.'

(3) A connected High Church blemish is the observed paucity of men in ordinary High Church congregations. No more competent nor more just judge could speak the weighty word on this masculine failure than Mr. Charles Booth. This is what, in his monumental work concerning the religious influences of London, he writes:

The men who find satisfaction for their religious nature in the High Church are of a quite peculiar type. I cannot think it a strong type, and the idea that on these lines the world of men could ever be won is utterly untenable. If all those who reject this road will be lost, then will most of us inevitably suffer that fate. The influence exercised on the male sex is indeed strong, but is very limited. With women it is more diffused, and with children it reaches its greatest numerical success.

(4) The same judicial and expert investigator appears to lay at the door of the Church, especially of the High Church party, exceeding responsibility for the 'discomforts,' the 'bitterness of feeling,' the 'little co-operation' which disgrace the relations between Anglicanism and Nonconformity.

(5) The High Churchmen have been, within clearly marked limits, successful; and they know it. Indeed, some of them are more conscious of the success than of the limits. And with many of them has followed that shadow to the sunlight of prosperity—self-esteem. They display what the adult, in his dull, prosy way, calls 'conceit'; what the boy, with his genius for expository and adhesive epithet, calls 'side.' A few examples may light up this indictment.

(*a*) An incumbent of moderate views lately, with entire politeness, offered his senior curacy to one of the assistant clergy, an extreme High Churchman, who was about to leave a neighbouring parish. He received the following response:

Dear Mr.——,—There is no chance of my coming to St. ——'s; for, when I leave my present sphere of work, I shall move to a more advanced church.

Yours faithfully in Christ,

A.[4]

'More advanced' here meant, it is believed, more advanced in ritual; not, where the need was, in courtesy. But the letter showed how, in the excitement of sacerdotal progress, it is possible to combine

[4] This letter is quoted from memory, but its substantial accuracy is certain.

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the part of a very earnest parish priest with the part of a very ill-mannered young man. This case was private, though the names could be privately divulged. The next case shall be public.

(*b*) On the 15th July, 1898, the Rev. the Hon. James Adderley, then aged thirty-seven, wrote the following letter to the *Times*:

Sir,—Having been through just the same experience as Lady Wimborne when I was a boy at Oxford, and having by the grace of God emerged a loyal Catholic of the Church of England, I feel for her Ladyship most sincerely, and hope she may have the same good fortune as myself. She says she is convinced that the doctrines of the Church of England cannot be taught by a clergyman who has a High Celebration with Catholic ritual. So I used to think; but I found I was mistaken. I had never read any theology in those days; I had only glanced at my Prayer-book; I knew nothing of the Ornaments Rubric, the Act of Uniformity, the Tractarian movement, &c. Consequently I bore false witness against my neighbours—viz. the Ritualistic clergy. But when God revealed the truth to me, and I understood what conversion meant, and what the Incarnation, the Catholic Church, the Eucharistic Sacrifice, the Real Presence, Confession and Absolution, and all the rest meant, then a new light dawned on my soul, and I found a beautiful peace in the Church of England. . . .

There is no reason to suppose that, in ordinary circumstances, this controversialist would have treated a lady otherwise than with that deference and urbanity which are her due. But Mr. Adderley, slightly inflated with High Church glory, in effect tells Lady Wimborne that she is as ignorant as he was when a boy; that she has yet to learn the A B C of theology, 'the Ornaments Rubric,' 'and all the rest'; that, for himself, the truth has been divinely revealed to him—his dark, vacant, and Evangelical childhood breaking into the luminous and Catholic manhood which we see. Thus are the mounting encouragements of Mr. Adderley's autobiography unrolled before our eyes; and thus, probably, is Lady Wimborne confirmed in her distaste for Ritualists and all their ways.

(*c*) This Catholic pertness has often discredited the High Anglican press. Within the soul of one well-known newspaper are visible the seven spirits of sauciness hard at work; and by its pervading disrespect for bishops of the wrong colour, by its jaunty nescience of the profound religious problems and difficulties which are knocking and clamouring at our gates, by its smartness and impenitence, its conscious infallibility and its unconscious ridiculousness, a file of that newspaper is a useful register of the particular High Church moral demerit now under consideration.

'Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice.' We have been telling to High Churchmen, especially to High Church clergy, a few home truths. We have been diagnosing their malady. Their default is serious;[5] to themselves it induces debility, and threatens

[5] The High Church party have dominated the English Church for a generation; they have had their chance. The numerical verdict on their ascendency is found in the recent religious census of London published in the *Daily News*, and in some con-

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collapse; if it be not cured it will become a peril, as now it is an impoverishment, of English Christianity. But we will not leave them in tones of monition and ingratitude. They still have their heroic quality. In out-of-the-way corners of our land, in the streets and lanes of our great cities, where squalor is, and ferocity and despair, amid hissing temptations and broken-hearted degradations, in the dark, awful caverns of mortality—there the more earnest High Church clergy, looking for nothing again, do bear the heavenly light. You can look into their eyes and see it: it is the Light of the World.

Light on the brow
  Of the Hill of Time;
What Light art Thou
Whither all men now
  Turn eyes, and climb?
We crave Thee, we cry for Thee,
We faint, and we sigh for Thee;
  Thou shinest above;
Yea, we dare die for Thee—
  Light that art Love.

III. In the twentieth century the Broad Churchmen must prevail. Why must they prevail? Because the Church is starving; and they, in the actual circumstances, alone can provide the restorative and necessary food. The strict High Church diet is proved to be insufficient. Insufficient the strict Low Church diet was long ago proved to be. Certain nutritive substances, enriching the older regimen, are indispensable to recovery, and are found only in the Liberal granaries.

Evidently an important question is this: What are these Liberal and nutritive substances? For a complete reply there are needed in the respondent uncommon qualifications—philosophical, theological, historical competence. Working clergy in poor parishes of London, untravelled along the high curricula of learning, lack this rare proficiency and information; their answer loses accordingly. Yet the men of practice have their humble uses. Therefore the present writer, after nineteen years of close and inquiring ministerial converse with many educated and many uneducated men who, amid their unlikenesses, were alike in puzzled dissatisfaction with our present ecclesiastical Christianity—the present writer ventures to enumerate, for what they are worth, the following five Liberal principles as the life-giving aliment which will save our Church from invalidity and decline.

(1) *Spiritual experience* is the basis of Christian beliefs. The

sequent instructive calculations. During the last seventeen years, while the population of London has increased by some 500,000, the attendance at public worship is alleged to have decreased by some 150,000; the subtraction apparently being made hardly at all from the Nonconformist numbers, but almost entirely from the numbers of the National Church.] The *Guardian* (July 29, 1903), assuming the accuracy of the figures, thus concludes: 'In the Church of England there are only three worshippers in 1903 for every four in 1886.'

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structure of Christian doctrine rests, with all its weight, on the interior experience of Christendom—continuous, varying, progressive. St. Peter had known, in some deep and unseen region of his being, moving and crucial experiences before he fetched up to the surface and exhibited before the eyes of men his great confession: 'Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.' In the spacious depths of the soul of St. Paul there had been hidden mighty workings, conflicts, triumphs, before their effects could be reported in terms of the intelligence thus: 'That life which I now live in the flesh I live in faith, the faith which is in the Son of God.' For centuries the souls of nations had been stirred and swayed and drawn in their inmost recesses towards the Church, before mediæval and papal Rome, through Hildebert of Le Mans, could mould in human language her proud tenet: 'It was to Cæsars, consuls, orators that I once owed the conquest of the earth; but by the Cross alone have I made the conquest of heaven.' For centuries, again, the souls of nations had later felt, deep down within, suspicion, resentment, disgust, before Article XIX. of the Church of England, putting into verbal shape those vast, shapeless aversions, could utter this decisive profession: 'So also the Church of Rome hath erred, not only in their living and manner of ceremonies, but also in matters of faith.' Once more, the spiritual origin and support of another great doctrine has been propounded thus: 'Christian *experience* is Trinitarian; the eternal verities and the practical sanctities have reached the consciousness of Christendom *so*; the Arian or Unitarian effort turns *down* the light—the vision is paler, God recedes.' Spiritual experience, therefore, is the invisible foundation of Christian beliefs. Theological statements and theological systems have been endeavours to register in terms of intellect that interior and underlying experience of Christendom so far as, at the time, the experience has gone. Creeds are placards of the mind, exposed to view in the busy thoroughfares of the understanding, announcing the mystic events of the soul of the Christian society in its secret and ultimate profundities.[6]

Theological assertions, to be apt and valid, must grow with the growth of that spiritual experience whose verdicts they adumbrate and summarise; must move with its animation.[7] For Christendom

[6] Note, as strengthening the argument, credible tidings of the existence of a 'sub-liminal consciousness' or a 'region of the sub-conscious'—weird territory, in conquest of which the late Mr. F. W. H. Myers was pioneer, and disciplined thinkers, such as are Professor William James of Harvard and Sir Oliver Lodge, now lead the reinforcements.

[7] Signs of the times are attempts such as these: (1) *Revised Catechism*, being an Examination and Revision of the Westminster Assembly's *Shorter Catechism*, by the Rev. Duff Macdonald, Minister of South Dalziel Parish, Motherwell, with a Preface by Professor Robert Flint; published by A. & C. Black. (2) The avowed propensity of the Anglican Convocations, in 1904 and 1905, to mitigate or to abandon recital in public worship of the *Quicunque Vult*.

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is alive. It has, indeed, its sacrosanct and incomparable memories, its immense and hallowed store of past spiritual experience. But it has, too, its throbbing, living spiritual experience in the present—deepening, widening, waxing. This living spiritual experience of to-day partly corroborates that past spiritual experience of yesterday—so far the experience of yesterday survives; this living spiritual experience of to-day partly modifies, corrects, abandons, augments, develops that past spiritual experience of yesterday—so far the experience of yesterday alters or drops away; and theology, the small intellectual reflex of the huge spiritual perceptions, is subject to the same law of waste and repair, of desuetude, continuance, and increase. The law is manifest in other spheres of human advancement. In the great tracts of natural science the scientific experience of bygone generations obtains now just so far, and so far only, as the scientific experience of to-day endorses it. The estimates of Newton, of Linnæus, of Lavoisier, are partly discarded, partly retained, partly amplified; that is, they hold good only so far as contemporary scientific judgment confirms them. So the theological estimates based on then accumulated spiritual experience—of St. Augustine or St. Anselm, of Wyclif or Hooker—are partly discarded, partly retained, partly amplified; that is, they hold good only so far as present theological judgment, based on now accumulated spiritual experience, confirms them.

It is objected: But the spiritual experience, and therefore the theological expressions of Christendom, are, and have been, various, irregular, uneven, self-contradictory, internecine; how, from such a medley of warring and refractory ingredients, can you elicit the peaceful affirmations of a common creed? The answer is: Amid all spiritual vicissitude, amid the ecclesiastical and confessional hurly-burly, there has been, and is, tendency, drift, design; through the long sequence of Church discords may be heard an inner harmony; there is in the Christian brotherhood an inmost interpretation of the Divine presented objects, a spiritual experience which is the same to-day as it was yesterday, and will be to-morrow—this, when articulated, and this only, is the faith which was once for all delivered to the saints.

This Broad Church principle—that spiritual experience is the basis of Christian beliefs—has been borrowed from a distinguished German school of theology. It has been intimated, with admirable point and lucidity, in the often-quoted epigram of Amiel: 'Le déplacement du christianisme de la région historique dans la région psychologique est le vœu de notre époque.' It has been expressed as follows, even more appositely for our purpose, by the Rev. W. R. Inge, the Bampton Lecturer on Mysticism, one of the younger Oxford thinkers likely to impress the English Church:

> The greatest need seems to be that we should return to the fundamentals of spiritual religion. We cannot shut our eyes to the fact that both the old seats of authority, the infallible Church and the infallible Book, are fiercely assailed,

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and that our faith needs reinforcements. These can only come from the depths of the religious consciousness itself; and if summoned from thence, they will not be found wanting. The 'impregnable rock' is neither an institution nor a book, but a life or experience.

The principle, amid the tremors of Christians for their belief, restores confidence. Spiritual experience is that which draws nearest to God and makes most for righteousness. If, in our or other times, the whole of the contemporary belief is sustained by contemporary spiritual experience, the whole belief is healthy and secure; the vital sap from the ground flows into all its branches. If, on the other hand, part of the contemporary belief, or if any particular interpretation of a part, is not sustained by contemporary spiritual experience, that part, or that interpretation, has done its work and will wither [8]; nothing n the long run can save it. The call to Christendom, alive now as ever, is to trust its own living consciousness, whatever this consciousness, progressively taught by the unveiling Spirit (*πνεῦμα ἀποκαλύψεως*, Eph. i. 17), may report. 'Sink, O Christendom, in thy soul; yearn to the greatness of the Spirit; rally the truth in the depths of thyself.'

(2) *An open mind* there must be in natural science and in history. Natural science, after years of fierce argumentative strife, has, against obscurant theology, on this point won the day. We Christians are willing now to learn natural science, untrammelled and direct, from natural scientists. But historical science steps forward with an equally just, commanding, and momentous pretension. It claims for itself, for its own unreserved and undisputed investigation, the whole realm of history, and it calls upon theology, as a judge in this domain, to retire. We Christians have only partly yielded here; we are still screening off certain sacred areas of the past, which we desire to protect from that brilliant and discovering searchlight of the historians. Professor Pfleiderer writes concerning Bishop Gore's essay in *Lux Mundi*: 'With these concessions to the criticism of the Old Testament the author cannot, of course, escape the natural question, Why, if so much development is admitted in the Old Testament, the same is not to be admitted in the New?'

What happened in the past? Who will tell us? Will Church authority? Tradition? Decrees of Councils? Opinions of ancient Fathers? Discussions of modern clergy? Consensus of the devout unlearned? The wayside preacher? The peasant on his knees? The nun in ecstasy? Will these tell us what happened in the past? No! These agencies or agents all deserve our respect; some of them deserve our reverence. But they cannot tell us what happened in the past, for they do not know; they have not been trained to find it out. *Historical science* will tell us what happened in the past. The mass of Christian people will be told; they will not tell. You and I will have

[8] For instance, the minatory clauses of the Athanasian Creed are withering.

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no voice in the narration. The proper and equipped investigators are hard at work. They are surveying largely and scrutinising minutely. The ascertainable facts of our human story will not escape them; and the facts will be marshalled and interpreted according to the verified and approved laws of human chronicles. On important points of the Christian origins the inquiring experts are not yet agreed. Until they are agreed the rest of Christendom cannot be agreed. When they are agreed they will tell the rest of Christendom the decision, and the rest of Christendom will have to accept it. Ah! our eyes are intent on this exploring, and the heart's desire of some among us is for a conservative issue. Meanwhile, however, we must disentangle the eternal certitudes of our religion from those historical hesitations; we must labour that the Church of Christ, whatever restorations of its historical walls corrosive change may demand, shall, imbedded and erect on the spiritual rock, still stand in its ancient, awful, and inviolable repose.

(3) *Wide sympathies* must reign in the heart of the English Church. (*a*) They must break through the hard rind of exclusive Anglican temper which externally shuts out Nonconformists from appreciation and fraternity, and which internally represses surging hopes and patient prayers for reunion. (*b*) Nothing but sympathy can discover the great wanted service in the churches of our land—the service which shall hold and elevate, not depress and repel, the masses of the people. The Book of Common Prayer contains not such a service within its covers. Superb, sublime, the final word for the initiated, to the great untouched crowd of working-people it is irrelevant; it is not the easy and natural expression of their desires; they are without the range of its chaste and lofty diction. The imperious want, once, at least, on every Sunday in poorer parishes is of a people's service which shall be homely, pertinent, opportune, vivid; which shall engage attention, and lend wings to poor, slowly mounting aspiration, and condescend to humble, unaccustomed minds.[9] Nothing but sympathy, penetrating with sensitive feelers into the devout needs of the heart of the multitude, can learn the secret, and inspire the forms, of this future popular worship. (*c*) The half-believer, the doubter, the agnostic, often of a surpassing sincerity and religious to the core—is he not to be caught in the great protective embrace of the Church's sympathy? Is he to be allowed to deem himself an *outsider*? There are no outsiders. The circumference of the Church's regard is the circumference of mankind.[10] And, in our disturbed and anxious age, the Church fails immeasurably if, while staunch to her own essential

[9] The writer has here borrowed phrases and sentences from letters of his to the *Times* on this subject in August 1898.

[10] It is wider, if the consideration were to the point. It comprehends, in humbler regions, man's earthly dumb companions, *e.g.* the horse, the dog, the pigeon; in higher realms, the spirits of the blessed human departed, and the numberless ranks of unknown, but dimly apprehended, celestial beings.

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doctrines and persistent in edification of her own *fideles*, she cannot, by the enthusiasm of her humanity, the amplitude of her compassion, and the infinity of her resource, also minister with healing medicine to the innumerable company of the perplexed, and cannot disclose to their dejected outlook gleams of the beatific vision. 'Et Jesus dixit illi: *Respice.*'

(4) Our religion must be *manly*. It must be womanly too. But effeminate or sickly it must not be. In the streets of Rome you may see double rows of walking, black-cassocked youths, set apart, indeed, for a lofty purpose, and often inwardly burning with the fervour of self-sacrifice, but pale, pinched, demure, unhealthy; they are pupils of the seminaries, the future priests of the Roman communion. The English race, well thinking over the matter during the 300 years of religious change which we call the Reformation, decided not to have persons of that kind for their clergy. They decided to have persons of another kind. They are not likely to revert from that decision; they are likely to abide by it. The theological colleges which, progeny of the Oxford Movement, have lately sprung up in our land have wrought one mighty benefit for the ministry of the English Church: they have insisted on the sovereign importance of prayer, meditation, retreat. On the other hand, they are beset by one perverting temptation—the inclination towards seminary ideals and habits; the disposition to rear as English clergy, not a body of unworldly and consecrated men, who are human, companionable, domestic, but a thin, superior, implacably separate, priestly *caste*. In building up the minds and morals of English clergymen, if the *Spiritual Exercises* of St. Ignatius Loyola has, no doubt, a formative value, it may be well to recollect that so also has *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, *Westward Ho!* or *Mr. Midshipman Easy*.

(5) Our religion must be *English*. Christianity, indeed, is universal, yet is of a most gracious particularity. It knows no distinction of sex, yet it appeals differently to the man and to the woman. It knows no distinction of learning, yet it speaks in one tongue to the educated, to the ignorant in another. It knows no distinction of race, yet it approaches the Teuton otherwise than the Latin. The universal religion will mercifully adapt itself to our English needs, as the illimitable ocean incessantly conforms itself to our English coasts. The Anglo-Saxon character is tough and conspicuous, prone to grave temptations, endued with God-given virtues, summoned the world over to strangely grand and arduous responsibilities. In spiritual things it has a native simplicity, dignity, depth, independence of its own. It is this Anglo-Saxon soul, not another, which, by methods congenial to it and effective, the Holy Catholic Church in this land has to take and to imbue, amid the common affairs of daily life, with the purpose, strength, and glories of Christian sanctity. 'Ars est artium regimen animarum.'

To be a Broad Church clergyman is, within the Church, at present

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to be unpopular.[11] The tide is against the man. The ecclesiastical powers that be are amicably deterrent. His clerical comrades, High and Low, who in private life are his constant friends, exert against him in ministrations of the Church a gentle and dissuasive boycott. The position exacts a sacrifice of personal advancement. But, happily, a clergyman cannot even kneel at the sick-bed of a poor old woman and say a simple prayer for her as he ought unless he has first cast out of his own soul that one busy and particular devil—ecclesiastical ambition. A sacrifice here, or, indeed, in a hundred other ways, will do the Liberal clergy no harm. It is the moral pre-requisite of duty and achievement.

Liberal clergymen must also be champions of prayer. The exercise has not, perhaps, in late years been their forte. They have appeared to think that intellectual rectifications and enlightenment will do instead. But sermons, essays, books, of however corrective and inestimable a rationality, will not do instead of prayer. These things are required, too; but secondarily. They are physic; prayer is breath. They are about religion; prayer is religion. The religious folk of England want to pray; they want Christian ministers to teach them to pray, to lead them in prayer, to uplift them in prayer. In order to rise to the height of this great obligation the ministers themselves ought, individually and together, in prayer to be practised and tremendous. Let us pray for the Church of England:

Home of Thy saints,[12] O God, in our native land, may the fires of a reasonable, holy, and living faith burn ever brightly on her hearth, for the warmth, illumination, and eternal safety of this people, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

HUBERT HANDLEY.

[11] Broad Churchmen, since Maurice and Kingsley's time, have lacked organisation and union. There are but small cohering and attractive nuclei. The C.C.C., a private debating brotherhood of forty clergy, mostly Liberals, was founded by Maurice and is thriving. The Churchmen's Union, though some of us might differ from it on important points, is a valuable society for public discussion among Churchmen of rife and fundamental religious problems, and in this respect is honourably bearing the brunt of the Liberal battle.

[12] This expression is largely true of the English Church, in the letter, on a long retrospect of our history; is, to a Churchman, wholly true in idea and aspiration, though he remembers with admiration and gratitude the multitude of God's saints in England without the technical boundary of his own communion.

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FESTUM STULTORUM[1]

One of the salient features which strikes us most when we study the various customs of the Middle Ages is the strange vein of contradiction which runs through them: thoughts lofty and base, feelings noble and depraved, heroic and villainous actions, coarse pleasantry and childish buffoonery, intermingle in such a manner as to force the impartial critic to reject, condemn, excuse, and admire in one and the same breath. Doubtless this is why that period has invariably inspired either fanatical approval or wholesale condemnation.

Among the strangest of these customs which invite our interest, if not our admiration, the Festum Stultorum, or Feast of Fools, may well be said to hold a prominent place, and was, in all probability, responsible for much of the opprobrium which has been lavished on the times in which it flourished. It was known under many different names, such as 'Feast of Fools,' 'Feast of the Innocents,' 'Feast of the Hypodeacons,' 'Feast of Calends,' 'The Liberties of December,' and found expression in a variety of forms which were at best childish and puerile, at the worst little else than religious orgies, and were celebrated with such extravagancies as would seem nowadays well-nigh incredible. Based on ancient privileges which dated back to the early days of Christianity, rather than on any ecclesiastical authority, and persistently denounced by Popes and Councils on account of the grave abuses to which they gave rise, they were celebrated in the churches during High Mass, vespers, and the other offices, and boasted a facetious ceremonial of their own which was carried out by the clerks, sub-deacons, deacons, and priests on certain days between Christmas and the Epiphany with a levity and licence which might well earn for them the title of Catholic Saturnalia. Their pagan origin is obvious, or rather it may be said that they actually superseded the old pagan festivals, and in some instances, notably the 'Feast of the Calends' and the 'Liberties of December,' even the very names are preserved.

[1] Migne, *Nouvelle Encyclopédie Théologique*, tome 43; Jean Michel Constant, *Monnaies Inconnues des Evêques, des Innocens, des Fous* (see J. M. C. Leber, *Collection des Meilleurs Dissertations*, tome 9); Antoine Gachet d'Artigny, *Notice Générale sur la fête des Fous* (see J. M. C. Leber, *ibid.*).

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The old Roman Saturnalia, as is well known, were celebrated in December, being followed by the Calends of January and the Lupercalia of February.

When in the fourth century Christianity became, under Constantine the Great, the recognised religion of the empire, the Church had to deal with masses of half-converted pagans who clung pertinaciously to their ancient customs. In vain she instituted public prayers, fasts, and processions in opposition to these pagan festivities; nothing could induce the people to abandon practices which had their roots in centuries. So, finding herself impotent to abolish them, she was compelled to adopt a policy of compromise in every instance which might be legitimately considered of secondary importance. She therefore tolerated the form and adapted it to objects of Christian belief. Thus were the Feasts of the Saints and Martyrs substituted for the cult of Saturn and Janus. But these customs spread with the progressive advance of Catholicism through barbarian Europe, and, therefore, instead of being mitigated, the scandal grew, since the confusion of ideas produced a corresponding confusion of principles. Nothing in the puerile, licentious practices had been changed but the name, and thus the remedy was worse than the evil, since it desecrated that which ought to have been kept holy.

That the purely Christian Agape, or Love Feasts, originally celebrated within the precincts of the churches, had also very early shown a tendency to degenerate into licence is proved by the severe censure they incurred from St. Paul in his First Epistle to the Corinthians, xi. 21, 22. These abuses led them to be restricted to birthdays, marriages, funerals, and, finally, to some great festival such as the dedication of a church, until they were entirely prohibited by the Council of Laodicea, A.D. 363. St. Augustine warred against them in Africa, and recounts in his 'Confessions' how his mother, St. Monica, was forbidden by St. Ambrose, the Bishop of Milan, to hold her accustomed Love Feast on the tombs of the dead.

The Festum Stultorum found in France, owing to the Gallic love of pleasure, a particularly fertile soil; there these customs flourished in infinite variety, manuscript records of which are still preserved in many of the ancient cathedral churches. Dancing was a striking feature. On Christmas Day after vespers the deacons danced in the church while they sang an anthem in honour of St. Stephen; on St. Stephen's Day it was the turn of the priests to dance, on the Feast of St. John the Evangelist that of the choir boys, and on the Feast of the Epiphany that of the sub-deacons. In some churches the bishops threw dice, or played at various games, and danced with the minor clergy. These festivities were called the 'Liberties of December,' and, as we have already said, their name plainly denotes their pagan origin. Monks and nuns followed the example given them by the clergy, and kept the Feast of the Innocents with dances and other

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amusements. So late as 1702 we find a few convents still retaining something of the old customs, the nuns masquerading on that day in men's clothes and dancing among themselves. It is interesting here to recall that one of the principal charges brought against Joan of Arc was that she had worn men's clothes, 'a thing abominable to God,' as recorded in the minutes of her trial.

The chief aim and object of the Festum Stultorum was the ceremony of electing the Fools' 'bishop.' In some dioceses they even went so far as to elect a 'pope.' On the eve of the feast the clerks proceeded to this election, and the new mock dignitary, generally one of the youngest amongst them, was conducted in triumph into the church where, arrayed in bishop's mitre, cope, gloves, and pectoral cross, he gave his blessing to the people, and was then conducted in procession through the town. Sometimes children were elected mock-bishops (*Episcopatus Puerorum* or Episcopate of Children), but such grave disorders took place on these occasions, often terminating in serious conflicts between the clergy and the laity, that the custom was forbidden by the Council of Salzburg in 1274.

A distinct formula of election, a certain method in their madness, prevailed in these extravagant demonstrations, and an interesting account of a Festum Stultorum held so late as 1570 is preserved in the archives of the cathedral at Chalons-sur-Marne. The date chosen was St. Stephen's Day, and on the Eve a stage was erected before the main entrance of the cathedral upon which the banquets, accompanied by much drinking, were to be held, all the expenses being defrayed by the chapter. Towards two o'clock on the Feast the mock-bishop was fetched by a large procession of clerks, sub-deacons, deacons, priests, and laymen. He rode on an ass richly caparisoned, and was preceded by every kind of discordant music, the cathedral bells chiming in merrily with the general pandemonium. Dismounting, the mock-bishop was vested in full episcopal robes, after which, cross in hand, he mounted the platform and sat down with his followers, the oldest canons usually forming his 'household,' and partook of the repast prepared for them.

After the banquet vespers were hurriedly sung, and then feasting and drinking were resumed interspersed with music, games, dancing, and cavalcades. When at length the procession was formed for the return home, half the people accompanied the canons and the mock-bishop, while the rest played on all sorts of utensils, creating a veritable *charivari*, the bells pealed above the burlesque symphony, and the clergy mingled with the crowd dressed as buffoons and in other grotesque costumes.

In some of the churches where a 'pope' was elected as well as a 'bishop' the clergy used to appear during High Mass wearing hideous masks and dressed as women and jesters; they danced in the sanctuary and sang ribald songs, eating meat on the altar where Mass was being

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celebrated, gambling with dice, burning old shoes for incense, and after the service was over they promenaded the town, amusing the people with obscene songs and posturing. Many of the laity joined the clergy on these occasions dressed as monks and nuns.

These feasts were for the most part similar to one another, but at Viviers a quaint variant was indulged in: the 'bishop's' followers were not allowed to lose sight of him for a single instant, *sous peine d'avoir leur culotte coupée*, and as the festivities lasted from the 17th of December till Christmas Eve, this duty can hardly have been a sinecure! Sometimes vespers were concluded in this droll fashion: the parish priest turned three times to the 'bishop' saying: 'Silence! silence! silence!' to which the choir answered the usual *Deo gratias*.

The ass played a great part in all these mediæval feasts, Balaam's ass probably being his prototype. Many of the churches in France celebrated a 'Feast of the Ass' with its proper 'office.' Details of this ceremony as it took place at Rouen, and from which we have drawn the following interesting account, still exist: On Christmas Day, before solemn High Mass, the whole clergy came in procession from the cloisters and stopped half way up the nave of the church, where a small bonfire of tow and lint had been prepared to represent a furnace. On either side of this furnace stood six men personifying the Jews and the Gentiles, who were invited by two clerks to confess the truth of the Mystery of the Incarnation. Jews and Gentiles expressed their marked incredulity in a chanted response, whereupon the prophets Moses, Amos, Isaiah, Aaron, Jeremiah, and King David were called upon to appear and convince these doubters, a long and tedious affair since each indulged in turn in a lengthy prophecy! Next, two ambassadors of Balak, King of the Moabites, called upon Balaam, who appeared upon his ass, spurring her on, when a young man representing an angel and carrying a sword suddenly stood before him in his path, whilst someone hidden beneath the ass spoke these words: 'Unhappy that I am! Why spurrest thou me?' The angel addressing Balaam said: 'Cease to execute the orders of King Balak!'

The cantors cried out: 'Prophesy, Balaam!'

Then Balaam chanted: 'A star shall come out of Jacob,' &c.

A great many of Israel's kings next appeared in turn, and lastly came Nebuchadnezzar with Daniel and the young men who refused to worship the king's statue. They were incontinently thrown into the furnace and the tow was set on fire; Daniel and the youths sang their song of praise in the midst of the flames, and Nebuchadnezzar rendered glory to the Most High. The last to appear was the Roman Sybil dressed as a queen, and, prophesying, she, too, bore testimony to the Mystery of the Incarnation.

This ended a very long ceremony, whereupon all returned to the choir leading Balaam's ass with them. High Mass began. The ass, wearing a cope, was placed near the altar, and his 'office' was then

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chanted. A Latin verse and a refrain in French were sung alternately; it opened thus:

Orientis partibus
Adventavit asinus
Pulcher et fortissimus
Sarcinus aptissimus.

Hé Sire Ane, car chantez
Belle bouche réchignez.
Vous aurez du foin assez
Et de l'avoine à planter!

and so on.

In Beauvais we find the 'Feast of the Ass' celebrated on the 14th of January, and in quite a different manner, but the *office de l'âne* remains the same; a young and pretty girl, carrying a child in her arms, is seated on a richly caparisoned ass in representation of the Virgin Mother's flight into Egypt. Preceded by a large procession of all the clergy, she is conducted from the cathedral to the church of St. Stephen, where she is led, still seated on the ass, into the sanctuary and posted on the gospel side of the altar. High Mass begins, during which the 'Office of the Ass' is chanted as at Rouen, except that the Introit, the Kyrie, the Gloria, and the Credo are accompanied on the part of the congregation by loud hee-haws, hee-haws, hee-haws. At the end of the mass the priest turned to the people and said 'Hee-haw! hee-haw! hee-haw!' at which the people answered in like manner.

In autumn the ass was led in procession under a golden canopy that was carried by four of the principal canons. It would appear there was also a similar 'Feast of the Ox,' which likewise had its own 'office.' Unfortunately no trace of it has come down to us.

But perhaps the most curious of all these strange customs was the burial of the Alleluia. Alleluia is said throughout the year in the Divine Office except from Septuagesima Sunday up to Easter. He was therefore supposed to have died, and was buried with great pomp on Septuagesima Sunday at nones. On this occasion the choir boys, clad in their best vestments, carrying a clod of earth to represent the defunct Alleluia, assembled in the choir; they then walked in procession with the cross, incense, and holy water to the cloisters, where the burial was to take place; there they proceeded to incense the sham corpse and sprinkle it with holy water. Incredible as it may seem, an 'Alleluia office' existed whose antiquity may be proved by the condemnation it provoked in A.D. 633 by the Council of Toledo. However, it was still in existence much later on, for a manuscript at Auxerre in the thirteenth century has conserved it to us. It runs thus:

Sois avec nous aujourd'hui, encore, Alleluia, Alleluia!
Et tu partiras demain, Alleluia!
Que tes années se multiplient.
Regagne tes trésors.
Et que le bon ange de Dieu t'accompagne, Alleluia:

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In another old manuscript in a church at Sens which contains the 'office' of the Festum Stultorum, the Alleluia was greeted in this fashion:

Alle resonent omnes ecclesiæ,
Cum dulci melo symphoniæ,
Filium Mariæ genetricis piæ
Ut nos septiformis gratiæ
Unde Deo dicamus *luia.*

Processions have always formed an indispensable part of all religious festivities, but little trace, if any, of religious feeling remained in these, and they often gave rise to much scandal. This was especially the case with the so-called 'Black Procession' at Evreux, when, on the 28th of April, the whole chapter turned out upon the ringing of the cathedral bells, and, repairing to a wood near the town, cut down branches from the trees in accordance with a very ancient custom, which reminds one forcibly of the old druidical ceremonies. Unfortunately the free intercourse between the clergy and laity in the wood on this occasion was the source of such grave disorders that the custom had to be abandoned. On this day, also, there was much merry-making carried on in the vaults under the cathedral by the priests and minor clergy during the recital of Divine Office by the canons. They danced, sang, and played at ninepins. Another ceremony called 'L'Obit de la Bouteille' was added to the Black Procession in 1270 by some facetious canon: five bottles were laid on a mortuary cloth in the middle of the choir. The minor clergy received large remunerations at this feast.

There was also a 'Procession of the Loup Vert,' of which little is known except that the Loup Vert was a man elected for the purpose of running on ahead of the procession to give the signal for the commencement of the games and rejoicings.

But the most amusing of its kind was the 'Procession of the Herrings' at Rheims on the Wednesday in Holy Week. On that day the station was at the Church of St. Rémi, whither all the clergy repaired with great pomp. The canons, preceded by the cross, walked in two files, each dragging behind him a herring attached to a string. The aim of each was to tread on the herring of the man in front and at the same time to save his own herring from being trampled on by the man behind!

Another curious usage which reminds one of the scape-goat of Israel had its origin in Germany, and consisted in choosing some man whom they nick-named Adam, and whose duty it was to wander barefoot the whole of Lent till, on Maundy-Thursday, the entire town received absolution in his person.

Certain privileges at these feasts were less innocent, and bred many abuses on the part of the clergy. For instance, a very old custom called 'Défruit,' which we find prohibited in 1551 at Nar-

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bonne, showing how late these usages survived, was a number of banquets given to the clergy by every layman or priest who had been presented at vespers between Christmas and the Epiphany with a branch of orange blossom as a sign that he could intone the psalm *Memento*. The favoured candidates then proceeded to do this, and enriched the Latin psalm with a number of glosses in French as ridiculous as they were sacrilegious.

Another strange reminiscence of the pagan Saturnalia was the minting of money. In the old days Rome, on these occasions, was allowed to indulge in her favourite games of hazard, but, as it was forbidden by law to use the current coin, substitutes had to be found. The mock-king of the Saturnalia distributed among his subjects coins of lead. The 'bishop' of the Innocents, imitating his pagan prototype, and assuming to himself the privilege enjoyed by many Catholic bishops to mint money, caused similar lead coins to be made bearing inscriptions, figures, and emblems, the most frequent being the fleur-de-lys and trefoil, which he distributed broadcast as souvenirs of his ephemeral jurisdiction. Many such coins are still extant, and were chiefly found in Picardy, especially at Amiens when the pavement of the cathedral underwent repair. Sometimes these coins bear the name of the 'bishop' himself:

Moneta: Archiepi: Turpin: A.D. 1518.
Ludovi: Cordier: Ep: s. Lupi: 1548.

or simply:

Moneta: epi: Innocentum:
Monoie: des: innocens:
Monoie: de Levesq: inoct:

This last one bore the representation of a grotesque personage with a hood over his head and riding on an ass. Sometimes they had a motto of this kind:

La pai-et-sov-la-main-de-dieu.
Sit-nomen-Dni-benedictum.

Or the name of the church itself:

Moneta-Sancty-Martin.
Sainct-Jehan-Damien:

Or an appeal to some saint:

Sancte-Micalel-orapronob:

One rather interesting coin bears the inscription:

Rachel: plorans: filios: suos:

in allusion to the massacre of the Innocents which was commemorated in the Church of Beauvais on Christmas Day by a young woman—or a young boy dressed as a woman—personating Rachel weeping for her children.

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The Reformation sounded the death-knell of all these extravagant customs, for, once a voice outside the Church was raised in denunciation against these demoralising practices, their suppression became a matter of vital necessity. In the same way the Mystery Plays were stopped by Act of the Paris *parlement* in 1548. But the fool has never entirely disappeared from the scene; he is immortalised in the grotesque sculptures which are still to be seen in many old cathedrals, as the *Prince des Sots* in the *Sotties* of the sixteenth century, and in our own day he lingers on in the person of the more or less witty, more or less degraded, circus clown. Strange as it may seem to us, devotion in the Middle Ages was not conscious of the incongruity of this admixture of the pious and the grotesque. Even missals and *Livres d'Heures* had their margins covered with choice miniature paintings of fools and grotesque monks and nuns. The Emperor Charles the Fifth gave one to his mistress, the margins of which were beautifully illuminated by Albert Dürer with figures of monkeys in more or less indecent postures. It is probably some such book which inspired Byron when he wrote these lines:

> The Missal too (it was a family Missal)
> Was ornamented in a sort of way
> Which ancient Mass books often are, and this all
> Kinds of grotesque illumined: and how they
> Who saw those figures on the margins kiss all
> Could turn their optics to the text and pray
> Is more than I know. . . .
>
> *Don Juan*, Canto 1, s. 46.

Many of the innocent usages exist yet in present-day monasteries and cloisters. It is still the custom in some orders on one day of the year, the feast day of the particular patron saint of the lay brothers and lay sisters, to treat them as fathers or choir sisters, not allowing them to do any menial work, the real monks and choir nuns waiting upon their needs. Of course this harmless pleasantry never goes so far as to invert the order of the convent services; it is restricted to the innocent interchange of temporal offices, both parties being heartily pleased to return to their respective duties. In some convent schools the children are allowed to elect an 'abbess' amongst themselves, who wears the nun's habit during king's-tide in commemoration of the Holy Innocents.

Those who have travelled in Spain well know that religious dances are not yet entirely extinct. At Seville on certain feasts the choir boys dance dressed in a page's costume of the period of Philip the Third, consisting of a doublet of red or blue silk, slashed with gold, white sleeves, knee-breeches, stockings, and shoes. Red and gold streamers hang from each shoulder, and a white sash passes over the right shoulder and under the left arm. They carry red and gold hats trimmed with ostrich feathers. The dances, which are slow and

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dignified, are all performed while the Host is exposed, and are executed within the sanctuary. Devout Spaniards would be outraged to hear these dances stigmatised as profane!

Processions, of course, still form an essential part of Roman Catholic ritual; Lourdes, Paray-le-Monial, and the Lenten daily processions in Rome to the appointed church selected for a 'station,' bear testimony to the survival of one of the oldest forms of worship the world has practised in every creed.

That they are carried out to-day with order and decorum is a result of our modern ethical conception of the fitness of things. A general acceptation, under these circumstances, of all exterior forms and demonstrations attached to different kinds of worship would prove that we are universally progressing towards a more perfect religious tolerance, and much will be achieved in this direction when all grasp the fundamental truth that there will always be 'the few' and 'the many,' and that for the greater part of humanity outward demonstration must ever be a *sine qua non* of the faith that is in them.

G. Villiers Hemming.

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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A WANDERING FRIAR

THE most curious and instructive autobiography of the Middle Ages is at the same time one of the least read. Brother Salimbene of Parma lived from the days of St. Francis into those of Dante, among the most stirring political struggles of his time and the most varied events of war; a wanderer by choice and profession, sitting one day side by side with St. Louis and at other times with Asdente, the simple-minded cobbler-prophet whom Dante has so rudely thrust down to hell. A man religious enough to have lived in close and sympathetic friendship with the greatest and most saintly men of his Order, yet not too ascetic to take the most Pepysian interest in all the gossip of the cloister; and, most precious perhaps of all, one who wrote with instinctive and unsparing frankness, not for curious modern eyes, but for friends and fellow-Franciscans, and more especially for the edification of his favourite niece, herself a nun of the same Order. 'For the writer of history,' he says, 'ought to be impartial, and not merely to describe the evil that is in a man, while keeping silence as to his good qualities:' and again, 'the spirit bloweth whither it listeth, neither is it in man's power to hinder the spirit . . . . nor can I tell my stories otherwise than as they happened in truth, and as I have seen with mine own eyes.' With no attempt to conceal his prejudices; as frank as Boswell himself about his own weaknesses, he is the most valuable existing historian of Italian life in the period between St. Francis and Dante.

Why then is he so little known? His Chronicle was first printed in 1857, in an expensive form and a limited edition; which edition is itself grievously imperfect, being based on a transcript of the original MS. not only faulty in other respects, but also mercilessly expurgated from the point of view of ecclesiastical propriety. Efforts were indeed made to print from a complete copy, but the MS. was bought into the Vatican in order to prevent this; not until the late Pope's reign did the real Salimbene, together with all other

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Vatican MSS., become accessible to students. Since then, several complete editions have been projected, but the very number of separate projects seem to have hindered each other, though now at last the Chronicle is soon to appear in the great series of 'Monumenta Germaniæ.' The present writer, having been enabled to fill up all important gaps in the text by the kindness of Professors Clédat of Lyons and Holder-Egger of Berlin, to whom he owes a heavy debt of gratitude, has for some time been engaged on a complete translation of those very considerable portions of the Chronicle which are best calculated to interest the Dante scholar and the student of mediæval manners; and meanwhile, by the courtesy of the Editor of this Review, he is enabled here to give a summary of a book so important for the study of Dante and of the thirteenth-century Franciscans.

Our Chronicler was not related to the Nicolò Salimbeni whom Dante mentions.[1] He was of the noble family *di Adamo* of Parma, and was born in 1221, the year of St. Dominic's death. The family lived next door to the beautiful Baptistery, and loved it as Dante loved his 'bel San Giovanni.' This house was sold later on to the grandson of an old noble, of whom Salimbene tells us that

> whenever he was not at worship in the church, he used to sit with his neighbours under the public portico beside the Bishop's palace, speaking of God or listening gladly to them that spake of Him. Nor would he suffer that boys should throw stones against the Baptistery or the Cathedral, to destroy the carvings and paintings; nay rather, whenever he saw this he waxed wroth and ran swiftly and beat them with a leather thong, as though he had been set to guard the buildings.

We have a vivid picture of this home by the Baptistery. Guido di Adamo, the father, had been a crusader: his wife, Imelda, was

> a humble and devout lady, fasting oft, and giving freely to the poor. Never was she seen to be wroth; never did she smite any of her maidservants with her hand. . . . She was wont to tell me how, at the time of the great earthquake, I lay in the cradle, and she caught up my two sisters, one under each arm, for they were but small; and, leaving me in my cradle, she ran to the home of her father and mother and brethren; for she feared, as she said, lest the Baptistery should fall on her, since our home was hard by. Wherefore I never loved her so dearly, since she should have cared more for me, the boy, than for the girls. But she herself said that, being better grown, they were easier for her to carry.

There were two more brothers, one of whom died young, while the other took the Franciscan habit; and so the name died out. 'We destroyed our house here on earth, that we might build it in Heaven.' A third brother, John, was the son of a concubine. There was a definite note of piety in the family; and, like the majority in Parma, it espoused the Guelf (or Church) side in that

[1] *Inf.* XXIX. 127.

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bitter war between Pope and Emperor. 'My father's mother was a wise lady, and one hundred years old when she died. I lived fifteen years with her in my father's house; how often she warned me to eschew evil company and cleave to the good, and to be prudent and well-mannered and good, so often may God's blessing light upon her!' 'The Lord Balian of Sidon, a great baron of France, who had come from the Holy Land to the Emperor Frederick the Second,' stood godfather to the child, who seems to have grown up very much after his grandmother's pattern, for at home he was called Ognibene (All-good). After the elder brother's entrance into the cloister, the father's one hope for the family lay in this boy; yet he also, early in his seventeenth year, slipped away from home and entered as a novice into the Franciscan convent of Parma. The poor father's despair, and his vain attempts to recover his son through the mediation of Emperor and Pope (with both of whom he had influence) are told by Salimbene with more vividness than show of filial affection. Indeed, like Montaigne (whom in many other respects he so closely resembles) he seems rather to have felt a wide and kindly sympathy with all, than any specially strong or exclusive affection for his own kin. So long as the boy himself wished to remain in the convent, neither Emperor nor Pope would undertake to remove him; and Guido, though it was granted him to speak in private with his son, laboured in vain against the 'witchcraft' of those 'drivellers'—the actual word he used is hardly to be translated. At length,

> despairing of my return, he threw himself upon the ground before the brethren and the laymen, who had come with him, and cried, 'I commit thee to a thousand devils, accursed son, together with thy brother who is here with thee and who also hath seduced thee. My curse cleave to thee to all Eternity, and send thee to the devils of hell.' And so he departed, troubled beyond measure; but we remained in great consolation, giving thanks unto God and saying to Him 'They shall curse, but Thou shalt bless.'

Guido went back to his dreary home, and in later years his wife entered the cloister; while his natural son, having gone on a pilgrimage to St. James of Compostella, settled in Toulouse on the way home, married, and died there. Ognibene, for his part, slept the sleep of the just that night in the convent, dreaming that the Virgin Mother came to comfort him and laid her Son into his arms to be caressed. Soon afterwards, an aged friar—the last to whom St. Francis had given the habit with his own hands—gave our chronicler a new name for his new life. 'My son, none is good save God alone. Henceforth, be thou called Brother Salimbene, for thou hast *leapt well* (*bene salisti*) in that thou hast entered this Order.' Let us pause here to gather from Salimbene's own frank life-story of nearly seventy years, what sort of a world it was from which, and

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what sort of an Order into which, he leapt thus intrepidly at the age of sixteen and a half. For it was Dante's world; Parma and Florence are not 120 miles apart, and, while the poet was born in 1265, the friar lived at least to the middle of 1288.

As to the outer world of that time, the most superficial perusal of the *Commedia* would lead us to expect that it was a cruel one, though not so cruel, we are often told, but that it was redeemed by its knightly virtues and its living faith. If even the *Paradiso* reminds us frequently of violence and murder, yet the nobility of the poet's style does at least give another vent to our thoughts even in the *Inferno*, and we do not pause to consider too closely how it must have been to live in Ezzelino's city, or even under that most religious king whom Dante accuses of poisoning St. Thomas Aquinas. But Salimbene jots all these things down, chapter and verse, in a matter-of-fact way which gives the imagination no excuse for flying off at a tangent. Of the seventy-six years embraced by his chronicle proper, twenty-one only are free from the express record of war in the writer's own immediate neighbourhood. Of these twenty-one years, three were desolated by plagues which put a stop even to warfare: one was devoted to the mania of flagellation which succeeded the worst year of plague: two more were years of famine in which the poor died like flies: two again were darkened by the deaths of countless multitudes of crusaders. Nor does the chronicler leave us without explicit testimony as to the general character of those wars which, in detail, he often dismisses in half a dozen words. Here is his account (slightly condensed) of a period of some twenty years which he spent in Romagna:—

> Near the towns armed soldiers guarded the labourers all day long; this was necessary on account of the bandits, who had increased beyond measure. For they would take men and carry them off to their dungeons; and those who did not redeem themselves with money, them would they hang up by the feet or by the hands, or pull out their teeth. For they were more cruel than devils; and he that went by the way would as lief meet the devil as meet his fellow-man. For one had ever suspicion of another, lest he might purpose to carry him off to prison; and the land became a desert, wherein was neither husbandman nor wayfarer. And evil was multiplied upon the earth; and the birds and beasts of the field increased beyond measure, for they found no household beasts in the villages to eat according to their wont, since the villages were altogether burnt. Wherefore wolves came thronging thick together round the city moats, howling horribly for intolerable anguish of hunger; and they crept by night into the cities, and ate men, women or children that slept under the porticos or in waggons; nay, at times they even broke through the walls of houses and throttled babes in their very cradles. No man could believe, but if he had seen it with his own eyes, as I did, the horrible deeds that were done at that time, both by men and by divers kinds of beasts.

Nor was it much better within the cities. The whole book reeks of intestine wars, and the devilish cruelties of fellow-citizens. The

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Emperor, provoked by an absent noble, has his daughter, 'who was a most fair damsel,' cast alive into a furnace. When Alberigo da Romano was taken at last, the victors ripped out the bones from the living flesh of his sons, and dashed them into the parents' faces, in revenge for the not less sickening cruelties which the tyrant had practised in the days of his power. One noble ruffian dashes out the brains of his own infant grandson against the wall; others, in the hour of victory, slaughter children in their cradles. Nearly a whole quarto page, in another place, is devoted to the fiendish tortures inflicted by political opponents who, in these degenerate days of ours, would simply bark at each other in the newspapers. Nor is there much in Salimbene to countenance the ideal of knightly romance: seldom do we catch any glimpse of true chivalry among all these conflicts. Here and there we find a noble of real piety; here and there one who is capable, for instance, of sheltering a defenceless orphan in spite of a feud with the dead father. But the prevailing atmosphere is, to say the least of it, hardly favourable to the theory prevalent in some quarters that the medieval noble, though rough, was a specially genuine diamond under the surface. We find a noble forger of wills; nobles who permit themselves in public the grossest of words and gestures; casual but significant glimpses of filth and vermin, both literally and morally. A rich and well-born maiden is about to be left an orphan; Salimbene hastens to arrange a match for her—not very advantageous in many ways—but, as the dying father said, left to herself among the chivalry of the thirteenth century, '*forte facta fuisset meretrix.*'

All these things, however, show pretty transparently in other records of the time; nor can it be seriously doubted that this was a world from which thousands of peace-loving souls must have leapt into the cloister with the deepest possible sense of relief—even though it were one of the few cloisters which still adhered to their primitive asceticism. Salimbene, who hated war almost like a Quaker, may very well have felt small regret, even in a material sense, for the noble house which he had left to ruin on earth. Let us see then—for here his testimony is beyond all price—what sort of a house it was that he builded for himself in Heaven.

The thirteenth century is a period to which many souls have looked fondly back from modern times, under the perfectly true impression that the power of the Christian hierarchy has at no time been so great in the state, and that no century can show a brighter roll of names in religious history. And among all the glories of that age, there was assuredly none greater than the first beginnings of that Order in which our chronicler took refuge, yet it is known that even the Saint himself in his later years was driven almost to despair by the growth of a 'moderate' or 'relaxed' party within

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his Order; and the generation of those who had known him in the flesh had not yet passed away before those 'Spirituals' who still clung to the strict rule of St. Francis and Pope Innocent found themselves treated as rebels and schismatics by the moderate party, strong now in the support of the reigning popes. How under persecution the Spirituals developed first anti-papal and then definitely heretical tendencies, is rather a matter for later history, and Salimbene is not very communicative on the subject. Yet it is surprising, on the other hand, how little he has to tell us in general of the original apostolic poverty and simplicity, though he entered the Order within twelve years of the founder's death, and was intimately connected with several of his closest companions. But Salimbene was no man of extremes; and, for the moderates, old things had already become new. Nothing had been more striking than the lay and unsacerdotal (though not, of course, *anti*-sacerdotal) character of St. Francis' mission; he himself never proceeded to priest's orders; yet so much had this already changed in a few years, that to Salimbene it is already 'absurd' that laymen should be promoted to responsible posts over the heads of priests. Already the friars have splendid houses and churches; at Reggio they buy the Emperor's palace, and have to enlarge it; at Genoa they have no scruple in ousting a parish priest, with all due forms of holy violence, from his own church. Everywhere they accept rich outsiders for burial, and break or evade the Rule in the matter of dress, food, and private property; when a riot breaks out, the robbers at once scent pillage in a Franciscan convent. Nor does Salimbene show any remorse on the only two occasions on which he seems even aware of these changes. His ideal of a pious city is one in which 'a hundred Brethren Minor might live decently and conveniently, and abundantly supplied with all things necessary.' There are saints enough in his pages—real saints, and not mere ascetics—yet his average friar is already far from the type of the 'Fioretti' and the 'Speculum,' and fast approaching the modern Franciscan as described by Mr. Joseph McCabe. There is already the frank love of good cheer and good wine; the same collocation of hymns and drinking-songs; the same anecdotes unsuited for repetition in general company. But at least there is one brighter side to Salimbene's picture. Mr. McCabe lays stress on the idleness and comparative uselessness of the modern friars; yet for the century that followed St. Francis' death, at least, they were the most powerful agents of civilisation in Europe. We see from Salimbene how truly many of them loved learning (though here, again, in the teeth of the Saint's prohibition); how they worked to console the sick and the captives; their efforts to make peace between conflicting factions; their missionary labours among the people—though they had now begun to write out their

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sermons for learning by heart; and the worthy friar describes with singular naïveté the working of a bogus miracle by a missionary coterie for the edification of the vulgar. One of its authors was a coryphæus of the Order, who worked real miracles later on, both in life and in death. It is quite amusing, indeed, to note how often our author, recording the decease of some particular friend, ascribes thaumaturgic virtues to his bones; and one almost fancies that he cherished the hope of a similar distinction for himself some day, when he should come to lie beside his brethren in the 'good strong, thick, stupefying incense smoke' of the choir. One miracle he has at least worked, in embalming for all time, he alone of his age, a complete specimen of the human conscience in embryo — that rudimentary religious and moral conscience of the thirteenth century, presenting a very different development of organs to that which we should have inferred from an exclusive anatomy of modern souls.

The friars, then, were the great civilisers of the thirteenth century: but everything is comparative; and we need not wonder that there is no longer the same place for them in the modern world. Some such movement, springing fresh from our own age, and helping us against our besetting sins, we may well pray to see: to the men themselves who were so much above their time, and helped so truly to make a better time for us, we owe a heavy debt of reverence and gratitude: but we have no right to shut our eyes to the real state of morals and civilisation among them. All generations and all ages have the same perilous river to cross; and we shall learn a truer lesson by marking narrowly where our forefathers missed the ford, than by whispering pious legends of a bygone time when men passed dry-shod over the face of the waters. It will be easier to realise how truly Heaven-sent was the ordinary friar, with all his weaknesses, if we look frankly at the condition of the secular clergy (themselves definitely in advance of the laity) during those seventy years which followed the sweeping reforms of the most powerful Pope of the middle ages. Sixteen popes come within Salimbene's scope; to only three of them does he afford hearty praise. He complains of their struggles with worldly sovereigns for worldly power—yet the friars were a sort of papal militia—and others of them he taxes severely with nepotism. Without alluding to the gluttony which condemned Martin the Fourth to Dante's purgatory, he reproaches him with embezzlement of crusade money, and extravagant expenditure in civil war. His general attitude towards the successor of St. Peter is the attitude of his age; a mixture of deference and free criticism which is strangely inconsistent, but thoroughly mediæval. He believes that Innocent the Third dabbled in sorcery; that Alexander the Fourth and Honorius the Fourth were cut off by God for their lukewarm support of the

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Order of St. Francis. He condemns papal greed with great plainness, and is naturally still more plainspoken about the avarice, luxury, and uselessness of the cardinals. Of his bishops, one was rich and miserly, and suspected of heresy; another, on his deathbed, frankly repudiated any belief in transubstantiation, and owned to having accepted the mitre as a commercial speculation: a third would have been more in his place as a swineherd or a 'leper' than as a bishop. Heresy was rife in the Peninsula: even in France, the failure of St. Louis' crusade provoked an outburst of not merely anti-clerical but downright anti-christian feeling. 'For in those days when the friars begged alms in France in Christ's name, men gnashed their teeth at them and, before their faces, they would call some other beggar and give him money, saying "Take this in Mahomet's name, for he is mightier than Christ."' Salimbene has plenty to tell us of false and suspected miracles, false and suspected relics; of the practical impossibility of enforcing anything like the theoretical ecclesiastical discipline; of church adherents who, after they had managed to drive the Imperialists into exile, turned and rent each other as fiercely as the Guelf party rent itself in Dante's Florence. On the corruption of the parish clergy he dwells with the emphasis natural to a friar: but his indictment, however terrible, receives ample confirmation from other sources. He describes what he found upon his missionary rounds—priestly usurers, priestly tavern-keepers: their church furniture sordid, their vestments filthy: the host itself all fly-blown; and we need not wonder now that St. Francis looked upon it as no small part of his mission to sweep neglected churches, and provide decent receptacles for the holy wafer in which, since 1215, every Catholic was bound to see the very flesh and blood of Christ. One day a friend of Salimbene's officiated on a feast day at a parish church. There was no stole, except the girdle of the priest's concubine, keys and all; 'and when the friar turned round to say *Dominus vobiscum*, the keys jingled in the ears of the congregation.'

This brings us to the greatest scandal of the thirteenth-century Church. Salimbene is at one with Bonaventura, Saint and Doctor of the Church, in accusing the parish clergy of widespread immorality, and of using the confessional as an engine of seduction. It would be out of place in this article to quote his accusations and anecdotes in full, even if my space sufficed; but here, too, the picture is abundantly supported by contemporary evidence. Salimbene's contemporary, for instance, the holy and energetic Archbishop Odo Rigaldi of Rouen, has left a diary of his diocesan visitations which records, for the first ten years, a rough average of one unchaste priest per five parishes. The parish clergy, of course, complained bitterly of the way in which friars were allowed to usurp their functions, more

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especially those of confession and preaching; and this subject cropped up among others at the Council of Ravenna in 1261. Salimbene records the wrath of the presiding Archbishop: 'To whom, then, shall I commit confessions if not to the friars? Shall I commit to the priest Gerard, here present, the hearing of women's confessions, when I know very well that he has a whole houseful of sons and daughters? And would that Gerard stood alone and without companions in this matter!' Many of these connections, as in contemporary England, were no doubt looked upon as a sort of morganatic marriage: but St. Bonaventura's statement that the Italian clergy were the more depraved of the two is again corroborated by Salimbene. 'A hundred times' he has heard them quote *si non caste, tamen caute* (if not chastely, at least cautiously!), and attribute the words, with an ignorance startling even in that age, to St. Paul!

After all, the lower clergy did but follow the example of their betters. In spite of the fact that the two greatest Popes of the later Middle Ages had striven their hardest in the cause of celibacy, and that for two centuries this had been an established rule of the Church, Salimbene found himself at one time obliged to discourage the advances of a nun who was daughter to a Cardinal Legate and granddaughter to a Pope. To another of the contemporary Popes he assigns children by name; and another time he breaks out with the impatient and no doubt too sweeping generalisation 'they promote their bastards, and call them nephews.' Of the Bishops, whose immediate duty it was to visit and purify the parish clergy, he has strange stories to tell. Take, for instance (and by no means the worst instance), the very Archbishop of Ravenna, whose righteous rebuke silenced the erring Gerard. This dignitary had a son and a daughter, the former of whom was always ready to get you a sufficient prebend from his father 'for a consideration,' while the latter was offered in marriage to a pious knight, who, however, liked neither her birth nor her dowry of Church money. The Archbishop gave Salimbene the authentic corpse of Eliseus the prophet as readily as if it had been a cast-off-coat: 'For he cared more for wars than for relics of saints.' He had half-roasted one servant on a spit, half or wholly drowned another, and left a third to be eaten up by rats in prison; 'for he was scarcely less feared than Ezzelino da Romano.' In his palace near Ravenna he was wont to pace the court from side to side 'singing as he went some antiphon in praise of the Blessed Virgin: and if it were summer he would drink at each corner; for at each corner of his palace he had a pitcher of choice wine, set in the coldest water. For he was a mighty drinker.' So also was his successor in the office of Papal Legate, who confided once to our good friar that he scarcely knew how any bishop could escape damnation. The Cistercian Cæsarius of Heisterbach, in this same century,

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discusses the same question at some length, and is, if possible, still more pessimistic as to episcopal prospects in the next world!

I have left myself no space to treat fully of the lighter side of the chronicle—the author's naïve curiosity, his humour, his happy and sympathetic portraits of the many good men he had known. Again, though Professor Norton has filled a whole article with quotations from Salimbene which complete or correct our knowledge of Dante's characters, he has even thus left out several of the most important passages. For indeed the chronicle itself is another *Commedia*, lacking, of course, the distinctive majesty of the *altissimo poeta*, but thronged with figures not less living and still more varied, and rich in those contrasts so characteristic of the Middle Ages and so incomprehensible to our own century—contrasts in externals, in faith, in morals, not only between man and man, but within one and the same personality. The book is studded, like an illuminated missal, with brilliant miniatures—the servant girl tripping across the cathedral with a love-song on her lips, and thus inspiring brother Henry of Pisa with one of his sweetest sacred airs—the first recorded 'climb' in the modern mountaineering sense, and the smoke-breathing dragon which the successful tourist found at the summit—the saint's toe which, after receiving unbounded honour from the multitude, was found to be a mere unconsecrated clove of garlic! Saints, canonised and uncanonised, find themselves here in company with 'my friend Bonusdies the Jew' or with witty profligates like the Canon-Poet of Cologne; and among them swarm strange creatures half-saint half-sinner; founders of new Orders that blossom into full-blown heresies; religious vagabonds compounded in equal parts of Captain Costigan and Frate Ginepro; an abortive necromancer who turns to theology and just misses being Pope; and a Pope who, condescending to necromancy, raises a ghost not less plain-spoken than Salimbene himself: the great Frederick the Second, 'Marvel of the World,' ripping up living men to study the process of digestion, and the great Innocent the Third trying on the Holy Coat, to compare his own stature with Christ's. It is a dizzy world—almost an incredible world to those who have never realised that the dry bones of this strange race lie about in thousands among contemporary records, and that Salimbene is only exceptional in his supreme gift of clothing them with flesh and breathing the spirit of life into them. Above all it is Dante's world; here we may almost reach out our hands and touch the bars against which his spirit beat, and within whose pale the bulk of mankind, then as now, struggled onwards each in his own way towards his own conception of salvation—a conception by no means so definite in the thirteenth century even among the generality of thinking men as most Church historians

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would have us believe. We are too prone to forget how deeply the great poet's mind is necessarily influenced—partly in attraction, still more in repulsion—by the sordid realities among which he lived. There can be no better commentary on the *Commedia* than a true picture of its contemporary social life, and in no one book can that life be studied with such profit and pleasure as in the Chronicle of Brother Salimbene.

G. G. COULTON.

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OFFICIAL POOR RELIEF IN RUSSIA

A 'TOPSYTURVY' SYSTEM

AT the request of the present Tsaritsa, a well-known philanthropist once spent several months, in Russia, travelling round from village to village, trying to find out what arrangements were in force for the relief of the destitute. On his arrival in one village he was informed that the communal authorities, the Mir, were holding a meeting. He joined them at once and explained his business. They seemed quite pleased to see him, and answered all his questions readily. They had twenty-three paupers to provide for, they told him; and of these some were cripples and some were children, but most were old men and women.

'How do you provide for them?' the Tsaritsa's commissioner inquired.

'Very well indeed,' the authorities replied unanimously and emphatically.

'Yes, but how?'

'We have an excellent arrangement. It works admirably,' they assured him, exchanging, as it seemed to him, self-congratulatory glances the while.

'Yes, but what is the arrangement?' he insisted. 'Tell me exactly what you do for your poor.'

'We send them out to beg in other villages,' the Starosta replied, with the air of a man who is doing his fellows good service and knows it. 'They are all out begging now,' he added.

It was mid-winter; the whole country was covered with snow; and the nearest village was miles away.

The Tzaritsa's commissioner told me this story himself; and, although he warned me that it would be unfair to regard the village in question as quite a typical village, still he admitted that there were hundreds of Russian villages where the destitute were provided for in much the same fashion.

I was in Russia when I met him, trying to do in towns what he had already done in villages; trying, in fact, to find out how the poor were dealt with there, not privately, by the charitable, or by the

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Church, but officially, by the authorities. I knew, of course, before I went there, that there was no Poor Law in force in the Tsar's dominions, no regular poor-relief system; still, as I knew also that a large section of the population belonged to the poverty-stricken class, I had taken it for granted that there must be a State-organised relief system of some sort, if only for the warding off of starvation. When, on my arrival in St. Petersburg, however, I applied for information concerning this system, those to whom I did apply seemed embarrassed. There was a poor-relief system, or, at any rate, there were poor-relief arrangements, I was assured again and again; but what they were or who made them no one seemed to know. Even the very man who in theory was taking care of the poor—the civil director of one of the police sections—was evidently in doubt, the first time I saw him, not only as to how they were taken care of, but also as to whether it was, or was not, he who was taking care of them. As a point of fact—he admitted it later—he had never given a thought either to them or their affairs during the many long years he had been in office.

As it was with this official, so it was, I soon found, with all the Russian State officials. Nothing could exceed their kindly courtesy; they were manifestly not only willing, but anxious, to give me all the information I could possibly desire concerning what the State was doing for the poor; but, unfortunately, they had no information to give; there was no information, indeed, to be given, as the State—as apart from the police—was doing nothing. It was not even watching over the administration of poor relief, I discovered; excepting in Moscow, indeed, and possibly another town or two, there was no regular poor-relief administration to watch over. In this huge empire, with its 130,000,000 inhabitants, of whom nearly ninety out of every hundred belong to the handworking class, the State has never yet attempted to organise poor relief, or do anything else for the poor, except to punish them sometimes for being poor. Nor does it even force local authorities to do anything for them; on the contrary, more often than not it throws difficulties in the way of such of the local authorities as really try to help them. And so far as these authorities are municipalities, they, for the most part, do not try. In St. Petersburg, for instance, the municipality practically refuses to accept any responsibility whatever with regard to the poor: beyond paying for the board and lodging of a certain number of old men and women, it does nothing for them at all; in fact, it ignores their existence. And this not so much because it has no money to spend on them as because it is, as it says, tied hand and foot by the State.

Although there is no State-organised poor-relief system in Russia, there is, of course, a relief system of a sort, one that seems simply to have 'growed' there, and smacks strongly of the soil. The

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peculiarity of this system is that the burden it entails falls not on the community as a whole, not on the rich, but on the poor—in towns both in practice and theory on the poor, and in rural districts in practice, if not in theory. It is, in fact, as if here in England workhouses were supported entirely by future workhouse inmates, and persons paying income-tax were not required to pay the poor-rate.

In St. Petersburg, as in other Russian towns, the inhabitants are divided into five classes—viz. nobles, priests, merchants, small traders, and handworkers; and so far as poor relief is concerned, each class forms a separate community, and must provide for its own poor. If, therefore, a nobleman were to become destitute and apply for relief, the cost of whatever was given to him would, in theory at any rate, fall on his fellow-nobles. In the same way the cost of relief given to a priest falls on his fellow-priests; and that of relief given to a merchant, a small trader, or a handworker, falls on the merchants as a class, on the small traders as a class, or on the handworkers, as the case may be. But neither nobles nor priests require pauper relief as a rule, nor yet merchants, nor small traders. Unless overtaken by some sudden misfortune, indeed, a merchant can never possibly require pauper relief; as, by one of the rules in force in his class, if his income falls below a certain amount, he ceases, at the end of the year, to be a merchant, and takes rank as a small trader, or even perhaps as a handworker; just as a small trader, before sinking into destitution, becomes, as a rule, a handworker. Thus practically all who require relief are handworkers; on the handworker class, therefore, falls the whole cost of the relief given, an arrangement, surely, that smacks of topsyturvydom.

The arrangement in force in St. Petersburg with regard to sick relief is even more topsyturvy than that in force with regard to poor relief. Every working man or woman in the city must pay a rouble a year to the hospital fund, and has in return the right to free treatment in case of illness. Now, this method of raising money for the support of the hospitals would have much to commend it, were it not that the very same treatment for which the working classes must pay their roubles is given to the higher classes gratis. In St. Petersburg all classes alike have the right, in case of illness, to claim admission to hospitals; while it is the working classes alone who are forced to contribute to their support.

So far as regards poor relief, the fact of the working classes of St. Petersburg having to bear the full burden it entails is not quite such a hardship, it must be admitted, as it seems, for the burden is a very light one. It is only persons having what we should call a settlement in the town—*i.e.* persons inscribed in a class—who dare even ask for relief; and among the workers certainly not one in ten, probably not one in twenty, has a settlement. The overwhelming majority of them are peasants who have left their communes for some reason or other

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and made their way into the city. If one of these were to apply for relief, he would promptly be sent back to his native commune, even though he might have left it sixty years before. Nay, a man born and bred in St. Petersburg may, if the son of an immigrant, be sent back to his father's commune when his strength fails him. Every year hundreds of men and women who have spent practically their whole lives in the city, working for their daily bread, are turned out forcibly for no other reason than because they can work for it no longer. All these people must, whether they wish it not, betake themselves each to his—or her—commune, the moment the fancy seizes the police to issue the order for them to go. They may return, it is true, if they can elude the vigilance of the police; and, as a point of fact, many of them do return, again and again. When I was in St. Petersburg there was a poor old woman who had just succeeded in smuggling herself into the city for the twentieth time. Still, the great mass of those who are sent away go, of course, to stay. Thus the cost of providing for the worn-out workers of St. Petersburg, as of most Russian towns, falls chiefly on the rural communes. And this is the most topsyturvy touch of the whole system; for, poor as Russian towns are, they are still rich compared with the rural communes; and hard as it is for the town workers to make both ends meet, it is still harder for the peasants: life for them, indeed, is more often than not one long struggle to ward off starvation.

The money that is required for poor relief in St. Petersburg is voted by the members of the class which has to provide it. This is a mere matter of form, however, as vote it they must. Should they refuse they would forfeit at one fell swoop all their privileges as members of a class, and with them all their rights as citizens, even their right to remain in the city. It is the police who determine how much they must vote, and who, in most cases, take charge of the money when voted. Whatever is done, indeed, officially for the poor of St. Petersburg, is done by the police. The police are practically the only official caretakers of the poor, the only relieving officers; and all that they ever do—excepting for the few they send to the depôt—is to deal out doles from time to time to the more importunate among them, and grant the less importunate permission to beg. Granting permission to beg may be regarded, in fact, as the official solution of the pauper problem in Russian towns, the recognised method of providing for the destitute. Fortunately for the poor, begging in Russia is a lucrative calling, as all true Slavs are not only generous but superstitious; and there is a proverb among them that luck turns its back on the man who refuses to give alms.

There is not a single official institution in St. Petersburg for the benefit of the pauper class; and, although there are two semi-official institutions that are professedly for their benefit, it is only professedly; as, in reality, one of the two, the Beggars' Depôt, is maintained

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chiefly for the convenience of the police; and the other, the Gorodskaia Bogodelnia, as a means of helping persons who have either some little money of their own, or friends able and willing either to give them money, or bring influence to bear on their behalf. The Beggars' Depôt is a very useful institution, police-ridden though it be; and if there were more of its kind in the city there would be fewer deaths from starvation. It is a sort of combined prison, workhouse, casual ward, hospital, old-age home, and orphanage; it is a general refuge for the destitute in fact, or rather for such of the destitute as the police cannot either send back to their communes, or, without risking unpleasantness, leave in the streets. Waifs and strays are taken there when found; and so are the blind, the halt, the maimed, and the very old; men, too, sometimes who are out of work and cannot be trusted to starve quietly, or who are of the sort the authorities deem it wise to keep under observation. The Gorodskaia Bogodelnia is the chief old-age home of St. Petersburg, the retreat to which, in theory, all the destitute who have a settlement in the city betake themselves when their working days are over. In practice, however, as opposed to theory, the very poor—the destitute class at any rate—rarely cross its threshold, as all who go there must either pay for themselves at the rate of 72 roubles a year, or else induce either the municipality or some private person to pay for them. Of the 3,800 inmates, 300 pay for themselves; 700 are paid for by their friends; and 2,800 by the municipality. The result of this arrangement is that the majority of the old people one finds there belong to the lower middle class; while most of the rest have been gentlemen's servants, and are sent there by their former masters. Yet the home was built by Catherine the Second for the express benefit of the very poor; and it would be an ideal refuge for them if they were allowed to go there. As it is they must content themselves with the Viazemsky Dom.

The Viazemsky Dom is the great pauper resort of St. Petersburg, the refuge where the beggars who pass their days on church steps pass their nights, where all the flotsam and jetsam of the city, indeed, drift sooner or later. None the less, although it is under the surveillance of the police, it is not an official institution, but a private business concern, which is worked by its owner for the sole benefit of his own purse. It is a huge place; in bygone days it was the palace of a great prince; but it is now little better than a ruin, without any trace of its former splendour. There are holes in the roof, holes in the walls, holes everywhere; and the stairs are in such a rickety state that one mounts them at the risk of one's life. The dilapidation of the Dom, however, is as nothing compared with its squalor, its dirt: the man who has not seen it does not know what dirt really is. It must be centuries since the house was either swept or garnished, and the smell. . . . There is not another capital in Europe where the authorities

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would dare allow such a building to stand; they would burn it down with all possible speed, if for nothing but the fear of plague and pestilence. And thousands of the poor of St. Petersburg pay five kopejki each a night for the privilege of sleeping there.

The great halls and salons of former days have been transformed into long corridors, some of which have a little room partitioned off at one end. In the corridors there is no furniture excepting a sort of table about six feet wide, fixed against the wall the whole length of the apartment. On this—it is bare wood—the inmates sleep, men, women, and children, all huddled together, as closely packed as sardines in a box. It is a horrible sight, all these people lying there in one great mass, as it were, the drunken, the vicious, the diseased, shoulder to shoulder with decent folk, young and old, whose only crime is their poverty. Most of the inmates seemed too tired to make much noise the night when, under the guidance of police officials, I paid the Dom a visit; still there was hardly a room in which some drunken fellow or other was not doing his best to render life a burden to his fellows. In one room where the cursing and swearing and maudling seemed worse even than elsewhere, a lad with a thin delicate face and eyes all aglow with enthusiasm was vainly trying to drown the noise by reading aloud from the Gospel. In another—this was hardly bigger than a cupboard—we found three young girls lying asleep. One of the police officials had thrown open the door without ever a knock or a word of apology; and, in reply to a horrified remonstrance, he exclaimed with a look of unfeigned amazement, 'No right to open the door? Why, it is the girls who had no right to shut it!'

I have seen many wretched resorts for the poverty-stricken in my time, but never another resort so wretched, or so demoralising, as this Viazemsky Dom. I have visited many cities, too, where the poor are neglected, but never another city where they are neglected officially so wantonly and pitiably as in St. Petersburg.

In Moscow a very different state of things prevails with regard to the treatment of the poor from that which prevails in St. Petersburg. The Moscow municipality, which is both richer and more independent than any other Russian municipality, has made a clean sweep of the typical Russian relief system, with its antiquated notions concerning the responsibility of each section of the community for its own members, and has organised a regular poor-relief system—one which, it prides itself, is founded on the English system. The town is divided into districts, and each district has its own board of guardians, honorary officials, who are, however, appointed, not elected, and who cannot refuse to act. These guardians are responsible for all the outdoor paupers in the city. They are expected not only to watch over them and take care of them, but to supply them, when necessary, with food and clothing, at their own expense, too, in a great measure; for, although the municipality does give them money, it does not

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even profess to give them a quarter of what they must spend. The rest, it tells them, they must find for themselves—must, in fact, either give, or persuade their friends to give. Nowhere, perhaps, out of Russia would such an arrangement as this be possible; but there it works fairly satisfactorily, so far, at least, as the poor are concerned.

Then the municipality maintains a large number of well-organised institutions for the benefit of the poor. It has a huge workhouse, where all sorts and conditions find a refuge; and attached to it is, on the one side, a colony for the unemployed, and, on the other, a home for old men and women whose characters are none of the best. The respectable aged poor it lodges, so far as space can be found for them, in old-age homes, where they are made extremely comfortable. As for the children, for them it has not only orphanages and homes of all kinds, but, what is much more remarkable, some very well-managed schools, over which it watches with infinite care and pride. The city has even founded holiday-homes for the more delicate of its boys and girls, and has made arrangements by which all the poor children who go to the elementary schools are taken for walks in the country from time to time. Moscow is the model city of the Empire, in fact, in all that relates to the poor. The treatment it metes out to the destitute among its inhabitants is quite surprisingly good, indeed, considering the difficulties it has to contend against; for more often than not its best-laid plans are thrown completely out of gear by the meddling of State officials, who for the most part look decidedly askance on its zeal for education, and have but little sympathy with its philanthropic schemes. Even in Moscow there is, it must be admitted, great suffering among the poor. Still, there is certainly much less suffering there than elsewhere in Russia.

As for other Russian towns—among Russian towns I do not include those of Finland, Poland, or the German Provinces, it must be noted—they all, or almost all, so far as I could judge, model their arrangements on those of St. Petersburg rather than of Moscow, and leave their poor more or less to fend for themselves. One old gentleman, it is true, assured me that Astrakhan had an ideal poor-relief system. He had organised it himself, on Elberfeld lines, when governor there some thirty years before. Unfortunately, when I was in Russia, no trace of his work was to be found. Most of the towns seemed—at least, if the affirmations of their officials were to be trusted—to be just on the point of doing something for their poor, but very few of them had begun to do anything; and this in many cases, certainly, because they had never had the money wherewith to do anything. In one place, however, where there were no poor-relief arrangements of any sort, I was gravely, and I believe truthfully, informed by the governor that, had he known I was going, he would certainly have had some organised ready for me to see.

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Some idea of the state of things that prevails may be gained from the fact that, in many districts, when a poor woman goes to prison she must take her children with her, because there is nowhere else for them to go; and they pass their days and nights shut up there with ordinary criminals. A committee, under the presidency of the Tsaritsa, is, it is true, trying to render this most pernicious arrangement unnecessary by organising special schools for these children; but only three years ago I found both boys and girls even in the Moscow prisons.

In rural Russia, curiously enough, poor relief is, at any rate in theory, more carefully organised than in towns, although on lines every whit as topsyturvy. In country districts the responsibility, so far as there is any responsibility, of providing for the poor rests on the local authorities, primarily on the communal authorities, the Mir where there is a Mir, or the other communal authorities where there is not. Thus it rests on the peasants themselves, for these authorities are peasants almost invariably. If the communal authorities, however, cannot provide for the poor, through sheer lack of money, then the duty devolves on the district authorities, the Zemstvos; and if they, in their turn, cannot provide for them, and for the same reason, it devolves on the higher authorities, the Provincial Zemstvos. This arrangement would, no doubt, be excellent were it not that the overwhelming majority of Mirs and Zemstvos alike are practically always suffering from lack of money, and are therefore always unable to provide for their poor. Before communal authorities may spend one penny on poor relief or anything else local, they must pay their taxes; and these amount, more often than not, to a good half of the full yield of all the land in the commune. It happens, indeed, sometimes, when the harvest is bad, that the tax-gatherers claim the whole year's crops; and the peasants are left to live as best they can until the next year's crops have grown.

Even if the communal authorities had the means of forcing the Zemstvos to come to their help, and they have not, the poor would reap no great benefit; for the Zemstvos cannot give money when they have none; and they, too, are always financially in very sore straits indeed. They have the right, it is true, to levy taxes, but there is nothing much excepting land on which to levy them in most districts; and land is so heavily taxed by the central Government that it is only when the harvest is good that they venture to lay on it any additional burden. Then, before they may spend on poor relief any of the money they do raise, not only must they defray the cost of the whole administration of the district, but they must pay the salaries of police officials and other Government functionaries without number, and must keep them well supplied with horses; they must build police-stations, recruiting-stations, and railway-stations whenever they are needed, and see that all the caserns in the district are

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in good repair, well lighted, and heated. There is neither bound nor limit, indeed, to what they must do excepting the goodwill and pleasure of the central Government. By the time they have spent all the money the Government forces them to spend, they have none left for poor relief or anything else. Sometimes, it is true, when things go very badly with them—if there is a famine in the district, for instance—they may obtain a grant out of the Imperial purse; but as the money granted must pass through many hands, and every hand levies its toll, there is not much of it left, as a rule, when it reaches them. And the Provincial Zemstvos are in precisely the same position as the District Zemstvos. There is hardly a Zemstvo in Russia, indeed, that is not completely at the end of its resources, and the great majority of them have for years been overwhelmed with debts. To expect them to come to the help of the communes by contributing a single rouble towards the relief of the poor is absurd, a mere fiction, one not even—as D'Israeli—founded on a fact.

When, quite recently, the central Government sent round orders to the Zemstvos that they must see that the wives and children of the soldiers fighting in the Far East were properly cared for, many of these councils replied, stoutly or deprecatively, according to their tempers, that they neither could nor would do anything of the kind. 'We cannot feed women and children without food,' they declared, 'and we have no food, nor have we the money wherewith to buy food.'

What is become of these luckless women and children, who must, of course, number thousands and thousands, I do not know; but the chances are they are being supported, so far as they are being supported at all, by the communal authorities; for practically whatever is done in rural Russia for the relief of the poor, excepting what is done by private charity, is done by these authorities—that is, by the peasants, the poor themselves, in fact. This being the case, the wonder is not that so little should be done for them, but so much, especially as what is done is done voluntarily, it must be remembered, as the State would never dream of taking the trouble to bring compulsion to bear in the matter. There are undoubtedly villages—as the village of which the Tsaritsa's commissioner interviewed the Mir—where folk who are too old or too feeble to work are simply left to starve; but these are the exceptions. In the majority of villages the destitute, especially the aged destitute, are treated both kindly and generously: so long as there is a crust of bread they have their full share of it, and so long as there is a log of wood they have their fire. If a good year ever does come—if the harvest is plentiful and there is money in hand—then the peasants' thoughts turn at once, as by instinct, to the building of orphanages or old-age homes. The most beautiful plans are made for the benefit of the poor; and

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if these plans remain plans, as they almost invariably do, it is only because two good years rarely come together.

When the crops fail—and they often fail—then undoubtedly what we should call the permanent pauper class suffer cruelly in rural Russia, although not more cruelly, perhaps, than the rest of the community. At the best of times there is never too much to eat either for the old or the young, the feeble or the strong, in a Russian village. In evil days, therefore, the gnawing of the grim wolf soon makes itself felt. Men, women, and children go about week after week, month after month, with hunger in their eyes, unless, indeed, death in its mercy comes to put an end to their misery. For this terrible state of things the communal authorities are, as a rule, in no way to blame; for, with the best will in the world, they cannot at such times provide for the destitute, being themselves not infrequently within hailing distance of starvation. All that they can do for them is to send them out to beg. Sometimes, indeed, they themselves have no alternative but to join the ranks of the beggars. In districts where the soil is very poor, there are villages where the whole community turn out regularly in winter, the Starosta at their head, and tramp from place to place, with nothing to rely on for their daily bread but the charity of their fellows.

Were it not that in poor-relief matters, as in most other matters in Russia, what is left undone by the State is done, in a measure at least, by the individual, the present system must have collapsed utterly years ago. Long-suffering as the masses are in that part of the world, they would assuredly not have waited until now to rise against the classes had they had nothing but official relief to depend upon when destitute. Jacqueries in the country and labour troubles in towns would long ago have forced the Imperial Government for its own sake to organise something in the way of poor relief, had not the philanthropist lightened to some small extent the burden borne by the poverty-stricken. No people are so lavish in their charity as the Russians, no people give alms with the same reckless generosity. Never was I in a country where there are so many private institutions for the benefit of the poor, especially the aged poor. Then, although the State spends nothing on poor relief, and the local authorities the merest pittance, the Crown gives away huge sums in alms. Half the orphanages, charity schools, and almshouses in the Empire, as well as all the great foundling hospitals, are supported out of funds provided by the Tsar and members of his family. Unfortunately, however, as influence counts for more than either merit or necessity in deciding who shall and who shall not be admitted, the very poor derive but little benefit from any of these institutions, excepting the foundling hospitals, and the respectable poor no benefit at all even from these hospitals, as the doors are barred against children born in wedlock. It is influence, too, that determines the recipients of the

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grants for the poor out of the Imperial purse. For these grants towns and villages apply on the most frivolous pretexts, and sometimes they receive them, but only if they have friends at Court. Anything more absurdly wasteful, or anything more demoralising and unjust, than the way in which the Imperial charities are distributed it would be difficult to conceive. Whoever clamours most receives most, and while sturdy beggars flourish the respectable poor wax lean. If all the money that is given away in alms by the Tsar and his subjects were spent under a properly organised, carefully administered poor-relief system, no man, woman, or child need go hungry. As it is, the number of those who die of starvation is appalling. Elsewhere in Europe the poor die this death by twos and threes, sometimes, perhaps, by tens; but in Russia by hundreds, nay, thousands. There the life of the average worker in town and country alike is one long heart-breaking fight to secure food enough wherewith to keep body and soul together. The great mass of the people do not know what it is to have plenty to eat; year in, year out, they are always more or less hungry—they are more hungry just now even than usual. And this is in a great measure because of the taxes they are forced to pay, taxes for which they obtain in return nothing, not even the certainty of a few kopejki as pauper relief when too old and feeble to work. Little wonder the very air is alive with rumours of strikes and peasant risings.

The State in Russia has many sins on its conscience, for which it will have to pay heavily sooner or later; but, unless the omens be woefully at fault, the sin for which it will have to pay most heavily is its neglect of the poor. It is with good reason that Tsar Nicholas stands in much greater fear of the millions of his subjects who are clamouring for bread than of the thousands who are clamouring for a constitution.

EDITH SELLERS.

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THE THREE K'S

'FEW now hold that the chief business of women is the kitchen and the nursery; plain facts are against that odious and ignoble view.' This was the message the most philosophical of living statesmen sent on the 14th of March to the meeting assembled in Queen's Hall in support of the Parliamentary Bill to be introduced this Session demanding the removal of woman's legal disabilities. 'Few hold this odious and ignoble view.' But I venture gravely and respectfully to ask Mr. John Morley to consider with me whether, after all, this view need be so very degrading? Do we not all remember the famous utterance of the German Emperor on the extent, or, as he imagines it, the limit of woman's sphere? With unconscious humour, he enunciated a sentiment emulating the famous description of elementary education as consisting of the 'Three R's.' He limits, and imagines the limitation to be the narrowest, the sphere of women to 'The three K's, *Kinder, Küche, Kirche,*' or rendered into English 'the three C's, children, cooking, and church.' Now, far from desiring to stigmatise this view as odious and ignoble, I am prepared to agree with it, and feel inclined gently to lead the worthies who hold this view by the hand and patiently to point out to them that, unconsciously, their steps have wandered on to an exceeding high mountain: that they are veritably surveying all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them; are proclaiming the truth that no otherwhere than in these unbounded regions lies woman's sphere, and that it is only the petrifying blindness of self-satisfied egotism that prevents the recognition of this palpable fact.

The laws relating to '*lèse-majesté*' fortunately do not extend beyond the Emperor's own dominions, otherwise it would be well to remember that

> A subject's faults a subject may proclaim,
> A monarch's errors are forbidden game.

This wise injunction was evidently disregarded by a certain traveller of whom the story is told that he found himself tapped on the shoulder by a German constable in the streets of Berlin, and led away into custody for giving vent to the expression 'That d—d fool of an

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Emperor.' 'But,' expostulated the unfortunate person under arrest, 'it was not the *German* Emperor to whom I was referring.' 'Come, come, that won't do,' the minion of the law is reported to have responded. 'There is only *one* d—d fool of an Emperor, and that is ours!'

But I must elucidate the agreement I expressed with this pithy saying of the German Emperor's, not with that of his constable. Well, my accord with his Majesty rests on this view: that I should like anyone to point out to me any subject in heaven above, or on the earth beneath, or in the reputed region under the earth, where one or other of these three subjects does not enter. Let the existence of this spot be clearly demonstrated to me, either on earth or elsewhere, and then I relegate that snug corner here, or stil snugger corner down below, with a sigh of relief to—'men only.'

Let us tackle these three C's categorically.

(1) *Children.*—Where does *their* province begin or end? For not even the German Emperor can by 'children' mean only our own individual offspring. When a person knows *everything* appertaining to the child, its birth, its life, its death, its growth, its health, its mental, moral, spiritual, and physical development, its work, its play, its welfare as governed by the State, its happiness as best furthered in the home, what a colossal monument of knowledge that person would be, and what position would he, or she, not be fitted for?

(2) Then *Cooking*. Is this a limited sphere? The brain reels at the thought of the number of subjects involved in a comprehensive comprehension of everything connected with human food. Here are a few connected with dietary, alimentation and gastronomy: therapeutics, more especially the prophylactical branch of this science, botany, zoology, mineralogy, dynamics, mathematics, and physics. Trades, seasons, imports, exports, taxes, tariffs (reformed or unregenerate), and many other questions enter in; and last, but not least, if a popular belief is to be credited, the temper of the male portion of the human race.

(3) And the *Church*. It cannot be only our prayers, O Emperor! to which we are bidden to attend? That would not exhaust the subject under the heading 'Church.' No, we must try to be faithful to our trust and to know what there is to be known. We must try to emulate Mr. Gladstone's monumental research into the origin, methods, and responsibilities of the Church in all ages. We must endeavour 'thoroughly to comprehend the eternal principles of the commutation of the tithe rent-charge, and the difference in the justice due to a transitory and a permanent curate'; possess 'a double grasp of leading principle and intricate detail, an equal command of legal and historic controversy, and of all the actuarial niceties and puzzles of commutation!' Women should be alive to the 'perils of Erastianism to the spiritual life of the Church; discern the advantages or disadvantages

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of disestablishment to the same end; broadly recognise the inevitable relation of Church and State; and be eager and able to read the signs of the times as to the prospects of Anglican, Catholic, or Lutheran Christianity.' 'The origin of simony, the validity of the Apostolic Succession and other matters, abstruse or simple,' they should have a thorough mastery of, and 'avoid all levity, precipitancy, or shallowness of mind in dealing with such subjects.' Yes, all this and more is needed for a comprehensive understanding of the 'Church.'

This is not, it will be conceded, the unskilled work of the world, to be left to women on account of their incompetence for higher things. No; if women would accept their responsibility in the regions of religion, the care of children, and the feeding of the race, set themselves to learn their tasks, and carry them out in a practical way, on an economically sound basis, the world's work would be revolutionised and the world itself become 'on earth as it is in heaven.'

So far from limiting women's sphere, is it not rather asking too much of them? Sympathy will be felt with the little village boy whose industry has pushed him to the head of his school, and who, on hearing the duties involved by his headship solemnly enumerated by the schoolmaster, faltered out, 'Please, sir, need I be head boy?' 'Please, sir, need I be a woman?' some of us will feel inclined to petition whomsoever has the ordering of such matters, if the German Emperor's dictum is to be firmly insisted upon and conscientiously carried out.

'Ay, there's the rub!' 'Be a woman!' is an injunction too seldom uttered and too seldom followed. 'Be a man!' is an exhortation familiar enough from the nursery to the battlefield, addressed by men and by women to boys and to men, and sometimes by men to themselves. There is a story of a foxhunting parson who came of a famous sporting family, and who, when approaching a formidable fence in the heat of the chase, was heard admonishing himself, 'Be a man, Tom Fox, be a man!' Say to each one of yourselves, my sisters, 'Be a woman—be a woman.' The task is not so easy nor so simple as some think, neither can its successful execution be overrated or its highest ideal reached.

AGNES GROVE.

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THE DRINK MONOPOLY AND THE NATIONAL REVENUE

My object in the following pages is to urge the imperative necessity of recovering for the nation the value of the monopoly created by itself in one vast trade. I propose to make no assumptions as to the propriety of permitting the trade to exist at all, or of regulating and restricting its operations if it is to be permitted to continue in existence. I do not argue for or against total prohibition, or local veto, or the municipalisation of the traffic on the Gothenburg or any other system. I do not even argue in favour of high licence, as the phrase is usually understood. My proposals are purely financial, and may be submitted with equal confidence to the supporters and opponents of any particular scheme of temperance reform. The only assumption I make is that the trade is not to be a free trade, open to all who choose to engage in it, but a trade confined to certain persons selected by the authorities, to whom the duty of selection is entrusted by the State. I assume, in fact, that the right to sell intoxicating liquors is to remain, if it is tolerated at all, what it has long been, a monopoly in the strictest sense of the term. And I submit, on that assumption, that it is the right and duty of the State which creates the monopoly to take to itself, by appropriate methods, as nearly as may be, the whole of the value due to the creation of the monopoly. It is to the monopoly value, and that alone, that I desire to call attention.

There ought to be no difficulty in apprehending the economical effect of conferring on individuals an exclusive right of dealing in particular commodities or services, or in measuring the claims of the State itself in respect of the exclusive rights thus created. The necessary result of the monopoly is to increase the price of the commodities or the services above the figure at which they could be obtained under a system of perfect freedom of trade. That excess price is the result of State action, and properly belongs to the State which creates it. Supposing that the right to collect, carry, and deliver letters in this country were conferred upon selected individuals or companies, to the exclusion of all competitors, would it be

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tolerated that the profits of these favourites of the State should go entirely into their own private pockets? The State does not confer this particular privilege upon any selected persons, nor does it leave the industry free to natural competition. It creates a monopoly, but keeps it to itself by conferring upon its own officers 'the exclusive privilege of conveying from one place to another all letters, . . . and of performing all the incidental services of receiving, collecting, sending, despatching, and delivering all letters,' except in certain excepted cases. The result of this method of administering a monopoly is to swell the revenue of the kingdom by a sum not less than four or five millions a year. Where for any reason, good, bad, or indifferent, the State creates a monopoly which it does not choose to work by its own agents, it is none the less entitled and bound to take to itself, by appropriate means, the full measure of the value created by the monopoly. Extreme individualists have taken exception to our postal system; but they have never, so far as I know, suggested that the system should be made a monopoly in private hands, with all its profits going into private pockets. Some postal servants were derided the other day for suggesting, in a prospectus of grievances, that the profits of the Post Office morally belonged to those by whose exertions they were earned. Yet there is quite as much to be said for those and similar suggestions in relation to the monopoly of letter-carrying as for the system under which the monopoly of drink-selling has been conducted in this country for many years. When we were inventing excuses in 1899 for interfering in the internal government of a foreign State known as the South African Republic, we found one in the fact that its system of dynamite monopoly was not to our liking. It was improvident in the sense that it permitted too large a portion of the monopoly value to enure to private persons. It was therefore unjust to the traders within its borders, some of whom were our own subjects. And so from this and other causes of quarrel finally emerged the South African war. And yet the Transvaal dynamite monopoly was, I imagine, nothing like so great an evil as the drink monopoly, which all of us have tolerated for so many years, and which many of us would still defend.

Now, of course, it is true that the whole value of the monopoly is not left in the possession of the licence-holders or the owners of the licensed property. On every licence a certain duty is imposed, but it is not an adequate duty. In most cases it does not nearly exhaust the monopoly value of the licence; and the argument of this article is, in effect, a plea that the licence duties should be generally increased.

We must carefully discriminate between the Excise duties imposed by the Inland Revenue Act of 1880, and the new impositions created by the Licensing Act of last year. The following is the scale of the Excise duties proper:

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If the annual value of the dwelling-house in which the retailer shall reside or retail spirits, together with the offices, courts, yards, and gardens therewith occupied, is under £10 . .	Duty. £4 10s.
Is £10 and under £15	6
„ 15 „ 20	8
„ 20 „ 25	11
„ 25 „ 30	14
„ 30 „ 40	17
„ 40 „ 50	20
„ 50 „ 100	25
„ 100 „ 200	30
„ 200 „ 300	35
„ 300 „ 400	40
„ 400 „ 500	45
„ 500 „ 600	50
„ 600 „ 700	55
„ 700 or above	60

This scale deserves the most attentive consideration. The duty varies according to the annual value of the house and its appurtenances taken together, and the variation is of a most remarkable character. There is an absolute maximum and an absolute minimum. The smallest house in a country village must pay not less than 4*l.* 10*s.*; the largest gin-palace in a great city pays no more than 60*l.* In the lower half of the scale—up to 50*l.* annual value—the rates are fairly uniform, circulating round an average of 50 per cent. In the upper portion of the scale the proportion diminishes, falling as the annual value rises. The smaller houses pay a duty equal to 50 per cent. of their annual value. A house of the annual value of 500*l.* pays duty at the rate of 10 per cent. A house of the annual value of 1,000*l.* pays only 6 per cent.; and as none pays more than the maximum, the proportion may fall even below this figure in the case of very large houses.

My main concern is with the disparity between these rates and the monopoly values, which, I suggest, ought to be treated as public property. But the anomalies of the scale deserve a moment's consideration. If the *ad valorem* principle is sound, why should it not be applied uniformly all round? I have never been able to guess at any justification for a sliding scale which is so high for the low values and so low for the high values. I once suggested that the rate of 50 per cent., fixed by law for the smaller houses, should be applied to all houses, large or small. The answer, given on behalf of the Treasury, was this: 'It is roughly estimated that the annual value of public-houses (exclusive of hotels) in England and Wales is about 7,000,000*l.* If 50 per cent. of this sum were taken as licence duty, it would amount to 3,500,000*l.*' That, of course, is a simple arithmetical calculation. No account, it will be noted, is taken of Scotland or Ireland. Now the total yield of the duties on publicans' licences in the whole United Kingdom was only 1,787,000*l.* in the

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financial year ending on the 31st of March, 1904. The levelling up of the duties to the proportion imposed on the smaller houses would alone yield an addition to the revenue which may be safely put at 2,000,000*l.* a year. It has been suggested, on the part of the Treasury, by way of excuse for declining to entertain such a proposition, that the 'volume of business is not always in proportion to the annual value of the premises,' and that the higher rate proposed would have the effect of closing the larger houses altogether. The first statement reduces the system to absurdity; the second may be most effectively dealt with by an examination of the strange results to which the existing system leads.

Apart from the effect of the last Licensing Act, a licence to sell intoxicating liquors holds good for twelve months only. In practice, no doubt, these licences have been renewed from year to year, and a confident expectation that they would be renewed has, of course, entered into the calculations of purchasers and sellers of what is called public-house property. Even if the licence were, as it has never been, an absolute certainty, the value which it confers on the property to which it is attached would be sufficiently remarkable.

Take the case of Earl Grey, as recounted by himself in a letter to the *Times* some years ago. There was a growing neighbourhood in the north without a public-house, and it was pretty clear that before long the magistrates would grant a licence to somebody. At the instance of his neighbours, and in order to secure the good management of the future public-house, Earl Grey put himself forward as an applicant for the licence, and was successful. Before the week was out he found that, without expending a farthing, he had been endowed with a monopoly saleable in the public-house market for 10,000*l.*

Two independent investigators of undoubted competence and authority, Mr. Rowntree and Mr. Sherwell, have compiled a whole series of similar records, for the accuracy of which they vouch. Take the following examples:

(1) In 1897 the Wharf Hotel premises, Sowerby Bridge, were sold for 4150*l.* The licence was subsequently transferred to other premises, and the old hotel, *minus* the licence, was sold in 1898 for 785*l.* The difference in value between the building licensed and the building without a licence was 3365*l.*

(2) In August 1896 a property known as the Masonic Hotel, in Lark Lane, Liverpool, described as a small public-house, with a dwelling-house, shop, and two small adjoining cottages, was put up to auction with a reserve price of 12,500*l.*, and knocked down for 28,300*l.*

(3) In 1896 the Crooked Billet, a fully-licensed house in Scotswood Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne, with cocoa-rooms and dwelling-house adjoining, was sold by public auction for 15,800*l.* The area of

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the property comprised 450 yards. Forty years before, the same property had been bought for 900*l.*, and 'no important structural alterations had been made in the interval.'

(4) The Ord Arms, another public-house in the same street, described as a plain and unpretentious building, with about half an acre of land adjoining, was sold in 1898 for 28,100*l.*, 'a sum which the auctioneers acknowledged to be twenty times its value without the licence.'

Not to multiply examples too much, I content myself with the following sentences, extracted by Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell from the *Daily Chronicle's* review of 'Sales of Property in 1897':

> The extraordinary prices which are realised for licensed property may be said to have reached their maximum when such sums are paid as 80,000*l.* for a freehold ground-rent of 8*l.* per annum secured on the Royal Oak public-house, Bayswater, with reversion to the premises in eight years; the Liverpool Arms and Royal Oak, Barking Road, 112,000*l.*; the Red Lion public-house, Camberwell, held on a term of forty-nine years' lease at a rental of 500*l.* per annum, 50,000*l.*; the Pontefract Castle public-house, Marylebone, with sixty years' lease at a rental of 300*l.* per annum, 49,500*l.*; the Crown, Lavender Hill, forty-nine and a half years' at 150*l.* per annum, 46,850*l.*; and numerous others ranging from 80,000*l.* to 50,000*l.*

The rate of licence duty payable is not given in any of these cases, but we have seen that in no case can it have been more than 60*l.*

It is surely impossible to miss the significance of facts like these. The possession of a licence, even if it be limited by law to a single year, has clearly contributed enormously to the swollen values of the licensed properties. If we could ascertain in any case just how much that accession of value is, we should have a just measure of the right of the State to increased duties. Unfortunately it is beyond the competence of any private inquirer to reach absolutely accurate results. Still more unfortunately, the Government of the day has steadily refused to attempt an inquiry, or, if any inquiry has been attempted, to make public its information. Some investigation appears to have been made in connection with last year's Licensing Bill, but in what fashion or to what conclusion we have not been allowed to know.

It is obvious that a financial question of the first importance is involved here. It is manifestly wrong to impose taxation of any kind on the people, which might be avoided by the use of the non-tax resources of the State. The man who pays income-tax, and the man who pays only indirect taxes—usually the greater sufferer of the two—are alike justified in protesting against avoidable burdens. Who would tolerate the handing over of the Post Office monopoly to a private syndicate for its own profit, at the cost of extra taxation amounting to four millions a year? What class of taxpayer does

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not now see that the advantages thrown away by the Sugar Convention are the equivalent of many millions of taxation? The same reasoning applies to the value of the drink monopoly. At the present moment all classes are beginning to call aloud for relief from the burden of taxation. There is no equally loud and emphatic call for reduced expenditure. Already formidable voices are being raised in favour of the war taxes being maintained, the revenue arising from them being devoted to new schemes of social improvement. No more menacing claim confronts the Chancellors of the future.

Of all taxpayers, the consumer of intoxicating liquors has perhaps the most relevant right to complain of the existing system. To him, if he were to think about the subject at all, it must appear as a wholly wrong adjustment of public burdens. The taxation of the commodity which must fall upon him is extraordinarily high; the taxation of the monopoly right to sell the commodity is extraordinarily low; and the disparity grows. If we compare the accounts of 1898 with those of 1904, we shall see that the Customs and Excise duties on wine, beer, and spirits yielded about 38,000,000*l.* in the latter year, as against less than 35,000,000*l.* in the former. In the same period the yield of the licence duties rose from about 1,600,000*l.* to 1,750,000*l.* When new taxation had to be imposed in 1900 to meet the expenses of the war, additional duties were imposed on beer and spirits, and these are still maintained. A Chancellor in difficulties takes naturally to taxation of liquor, but he is careful to leave the duty on licences severely alone.

It is sometimes asserted that the Trade pays the whole of this immense burden of taxation—the duty on the commodity and the duty on the licence. Taxes on commodities no doubt tend to diminish the volume of a trade, and in that way to injure the trader. But the enhanced price due to the taxation must in the end be paid by the consumer. The consumer of an article like liquor, which is not only subject to special taxation, but is also subject to restrictive monopolies, pays the whole of the artificial enhancement of price due to both factors operating together. The consumer of liquor, if this be the correct economical theory, pays all—duties of Customs and Excise on the commodity, duties on the licence, and in addition the unascertained value of the monopoly over and above the amount of the duty. The monopolist in reality pays no tax. In most cases the duty is but a fraction of the amount which he ought to pay to the State for his special privilege. It is no tax. Nobody ever heard of men being eager to spend tens of thousands of pounds in acquiring the bare privilege of paying a tax.

If the case is so clear, it may be asked why Parliament and the Treasury have been so remiss in looking after the national interests. It may be said, by way of apology for both, that the question has only come to the front in recent years, if it can be said to have reached

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that position even now. The House of Commons is hampered by rules having for their ostensible purpose the protection of the taxpayer. The Government of the day alone has the right to propose taxation; and the duty on licences, although in reality an inadequate price paid for a State-created monopoly, is technically regarded as a tax. To increase the duty would alleviate the burden on the people, but the private member is debarred from moving by the rule which forbids him to propose any increase in public burdens. He cannot, as I understand the procedure, propose an increase of licence duties even as an alternative to other taxation proposed by the Government. In this as in other cases, the rules of the House are in their practical application subversive of the very ends for which they were devised.

As to the present Government, it may plead that in declining to deal with the question it has only followed the example of its predecessors. But successive Chancellors of the Exchequer have recently contented themselves with one line of defence in itself so untenable as to suggest doubts of their sincerity. The proceeds of the existing duties fall into the Local Taxation Account; therefore, such is the argument, the Exchequer has no interest in their increase. There is, of course, no sort of reason why any new duties should have the same destination as the old, and even if they were intercepted by local authorities they would still be devoted to public purposes. No Chancellor has ventured to assert that the existing scale of duties even approximates to the monopoly value, or that existing licence-holders have, or can have, a vested interest in the maintenance of that scale.

The greatest sin of the Treasury, however, is its persistent refusal to employ the administrative machinery of the Inland Revenue in framing an estimate of the probable yield of a scale of duties calculated to exhaust as near as might be the monopoly value of the licences. The private inquirer can only work on the information at his command. The prices paid for licensed premises (examples of which have been given above) suggest that the yield would probably be extremely large. Evidence pointing to the same conclusion comes in abundance from the United States. I take the following examples from Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell.[1]

In the State of New York the scale of licence duties ranges from a maximum of 1225 dollars (including the Federal retail tax) to a minimum of 175 dollars, according to the size of the city, town, or village. 'Taking the whole of the cities, towns, and villages in England and Wales, and applying to them the licence duties imposed upon similar towns and villages in the State of New York, we should receive from our existing public-houses, not as at present less than a million and a half sterling, but more than six and a half millions sterling every

[1] *Public Interests or Trade Aggrandisement*, 1904.

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year.' Again, in the city of New York, with a population of, say, three and a half millions, the licence duties yield an annual revenue of 2,000,000*l.* London, taken as having a population of four and a half millions, shows a yield of less than 275,000*l.* per annum. The receipts of St. Louis amount to nearly 300,000*l.* per annum, against the 56,000*l.* credited to the considerably larger city of Liverpool. Boston receipts are about ten times as large as the receipts attributed to Manchester, a city of about the same population. Duties in Detroit yield about ten times as much as duties in Bradford, about equal to Detroit in population. And so on throughout the list. It is calculated that if London licences paid duty on the Philadelphia scale they would yield 1,645,000*l.*; if on the Denver scale, the yield would be 2,000,000*l.*; if on the New York scale, the yield would be 2,600,000*l.*; if on the Duluth scale, the yield would be nearly three millions. The actual yield of licence duties in London is, as already stated, 275,000*l.* It is difficult to see why the revenue exacted apparently without difficulty in America should not be forthcoming in the United Kingdom, more especially when we remember that the consumption of liquor in this country is considerably larger than it is in the United States. According to Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell, 'In the United States the *per capita* consumption of alcohol is only six-tenths that of this country.' Significant as the testimony is, it must, of course, be conceded that it does not supply us with the means of framing an approximate estimate of the unexhausted monopoly values in this country.

The case, as it stood before the passing of the Licensing Act of 1904, may be summarised as follows. The scale of duties had remained unaltered during a quarter of a century, a period not of decreasing but of growing monopoly values; the scale no longer is, if it ever was, fair and just as between the small and the large public-houses. The duty was so far from representing the value of the monopoly created by the State that private speculators were in the habit of paying prodigious sums for licensed premises, even although the licence was well known to be in law renewable only from year to year. Competition between such speculators may in some cases have produced offers exceeding even the value of the monopoly. But it is impossible to deny that these figures do indicate a correspondingly huge monopoly value over and above the sum taken to itself by the State in the shape of duty. If we could obtain the estimates of the Inland Revenue, in respect of licensed premises, for the purposes of the death duties, we should probably find similar results; but the figures are not obtainable. The revenues yielded by a different scale of duties in various parts of the United States all point to the same conclusion—that we in this country have neglected, and for the time lost, a large but indeterminate volume of public revenue.

We are now in a position to consider how the question has been affected by the passing of the Licensing Act of last year. The material

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provisions—details and technicalities omitted—appear to be the following:

(1) The power to refuse the renewal of an existing 'on' licence, except on certain specified grounds, is taken away from the licensing justices and is vested in Quarter Sessions, but can only be exercised on a reference from those justices and on payment of compensation. When the power is exercised, a sum equal to the difference between the value of the licensed premises and the value which these premises would bear if they were not licensed shall be paid as compensation to the persons interested in the premises.

(2) Quarter Sessions shall in each year impose, 'in respect of all existing "on" licences renewed in respect of premises within their area, charges at rates not exceeding and graduated in the same proportion as the rates' specified in the First Schedule. These charges are to be levied and paid with and as part of the duties on the corresponding Excise licences, and the amount produced by them in any given area shall be paid over to the Quarter Sessions, who shall carry them to a separate account, the moneys standing to the credit of which shall constitute the Compensation Fund. In the schedule the rate of maximum charges is graduated from 1*l.* (in respect of premises under the annual value of 15*l.*) to 100*l.* (in respect of premises of the annual value of 900*l.* and over). It is unnecessary to set out the schedule, but it may be stated that a house valued '100*l.* and under 200*l.*' pays 20*l.* a year, a house valued '200*l.* and under 300*l.*' pays 30*l.* a year, and so on until the maximum is reached.

(3) The justices, on the grant of a *new* licence, shall attach such conditions as they think best adapted 'for securing to the public the monopoly value which is represented by the difference between the value which the premises will bear in the opinion of the justices when licensed and the value of the same premises if they were not licensed.' Payments made under these conditions shall be collected and dealt with in the same manner as the duties on local taxation licences under the Local Government Act of 1888.

The first thing to be noticed in the new scheme is the extraordinary financial situation which it creates. There are three different sets of duties imposed on public monopolies all essentially of the same kind: the ordinary Excise duty, applicable to all licences; the new compensation duty, applicable to old licences; and the new monopoly value, applicable to new licences. Three different authorities impose these duties. The new monopoly duty is subject, unlike the others, to no absolute maximum. It must not exceed the amount 'required to secure the monopoly value.' It is impossible to say what may be the outcome of these strange provisions, but they appear to me to be too anomalous to last. It is quite conceivable, and even probable, that you may have in the same neighbourhood two houses of the same size, doing the same amount of trade, enjoying the benefit of the same

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monopoly created by the same authority, while the State exacts from the one the bare Excise duty, and from the other the larger payment required to exhaust the monopoly value. In course of time the new licensee will resent this inequality of treatment. Again, the levying of these new monopoly duties appears to give to local authorities the power of adding, if they should so desire, a new and unknown revenue to local resources. The relations of the Exchequer with local authorities were sufficiently confused and unsatisfactory before. This new complication will tend to make a revision of the whole system imperative.

I need not dwell on the different modes of graduation followed in the case of the Excise duties and the new compensation duties except to say that the discrimination against the smaller houses, and in favour of the larger houses, has not been repeated in the new schedule. Nor is it my present purpose to criticise the policy of so-called compensation which the Act professes to carry into effect. I limit myself to the inquiry whether the new Act—all the relevant provisions of which I have in substance set out—interposes any obstacle to the financial reform advocated in the first part of this article.

The only new fact which can be supposed to stand in our way is the vested interest in existing licences created by the Act. New obstacles to the refusal of a licence, and new securities for its continuance, have undoubtedly been established. But even if the licence had been made, as it has not been made, a freehold, the question of the duty properly exigible would remain where it was before. No licence-holder ever had, or could have, a vested interest in the amount of the duty. Whether you regard the duty as an ordinary tax or as a payment exacted in consideration of the grant of a monopoly value, the right of the State to fix its amount remains unaffected by the new statute. And the State, it should be remembered, means in this connection the House of Commons alone. Nothing in the Licensing Act, or in the arrangements preceding it, can take away the power of the House of Commons to deal as it pleases with this source of national revenue. The Act embodies no Parliamentary understanding which could tie the hands of future Parliaments.

On the contrary, the measure, which was intended to safeguard the interests of the Trade, will in the end, I believe, compel the House of Commons and the Government of the day to face the whole question of the proper method of dealing with these monopolies. Without again adverting to the unbearable anomalies of the reconstituted system, I content myself with pointing to the all-important fourth clause of the Act. There it is declared to be the bounden duty of the licensing authority to secure for the public, by means of additional duties, the full monopoly value of all new licences. It was worth a good deal to have the State's supreme right formally recognised in an Act of Parliament. The very phrase 'monopoly value' is, I

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suspect, quite new in Parliamentary drafting, and to my mind it concludes the whole question. If the Excise duties, imposed by the Act of 1880, leave an overplus of monopoly value in new licences, the same overplus is not less likely to exist in old licences. If this overplus justly belongs to the State in the one case, why not in the other? The only possible plea for a differential treatment must be founded on the theory that old licences carry with them a vested interest in the maintenance of the old scale, while new licences do not. There is not the faintest ground in the Parliamentary history of the question for any such theory. Those who cherish it—there are few who give it expression—are misled by a palpable fallacy: the confusion between the licence itself and the duty which the State may, from time to time, think fit to impose on the licence. There may be a vested interest, legal or moral, in a licence-holder to have his licence renewed; he can have no vested interest, legal or moral, in the limitation of the duty. The same fallacy reappears in the notion that when a compensation fund is provided by additional duties, it is the Trade, and not the State, which pays the compensation.

But I should not wish to be understood as affecting to ignore the new situation created by the Licensing Act. The rights of the Revenue remain unaltered; but the temperance movement has a new set of facts to take into account, and its more immediate efforts seem likely to concentrate on the demand that the time limit, rejected by Parliament last year, should be introduced by an early Amending Act. It may be that the prosecution of this policy would necessitate the postponement of the complete assertion of the title of the nation to the whole of the monopoly values. It may be that this policy might be facilitated by some temporary compromise in respect of old licences. Those whose opinions I share on the financial question would, I apprehend, be unwilling to injure in any form the project of temperance reform. And those who think mainly of the temperance issues would, I hope, be ready to claim with us that as long as these monopolies exist, the monopoly value is rightfully the property of the nation. The first step, on which all ought to unite, is the demand for an authoritative inquiry into the whole subject. We ought to know, as far as the experts of the Revenue departments can tell us, what is the probable amount of the monopoly values, and what (to use the language of the Licensing Act) is the best way of securing them to the public.

EDMUND ROBERTSON.

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THE POLITICAL SITUATION

MUCH money is said to have changed hands on the Stock Exchange in consequence of the Anglo-Franco-Russo-Japanese scare. However that may be, the scare itself illustrates the weak side of even defensive alliances. The Russian fleet is an object of natural suspicion and dislike to the Japanese Government, which has complained, not without grounds, that Admiral Rozhdestvensky receives at French ports shelter and hospitality, coal and provisions, in disregard of international law. These questions are raised in all wars; nor do they become less complex, or less difficult, with the progress of mechanical invention and the general diffusion of trade. They have never yet, so far as I know, led to actual hostilities with nations originally neutral. But it has been seriously argued that if Japan conceived herself to have a just cause of quarrel with France, and declared war accordingly, we should be bound, by Lord Lansdowne's treaty, to take the Japanese side, and join in the fray, although we had not been consulted on the merits of the dispute. If that be so, there seems to be little difference between a defensive and an offensive alliance. Such discussions do little good, and I have no desire to take part in them, except to express a belief, which used to be held by both parties in the State, that it is not desirable to fetter beforehand the independent action of Great Britain on behalf of British interests in the Far East, or anywhere else. Fortunately, however, the treaty with Japan was not the only one that Lord Lansdowne made. His admirably judicious and skilful arrangement with France, which will ensure him a permanent and honourable place in English history, has done more than settle the particular differences to which it referred in Egypt, in Morocco, in Newfoundland, in Siam. It re-established also, on the firm footing of mutual esteem, the old friendly understanding which various causes had interrupted for more than thirty years. Everyone who loves literature, everyone who values civilisation and refinement, loves and honours France. Never did France stand higher than she stands now in the estimation of the world. Her management of religious difficulties, especially of the relations between Church and State, is her own affair. But it is impossible not to admire the tact and skill which guide the Republic

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through the shoals of ecclesiastical discord into the harbour of civil peace. The Bishop of Rome neither hath nor ought to have any jurisdiction within this realm of England. Most Englishmen sympathise heartily with those Frenchmen who desire that he should have no jurisdiction within the Republic of France. The immediate effect, however, of the Anglo-French Agreement is to avoid and counteract the dangers of collision which the Anglo-Japanese Alliance might otherwise excite. Between France and Russia, a self-governing democracy and a military despotism, there cannot be much in common. Between France and England, rivals for centuries in liberty and progress, there are countless ties. Nowhere outside his own dominions is the King more popular than in Paris. Mr. Chamberlain, who six years ago made a bitter attack upon France, followed by a glowing eulogy of Germany, is no longer in office. Lord Lansdowne, Lord Salisbury's worthy successor, has shown himself a diplomatist in the highest sense by removing the possibilities of trouble before the trouble had time to occur. England and France, 'that sweet enemy,' as Sir Philip Sidney called her in the spacious times of Elizabeth, are the best guarantee for the United States of Europe. With the United States of America our friendship, Ireland notwithstanding, is constant and unabated. No one, not even the President and Mr. Secretary Hay, has done more to promote and maintain it than the American Ambassador we are about to lose. The remarkable gathering which the Lord Mayor assembled to bid Mr. Choate farewell included, besides representatives of literature and art, of science and law, the Prime Minister and the Leader of the Opposition. Ambassadors have no politics, and it is a mere accident that Mr. Choate has been officially connected with Conservative Governments alone. He was Ambassador to the King and to the country from the President and people of the United States. It was a difficult task to succeed such men as Lowell, Bayard, and Hay. How well Mr. Choate performed it is a question on which no difference of opinion exists, even between Mr. Balfour and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. We can all join in wishing equal fortune to Mr. Whitelaw Reid.

The Easter Recess was too short for a renewal of the economic campaign, and it was not until after Parliament had reassembled that the two leading opponents of a tariff for revenue began again. Except that, as not infrequently happens, Mr. Chamberlain was in a very bad temper, and Mr. Balfour in a very good one, there was nothing remarkable in the two speeches which they delivered on the same day. Mr. Balfour told the Primrose League the sort of things which he knows, by long experience, that the Primrose League likes to be told. So long as a Conservative Government was in office the country would be safe; after that, the deluge. Everybody in politics must say it, although, or perhaps because, nobody in politics believes it. *Populus vult decipi, et decipiatur.* Mr. Chamberlain went, as they

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say in the House of Commons, one step further. To a man of his ardent temperament the placid indifference with which the earth revolves upon its axis is a perpetual puzzle. Everything is white or black with Mr. Chamberlain; there is no grey. In his Radical days the Tories were the vilest miscreants whom the inscrutable toleration of Providence permitted to infest the world. Their foreign policy, which they called Imperialism, was invented for the ignoble purpose of distracting public attention from the mischief they were doing at home. Nowadays the Radicals, whom he calls Little Englanders, have an insatiable thirst for the destruction of the British Empire, which nothing but the accomplishment of their object can slake. If there be, or appear to be, some slight and superficial inconsistency between these two opinions, they can at once and for ever be reconciled by the simple reflection that Mr. Chamberlain is always right. So is Birmingham. When Mr. Bright lost his seat at Manchester for his opposition to the Imperialism of Lord Palmerston, Birmingham did well to provide him with a refuge. When that exemplary city elected Mr. Chamberlain as a Radical and a Little Englander, it did better still. When it returned him as an Imperialist it did best of all. The great advantage of this creed is that under it no man, and no place, can ever go wrong. But, interesting as Mr. Chamberlain's exposition and illustration of it always are, the consumers and improvers of political gossip would have liked something new. They were disappointed to hear nothing about the supposed agreement for an early Dissolution between the apostle of Colonial preference and the champion of foreign retaliation. Is Mr. Chamberlain's support of the Government conditional upon an early appeal to the constituencies against the pestilent and pernicious heresies of the effete and exploded Cobden? Mr. Chamberlain is confident of a triumphant majority which will for ever crush and destroy the ineptitude of a tariff for revenue. But neither he nor Mr. Balfour gives any hint of the time when Liberals and Free Traders may expect their doom. They are left in the anguish of darkness and the cruelty of suspense. Mr. Chamberlain's later speech, that delivered in the Westminster Palace Hotel, has not added much to our knowledge, though it exhibited a sturdy belief in the strength of his own case, which even his opponents must admire. It is a curious circumstance that, though Mr. Chamberlain has been on many sides of many questions, he has never met with an antagonist whose arguments deserved respectful consideration. The Free Traders whom he now flouts must console themselves with the reflection that they cannot be more contemptible than Protectionists were twenty or five-and-twenty years ago, when Mr. Chamberlain was President of the Board of Trade. Perhaps Mr. Chamberlain would be a more effective controversialist if he took more pains to understand what it is that he has to prove. No Free Trader, certainly no Free Trader of importance, has ever said that the condition of England is

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incapable of improvement, or that Mr. Chamberlain wishes to impoverish the working classes, or that Protection would put money into his pocket. Mr. Chamberlain wishes to benefit the working classes, and his motives are doubtless patriotic. But his motives, and his wishes, are beside the point. What Free Traders say is that his fiscal policy, which would not be governed by his intentions, is in fact mischievous, would in fact raise the cost of living for the masses without finding them more employment, and would in fact tax the many for the benefit of the few. His statistics were severely criticised by Lord Goschen in the *Times* for the 23rd of May. The controversy, however, is well nigh exhausted, and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's speech to the National Liberal Federation at Newcastle was little more than an appeal to the country for the verdict which in his opinion has been too long delayed. That when the General Election comes Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour will be found fighting side by side I have never permitted myself to doubt.

Meanwhile it is clear enough that Liberals, as well as Conservatives, can disagree. The Alien Bill has had a curious history. Originally introduced into the House of Lords by the late Lord Salisbury when he was in Opposition eleven years ago, it slumbered for a period of ten years, which included two General Elections. In 1904 it again made its appearance, this time in the House of Commons, and was referred to a Standing Committee. That is a tribunal usually fatal to contentious measures, and the Alien Bill proved no exception to the rule. This year it has been revived. The Leader of the Opposition refused to vote against it, and one of his colleagues, Mr. Sydney Buxton, gave it a warm support. Sir Charles Dilke, on the other hand, and Mr. Keir Hardie, the only member of the Independent Labour Party in the House of Commons, denounced it with ability and vigour. The Bill is beyond all question contrary to the first principles of Liberalism. It infringes the natural right of a working man to make the best use of his strength and intelligence, which are his capital, in the most favourable market he can find. No country has made ampler use of this privilege than Great Britain; in no other country is the proportion of resident foreigners to native inhabitants so small. The vast majority of those who land here go on elsewhere, and give employment to British ships. Such of the remnant as are Jews do not come on the rates, since the Jews make ample provision for their own poor. Some of them commit crimes, and go to prison. It is to be hoped that very few of them, like Mr. Beck, go to prison without having committed crimes. In some parts of London, such as Stepney, Whitechapel, and Poplar, they congregate, and compete with British labour. This is, as Mr. Chamberlain has frankly stated, the real object of the Bill, which commends more popular favour than any other Ministerial measure. The Government have done all that assurances can do to protect political refugees

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and the Bill is, in my opinion, more likely to disappoint the hopes of its promoters than to realise the fears of its antagonists. Even the United States, where alien immigration is enormous, have failed by the most stringent laws to prevent the growth of vast European communities, speaking their own languages, and inhabiting special quarters of New York. If our own Australian Colonies have been more successful, the simplicity of the arrangements which serve to protect their ports may account for the result. In Australia, where the working classes are predominant and politics more democratic than Liberal, the avowed object of restriction is to ensure native labour against being undersold. The Government, unlike Mr. Chamberlain, have disavowed that object, and Mr. Balfour has committed himself to the singular assertion that the Bill is intended to keep out lunatics. Inasmuch as it would exclude no one who had the assurance of employment here, it would not, as in Australia, prevent a manufacturer from importing foreign labourers during a strike. But if the policy of this legislation is somewhat obscure, and its consequences will probably be small, it has certainly given Mr. Balfour an opportunity for effective taunts. Those who are out may not be under the same obligation as those who are in. But when the disunion of the Unionists has been for two years a subject of incessant gibes, it is an irresistible temptation to point out that the great Liberal party has its schisms too. The renewal of the Agricultural Rating Act, so fiercely opposed by Sir William Harcourt in 1896, and so languidly criticised by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman now, is another instance of the same kind. The farmers like grants in aid, and it is not expedient to quarrel with the farmer just now. 'Thou shalt not be unpopular' is with many politicians the first and great commandment. It is not the surest road to the permanent popularity which must be founded on respect; but it is the shortest cut to immediate success, and many there be that take it.

The mystery of Sir Antony MacDonnell remains a mystery still. Mr. Wyndham has told his sad story, and has elicited the sympathetic cheers which the House of Commons seldom withholds. Trollope long ago burlesqued the sentimental effusiveness of the House in the fictitious case of a member who had murdered his grandmother, and been given the benefit of the doubt by a lenient jury. A personal explanation followed, and the acquitted legislator, being now safe, made what is called a clean breast of it. 'I must frankly own, Mr. Speaker,' he said, 'that in a moment of unpremeditated impulse I did raise my hand against the old lady. I have regretted it ever since, and I shall regret it to my last hour. That I should profit in a pecuniary sense by her death never for an instant occurred to me. But I confess that her tongue was at times exceedingly sharp, and that I found her comments upon my extravagance unendurable. I should, of course, have confined myself to verbal remonstrance. But *furor*

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arma ministrat, the poker was tempting from its sheer proximity, and—the House, sir, can imagine the rest.' Never before, remarks Trollope, unless, indeed, my memory fails me, had this candid and straightforward person found himself the object of so much flattering and genuine applause. There was no nonsense about him. He had owned up, and he did not affect to be above human frailty. Mr. Wyndham has neither confessed nor perpetrated a crime, and he really deserves sympathy because his punishment, if loss of office be a punishment, is vicarious. For the appointment of Sir Antony MacDonnell, under peculiar and irregular conditions, the Prime Minister, who was told everything at the time, is directly and personally responsible. He knew that Sir Antony was an Irish Nationalist, who went to Dublin Castle instead of the Indian Council because he expected an opportunity of carrying out his own principles of Irish administration. If Sir Antony had been told that he would have no such opportunity he would not have gone. He improved the occasion by helping Lord Dunraven with a scheme of devolution, which lovers of plain English call Home Rule. There was a storm in Ulster, and the Government were threatened with the loss of the Ulster vote. Sir Antony MacDonnell was censured by the Cabinet, a body with which he had nothing to do, and generously, though not perhaps very courageously, defended by Mr. Wyndham. Ulster was still dissatisfied, the more so because the Under-Secretary was warmly praised in the House of Lords by its Leader, the Marquess of Lansdowne. A scapegoat was required. It should have been Mr. Balfour. It was Mr. Wyndham. A strong Minister would not have accepted the Chief Secretary's resignation. He would either have defied the Orangemen, or resigned himself. However, that is what journalists call ancient history, and it may be doubted whether the Opposition did much good by reviving it after the Easter Holidays. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman made an excellent speech, and there can be no doubt that since the beginning of the Session, ever since April, he has gained more influence, fresh ascendency, in the counsels of the Liberal party. But he seemed to have forgotten the terms of his own motion, and to condemn transactions already discussed, instead of pressing for the correspondence which might have cleared up Mr. Balfour's share in the matter. That he would not have got it is true enough. What he would have done, and failed to do, was to lay stress upon the things still concealed. Who, for instance, can say at this moment why Mr. Wyndham resigned and Mr. Balfour did not? It may be, of course, that the Prime Minister desired to impress upon his colleagues the invaluable lesson of self-sacrifice. Yet surely he must know that example is better than precept:

> Though, truth to say, it must be pleasant
> To be a Minister at present,

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To promise, pause, prepare, postpone,
And end by leaving things alone;
In short, to earn the people's pay
By doing nothing every day.
. . . . . .
Exultant yet, as home he goes,
From sneering friends and pitying foes
That, shun him, loathe him, if they will,
He keeps the seals and salary still.

Those lines were written of Lord Palmerston, a patriot if ever there was one, though he spent most of his life in office. They were not literally true of him, and they are not literally true of Mr. Balfour, who remains at his post from a sense of duty, and not for any advantage to himself. He no doubt considers that he is, in spite of the French proverb, a necessary man. The loss of Mr. Wyndham has furnished him with an occasion for protesting once more that he will have nothing to do with Home Rule. On the other hand, Liberals may claim to have spiked one at least of the enemy's guns, and to have made it impossible that the Prime Minister should attack them for aiming at the disruption of the Empire, or the dismemberment of the United Kingdom. For Lord Dudley, the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, put Mr. Gladstone's policy in a nutshell when he said that Ireland should be governed by Irish, not by British, ideas. Lord Dudley is still Lord-Lieutenant, and Sir Antony MacDonnell is still Under-Secretary. The Ulster Tories do not like it. Bitterly as Mr. Balfour may complain that all his services as Chief Secretary have not saved him from the damning suspicion of sympathy with Nationalism, yet unless and until he gets rid of his Lord-Lieutenant and his Under-Secretary, the suspicion will cling. Mr. Wyndham proclaims his fidelity to the Union quite as clearly as his former chief. So, for that matter, did Mr. Gladstone, for the Union is an ambiguous term. Mr. Long is credited with a proper abhorrence of Nationalism in all its forms. So was Sir Michael Hicks-Beach when he went to Ireland in 1886, and yet after a few weeks he was exercising 'pressure within the law' upon landlords who stood upon their rights.

The fiscal question and the Alien Bill are not alone in dividing political parties less from another than between themselves. While the Government have been vehemently attacked by Sir Henry Fowler and Mr. Asquith for accepting in Committee, or at least not opposing, an amendment to the Agricultural Rating Bill which was moved from the Liberal side of the House, and which the Deputy-Chairman, after a long debate, pronounced to be nonsense, the Education Act has raised a controversy quite independent of party lines. The Act itself separates Liberals from Nationalists, and cannot be substantially altered by any Administration which relies upon the Catholic—that is, the Irish—vote. But the religious, or rather the sectarian, difficulty

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has been suddenly superseded by a general revolt against the education rate in the borough of East Ham. The passive resistance of active Nonconformists has long been familiar. Militant Dissenters, ably represented by Dr. Clifford, refuse, on conscientious grounds, to pay rates for denominational schools which are not under local and popular control. Their refusal is, of course, illegal, and amounts to little more than an emphatic protest. For the magistrates are bound to make an order for payment, and the money is raised by the simple process of distraint. On the other hand, while the Courts have held that the education rate is part of the poor rate, and that if it be not paid political disfranchisement must ensue, the local authorities are bound to collect it, and the revising barrister has nothing to do with the question whether payment is voluntary or compulsory, so that the number of lost votes is not likely to be large. In Wales the campaign of the county councils against the Act, though guided and inspired by the fervid eloquence of Mr. Lloyd-George, is not regarded by the cooler heads of his own party as sure of success in the long run. It proceeds with apparently undiminished vigour, despite the special Act passed by Sir William Anson to put it down. But it implies a sustained enthusiasm in the general population to which even Welsh tenacity may prove unequal. Most people, whatever their religion or their politics, will obey any law which does not restrict their personal liberty, or make too large a demand upon their pockets. Even among Nonconformists passive resisters are a small minority, and when the Member for Merionethshire raised the question in the House of Commons the other night, the Government had a much larger majority than they are now accustomed to command. In East Ham the *argumentum ad crumenam*, the appeal to the purse, was made, and not made in vain. The borough council decided to close the schools rather than levy a rate of two shillings in the pound for education alone. The issue is not one between Liberals and Conservatives. Mr. Gray, the member for North West Ham, who brought the subject before the House of Commons by moving the adjournment, is a faithful Ministerialist, and Ministers of the Crown rose from the Treasury Bench to support him. Nevertheless the position is an awkward one for the Government. It used to be a powerful plea for the voluntary schools, more powerful than any theological consideration, that they saved the expense of a rate. Now that the rates go to provided and unprovided schools alike, the Laodicean of the arm-chair can see little distinction between them. What, in the meantime, is to be done with East Ham? A *mandamus* to the borough council, enforced by imprisonment, would be a doubtful and unpopular remedy. A special grant in aid from the national exchequer would lead to numerous applications from other districts at a time when expenditure is quite sufficiently high. The true grievance is that the heaviness of the rate

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in East Ham results from the lowness of the valuation, or, in other words, from the poverty of the place. But if the metropolitan area, the jurisdiction of the London County Council, were extended so as to include East Ham and West Ham, thereby substituting a general for a local education rate, the Government might lose as much popularity in London as they have gained by the Alien Bill in the East-end. Some have always urged, and perhaps more will urge now, that the whole cost of compulsory education should be defrayed from the taxes, and not from the rates at all. In that case it would cease to be a charge upon real property, and would fall upon the whole community, working classes included. That is a very large question, which I will not discuss here. It seems enough to point out for the present that the education rate in East Ham is about eight times as much as Mr. Forster's predicted maximum of threepence in the pound.

The problem of national and imperial defence is happily detached from the interests and ambitions of party politics. There is no subject to which the Prime Minister has given more careful attention, and everyone knows that in the gloomy weeks which followed Sir Redvers Buller's defeat at Colenso, Mr. Balfour's spirit animated the Cabinet with the resolution which through Lord Roberts retrieved disaster. He has since devoted himself to organising the Committee of Defence, and on the 11th of May he made in the House of Commons an extremely interesting speech on the subject. Even on half a sheet of notepaper Mr. Balfour can be ambiguous and obscure. But there was no obscurity, and no ambiguity, in his account of the conclusions at which the Committee have arrived. On the constitutional point he was especially definite and outspoken. The Committee is a purely consultative body, and does not in any degree impair the responsibility of the Cabinet. Even its composition is fluctuating, and as it has no legal existence, it may be varied, or even suppressed, by any succeeding Premier. Its one permanent and necessary member is the Prime Minister himself, though the First Lord of the Admiralty and the Secretary of State for War, with their professional advisers, could hardly be absent from it. The Foreign, Colonial, and Indian Secretaries are invited when the affairs of their several departments come under discussion. The practical propositions which the Prime Minister on behalf of the Committee laid down are simple, intelligible, and reassuring. An amateur strategist is not always a safe guide, even when he happens to be the principal adviser of the Crown. Mr. Balfour, however, referred throughout his statement to the expert authorities with whom he confers, and it was in their name that he pronounced an invasion of Great Britain to be practically impossible. The modern strategist asks not how many men he can transport for such a purpose over sea, but how few will suffice. Lord Roberts, who is an honorary member of the Committee, estimates the number at 70,000, and he does not believe that, even if the fleet were out of

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the way, they could be safely landed. As the soldiers have hitherto differed from the sailors in regarding invasion as a serious danger, this is an eminently satisfactory opinion. Nor must it be forgotten that wireless telegraphy makes it infinitely easier to recall ships at sea in circumstances of sudden danger. Perhaps it was a diplomatic blunder to mention France as the one Power by which the British coast could be threatened, though Mr. Balfour's language was studiously pacific and polite. But to ignore Russia in dealing with the North-West frontier of India would be pedantic and unmeaning. A rapid descent upon India from that quarter is made impossible by the existence and the physical nature of Afghanistan. Russian railways have been pushed within measureable distance of the Afghan frontier. There, says Mr. Balfour with judicious bluntness, they must stop. For the last thirty years, if not longer, it has been mutually agreed between England and Russia that Afghanistan is outside the sphere of Russia's influence. Ever since the abandonment of Lord Lytton's unfortunate policy the Afghans have been friendly to the Indian Government, and there has been no attempt on the part of Russia to interfere with them. Nevertheless, Mr. Balfour was thoroughly justified in saying that the construction of a railway on Afghan soil would be regarded by this country as a hostile and aggressive act. Afghanistan is a barrier against attack on India, and as such must be preserved. It is only for military objects that railways would be made in the country, and therefore they must not be made at all. The Opposition, through their recognised leader, received Mr. Balfour's speech with acquiescence and approval. It must be taken as expressing the settled policy of England, whether Liberals or Conservatives are in power.

The scene in the House of Commons on the 22nd of May is the most scandalous which has occurred there since the summer of 1893. This time there was no physical violence. But the Deputy-Speaker exercised a power recently conferred by Standing Order upon the Chair, and put a summary end to the sitting an hour and a half before the usual time. The Prime Minister had been asked early in the afternoon whether at the Colonial Conference which falls due next year the British representatives would be empowered to consider a system of colonial preference. He replied that he did not see how the discussions of such a conference were to be restricted. This answer could not be expected to satisfy Free Traders, and Mr. Balfour was pressed to say how he reconciled it with his statement at Edinburgh last October, that a scheme of colonial preference would be brought forward only if the Government obtained a majority at the next General Election, or with his repeated assurances that there would be no change in the fiscal policy of the country during the existence of the present Parliament. Mr. Balfour replied, frankly enough, that when he spoke at Edinburgh he had forgotten all about the confer-

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ence of 1906, and that he referred to a special conference convened for a specific purpose. But October is a long time ago, and he cannot have been forgetting the conference of 1906 ever since. Nor is the particular character of the conference at all to the point. The promise upon which the Opposition, and many of Mr. Balfour's own followers, not to say colleagues, rely was that there should be no departure from the principle of a tariff for revenue until the country had been consulted. As the Cabinet apparently intend to remain in office for at least another year, they might make an arrangement with colonial statesmen which would bind their successors whatever were the result of the General Election. No wonder the Leader of the Opposition moved the adjournment of the House, and in a very vigorous speech demanded that the point should be cleared up by the Prime Minister himself. Then began a lamentable period of recrimination and disorder. Under rules for which Mr. Balfour is himself responsible, the debate on a motion for adjournment does not begin till nine, and must come to an end at twelve. The order of speakers is therefore of much greater consequence than it was under the old regulations. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who occupied half an hour, appealed personally to the head of the Government. Nevertheless Mr. Lyttelton was put up to reply, and the Opposition refused to hear him. They called for 'Balfour,' and they would have nobody else. The Speaker was unfortunately ill; and, though Mr. Lowther is a most efficient substitute, no deputy is quite the same as a principal in circumstances so extremely trying. Even the absence of a wig and gown is felt, for there is no costume less impressive than the evening dress of an English gentleman. Anyhow, Mr. Lowther failed, and the House broke up in confusion. It is very difficult for a stranger to appreciate the exact significance of proceedings in Parliament. But I am disposed to agree with Lord Hugh Cecil that Mr. Lyttelton should have been heard. His speech would have been an inevitable interlude, and the Prime Minister must, sooner or later, have given the explanation which he alone could give. The pretext that the question lies within the Colonial Secretary's department is indeed an idle one. The Leader of the Opposition, supported by the whole of his party, had directly challenged the policy, and appealed to the speeches of the Prime Minister himself. Still, I do not believe that in the long run disorder ever pays. To understand this special instance of it we must, of course, look beyond the immediate position of affairs. Whether they be right or wrong, Liberals have for some time felt that Mr. Balfour was treating them, and the House of Commons as a whole, with insolent disdain. His refusal to attend debates on the fiscal question, even when they took the form of censure on himself, was bitterly resented as unworthy of his office, and degrading to public life. A great party is personified by its leader, and that Mr. Lyttelton should be employed to tell Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman what Mr.

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Balfour meant was taken for a premeditated slight. There was no personal feeling against Mr. Lyttelton. He could have filled up the time as well as anyone else. But he was not Mr. Balfour, and there are many services for which he is better qualified than the elucidation of intellectual subtleties. The worst of a metaphysical Premier is that nobody else can explain him. Meanwhile the best way out of a singularly unpleasant imbroglio would be a dissolution of Parliament. The House of Commons is suffering from debility, and wants country air.

HERBERT PAUL.

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